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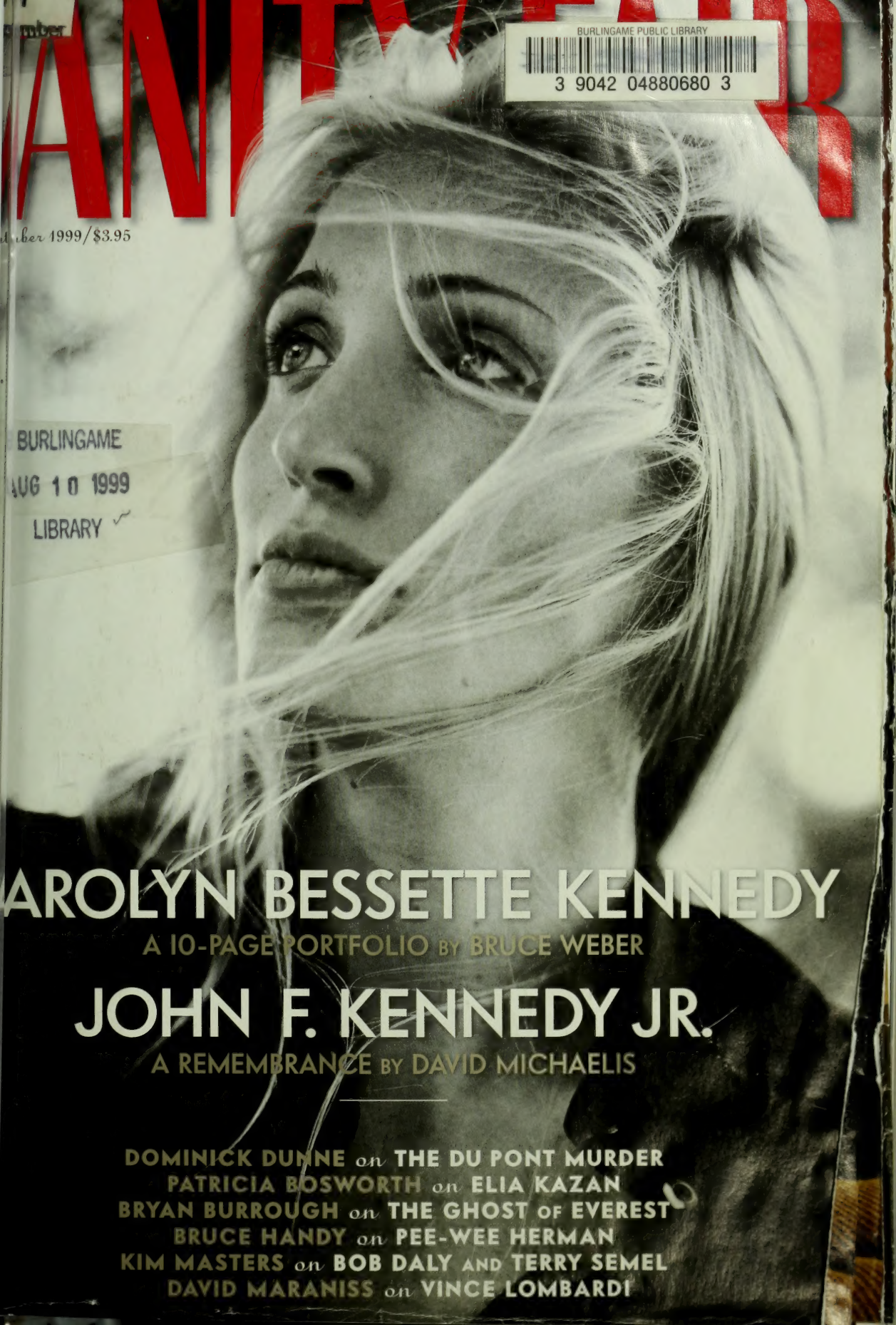
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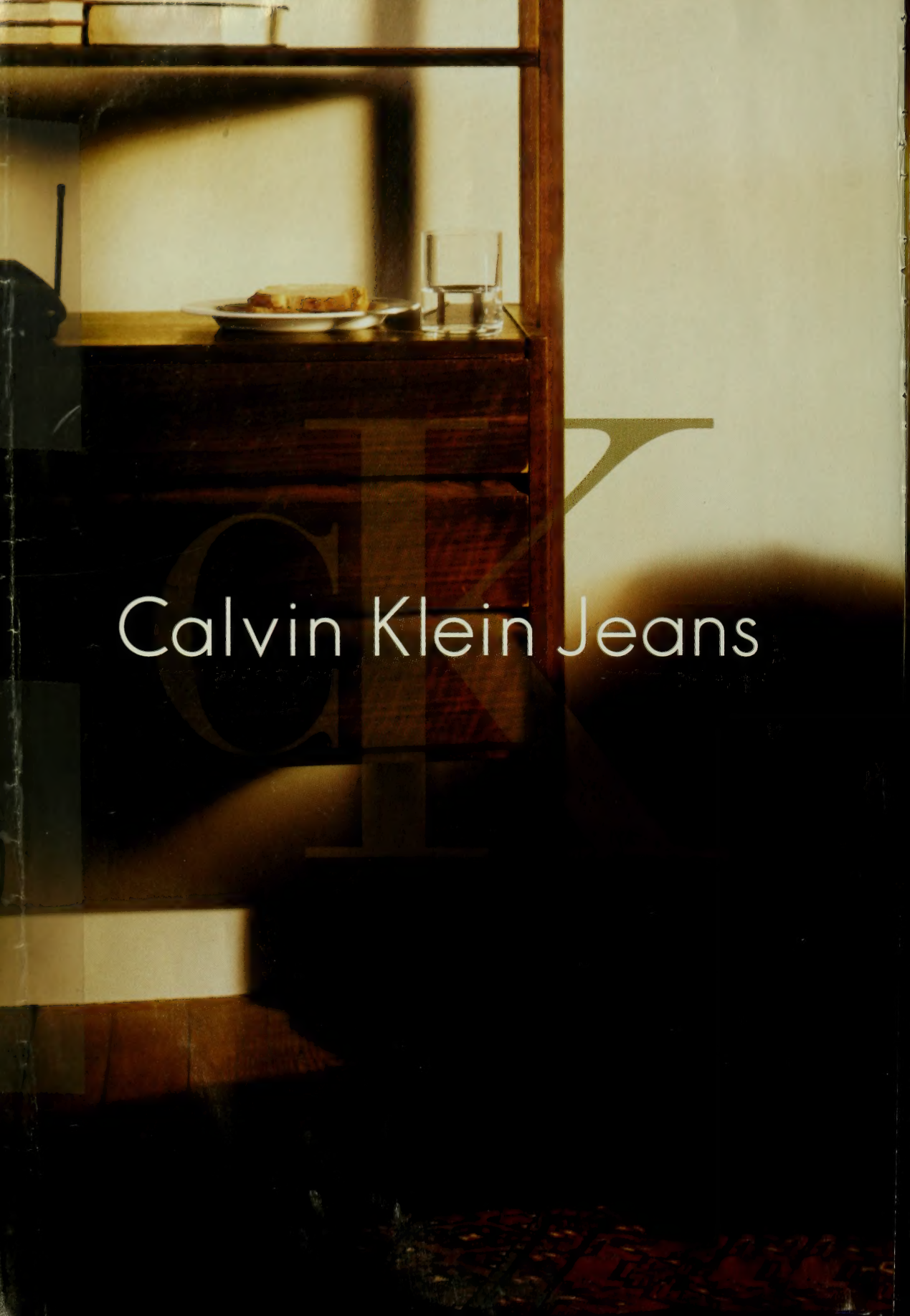
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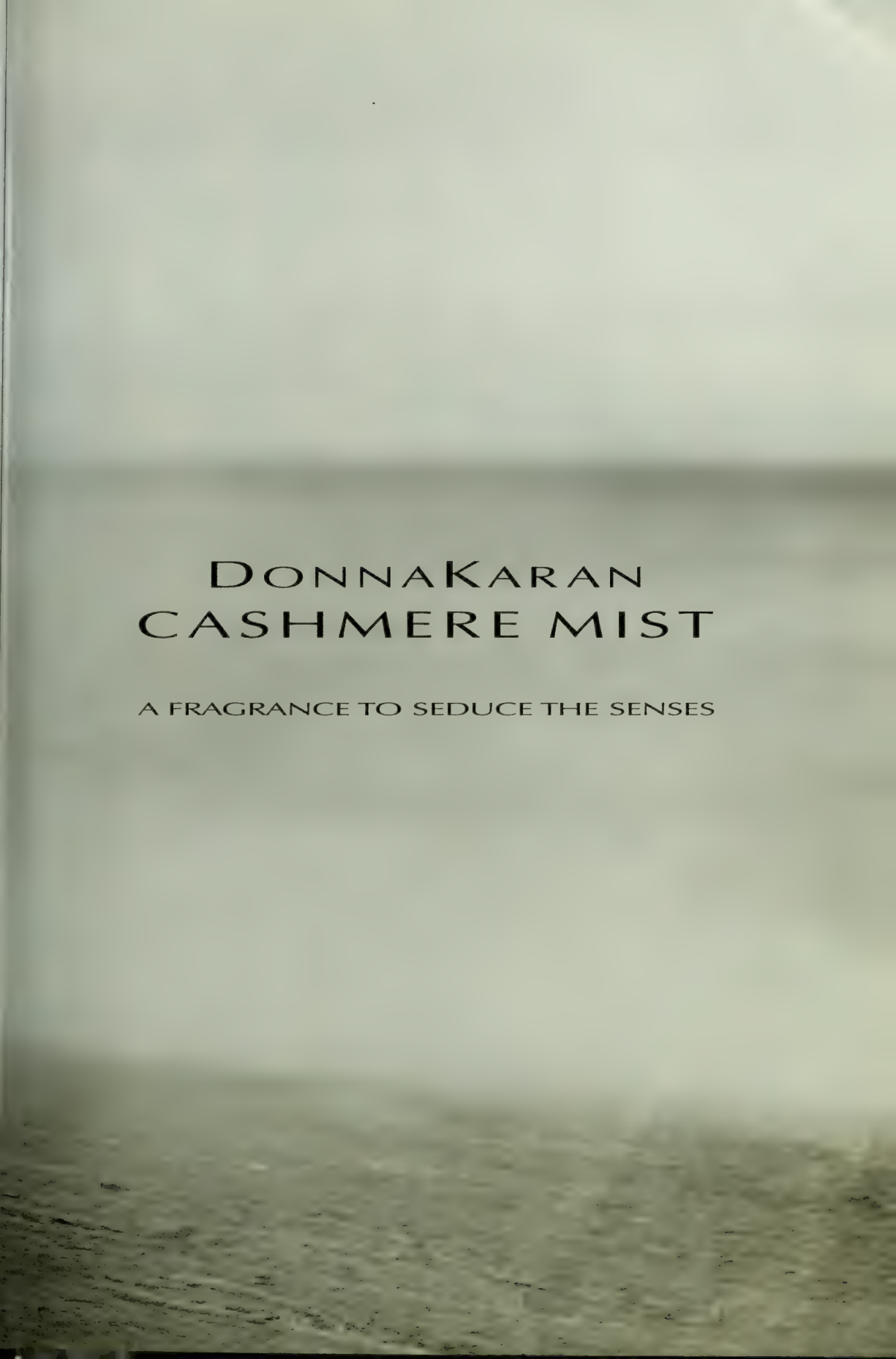
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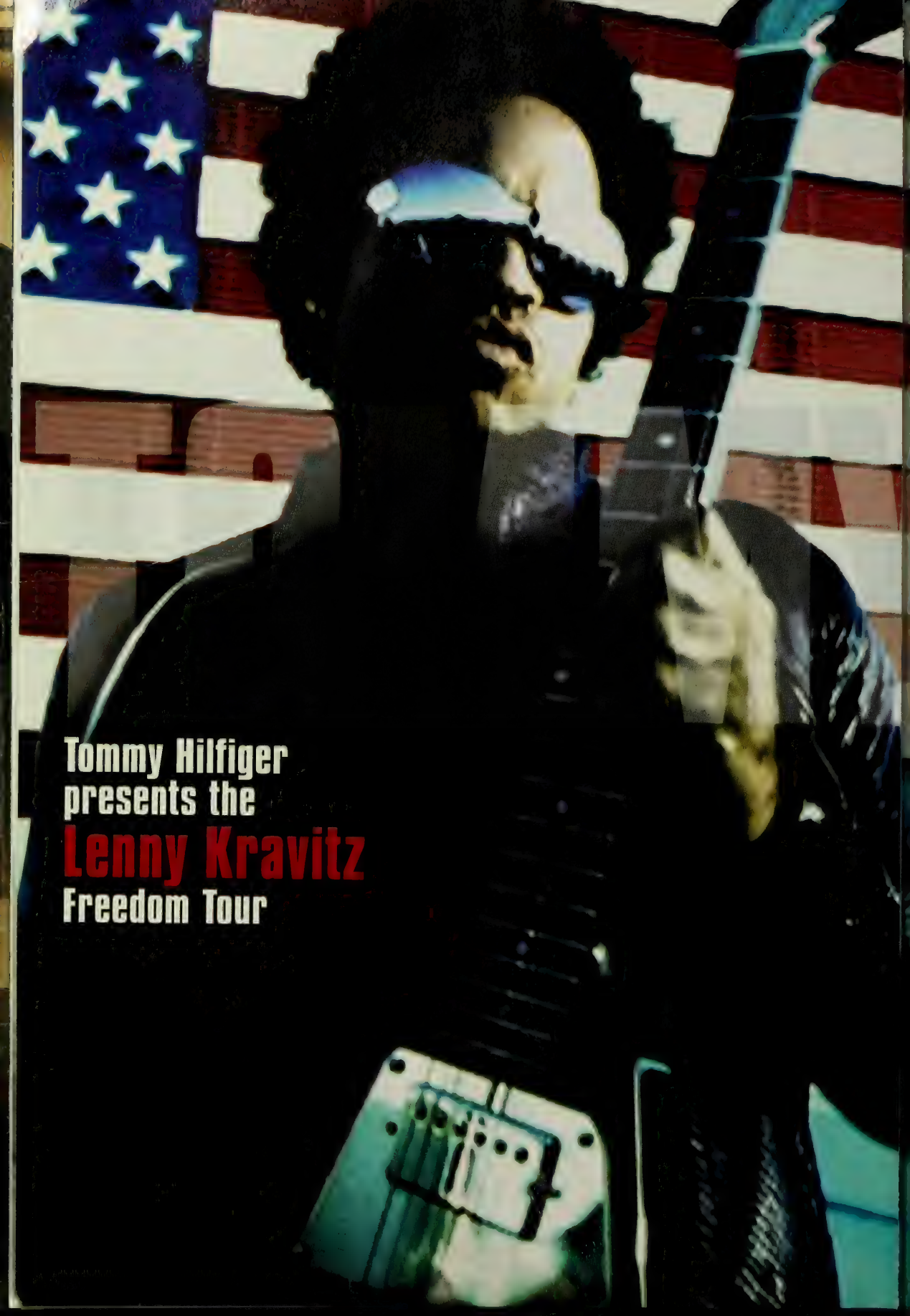
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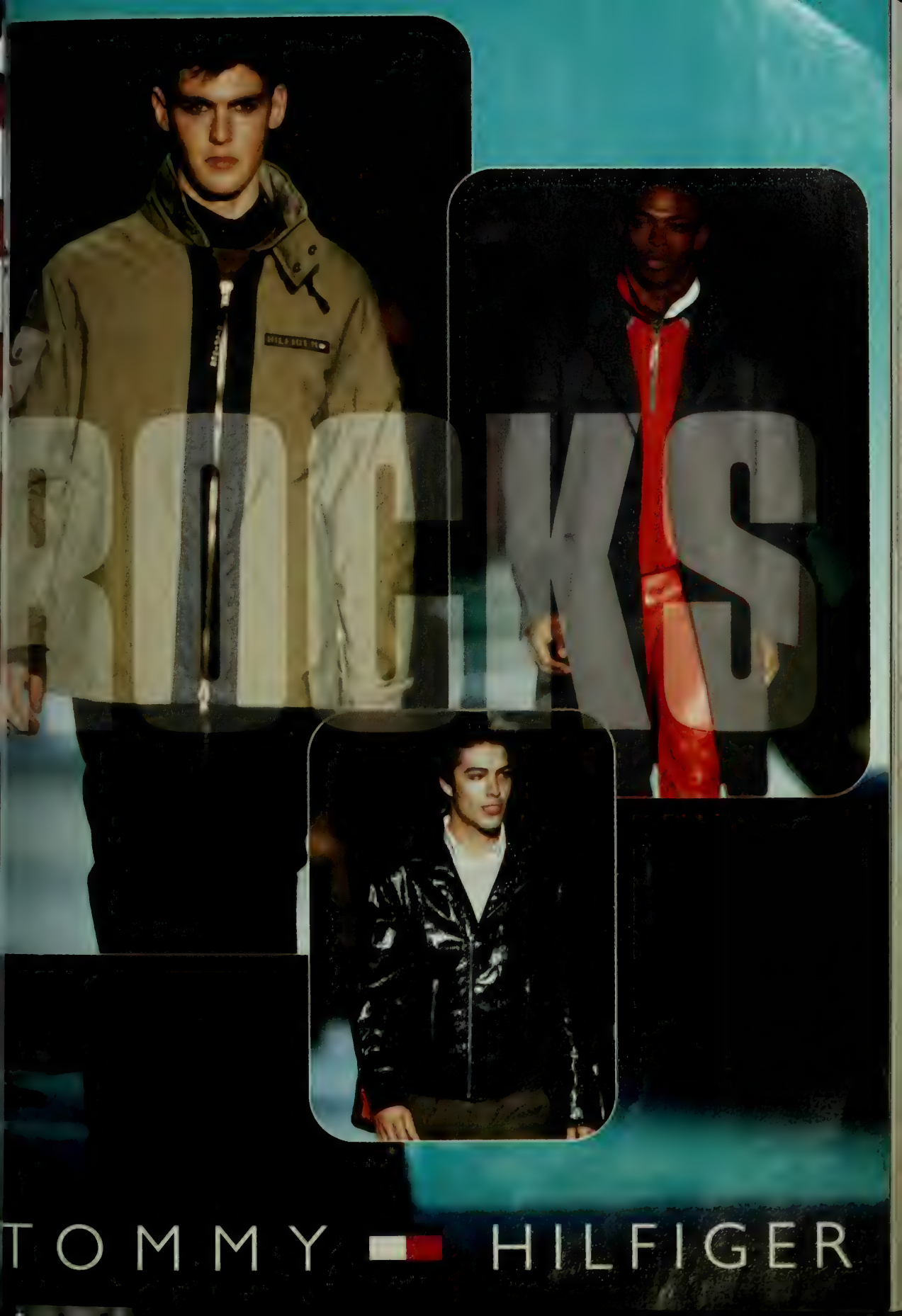
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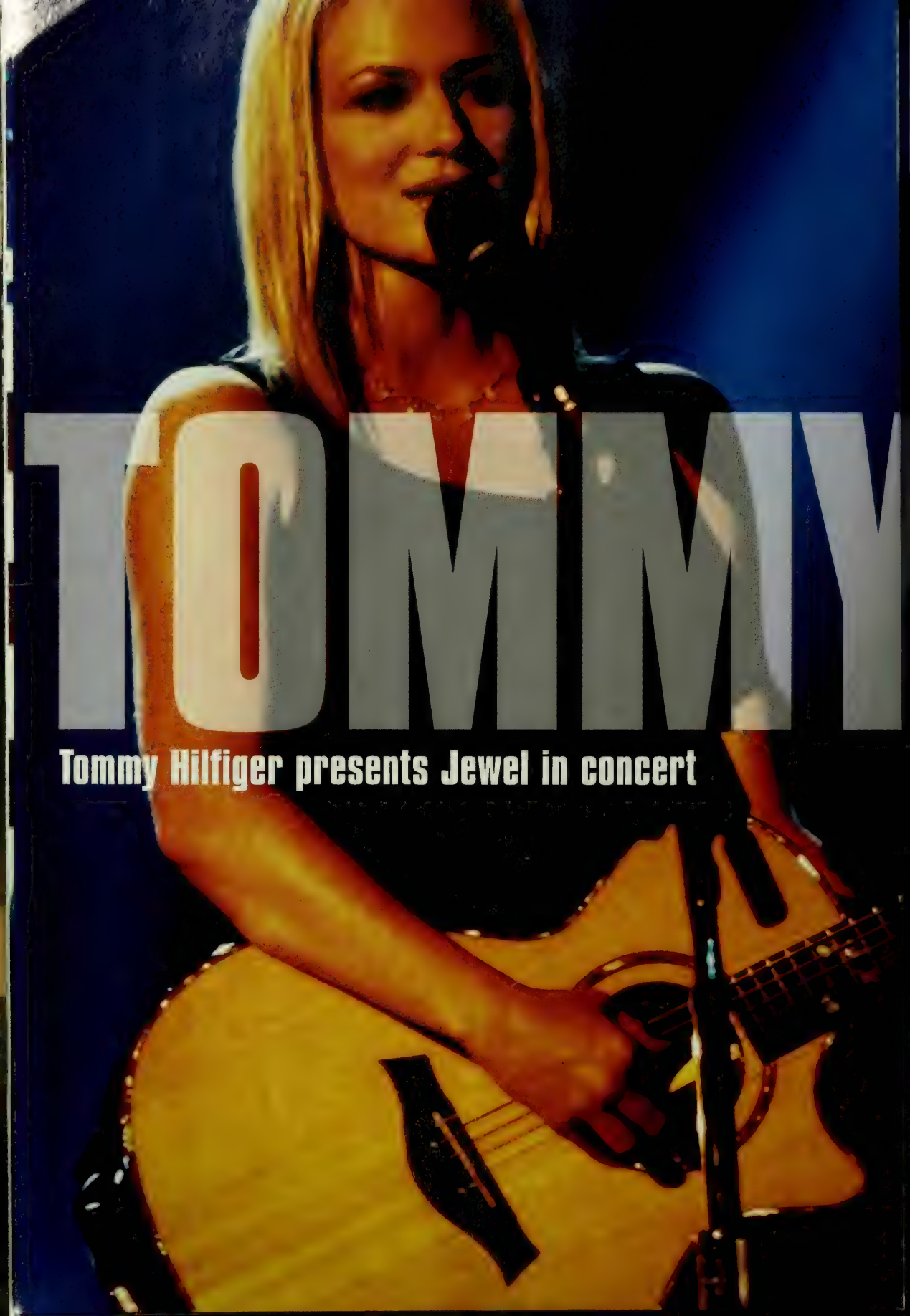

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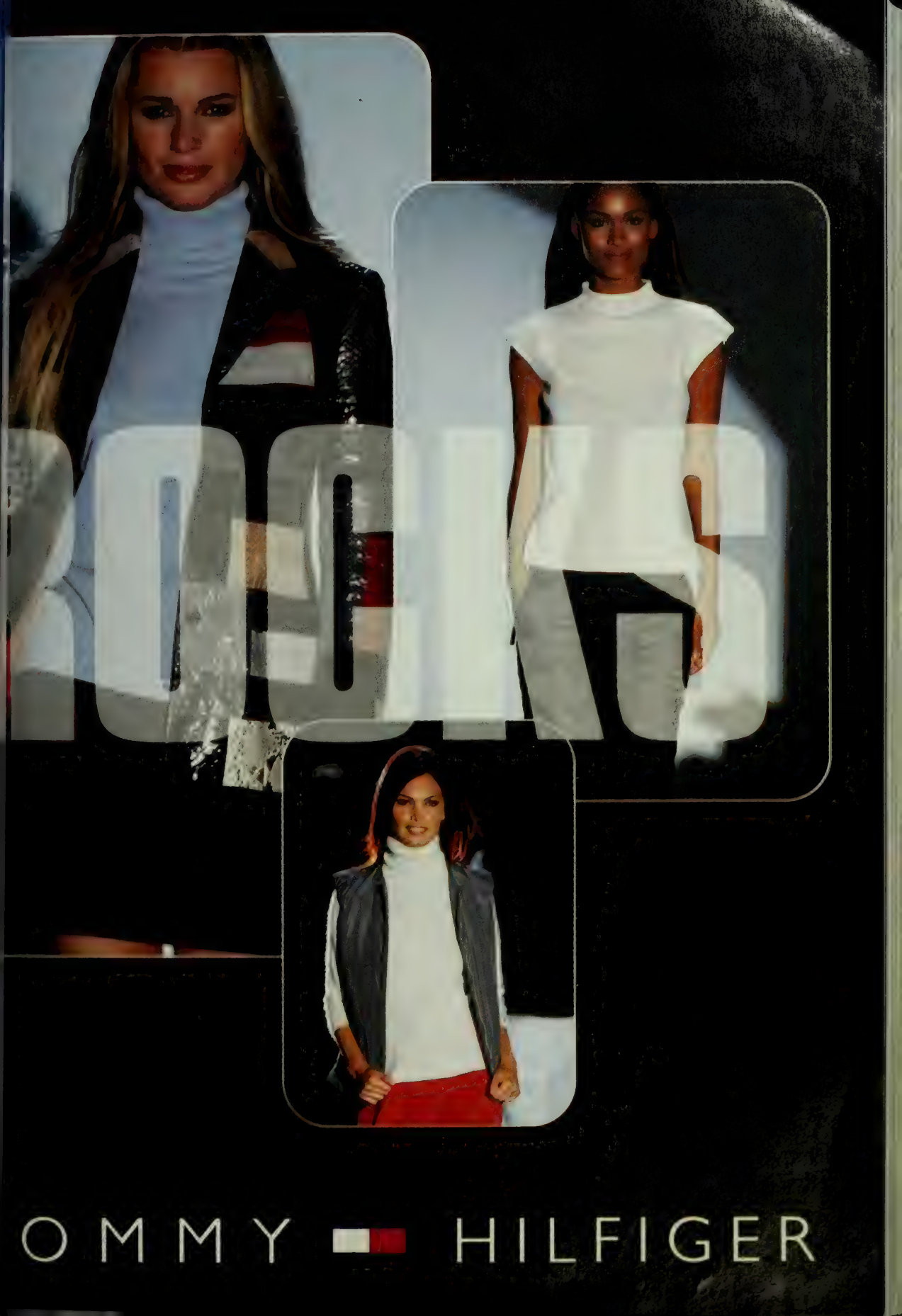
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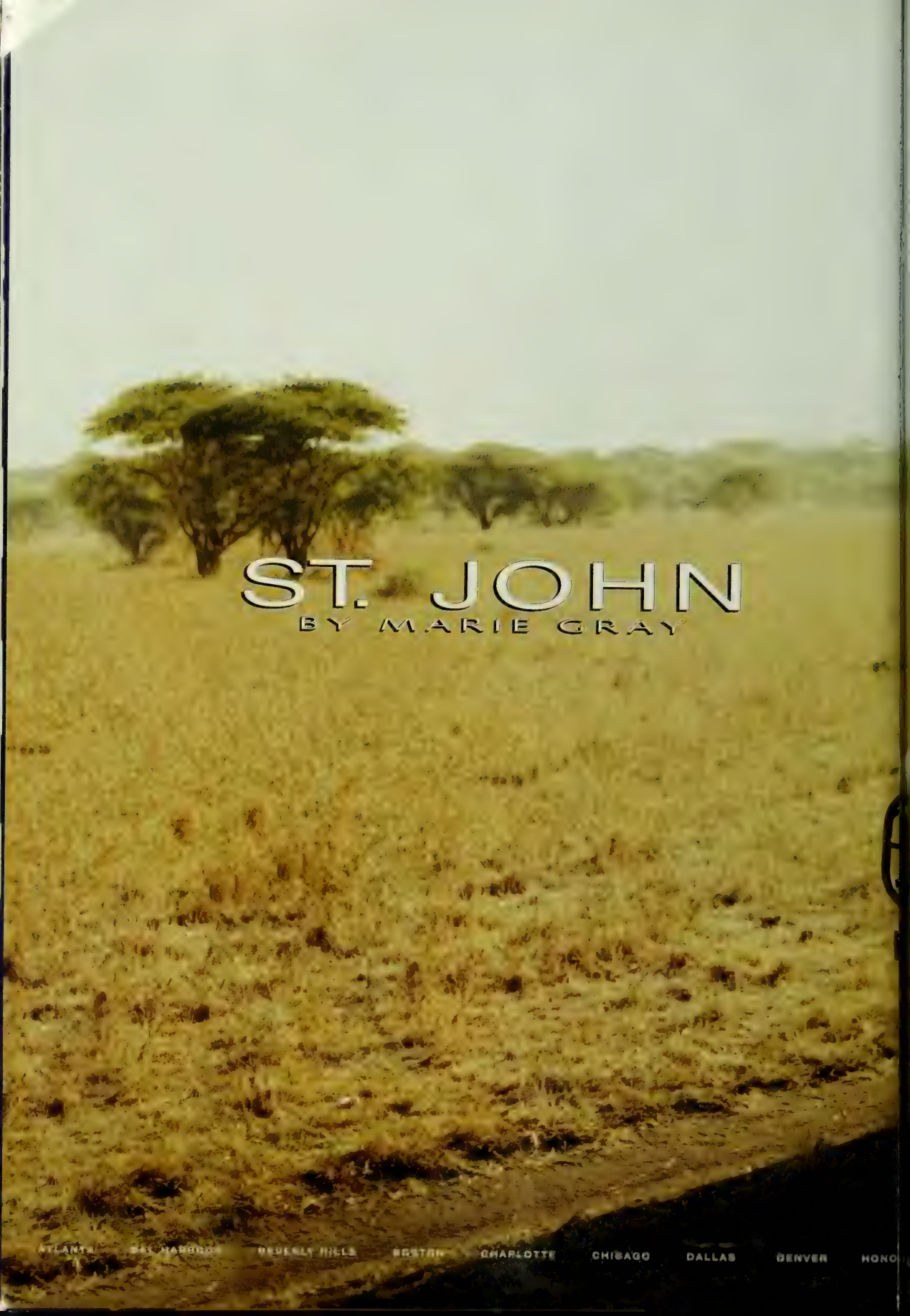

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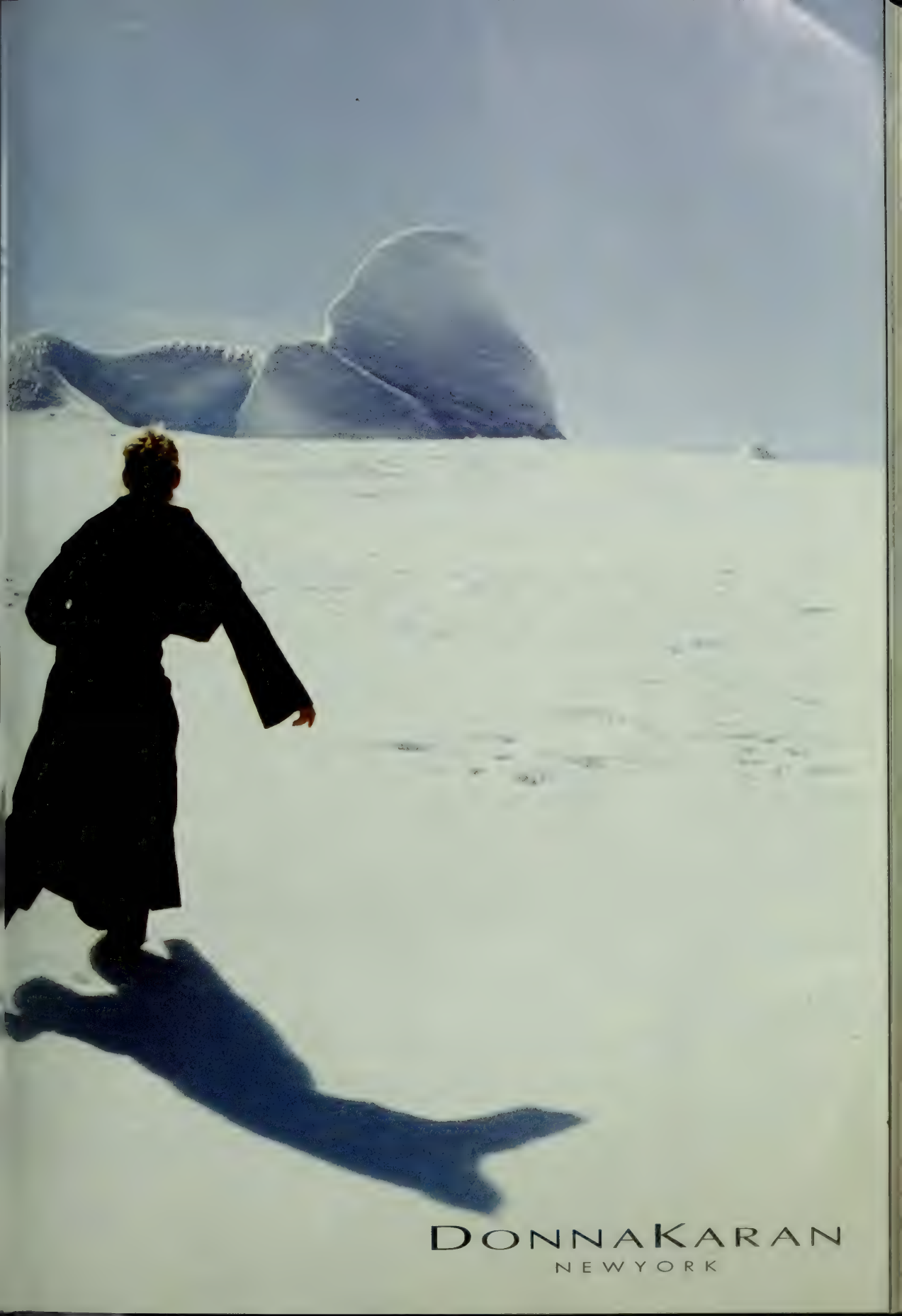

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SEPTEMBER 1999 Nº 469

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THE PRIVATE PRINCESS | 274

With a 10-page portfolio, Bruce Weber immortalizes the spirit of a very private Carolyn Bessette Kennedy. Evgenia Peretz looks behind the high-style mask worn by the Tribeca beauty who won John Kennedy's heart.

THE RIDDLE OF EVEREST | 284

The 1924 disappearance on Mount Everest of George Mallory l open the question: Was he the first to reach the summit? As Br Burrough reports, a stunning find is chipping away at the myste

SAINTS BE PRAISED | 296

Bruce Weber and Walter Kirn spotlight Milla Jovovich, the Ukrainian-born star of *The Fifth Element* and, now, of *Joan of A*

POSH AND BECKS | 298

With the wedding of Victoria "Posh Spice" Adams and soccer h David Beckham, Steven Daly reports that there's more to the match than his-and-her Guccis. Photographs by Annie Leibovit

IN COLD, BLUE BLOOD | 304

When Pati Margello, a junkie and a prostitute, was found strangled in a Las Vegas motel in August 1998, the trail led to the grand Wilmington estate of a du Pont heiress. Dominick Du investigates a deadly collision of two worlds.

RETURN FROM PLANET PEE-WEE | 314

After his 1991 arrest for indecent exposure, Paul Reubens fled t glare of his fame as Pee-wee Herman. He gives Bruce Handy the first account of his self-imposed exile. Photographs by David LaChape

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Walter Chin and Michael Shnayerson spotlight Ellen Barkin, who's starring not only in *Drop Dead Gorgeous* but also in a big-time romance opposite billionaire Ronald Perelman.

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Legendary director Elia Kazan's 1952 decision to give names to House Un-American Activities Committee ignited a controversy th still smolders. Patricia Bosworth recalls Kazan's moment of truth and the haunting consequences. Portrait by Jonathan Becker.

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Born a part of American history, John F. Kennedy Jr. honored a cherished myth without being consumed by it. Longtime family friend David Michaelis returns the salute a nation will never forget

THE YOUNG AND THE FECKLESS | 142

On-screen, American adolescence is an endless whirl of sex and violence. Eyeing a crop of new teen TV shows and movies, Jame Wolcott detects the source of the debauchery: jaded adults.

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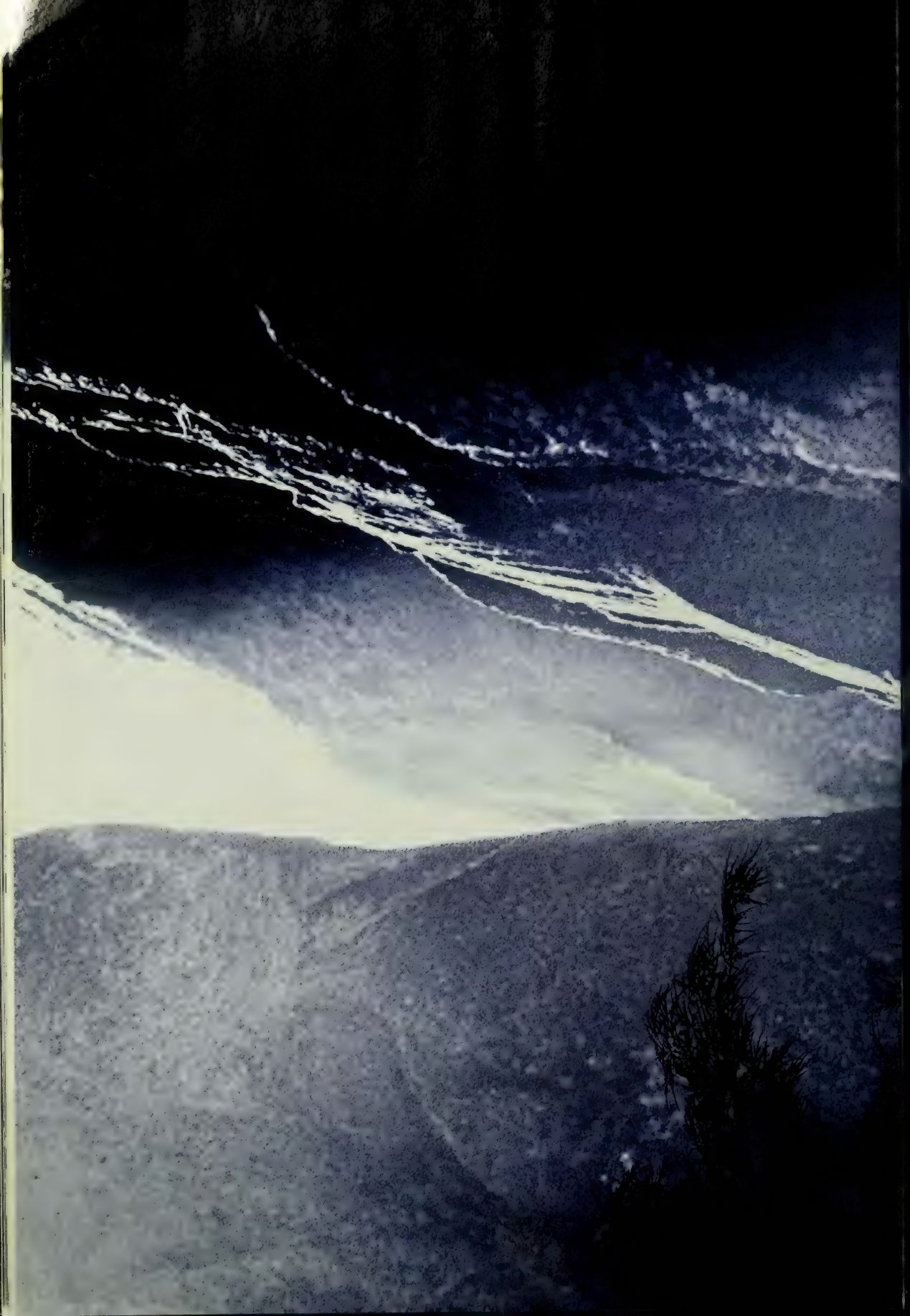
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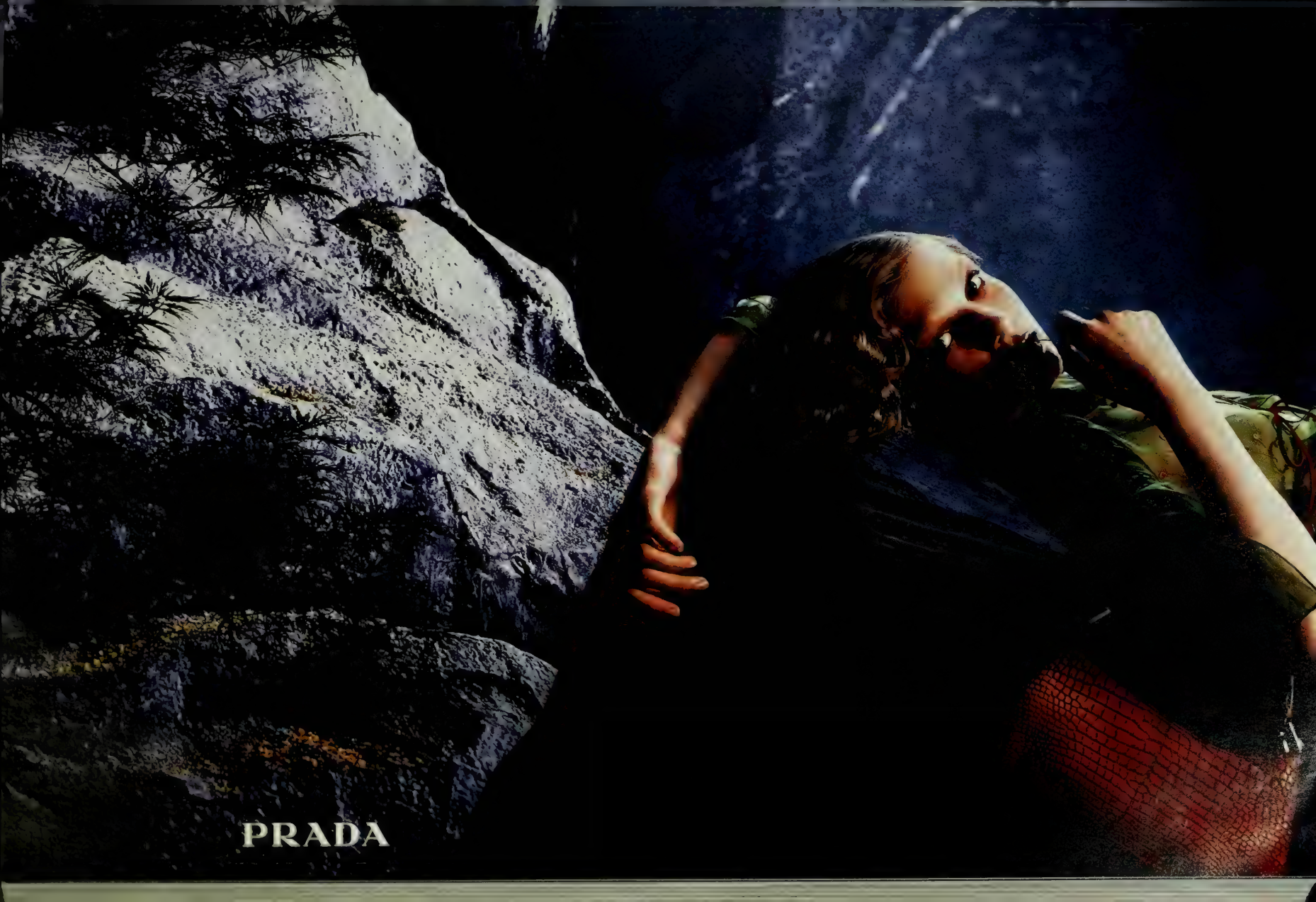
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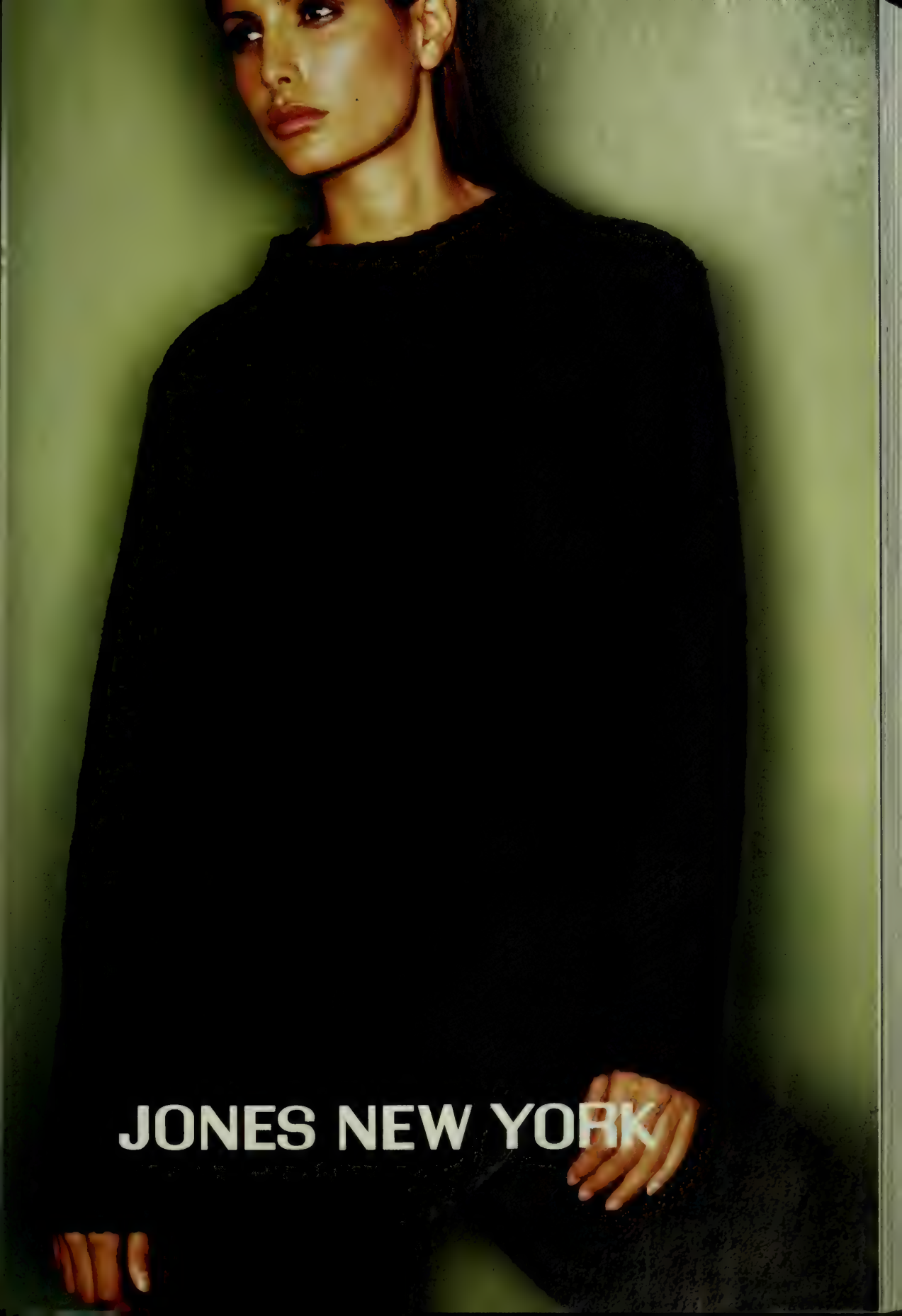
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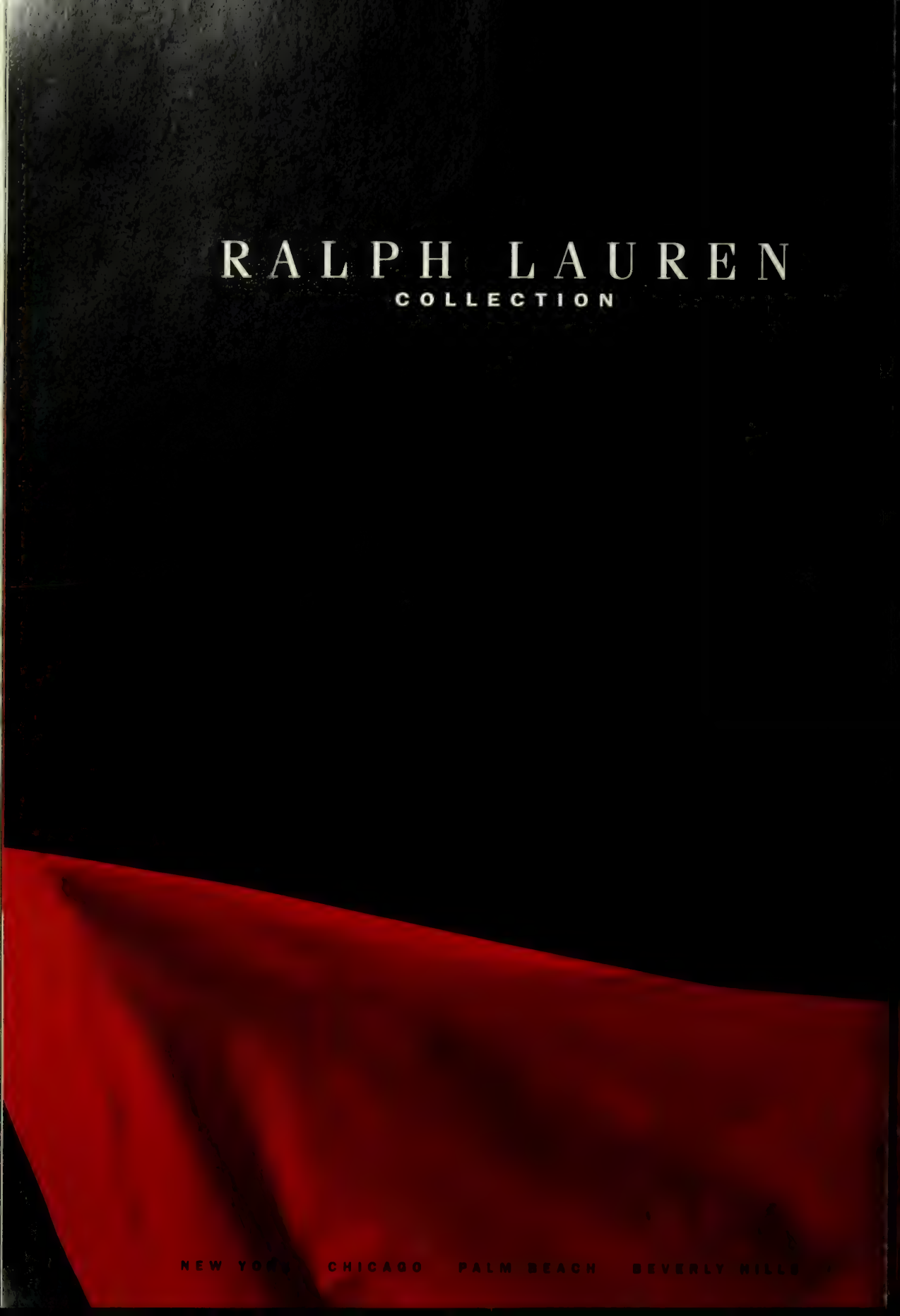
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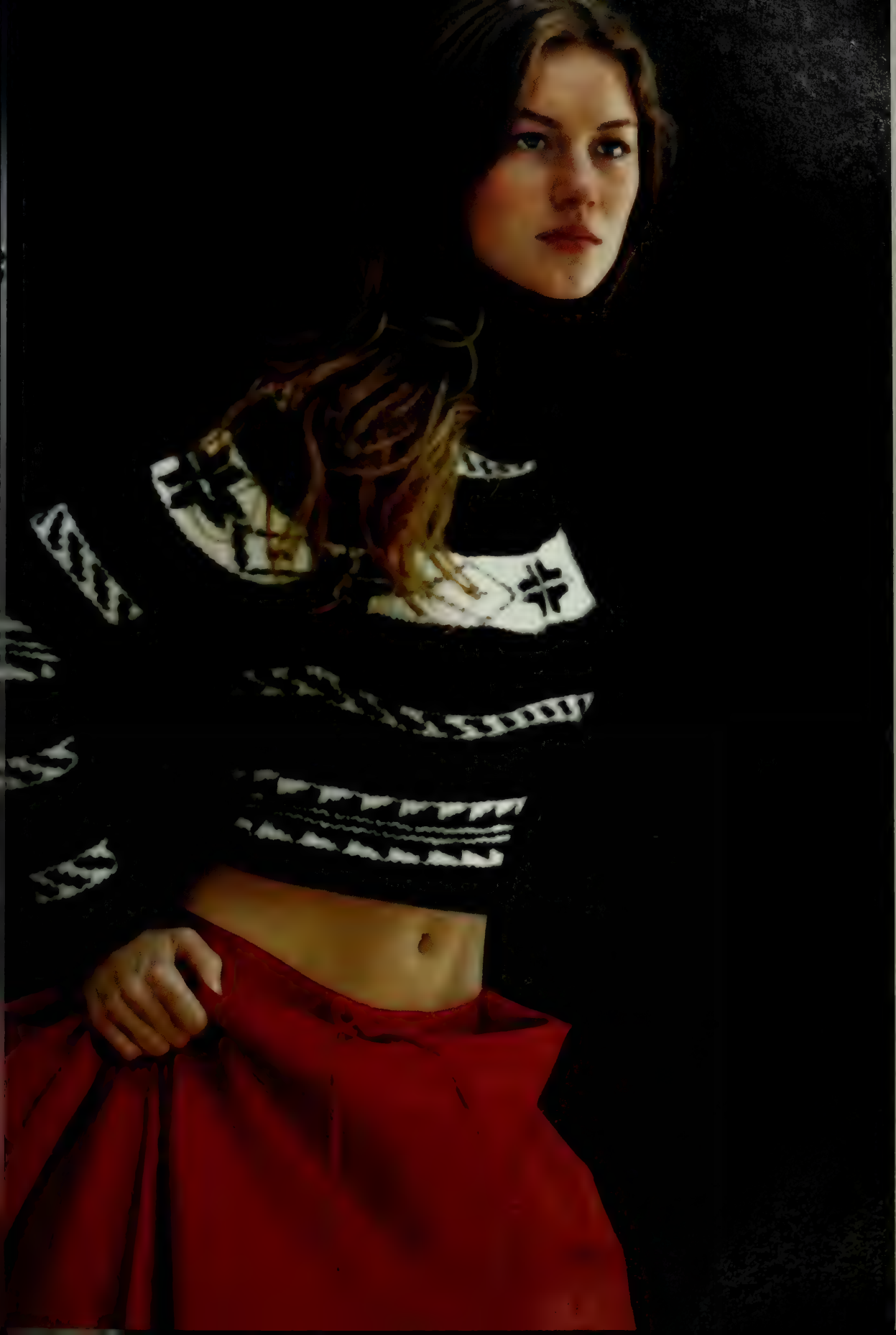
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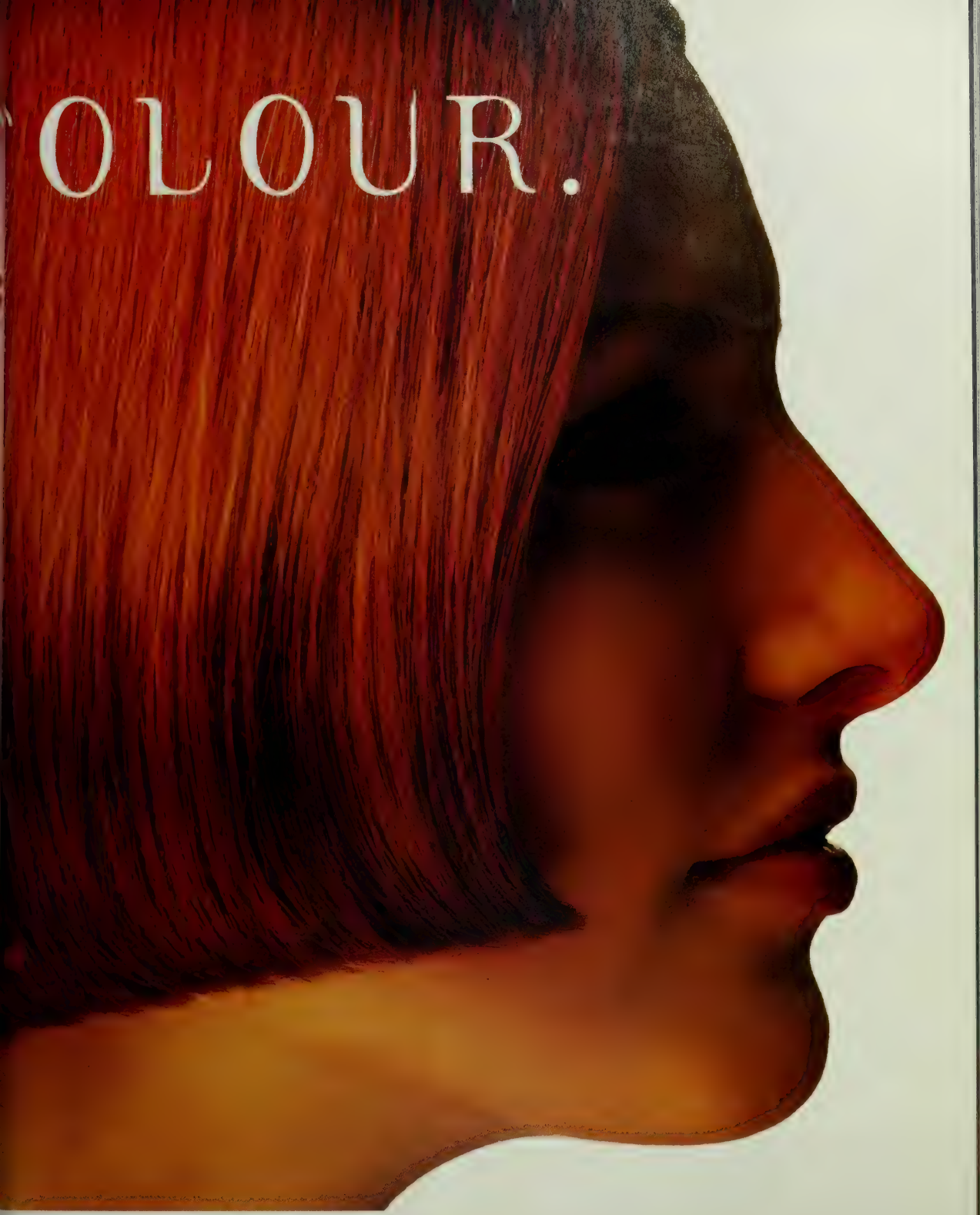
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Clockwise from top left: Perry Ellis designer Jerry Kaye and last year's Perry Ellis Award winner Sandy Dalal; *Law & Order*'s Angie Harmon (left) and Bridget Hall; Claire Danes (left) shares a secret with *ER*'s Julianna Margulies.

Unforgettable

Vanity Fair celebrated the June 1999 JCK show by creat an unforgettable evening at Las Vegas' Bellagio Hotel. V of the fine jewelry and watch industries rubbed elbows w Las Vegas elite on a night that included dinner and a special performance by Natalie Cole.







Left: Natalie Cole. Top, left to right: Christine McGuire; Steve Wynn, Chairman o Board/CEO, Mirage Resort; Dorothy Williamson; and Phyllis McGuire. Above: K Takahashi, SVP Sales, Mikimoto.

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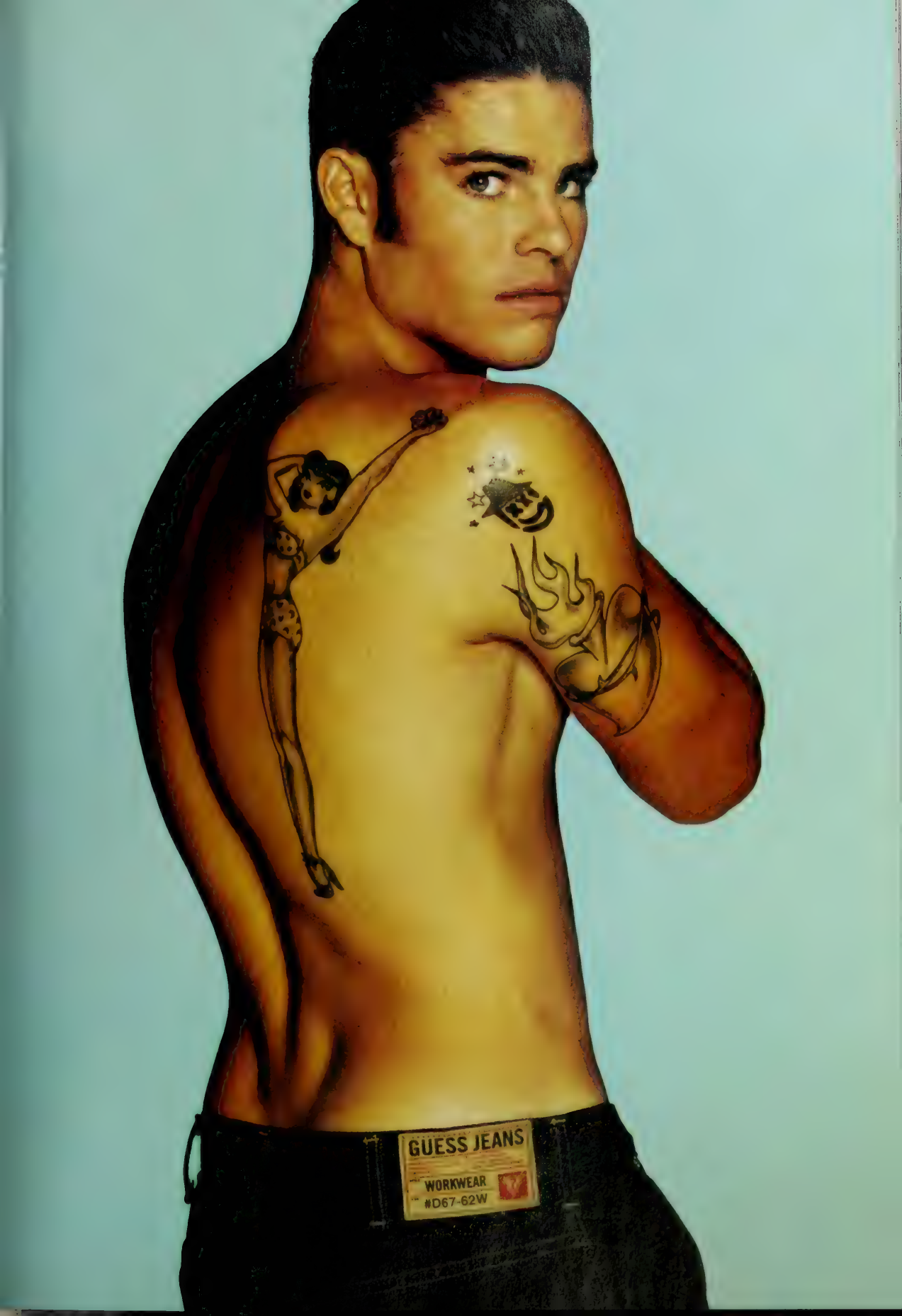
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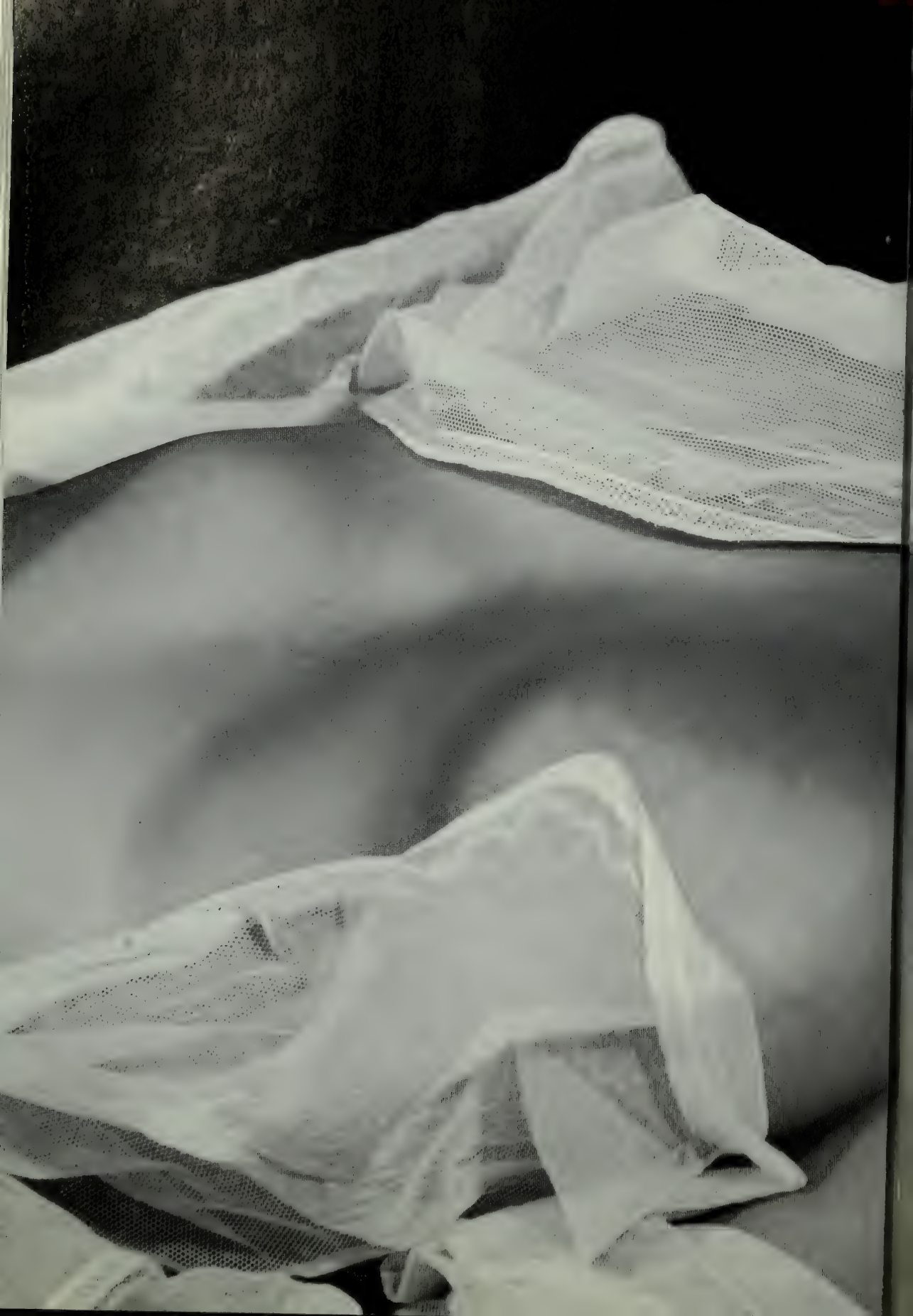
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Against All Odds



The upper reaches of Mount Everest may be littered with the bodies of its victims, but its challenge to climbers remains irresistible. The noted British mountaineer George Mallory is believed to have been the man who, when asked why he wanted to climb Everest, gave the glib answer "Because it is there." Mallory had already tried to conquer Everest twice when he and his protégé, Sandy Irvine, disappeared, during a third attempt, on June 8, 1924. Edmund Hillary and Tenzing Norgay reached the top in 1953, but in mountaineering circles the question still remained: Had Mallory been the first to scale the world's highest peak?

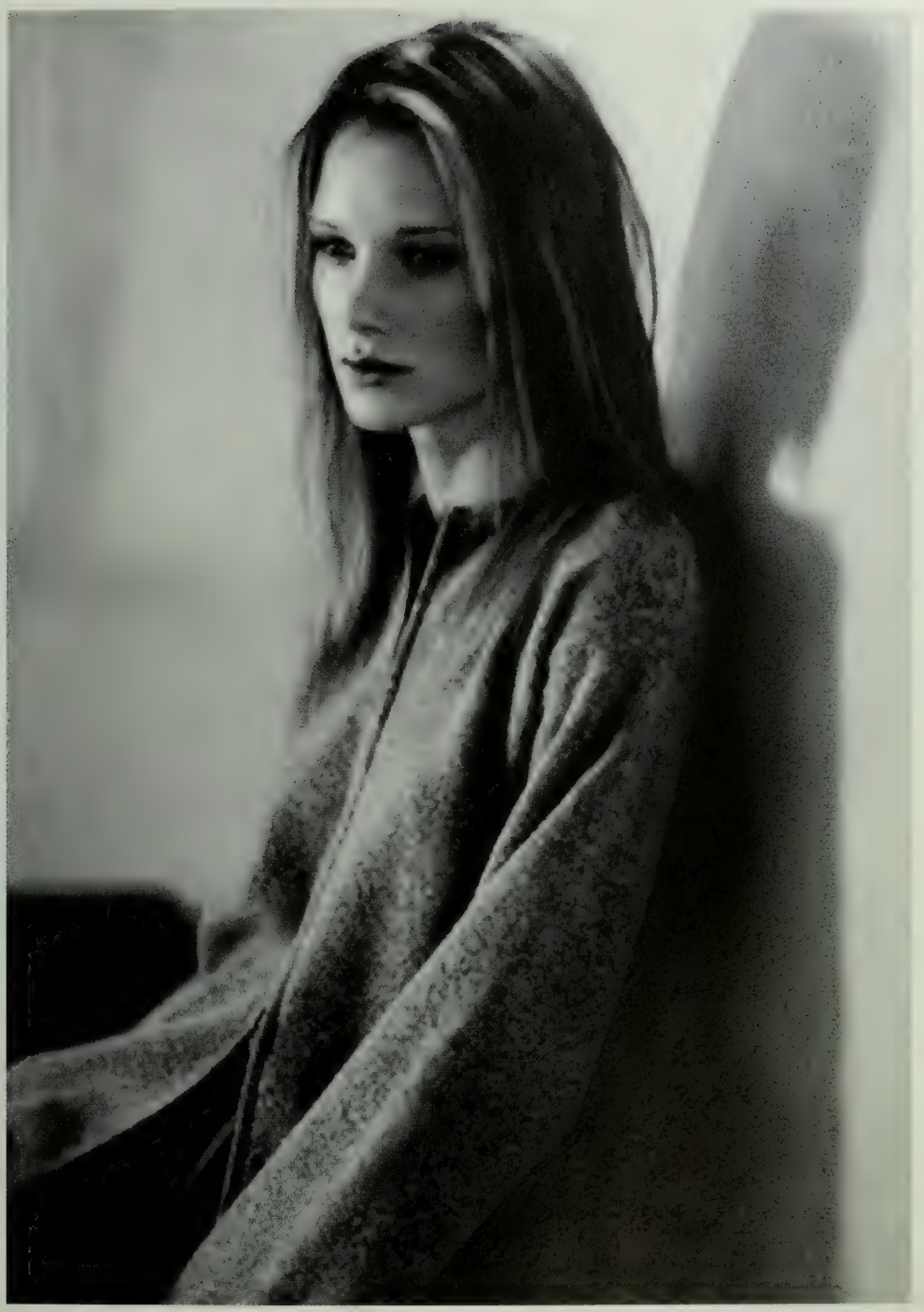
Seventy-five years after Mallory and Irvine vanished on the North Face of Everest, five Americans led by a veteran guide named Eric Simonson set out to retrace the Englishmen's climb. The reason they might have given for their expedition was "Because Mallory is there." While increasing numbers of climbers had been scaling the mountain's southern, Nepalese side (including those who perished in the 1996 blizzard so memorably described in Jon Krakauer's best-selling book *Into Thin Air*), the North Face had been closed to foreigners by the Chinese government for three decades. But a corpse, thought to be that of Sandy Irvine, had been spotted by a Chinese climber in 1975. If the team could find that body, perhaps they could answer the riddle of Everest. On page 284, *Vanity Fair* special correspondent Bryan Burrough skillfully weaves together two stories, alternating the heartbreaking tale of the handsome, impetuous Mallory with the American team's gripping account of its seemingly quixotic search and stunning discovery. Wh monson and his colleagues found may at point tell us once and for all what happen Mallory and Irvine, who lost their lives in suit of a dream that mountaineers the v over continue to hold.

In 1959, 45-year-old Vince Lombardi s on his own journey. Leaving his job as an tant coach of the New York Giants, he go his battered Chevy and drove halfway acro country to the snow-swept plains of Wisc His goal: to take the struggling Green Bay ers, who'd become the joke of American ball, and turn them into a winning tea Pulitzer Prize–winning writer David Maraniss recounts in his coming biography, *When Pride Mattered: A Life of Vince Lom* excerpted on page 206, Green Bay's new coach succeeded b all imagination. Relentlessly applying his uncompromising stan his Jesuit-inspired coaching methods, and the bizarre philosop worthwhile pain learned from his parents, he drove the Packer decade of almost unprecedented glory, with five championsh nine years. But the ultimate expression of Lombardi's achiev may have been the now legendary "Ice Bowl" game, on New Eve 1967, in which the aging Packers faced apparently insurm able odds (not to mention 16-degrees-below-zero weather) a Tom Landry's increasingly dominant Dallas Cowboys. CBS' Scott said the Packers' final drive "was the greatest triumph o over adversity I've ever seen." On the gridiron, as on the mou it's those who pit their own will and endurance against epic a sity who make the dreams come true. —GRAYDON CA

Her Dog Friday

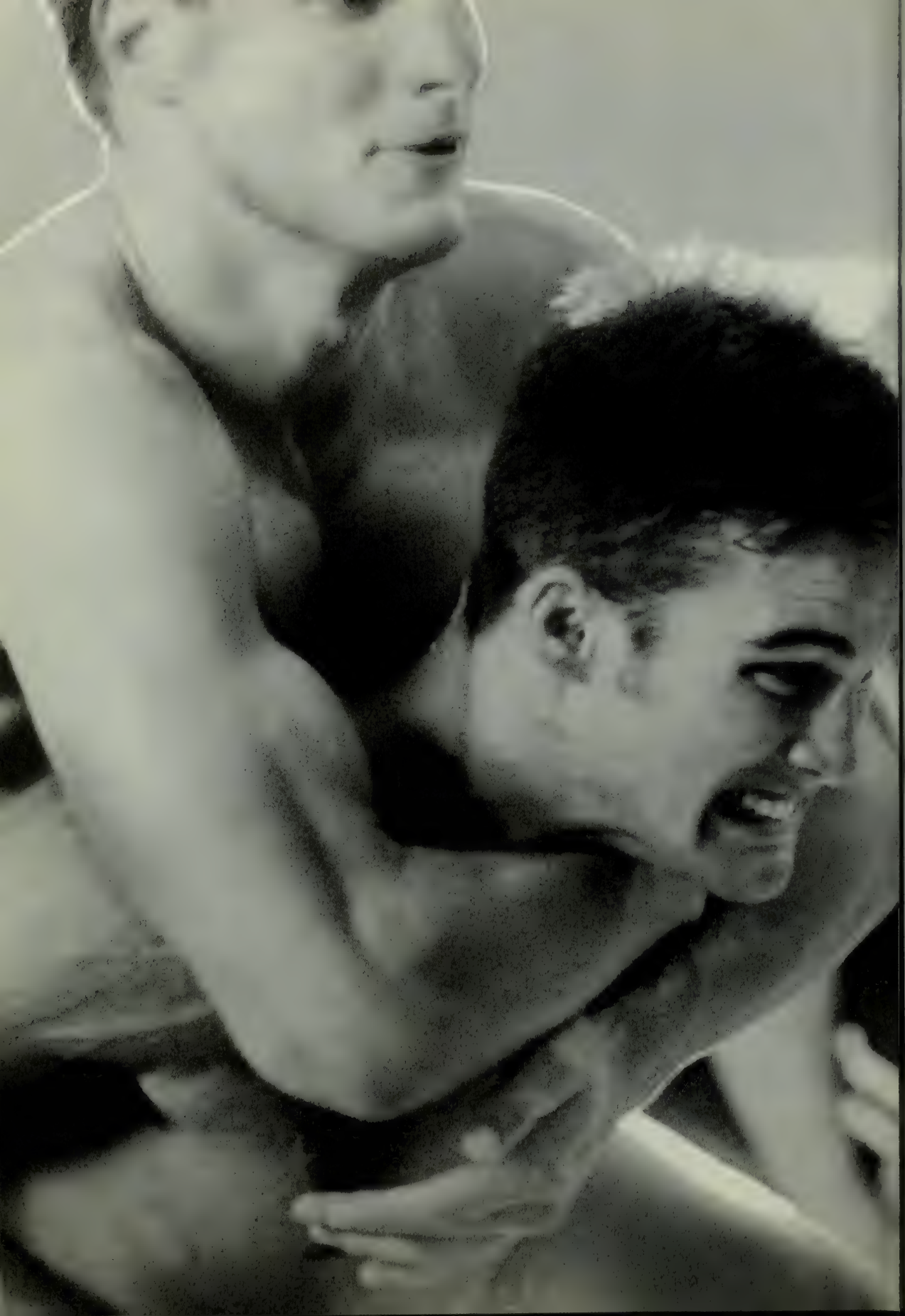


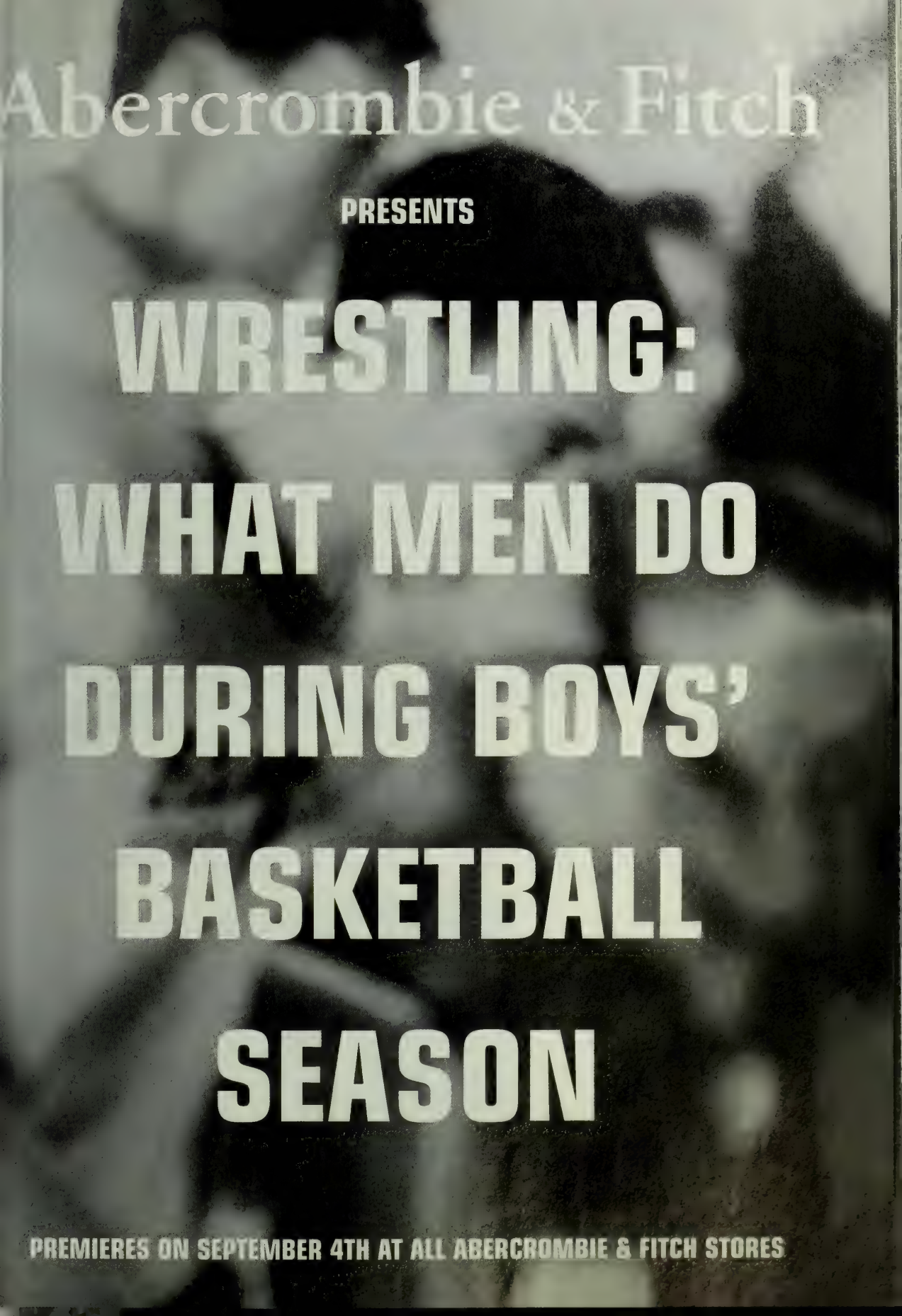
ON THE COVER
Carolyn Bessette Kennedy, photographed by Bruce Weber in Glen Cove, Long Island. For a moment, the new princess of Camelot was just a girl with her dog, Friday.



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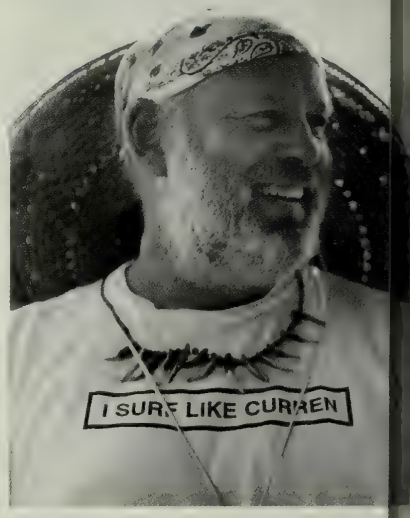
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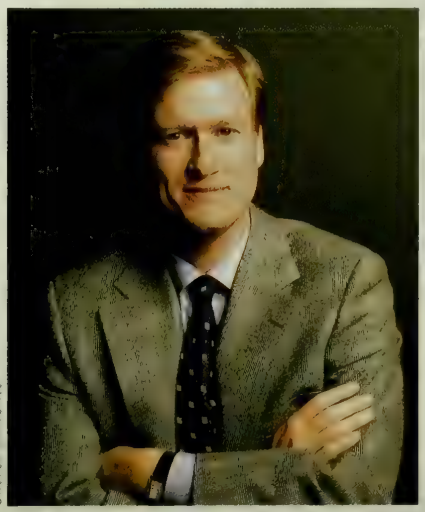


KATHERINE LAMBERT

After completing *First in His Class: The Biography of Bill Clinton,* **David Maraniss,** th Pulitzer Prize–winning repor for *The Washington Post,* realized two things: first, he loved writing biographies, and second, he needed to find "an utterly different archetype to write about." In Vince Lombardi, the legenda tough-as-nails coach of the Green Bay Packers, he found that figure. "This book was a labor of love," says the Wisconsin native about *Whe Pride Still Mattered: A Life o Vince Lombardi,* which is excerpted on page 206. "I c think of any book in my life that will mean more to me than this one."

Award-winning photographer and filmmaker **Bruce Weber's** portfolio of Carolyn Bessette Kennedy on page 274 exemplifies Weber's unique talent—he divines his subject's identity in order to capture her essential nature. From his Academy Award nomination for the jazz documentary *Let's Get Lost* to his groundbreaking work for Abercrombie & Fitch, Weber invites the viewer into the world of the viewed. In 1997 he exhibited work at the National Portrait Gallery in London. His exclusive images of Bessette Kennedy pay tribute to a woman whose name has been added to the pantheon of American style.





GASPER TRINGALE

For special correspondent **Bryan Burrough,** investigating the recent discovery of George Mallory's body on Mount Ever was the realization of a lifelong obsession with the fate of the British mountaineer. But unlike most historians, who continue to debate whether Mallory was the first to reach the peak's summit, Burrough was intereste in how Mallory died. The disappearance of a human bein "is the best story you can have," he says. "Some part of me just hates that they found him."

CONTINUED ON PAG


ELLEN TRACY fifty




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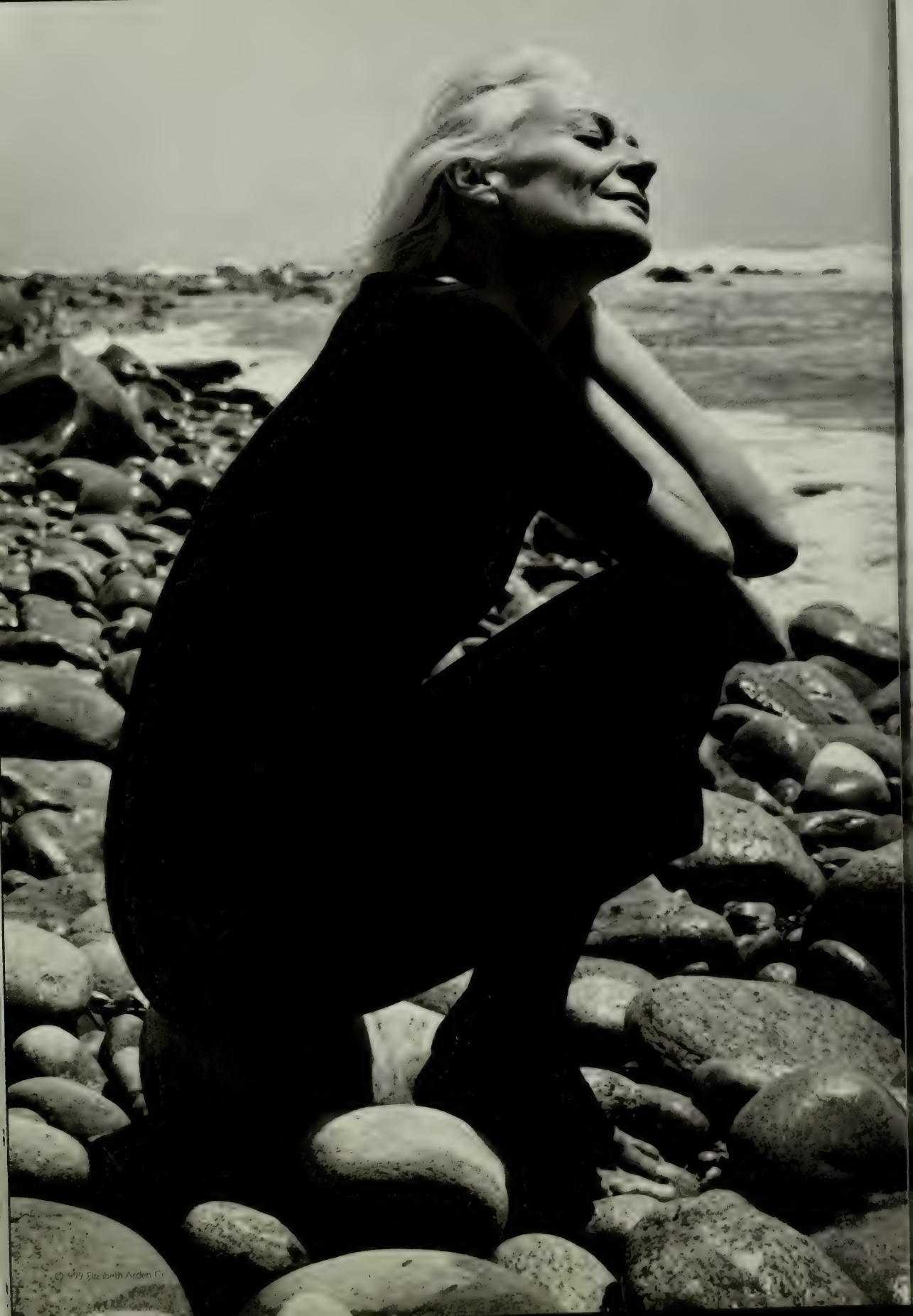
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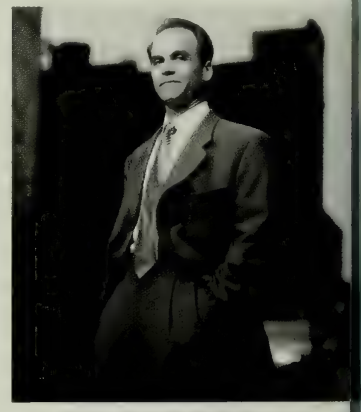


The workday for *V.F.* fashion director **Elizabeth Saltzman** is not exactly nine to five. "It's more like a 22-hour-a-day job," says Saltzman. Fortunately, she doesn't do it alone. "The job has nothing to do with me—it has to do with the team," Saltzman says of her fashion-department staff, whose members, in the days leading up to a photo shoot, are often seen frantically running through the halls, inspecting racks of clothing. "I'm the 'yes or no' girl, but they're the creators." After working for *Vogue* for more than seven years, Saltzman joined *Vanity Fair* in 1995.



GASPER TRINGALE

In 1997, contributing editor **Patricia Bosworth** published *Anything Your Little Heart Desires,* a memoir of her father, attorney Bartley Crum, who in 1947 defended the Hollywood 10. On page 3 she writes about that dark period and director Elia Kazan, whose recent Oscar for lifetime achievement rekindled the controversy over his 1952 decision to name names. "He's going to be remembered for his work, not for his politics," Bosworth says of her former teacher and longtime friend. "There's a chilling effect on free expression when artists are judged on their politics alone."



Presumed Innocent author **Scott Turow** first noticed that the penis was going mainstream a few years ago when his children were watching *Singled Out* on MTV. As the phallic puns mounted, Turow says, "I just found myself scratching my head and going, 'What's up? What's going on?'" The result of Turow's musings on the subject begins on page 168. Turow's new novel, *Personal Injuries,* is due out next month from Farrar, Straus & Giroux.



WALTER SIM TM

In order to profile Britain's premier po icons, Glaswegian contributing editor **Steven Daly** spent a day in the dangerous of Victoria "Posh Spice" Adams and David "Becks" Beckham, complete wi car chase by kamikaze journalists. "I di want to die like Dodi Fayed," says Daly whose story appears on page 298. "The meta-death of being killed by papar who aren't even chasing *you.*" For Daly translating Becks and Posh for America wasn't easy. "In the U.K., they're a suffoca presence—people know everything abo them. In the U.S., she's just a curiosity, and 'soccer' is a girls' sport."

CONTINUED ON PAGE


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Contributors

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100



According to contributing editor **Lisa Robinson,** whose first "Hot Tracks" column appears on page 270, there is an extraordinary amount to cover in popular music this fall. "There's never been such a glut of albums from major acts," says Robinson. "The unfortunate side to this is that it makes it almost impossible for new bands to get noticed." The legendary rock columnist, formerly with the *New York Post,* is a member of the nominating committee for the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame. She joined *Vanity Fair* in April.



TOM WOLFF

When his children's Saturday-morning cartoons were interrupted on July 17, 199 by coverage of John F. Kennedy Jr.'s missing Piper Saratoga, **David Michaelis** assumed that the nation would be witness Kennedy's rescue within minutes. He wa wrong. "The future shortens—you lose a piece of your life," Michaelis says of th mourning process. A longtime friend of the Kennedy family's and biographer N. C. Wyeth, Michaelis eulogizes J.F.K. on page 130 as a means "to fight back against the chaos of his death. The act o writing allows us to hold on to order."

For his article on the demise of the Gambino crime family, contributing editor **Howard Blum** was faced with the unsettling task of a one-on-one meeting with former Mob underboss Sammy Gravano. Despite Gravano's reputation, Blum was undaunted. "One of the good things about being a reporter is that you can transcend all of your normal fears and concerns," he says. "You're after a story, and when you're after a story, that's all that matters." Blum is the author of five best-selling works of nonfiction, including the 1993 *Gangland: How the FBI Broke the Mob.*





ASS., MPTA CIOMESSY

For contributing photographer **Jonathan Becker,** who captured Elia Kaza for this issue, the sitting at the director's town house was like a trip to 1940s New York. "First you pass three floors o the Kazans' neat, almost New Age living space. Then you arrive at the atti and suddenly it's *On the Waterfront,*" recalls Becker. "It's 100 degrees and the Kazan, unshaven, in a T-shirt, feet up on an old sofa." Completing the hard-boiled image, Kazan was grumpy throughout the shoot, until, with a "Great job," he invited Becker to join him in front of the camera.


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MORE ABOUT EVE

Celeste Holm weighs in on Bette Davis and bitchery; Katzenberg and Eisner incur wrath and ridicule; Kosovo up close; Artie Shaw's jazz mate; blacks, whites, and Will Smith; Gettysburg, the divisive battle

What defines a camp classic? When we were making *All About Eve,* we had no idea we would become one! Since I am the only member of its cast still alive—and kicking—I would like to set the record straight ["Everything About Eve," by Sam Staggs, April].

Never will I forget when Joseph Mankiewicz first sent me that script. I was sure that if we could get onto the screen what was on those pages we would be a wow!

Now, do you really think that a picture which received 14 Academy Award nominations (equaled only by *Titanic,* which had a slightly larger cast and more categories) and unanimous critical acclaim was accomplished on a set full of backstabbing bitchiness? What rubbish! Do you think Joe Mankiewicz would have permitted such unprofessional behavior to interfere with his work? The entire endeavor was accomplished with complete cooperation from all concerned.

And it is *not* true that Bette Davis and I disliked each other immediately. Two weeks before we were scheduled to start shooting, I was having dinner in Malibu when I was introduced to Bette. I had long admired her work, and the last thing she said to me was "I'm so looking forward to working with you." To which I replied, "So am I!" And I meant it.

On the trip to San Francisco, Gary Merrill, Hugh Marlowe, and I took a very noisy hydroplane provided by Darryl Zanuck. Over the roar of the propellers, I shouted, "I wonder what it will be like working with the Queen Bee?" Unforgettably, Gary roared back, "Well, I know one thing—it'll all be over in eight weeks!" It wasn't over for him for 10 years.

In San Francisco, we did not work together, Bette and I. We were doing outside and inside scenes in the theater. One evening we all had drinks at the Carouse Bar at the Fairmount, but even then Bett had eyes only for Gary. I was tired and excused myself; I think the rest went or to dinner.

The following Monday morning, I walked onto the set in Los Angeles and there was Bette. I smiled and said, "Good morning." Her face went cold and she said, "Oh, shit—good manners!" I felt as though I'd been hit with a wet floun der, and that is why I never spoke to her again, outside the script.

I've always enjoyed being around peo ple who love each other—you can warm your hands—but with Bette and Gary such was not the case. They formed a kind of cabal, like two kids who'd jus learned how to spell a new dirty word.

In Mr. Staggs's tale, he says that when Bette made cruel fun of a wire from he



A bumpy night: A still from Joseph Mankiewicz's film All About Eve, *in which Celeste Holm played Bette Davis's best friend. In real life, claimed Sam Staggs, the two detested each other.*



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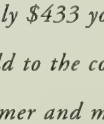
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husband I took refuge by picking a piece of lint off my dress. It was because, like Anne Baxter, I was not amused.

After that astonishing scene with Eve in the ladies' room of the Stork Club, in which she demands that I get her the part in my husband's next play, I come back to the table and everyone wants to hear details of the encounter. Suddenly, Margo [Bette's character] announces that she doesn't want the part—because she and Bill are going to be married! And Mankiewicz said, "Now, Celeste, I want you to laugh because of the absolutely unexpected turn of events. Can you do that?"

"O.K.," said I, and when the camera rolled, I burst out laughing. The cast looked so startled, it made me laugh even harder. He signaled me to wind down.

There was a dead pause, and Bette Davis said, through clenched teeth, "I can't do that."

"Oh, I'm sure you could," I said, "if you tried!"

"No," she snapped, "I can't."

Our director said softly, "You want to do it again?"

"Sure," I answered happily, and off I went into gales of laughter.

It was then that I knew that Mankiewicz had realized how much difficulty I'd had with Miss Davis.

The most revealing day was when Bette's mother—a quiet little lady who looked like a librarian—visited the set, but I'd rather *tell* Mr. Staggs about that.

I do think that Mr. Staggs's sweeping declaration that none of us later exceeded our performances in *All About Eve* is a wildly selfish point made only to accentuate Miss Monroe's meteoric rise. At the end of his version, he has Thelma [Ritter] and me disappearing back to New York. I went on to appear in a delicious hit called *Affairs of State*—that's hardly disappearing! And now he is doing a book. I would appreciate a call.

CELESTE HOLM
New York, New York

SAM STAGGS REPLIES: I'm still waiting for Ms. Holm to set the record straight. Her letter repeats several incidents from my article, and in one instance she dreams up something I didn't write. I do not have her and Thelma Ritter "disappearing" back to New York when filming was over. I wrote: "Celeste Holm and Thelma Ritter flew to New York." That's about as neutral as a sentence can be.

Her statement "I would appreciate a call" is not only belated but disingenuous. I telephoned her on October 5, 1995, at the outset of my book on the making of All About Eve. *When I described the project, she snapped, "A book about the movie seems a waste of time. Besides, I've talked to everybody in the world about that pict*

Surprised by her vehemence at the mentio the film for which she is best remembered, I lowed up with a letter asking if she might re sider. She didn't respond.

Ms. Holm disagrees with my "sweeping laration" that no one except Marilyn Mo exceeded his or her work in Eve. *I can buttres assertion with many examples. For instance own subsequent film career includes roles in* Tender Trap, High Society, Bachelor I The Private Files of J. Edgar Hoover, Three Men and a Baby.

Of Mice and Moguls

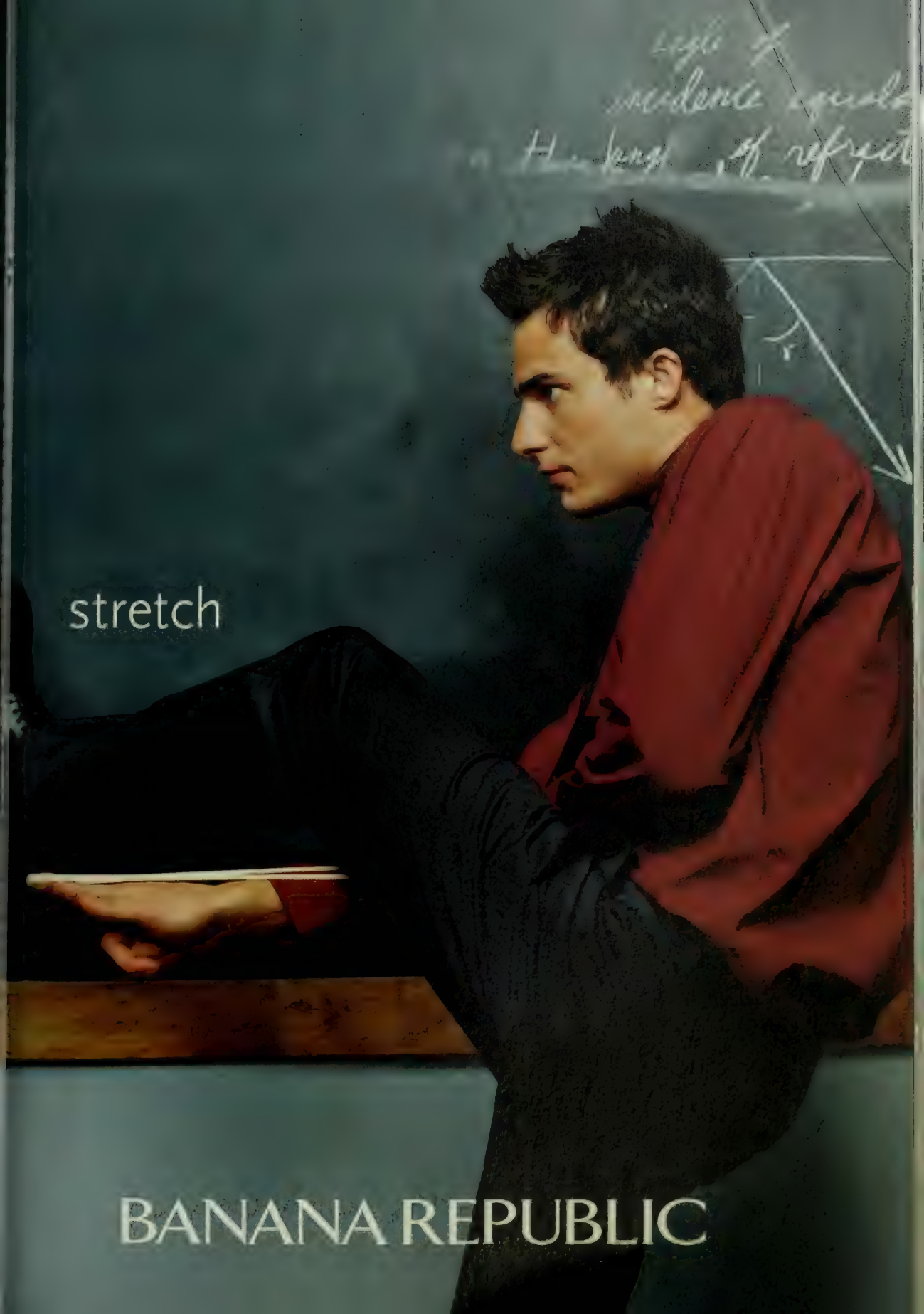
AS A DISNEY employee and stockhol I was sickened by what I learned f your article on the feud between Mic Eisner and Jeffrey Katzenberg ["Two gry Men," by Kim Masters, July]. ployees (or "cast members," as we sometimes called) are expected to live Disney "values" every day of our emp ment, and are taken to task if we d These values include honesty and int ty. Honesty? Michael Eisner, obviously intelligent man, "doesn't know" whe it was he or his stockholders who paid someone to spend 10 years writing his tobiography? Integrity? Mr. Katzen was to get 2 percent of the profit f "all forms of exploitation" of the pro he worked on? One other point in the ticle sticks in my throat, as I'm sure it for some other stockholders: our chair has collected a *billion* dollars already? executive is worth a billion dollars.

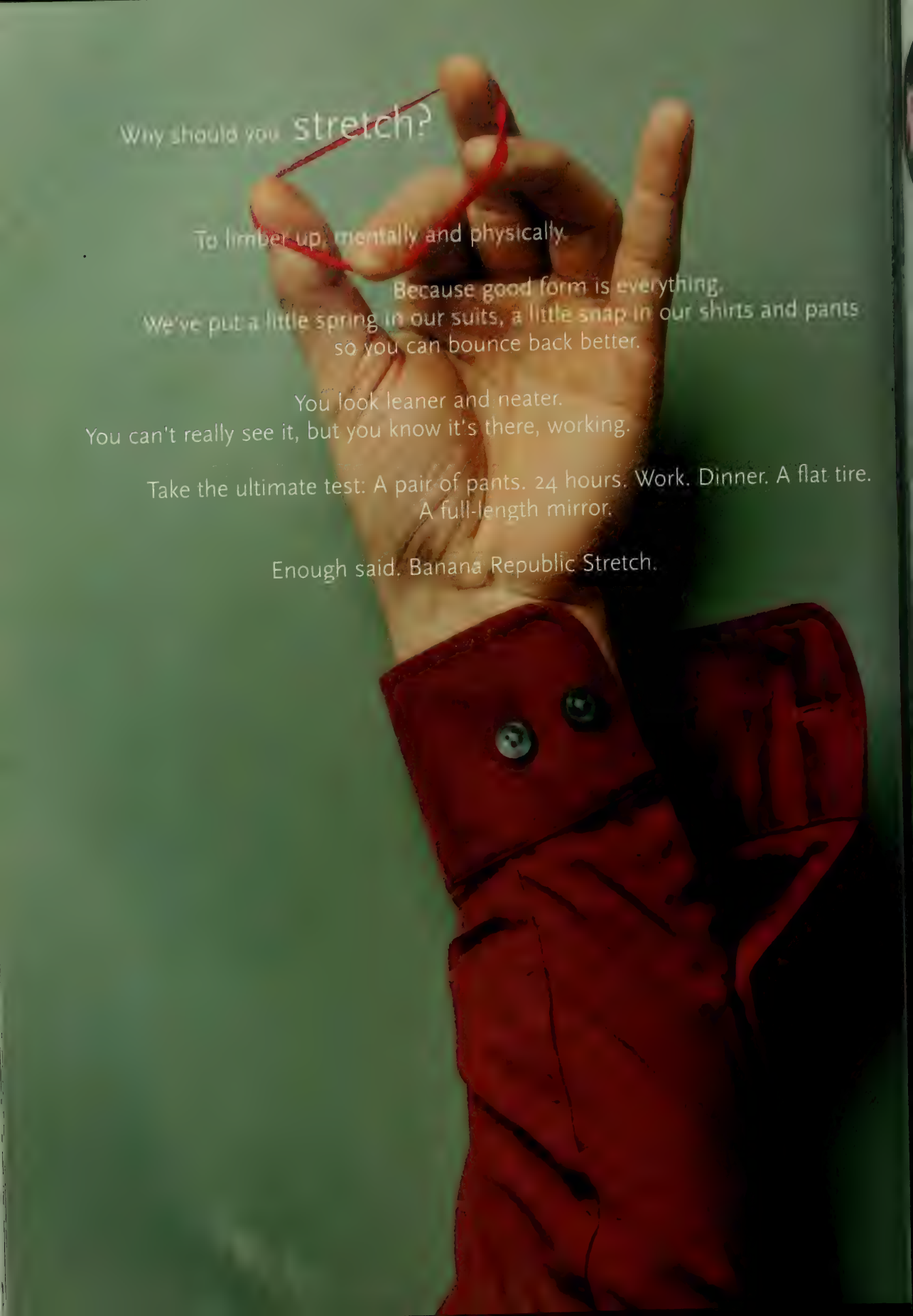
KAREN LE
Hilton Head Island, South Car

I FOUND MYSELF laughing out lou the war between Eisner and Katzenb What is so amusing is that Disney, of a $27.5 billion industry for Califo alone, is, in fact, completely cheap. I up for three positions at the Mouse over the last decade and discovered had I accepted any of them I would had to take an enormous cut in pay, haps buy an even cheaper car than Nissan, and move into a studio apartm in the Valley—just to get by!

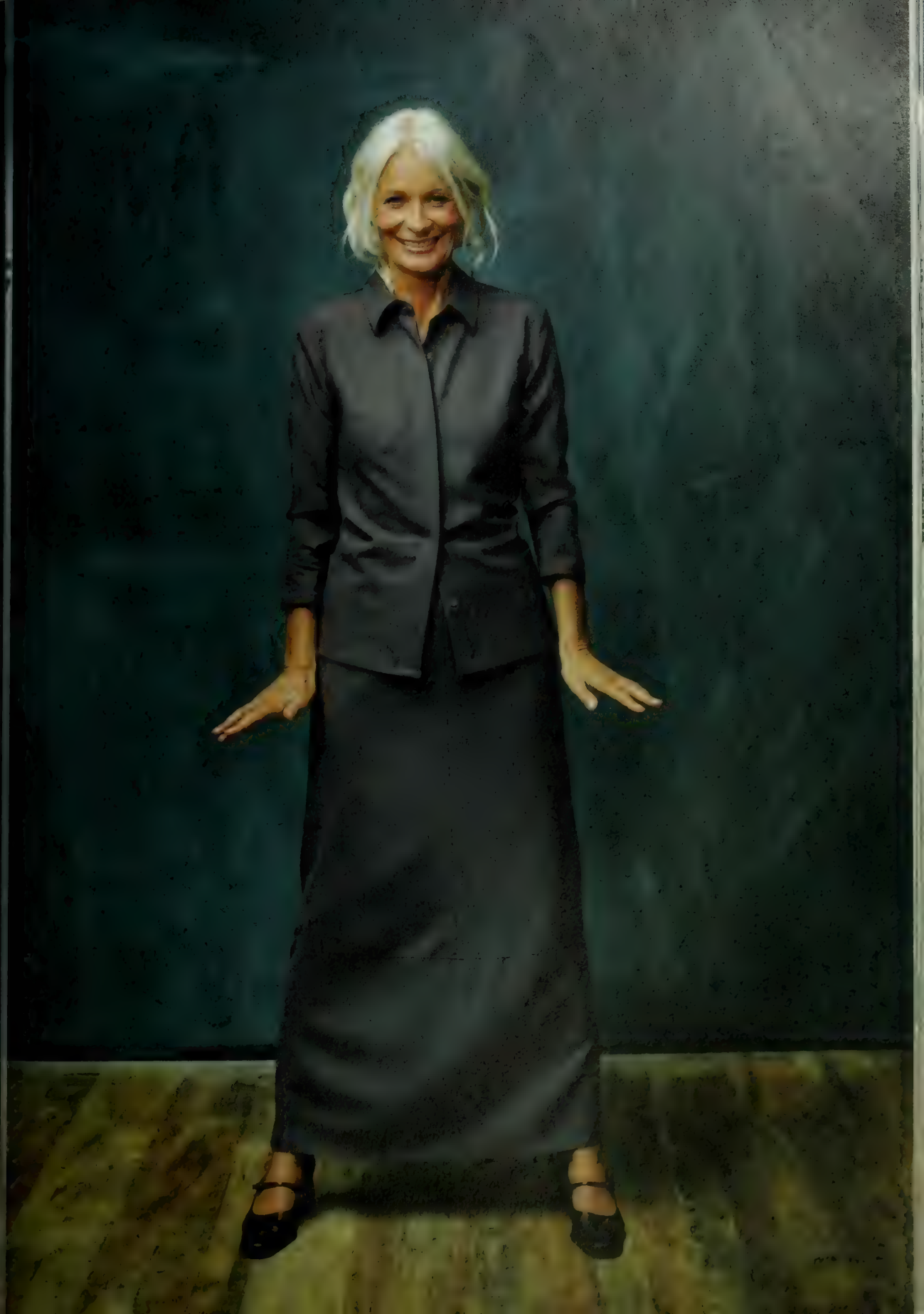
HUGH COO
Los Angeles, Calif

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Swinging solo: Artie Shaw, photographed by Bruce Weber at his California home in November 1998—44 years after Shaw put down his clarinet.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 112 From cute dwarfs to the "midget" epithet, from innocence to avarice, and from the Mickey Mouse Club to the greedy Hardball Boys.

CHRISTINE KELSAY
Blue River, Oregon

I HAD TO CHUCKLE over a story juxtaposition in your July issue. If only those arrogant millionaires Eisner and Katzenberg would take a glance at the nearby story on Kosovo—legitimate human drama presented forcefully and brilliantly—they might get a much-needed reality check. Alas, it's probably too much to hope that they'll even come close to recognizing the irony of it all.

JEFF HOOVER
New York, New York

On the War Front

I ADMIT I was tempted to skip Janine di Giovanni's article on the war in Kosovo ["Madness Visible," July]. I've heard it all on the news already, I told myself. Still, I decided to give her "eyewitness account" a read.

I am now ashamed of myself for having believed the mass media's watered-down version of this war. The papers mention "ethnic cleansing," but with no real understanding of what that means to the individual men, women, and children surrounded by this war. Di Giovanni's article should be required reading [for] the apathetic majority in America.

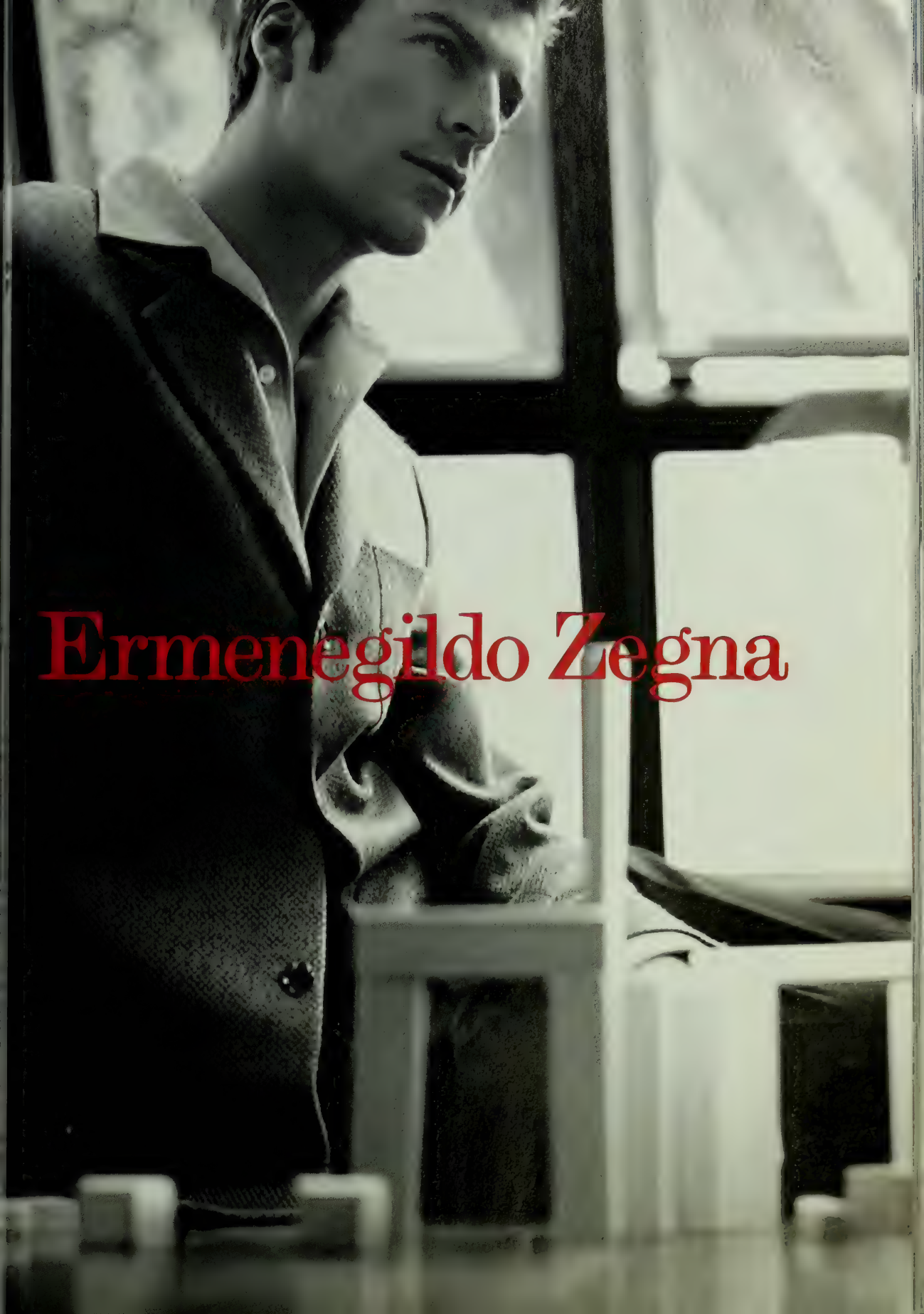
THOMAS W. HUTCHINS[ON]
Trabuco Canyon, Calif[ornia]

The Pastor to Artie Shaw

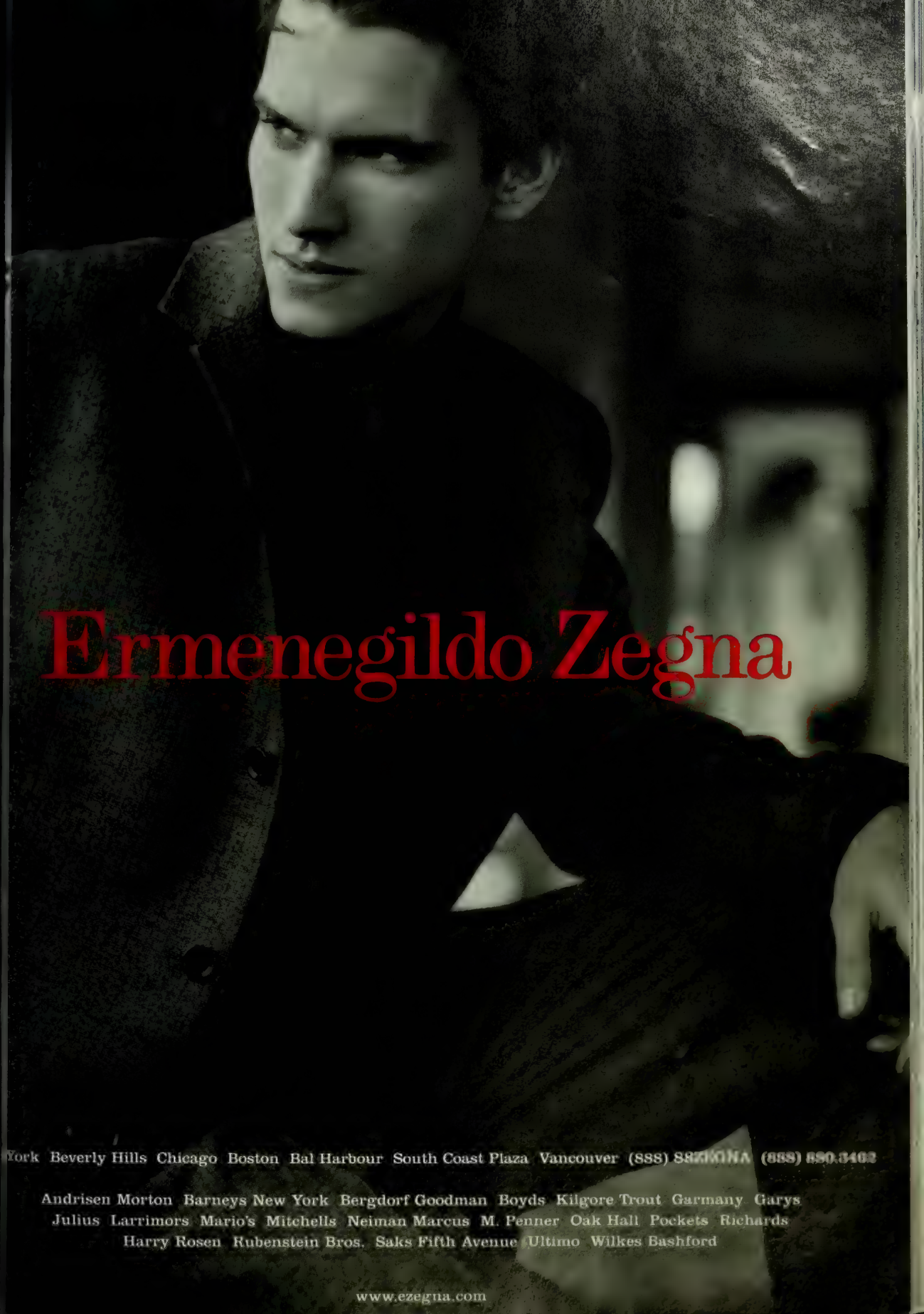
PERMIT ME to offer a few historical fo[otnotes] to Cliff Rothman's excellent J[une] 1999 profile of Artie Shaw, "Artie Sha[w]: Solo Beat," from the perspective of [my] dad, the late Tony Pastor, who was an [in]tegral factor in Shaw's career.

Shaw's first band, in 1936, was a ho[t] style crew that featured a string qua[rtet] built around his clarinet and Pastor's [tenor] or sax and vocals. That band evol[ved] into the swing outfit which later achie[ved] immortality during its sensational 1938 "Begin the Beguine" years, again [with] Pastor on tenor sax and vocals. It is [Pas]tor's tenor solo that you hear on "B[egin] the Beguine," as well as behind B[illie] Holiday's voice on "Any Old Time," [the] only recording she made with Shaw.

On the occasions when Shaw was [ill] and unable to go on, it was Pastor who [led] the band. Pastor's vocals were heard [on] enormously successful Shaw records [of] such as "Indian Love Call" and "Rosa[ry]" and his tenor solos were featured on [such] classics such as "Back Bay Shuffle" [and] "Non-Stop Flight." Pastor's prestige [as a] tenor soloist with Shaw was so great [that] he was named by *Metronome* in 194[0 as]


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its all-American tenor man—this in a field of outstanding soloists such as Coleman Hawkins, Ben Webster, and Georgie Auld.

In late 1939, Shaw walked off the bandstand, not to return. Pastor led the band for the rest of its engagement.

Shaw and Pastor's relationship was not quite the extraordinary, personal one that existed between Ellington and Strayhorn, as described in your May issue. But you can't tell the whole Shaw story without a nod to Pastor's significant contribution.

TONY PASTOR JR.
Palm Springs, California

Iron Will

UPON RECEIVING my July issue of *Vanity Fair,* I immediately turned to Ned Zeman's article on Will Smith ["Will Smith Rides High"]. I have always loved Smith's work, and every time I look at him I think, With talent like that, he deserves all the success he gets.

I was troubled, however, to read Smith's generalizations about black people versus white people. He insists that white comedy and black comedy are separate and distinct. I am white, and I, for one, laugh at raw comedy, fluff comedy, intelligent comedy, unspeakably stupid comedy, slapstick, dirty jokes, and clean jokes. I laugh at black comedians and white comedians. And, I might add, there are plenty of black comedians *and* white comedians whom I don't find funny at all. I would further argue that not all Jewish and black comedians deliver, or appreciate, raw comedy.

Will Smith bases his theory on the idea that individuals can be grouped as "people of oppression." Oppression can result not only from one's race but also from one's gender, religion, or socioeconomic status. In the last category, Will Smith is privileged beyond me and every white person I know.

KARIM SLIFKA
Cheshire, Connecticut

I DISAGREE with Ned Zeman's statements about the "so-called rap community"'s aversion to Smith as an artist who has sold out. I think the rap community has always had much respect for Smith because he's never professed to be hard-core or anything beyond his cookie-cutter image. He relished it and was appreciated for it, unlike a Sean "Puffy" Combs, who pretends to be hard-core while continually courting the crossover audience that is naturally Smith's.

KARMAEL-ELANA M. HOLMES
Washington, D.C.

Addressing Gettysburg

AS A DESCENDANT of at least thr Confederates, one of whom was a gen al, I share Christopher Hitchens's disg at seeing the Battle Flag on jogg shorts, beach blankets, beer mugs, a even my state flag ["Rebel Ghost July]. The Confederate flags were b ners carried into a noble conflict, a it's a shame to see them dishonored so many tawdry ways. It's also a sha to hear people claim that the war v over slavery. When Maine seceded fr Massachusetts, it was not about slav but, among other things, geography a economics.

The South is unusual because it perhaps the only place in the Uni States which has been invaded, c quered, and occupied by enemy troo The invaders burned our cities, stole horses, plundered our houses, and us poor and hungry for years. And s is possible to be against slavery and be proud to be a southerner or a C federate descendant—to know that come from a family which not only dured but prevailed through hard tim

E. NOEL PRESTON, M
Norcross, Geo

AS A DISPLACED, but not misplac Yankee from Boston who knew sho ingly little about the Battle of Get burg, and who was fairly overwheln standing on Cemetery Hill, I write say how much I enjoyed Hitche "Rebel Ghosts." Not many writers bring tears and laughter simultaneou Praise to him!

C. KNUTH FISC
West Chester, Pennsylv

CORRECTION: The name of the Stevie W der 1974 hit song referred to in "Will S Rides High" in the July 1999 issue was in rectly given. It is "I Wish."

Letters to the editor should be sent with writer's name, address, and daytime phone n ber to: *Vanity Fair,* 4 Times Square, New Y New York 10036. Address electronic ma vfmail@vf.com. The magazine reserves the r to edit submissions, which may be publishe otherwise used in any medium. All submiss become the property of *Vanity Fair.*

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AFTER YEARS
EXERCISE WHA
OF SHAPE WIL
BREASTS BE I

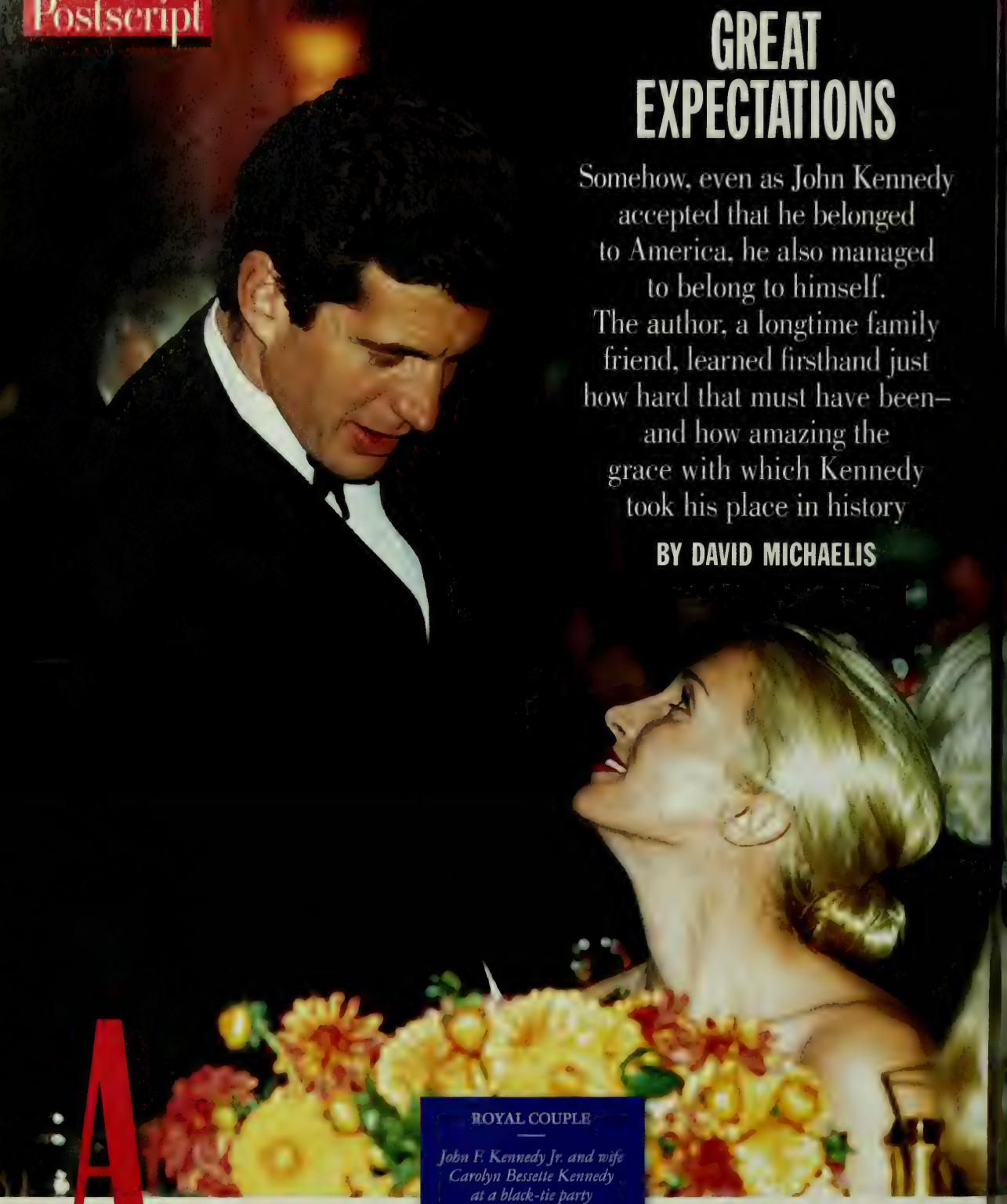


's the dilemma. All the exercise you do to keep in shape can have the opposite effect on your breasts. That's because breasts are held
y non-elastic Cooper's ligaments. And once they stretch, they don't snap back. To help prevent this, there's a Nike Alpha Project called
e Inner Actives. Athletic bras that work without smashing you down. Instead, they conform to the shape of your breasts (no more
oob) and support all around. And they come in real bra sizes. Not S, M, L or "uniboob". To find out more, go to **nike.com/inneractives.**

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

Somehow, even as John Kennedy accepted that he belonged to America, he also managed to belong to himself. The author, a longtime family friend, learned firsthand just how hard that must have been—and how amazing the grace with which Kennedy took his place in history

BY DAVID MICHAELIS

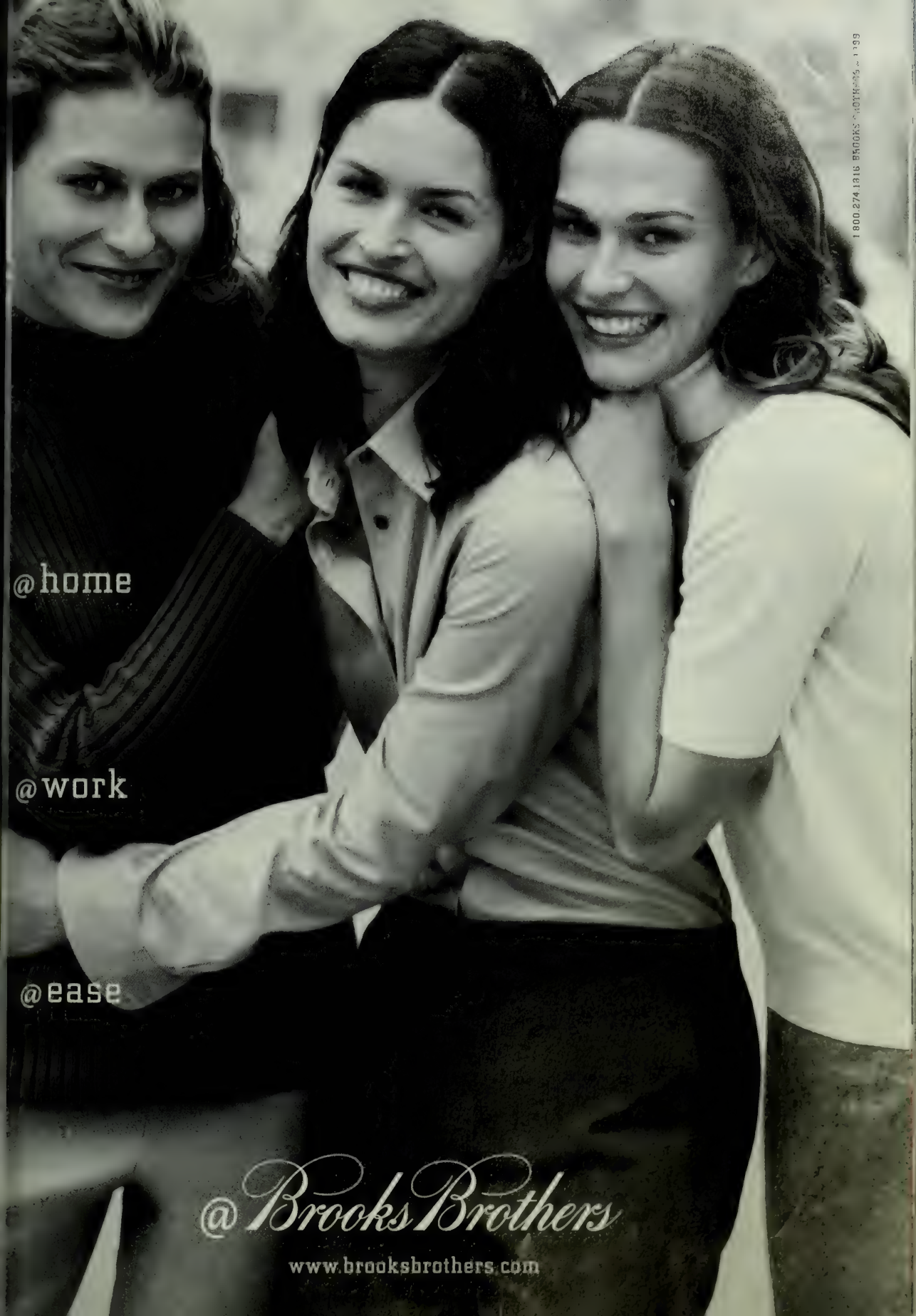


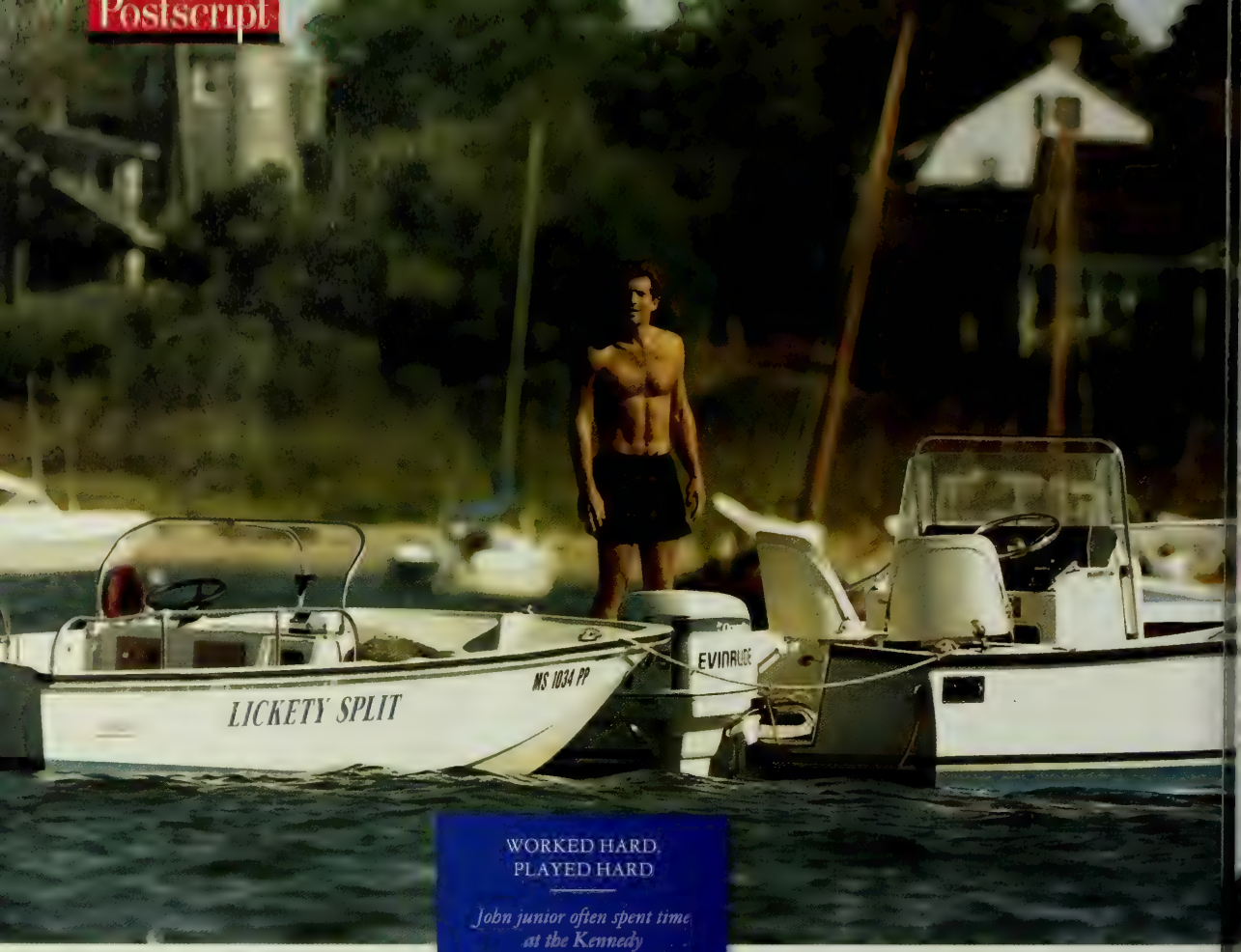
ROYAL COUPLE

John F. Kennedy Jr. and wife Carolyn Bessette Kennedy at a black-tie party celebrating the renovation of New York's Grand Central Terminal, October 5, 1998. By then, the couple had been married two years.

A long, long time ago, when he was John—just John—I knew him a little. I was a friend of his sister Caroline's from school. Her brother was a skinny 13-year-old with a big flop of hair. He was thoughtful, undemanding. He remembered your name. He had a watchful eye, a quietness that did not seem to mark him as a Kennedy male, and a mischievous streak that did. As a younger brother he could be protective and loving but also loose, goofy—goofy in a way that kept him from having to control the world too much.

As he grew older, authority came to him and he wore it naturally. If, as a boy, he had been embarrassed by his skinniness, he seemed surprised as a man to have become beautiful—no other word for it. He moved with Olympian grace, back rippling, stomach quilted with muscle. If he was vain about his body, he seemed


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WORKED HARD, PLAYED HARD

John junior often spent time at the Kennedy compound in Hyannis Port, Massachusetts, and boating off Cape Cod, where this photograph was taken in September 1995.

unconcerned with his handsomeness, and careless with his hair and clothes.

He could poke fun at his own myth brilliantly, and knew how to be honest with a wry smile and wrenching laughter. To a remarkable degree he remained unself-conscious. His sense of obligation to his family showed itself in one physical quality that I remember: He had trouble sitting still. He could not seem to help himself; he was always moving restlessly in and out of rooms.

When he entered or left a room he did something overpowering to that room and the people in it, something that no one else, except perhaps his parents, his sister, or Princess Diana, could do. Fame is a gross distortion of a human being, but he made it look as if you or I could do it. I once spent a quarter of an hour being John F. Kennedy Jr., which gave me an idea of who he was and what it might have cost him had he not managed to find a coherent sense of self.

The setting was a room in a senior-citizen center somewhere in Rhode Island late in the spring of 1980, when his uncle Senator Edward M. Kennedy was running for the Democratic nomination for the presidency. Working on the campaign, I happened to enter that room of seniors with one of the senator's nieces, Kerry Kennedy. The crowd was expecting her. They knew that Kerry went to Brown University in nearby Providence. And because it was also known that John F. Kennedy Jr. was enrolled at Brown, and because I was close enough in age and height to John, and because Kennedys are known to travel in multiples, the seniors simply assumed that I was the only surviving son of the late President Kennedy. It took nothing more than showing my face in that room: I was the boy who had saluted his father's flag-draped coffin. I was "John-John," or, as they pronounced it, in a kind of love chant, "Jawn-Jawn."

Over and over: *Jawn-Jawn, Jawn-Jawn.* It felt like ur dertow. The wildly grasping hands, the gaping mouths, th talonlike fingernails—all suddenly in my face, on my bod deeply in my flesh. I no longer belonged to myself, I was theirs. remember telling row after row of wheelchair-bound seniors tha I wasn't John. No one listened. Everyone was bewitched. Joh John, I was, Jawn-Jawn I would be.

For me it was only for a matter of minutes. He had a lifetim of it. By some act of will, or strand of DNA, he would not b conquered by the assault—not by the cameras, not by the beatin of muffled drums or flags at half-mast or the film clips that aga and again swept his smiling, unhurt parents from Love Field t their doom, and him to his salute outside St. Matthew's Cath dral. He had been history and he would be history. Though h was part of everyone's past, he somehow understood that h must always remain in the present. If he had a chance to liv outside the myth, it was by mastering the here and now.

I saw him leaving a room a couple of years ago, at the annu White House Correspondents Dinner in Washington, D.C., whic he was attending as the founding editor in chief of *George* mag zine. At the end of the evening, in one of the wide, carpeted ha ways of the Hilton, my wife, Clara, and I were pulled into an e panding swirl of people, eddying urgently around a fixed center. M first thought was that here was the scene of a medical emergenc Someone must be on the floor, having a heart attack, because of th way people near the center of the pack were shouting in alarme incoherent bursts. Others respectfully CONTINUED ON PAGE



)TORCROSS

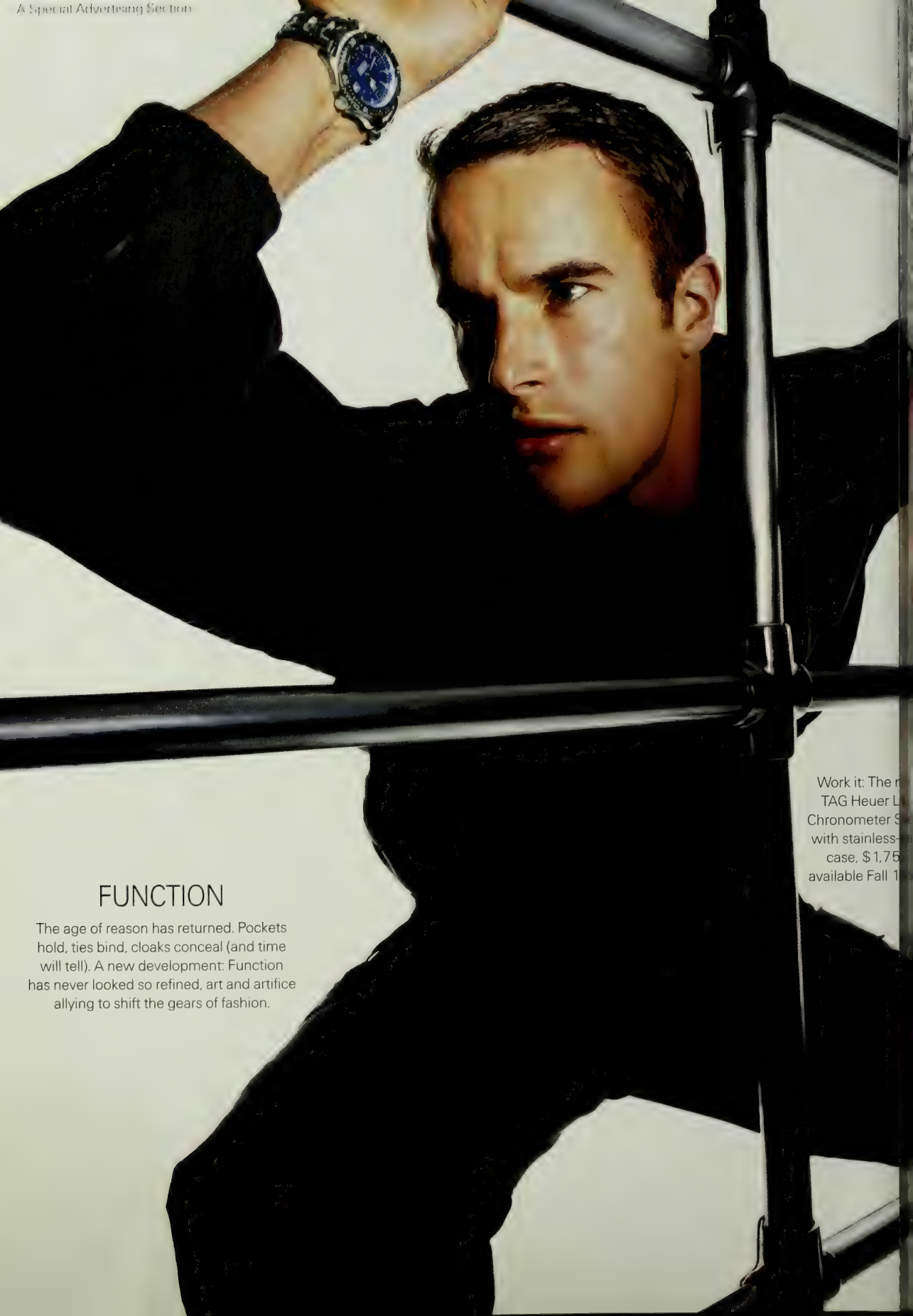
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An era ends, another beckons and de[illegible]evolves. What emerges is both old and new, pairing the romance of yesterday with the utility of tomorrow. The result is something altogether modern and original. Here, TAG Heuer lays it on the line.



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The age of reason has returned. Pockets hold, ties bind, cloaks conceal (and time will tell). A new development: Function has never looked so refined, art and artifice allying to shift the gears of fashion.

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EMBELLISHED

Details, details—a whisper
not a scream. Minimalists will
turn turncoat when they
the secret satin pocket, the
diamond-studded cuff, the
embroidered skirt that flowers
under such attention



WHITE

ght reflects and blinds in its illiance; white is the color of ght. Purifying, calm, cold as w; white is desirable precisely because it is so decidedly, coolly reserved.



Carte-blanche cool: Ladies Kirium Chronograph Series with stainless-steel case and silver dial, $1,895.


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THE SON ALSO RISES

By the time this photograph was taken, in 1963, two-year-old John junior was already a celebrity. Here he and his father take a walk at the White House, where "John-John" was a fixture.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 132 kept their distance from the center yet also refused in the crisis to budge from their places. More and more people packed in behind us, until we were all pressed together and holding our breath in suspense, witnesses to the emergency of John Kennedy and Carolyn Bessette Kennedy's leaving the Hilton.

He seemed interested in fulfillment. In recent years, he had settled down, made commitments. But still you never knew with him how hard it was to live with his feelings—or, for that matter, with expectations, memorabilia, houses, dubious privacy, plentiful money, grief more dreadful than it seems possible to endure.

In the dining room of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis's apartment at 1040 Fifth Avenue, a little after 10:15 P.M. on May 19, 1994, John told family and friends that she was dead. Minutes later, a desperate keening could be heard from a back hallway. It sounded as if it might have been one of the old Greek maids from the days of Onassis. It turned out to be a woman no one



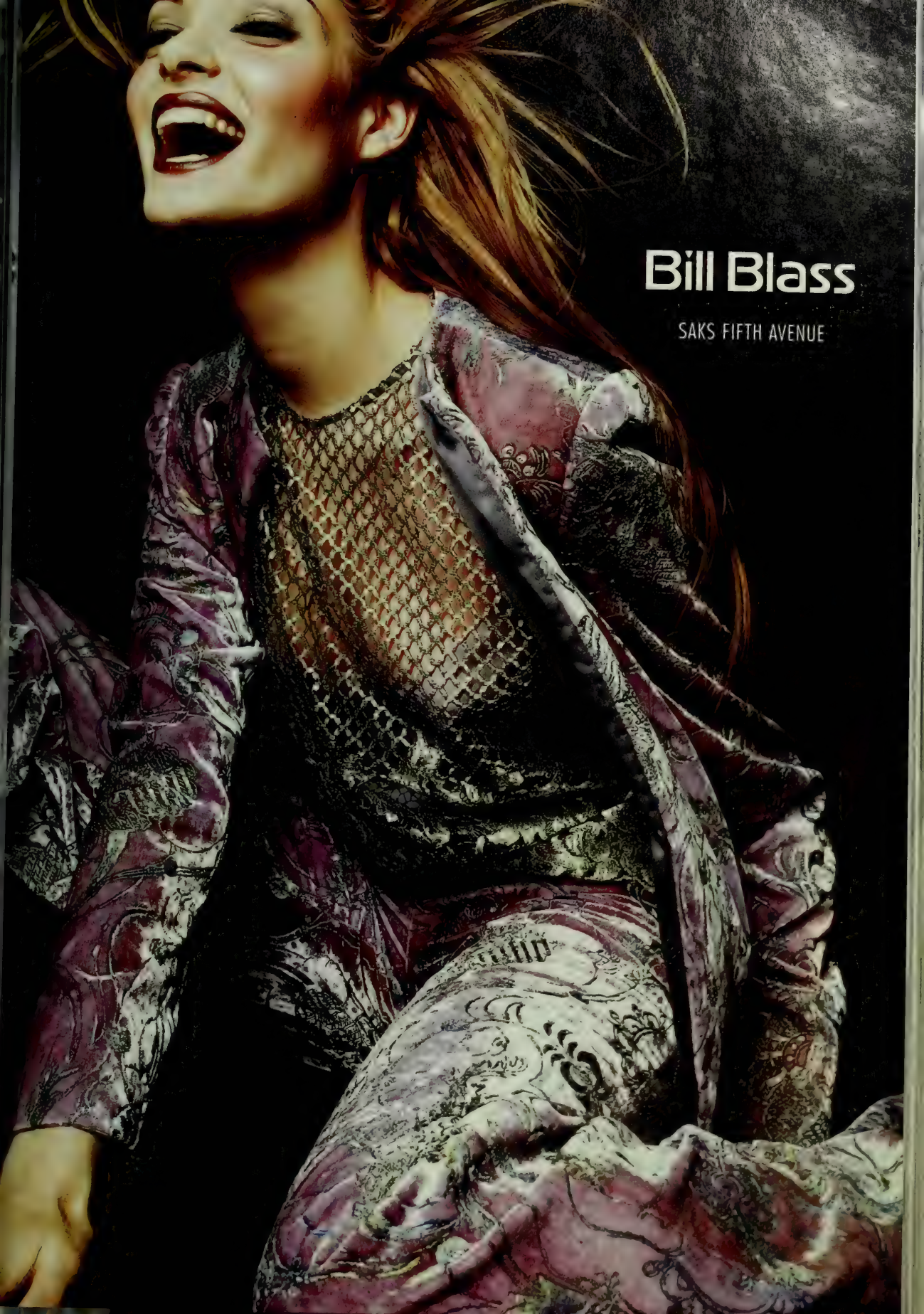
LOVE THY NEIGHBOR

Despite their high profile, the couple often walked the streets of Manhattan, where they lived in a spacious loft on North Moore Street in Tribeca. Here they walk their dog, Friday, on January 24, 1997.

knew, silver-haired, odd-looking, who suddenly appeared in the front hallway and embraced John. He at first took her to be one of his Bouvier cousins. But when he gallantly apologized for not knowing her, the woman told him first one, then another obviously fake name, and he realized that she had come in off the street, from the crowds that had been logjammed behind blue sawhorses for days on the sidewalk below.

That scene in the hallway could have played out in so many ways, ugly or angry, weird or graceful. Good manners can help at a time like that; so can kindness, patience and experience with the chaos that was always at the edge of his family's life. By the time his mother died, he had learned simplicity too, which was her greatness. But to know how to handle an intruder at your mother's deathbed, you need above all to be true to yourself. He gently told the woman, "Madam, you don't belong here."

Identity is the question we all have to solve, and that's why John Kennedy's triumph, his ability to be himself, despite odds no one would bet on, was a miracle to witness. □

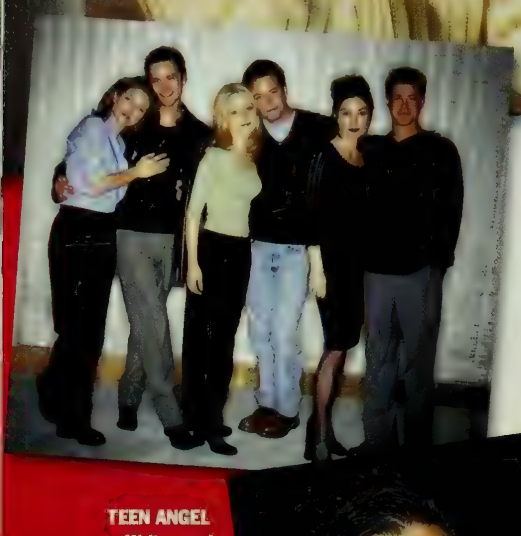

Bill Blass
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

James Wolcott

THE YOUNG AN THE FECKLESS

In hits such as *Dawson Creek*, *Buffy the Vampi Slayer*, and *Scream 2*, teens have become pc culture's designated sinners. Their Virgil: Kevin Williamson, whose TV series *Wasteland* debuts this fall

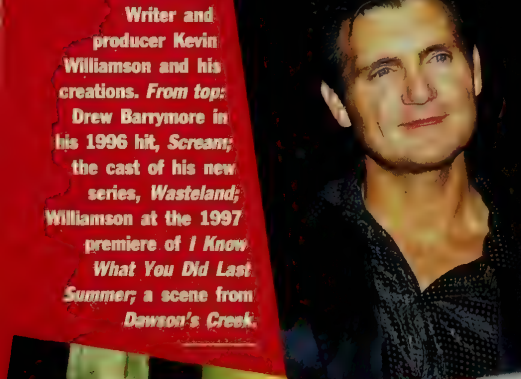




Out of the candy machine of American pop culture has come a new crop of kissy faces—a nonstop hiccup of instant teen idols. Ricky Martin and his hips are only the beginning. Tank-topped hotties and sheepish hunks flesh out the magazine racks from standbys such as *Seventeen*, *Tiger Beat*, and *Interview* to newer titles such as *Jane*, *Teen People*, and *Cosmo Girl!* (the last supplying perky advice to the bedroom gymnasts of tomorrow); they're proliferating across movie screens in popular hits such as the *Scream* and *I Know What You Did Last Summer* series, *Can't Hardly Wait*, *She's All That*, *Cruel Intentions*, *Never Been Kissed*, *Varsity Blues*, and *American Pie*, critics' picks such as *Election*, *Rushmore*, and *Go*, and in-betweeners such as *Jawbreaker*, *Idle Hands*, and *10 Things I Hate About You*, with no end in sight. (One upcoming film concerns teenage girls who rape boys—a story ripped from today's imaginary headlines!) Reviewing *Cruel Intentions*, which restaged the brittle aristocratic debauchery of *Les Liaisons Dangereuses* among a clique of spoiled Upper East Side brats, Stanley Kauffmann lamented in *The New Republic*, "Adolescents have as much right as anyone to films of their choice, a right that has been served; bu now there's a sense that teenage fingers ar gripping the film world's windpipe."

Television is also gasping from this chok hold. Having nudged older actors to th exits on daytime TV (NBC's *Another Worl* was canceled this summer after 35 year while the lower-rated, more youthful, an dopier soap opera *Sunset Beach* wa spared), young rookies are completing th rout in prime time. The success of *Party o Five*, *Dawson's Creek*, *Buffy the Vampir Slayer*, and, to a lesser extent, *Felicity* ha led to a copycat fall schedule so pubescen (the new shows include *Popular*, *Roswel Freaks and Geeks*, and the *Cruel Intentions*-inspired *Manchester Prep*) that a shortag of fresh available talent has turned cast ing calls into scavenger hunts. Even estab lished series aren't safe. After produce David E. Kelley swept house at CBS' *Chicago Hope* in the season finale, slashin a half-dozen cast members in a singl swipe, Adam Arkin, one of the few sur vivors, told the press, "It'll only be a mat ter of time before they hire some prett young actors and put us all out to pasture. The children of the damned, eyes ablaze marching toward final victory . . .

Not since the countercultural coup o the 60s have adolescents and post adolescents been so fawned and frette over and put on probation as the future o America. Children of divorce, teenagers on screen tend to fend for themselves or ban together in tribal units, geeks at one lunc table, beefy jocks at another, Goths hang ing upside down from the ceiling. Wher



TEEN ANGEL Writer and producer Kevin Williamson and his creations. *From top:* Drew Barrymore in his 1996 hit, *Scream;* the cast of his new series, *Wasteland;* Williamson at the 1997 premiere of *I Know What You Did Last Summer;* a scene from *Dawson's Creek.*




RENA LANGE
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

the 60s surge signified a population bulge emerging through the pipeline—the baby-boomers reaching their wonder years—the 90s teen craze seems more like a marketing bonanza, a precision strike to reach the baby-boomers' affluent offspring. "Everyone's looking for young eyeballs," Jamie Kellner, chairman and C.E.O. of the Warner Bros. television network, told *The New York Times,* and capturing those glazed marbles once they gravitate from Nickelodeon, Ritalin, and MTV has become the entertainment industry's holy grail. Yet this youth-pandering has too many elements of hostility and lurid exaggeration to be simply an expression of market forces. I believe teenagers and twentysomethings have become pop culture's *designated sinners,* camera fodder for jaded appetites and projected desires. It's always party time in teenland, where unchaperoned orgies are the weekend norm, chugalug contests ending at dawn with lawns littered with fallen comrades and bleary-eyed visits to the local convenience store, where the gangrene fluorescent lighting represents The Soullessness of Late Capitalism. In grittier films such as *Go,* self-indulgence carries graver consequences, getting its characters bounced off car hoods or held captive by a drug dealer with a Christopher Walken complex. (Sunken cheeks are the true wages of sin.)

As Mike A. Males documents in *Framing Youth: 10 Myths About the Next Generation* (Common Courage Press, 1999), such lurid police sketches of adolescents are often taken as gospel (Larry Clark's *Kids*—to cite my own example—was practically treated as a documentary), making teenagers appear far more violent, irresponsible, promiscuous, drug-crazed, alienated, and rootless than the data warrant. (He identifies the white male baby-boomer as society's true "superpredator.") The bigger libel is that these no-count hellions are dragging the country down with them. Males quotes Bret Easton Ellis complaining in *George,* "Teens are running roughshod over this country—murdering, raping, gambling away the nation's future—and we have the bills for counseling and prison to prove it. Sure, not all kids are bad—but collectively, they're getting worse." When the author of *American Psycho* wags an admonishing finger worthy of William Bennett, you know the moralizing has gotten wack. So persistent is the drumbeat of negativity that Males speculates, "Many of today's adults seem to *want* young people to feel hopeless and self-hating."

One reason the Littleton massacre unleashed such grim editorializing was that its very nihilism confirmed many of the worst fears society has about brain-dead youth. That same media coverage also inadvertently revealed a glaring discrepancy between fictional screen teens and their real-life counterparts. Signing coffins as if they were yearbooks and sandbagging hundreds of stuffed animals in a reprise of the "people's tribute" to Princess Diana (inciting Florence King to remark in the *National Review,* "When you've seen one pile of teddy bears you've seen them all"), the student mourners at Littleton weren't trim and fluently hip, like TV characters, but baggy and sincere, wearing their loose, layered outfits like Linus's security blanket. Their backpacks were peppered with patches and decals. Beneath the tattoos, piercings, and other biker insignia, teenage culture is a dollhouse of cutesy-poo kitsch. An observation which tallies with Males's contention in *Framing Youth* that youth culture isn't

Not since the countercultural coup of the 60s have adolescents been put on probation as the future of America.

an alien virus created *ex nihilo* but an exaggerated subcult of adult tastes and materialism. Today's mall-rat Lolita is tomorrow's Kmart shopper.

Lolita in her white socks, Melanie Griffith in *Night Moves,* a topless Phoebe Cates gamboling in slow motion through a sprinkler in *Fast Times at Ridgemont High*—the American Dream is often incarnated as a (pre)teen queen. Doe-y and dewy, a Bambi with breasts, she represents natural freedom and a fresh start. But it's a thin line between nymphet and nympho in the male psyche. Virginity raises the specter of violation—angelic nooky bares an innocence and promise some men can't wait to paw. Among recent teensploitation films, the shrewdest jailbait operation is John McNaughton's *Wild Things* (1998), which applies a slick finish to the genre of 70s nympho films such as *The Swinging Cheerleaders* and Roger Vadim's *Pretty Maids All in a Row,* and zooms off in its own direction. Bearing the same title as an Alex de Renzy porn film featuring an under-age Traci Lords (nearly all of her films had to be pulled from the shelves), *Wild Things*—starring Denise Richards and *Party of Five*'s Neve Campbell as a pair of amora teenyboppers (Traci Lords times two)—is juiced with a parodic porn sensibility which exploits classic male fantasies o Catholic-schoolgirl skirts and lollipop lips and then winks at its own exploitation The film frames and backlights a dripping wet Richards like a centerfold, transforming her into a Lara Croft blow-up doll and utilizes the veteran Theresa Russell as if she were the no-name star of some badly dubbed late-night import on Cinemax (she mounts her young lover in bed like a Eurotrash saddletramp). The soft-core porn proves to be a sexy con, the playing surface for a deeper, nastier game. Disguised as a pulp thriller, its plotline involving a faculty member accused o rape (an obscene flyer shows him holding her hostage by her pigtails), *Wild Things* is actually a satire of Clintonesque hypocrisy and duplicity, a carnival tour of the Monica Lewinsky era in which every sex act exacts a user's fee and every "victim" weeps crocodile tears all the way to the bank.

Completely naked they come together like two animals. Sweet and tender, fierce and hot. All those things you dream about for your first time.
—From Kevin Williamson's screenplay fo *Teaching Mrs. Tingle*

Cannily self-aware as *Wild Things* is watching itself watch like a voyeur with one eye in the window and the other on the bedroom mirror, it derives some raw flavor from life—a garlic whiff of corruption. Not so the work of Kevin Williamson, whose commercial wizardry and showmanship transmit from the D.J.'s booth and editing room of an imagination lined with album covers, movie posters, celebrity pinups. From *Scream* to *Dawson's Creek* to his new series *Wasteland* (this fall on ABC), Williamson's projects are bravura fabrications—transparent, interactive devices. Like Alfred Hitchcock in *Psycho,* Williamson used the horror form in *Scream* to slice the traditional barrier between actor and viewer to the thin sheet of a bloody shower curtain. *Scream*'s ingenious premise was that its on-screen characters had seen the same *Halloween*/*Nightmare on Elm Street* slasher movies as the kids in the theater, making *Scream* a jolly pantomime in which the bloodthirsty audience guessed along with the cast as to when the next jack-in-the-box death blow would be struck. The movie deconstructed itself as it went along, its quippy dialogue offering a running commentary on the genre's boo tactics. The sick joke was that even their horror-film expertis

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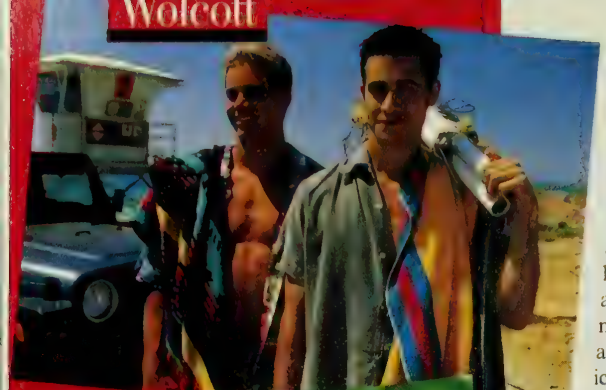
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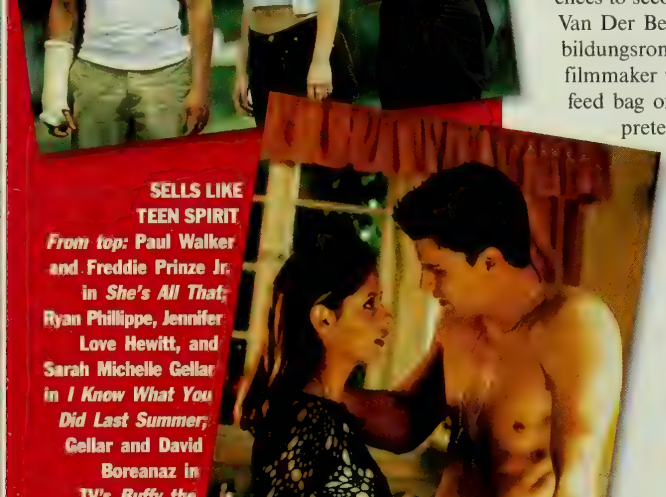
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SELLS LIKE TEEN SPIRIT
From top: **Paul Walker and Freddie Prinze Jr. in *She's All That*; Ryan Phillippe, Jennifer Love Hewitt, and Sarah Michelle Gellar in *I Know What You Did Last Summer*; Gellar and David Boreanaz in TV's *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*; Neve Campbell and Denise Richards in *Wild Things*.**



didn't prevent most of them from getting picked off. By *Scream 2,* which opens with a black character getting knifed in the ear, the sick joke didn't seem that funny.

On *Dawson's Creek* (WB), an adolescent soap opera which has traces of *thirtysomething*'s and *My So-Called Life*'s sidelong malaise, the teenage characters also experience life as a cinematic replay. To emphasize the point, each episode of the show in the first season was named in honor of a popular movie: "Breaking Away," "Pretty Woman," "Dirty Dancing," etc. But unlike in *Scream,* the echo effects here are more muted and graced with reverie, as if Dawson and his friends were suffering nostalgia for the present. An overload of media information has reduced their experiences to secondhand emotions. James Van Der Beek's Dawson, the show's bildungsroman hero, is a student filmmaker whose brain is a bulging feed bag of movie clips and *auteur* pretension. "It's an homage, with a heavy allegorical slant," he says of his latest backyard production. Media overload not only clogs their receptors but distorts even their private doings. After Dawson's best friend, Pacey (Joshua Jackson), seduces a starchy white-bloused teacher—breaking down her resistance with the boast "I'm the best sex you'll never have"—their hot monkey love is captured on video and made to seem like something cheap and tawdry. (A variation of such video spying is played out in that *Porky's* for progressives, *American Pie,* where horny teenage antics are broadcast live over the Internet.) One reason *Dawson's Creek* has won such a follow-

The implicit message in these new shows is: Melting pot, shmelting pot, white kids still rule.

ing is that for all its randy talk and peach flesh, its psychologically orphaned characters are "there" for each other, empathizing with their entire being. In this year's season finale everyone said so many "I love you"s it was like listening to the Waltons wish each other good night.

Dirty Dancing provides the kick-start for *Wasteland,* a series created by Williamson, who is executive producer and whose self-penned pilot rolls out a lip-sync reprise of Jennifer Grey and Patrick Swayze's "Love Is Strange" duet, a blue-eyed-soul mating call performed by a pair of former college sweethearts played by Marisa Coughlan, a child-woman like Katie Holmes on *Dawson's Creek,* and Brad Rowe, who has a Brad Pitt thing going. Together, they're cute enough to bottle. The deconstructive gimmick of *Wasteland* is that Coughlan's character is an anthropology student scrutinizing her own generational angst for her doctorate. "I'm acutely self-aware to the point where I'm clueless and slightly suicidal," she tells her thesis adviser, who's suitably dubious. Despite its stark title, *Wasteland* is a cocktail of *Friends, Felicity, Ally McBeal* and *Sex and the City,* an ensemble dramedy about a daisy chain of twentysomething singles whose lives jostle and collide like lottery balls in pressure-cooker Manhattan. A cast if trained at the Quentin Tarantino/Kevin Smith school of rapid reciting some of the characters speed through the monologues like dragracers burning rubber. Godardian jump cuts and *Pillow Talk* split-screen phone conversations add to the frazzle. The urban adrenaline is thinned out however by the cast that is a standard bouquet of pretty things, so generically, unself-conscious hip-young-now that they seem stuck in a revolving door at the Gap. Having the willowy Rebecca Gayheart from *Scream* play a homicide detective proved so far off the plausibility meter that her role was rewritten after the pilot to make her a grunt in the D.A.'s office—oh, sure. The guys are the real ingenues here. *Dawson's Creek* made James Van Der Beek a gay icon—Jack, the hilarious flamer on *Will and Grace,* braced himself to kiss a woman by closing his eyes and visualizing Van Der Beek instead—and *Wasteland* is even more homoerotic. A gratuitous yet invigorating shower scene between two former college studs (one of whom comes out of the closet under the faucet) showcases such buff physiques and toreador tow


ALBER ELBAZ


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JOSÉ LÉVY

designer portfolio

Yves Saint Laurent's Alber Elbaz
Strenesse's Gabriele Strehle
Holland & Holland's José Lévy

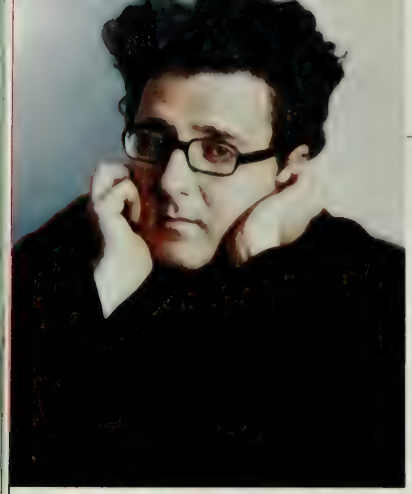
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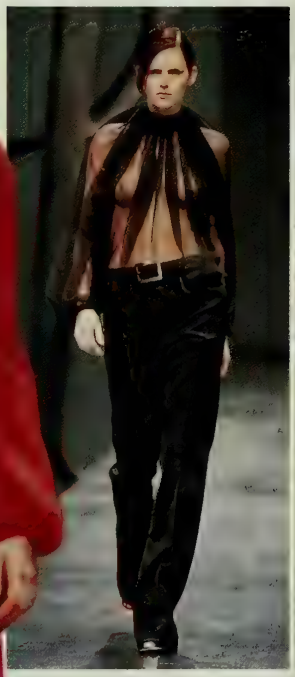
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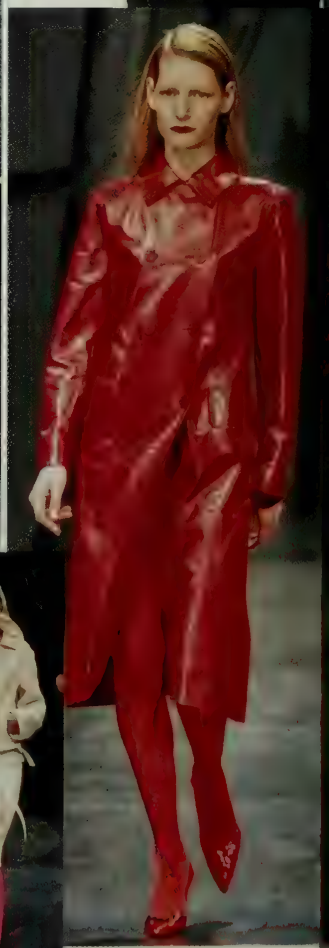
1999 Fall Collection













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This spring's runway shows in Paris featured an impressive debut from Alber Elbaz, the Moroccan-born, Tel Aviv-schooled designer who was chosen last spring to succeed the legendary Yves Saint Laurent at Rive Gauche.


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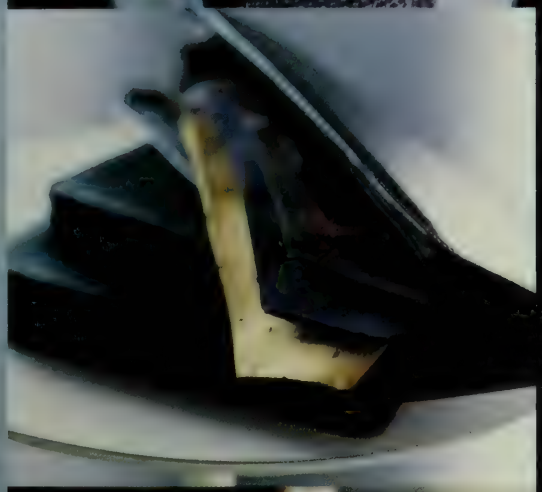




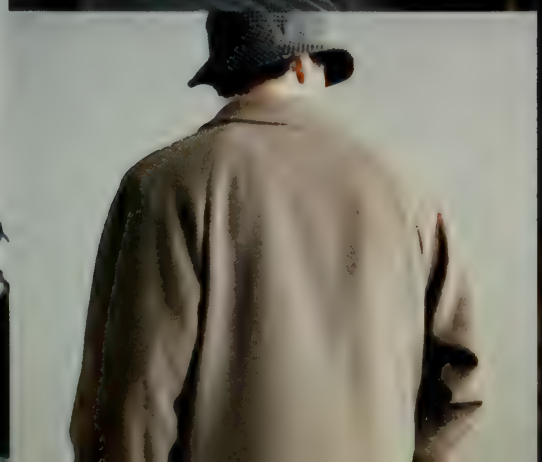
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:tion that the cast of *NYPD Blue* may : shamed into doing special clenching :ercises if they intend to compete in the itt-shot department.

With *Wasteland,* one can see Williamson inching his creations toward belated maturity. It's a maturity forged a relative vacuum. In an essay for *The ew Yorker* called "High School Confidenl," David Denby argued that "no movie enager now revolts against adult authori, for the simple reason that adults have authority. Teachers are rarely more than minimal, exasperated presence, administors get turned into a joke, and parents e either absent or distantly benevolent." hile the day when Mickey Rooney's Andy ardy would barge into Judge Hardy's amber for sage advice is ancient history, thority and revolt aren't entirely absent Williamson's work. On *Dawson's Creek,* acey spat into the face of an abusive acher, and Williamson's controversial *aching Mrs. Tingle* (a film which he rote and which marks his directorial deit) is a black comedy about a despotic acher who's tied to a bedpost and put on ial for her malevolent crimes. The evil vin of Muriel Spark's Miss Jean Brodie, Irs. Tingle—played by the imperious Hel Mirren of PBS's *Prime Suspect*—is a ighter and crusher of dreams loved only her dog (which in one draft of the ript she head-butts when he licks her ce while she's bound). The original title, *illing Mrs. Tingle,* was taken down a otch (a Miramax spokesman denied iat the change had anything to do with ittleton), and there have been rumors of dits to round off some of the film's dges. But no amount of tinkering is going make the premise any sweeter. Littleton r no Littleton, villainizing schoolteachers shortsighted. Teachers are not the enemy. Most of them are trapped on the same initutional treadmill as their students, the ame Chinese-water-torture clock-watching f waiting for three o'clock to come. Passig through metal detectors didn't figure nto anyone's Socratic ideals.

One winning aspect of *Buffy the Vampire Slayer,* which begins its fourth season on the WB this fall, is that it recgnizes that students and teachers alike re locked in a titanic struggle against andom violence, cultural drift, and trag fashion mistakes. Like *Teaching Mrs. Tingle, Buffy the Vampire Slayer* got whirlooled into the furor following the Littleton tragedy: two episodes involving tudent violence, including the season finale, were postponed for fear of possible ncitement. (Another episode had the vil mayor greeting Buffy and company with the unintentionally chilling line "We should all be wearing trench coats.") The hullabaloo is unfortunate, because *Buffy*'s cartoonish violence carries more moral repercussions and a deeper sense of human loss than any Hollywood movie. For all its sass and carnage, *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*—starring Sarah Michelle Gellar—is a girl-power fireworks display of apprenticeship, teamwork, technical mastery, and valiant crusades. Based on a 1992 movie starring Kristy Swanson, *Buffy* was adapted for TV by Joss Whedon, to me the presiding genius of the teen genre, who took the movie's goofy, engaging premise—Valley Girl by day, vampire-killer by night—and unfurled it like a treasure map. Entertaining as the early episodes were, they gave little hint of the nocturnal sweep the show would attain. Whedon expanded the gargoyle-on-a-stick shish-

Beneath the tattoos, piercings, and other biker insignia, teenage culture is a dollhouse of cutesy-poo kitsch.

kebab-of-the-week into an occult pop saga.

Perched over the Hell Mouth, underground gateway for vampires and demons, *Buffy*'s Sunnydale High is a gothic version of Archie Comics complete with its own wittier Jughead (Nicholas Brendon's Xander). But unlike so many of the teenage pretenders, *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* quotes pop culture (a writhing girl-girl victory dance that recalls *Basic Instinct,* a senior prom that threatens *Carrie*-like humiliation only to take a generous turn) without becoming its captive. Its roots go deeper, into poetic, tortured Romanticism and Byronic lore. Buffy's doomed love for Angel (David Boreanaz), a vampire with a long, bloody track record ("I'm old enough to be her ancestor") and a troubled conscience, falls into the tradition of the beautiful boy who beautifully suffers, a Saint Sebastian pierced by the world's injustice. The show is always finding an excuse to strap a bare-chested Angel in chains. This fall Angel gets his own series on the WB, relocating to Los Angeles. The City of Angels becomes the city of *Angel,* as the spiritually reborn neck biter tries to rescue lost souls from the temptations of after-hours clubs and back alleys infested by night creatures with intergalactic haircuts. From the promotional teasers, *Angel* looks like the *Mod Squad* of the undead, goosed with one brilliant conceptual joke: the evil supervisors here convene around a table like Hollywood ex tives, opening their briefcases in unis Showbiz, Whedon seems to be saying, where the real bloodsuckers reign.

Watching the new batch of teen movies and TV, you have to wonder if at one of their secret meetings the entertainment executives passed a motion reaffirming segregation. Because one of the most inescapably striking aspects of the youth boom is how prescriptively *white* it is. *Dawson's Creek, Buffy the Vampire Slayer, Wasteland, Roswell* (a new series about teenage space aliens), *Manchester Prep,* and *Angel* don't have a significant Arab, Asian, African-American, or Latino character anywhere in the batting order. The implicit message is: Melting pot, shmelting pot, white kids still rule. This is part of a larger whiteout in the fall season, which finds scant minority representation in the new series. (The situation isn't much better at the movies, where the attempt to vary the vanilla can be laughably inept. The black dude in the Las Vegas section of *Go* couldn't have been more awkwardly inserted.) The one minority that producers do find a spot for is the gay male, and not just on *Wasteland.* Nearly every tape I've screened of the fall season contains a token gay white male, which may reflect the influence of *My Best Friend's Wedding* and *Will and Grace.* No female character now seems fully accessorized without a gay sidekick.

The other major item missing from teen movies and TV is class consciousness. For all their after-school-special valuable lessons, the Brat Pack movies of writer-director John Hughes in the 80s (*Sixteen Candles, The Breakfast Club, Pretty in Pink*) had characters from the wrong side of the tracks, inklings of what it felt like to not fit in because Dad pumped gas. The teenagers in today's media blitzkrieg are not only physically toned, but also financially spiff, wearing their affluence like moisturizer. It's not just youth that's being flung at us today, but careless expense. Since money is being flung at us in every other form of entertainment, from professional sports to *Wild Wild West,* singling out the flesh peddling of young actors seems somewhat redundant. One can only hope that gifted individuals such as Sarah Michelle Gellar, Katie Holmes, Joshua Jackson, Nicholas Brendon, Neve Campbell, and unmentioned others have something waiting for them at the next stage of their careers, because at the current pace producers and programmers will become cradle robbers before long, spitting out talent faster than gum.

THE RELUCTANT DON

After feared Mob Boss John Gotti was imprisoned in 1992, he handed the richest, most powerful Mob organization in New York over to his son. Today, that empire is in tatters. Gotti's former Underboss, Sammy "the Bull" Gravano, helps the author uncover the full story of a cruel Cosa Nostra legacy.

BY HOWARD BLUM



Top, from left, James Caan, Marlon Brando, Al Pacino, and John Cazale in Francis Ford Coppola's 1972 film, *The Godfather. Insets, from left:* John Gotti Sr., Brooklyn, May 1986; John Gotti Jr., Manhattan, February 1990.

On an uncommonly warm, nearly cloudless winter evening in 1986, a day that had been so shiny and bright that the sidewalks of New York might very well have seemed to be glittering with the sparkle of vast opportunity, an exuberant John Gotti, newly appointed head of the richest and most powerful Mafia Family in America, went for a stroll.

As he walked down the store-lined street in Queens, his silver hair perfect, his $2,000 double-breasted DeLisi suit immaculately pressed, his bearing regal, the 46-year-old Don ignored the stares, the whispers, and the greetings, and, instead, spoke ardently with an old goombah, Joe Messina.

"If I can get a year run without being interrupted," Gotti said hopefully. "I get a year, I can put this thing together where they could never break it. Never destroy it. Even if we die," he added, his voice hard as iron, "be a good thing."

"It's a hell of a legacy to leave," Messina agreed.

The Godfather just hummed thoughtfully.

Finally, he shared a small, conspiratorial smile. "We got some fuckin' nice thing, if we just be careful."

Today, a little more than 13 years later, the legacy is in ruins. The Don, besieged by throat cancer, weakened by a grueling regimen of radiation treatments, is confined for life to a six-b eight-foot windowless ce The chosen successor, h 35-year-old son, John A. Gotti, apparen ly weary from the excruciating respon bilities of the life as much as from the go ernment's relentless investigations, has, his combative father's dismay, accepte an attractive plea bargain; when he is se tenced in September he could be put jail for the next seven years and thr months. He wanted, his lawyer Gera Shargel explained to the judge with daring candor, "finality and closure." T Gambino Family, once the gleaming jew

SWIMMING
CLOTHING

in the Mafia's fedora—a ruthless and cunning money machine whose 21 swaggering crews in the early 1990s controlled businesses throughout the city worth hundreds of millions of dollars, a diversified portfolio that included trucking, concrete, construction, garbage collection, garment manufacturing, pornography, loan-sharking, and narcotics—has become a struggling enterprise. It is not just that the number of crews has been cut in half. Or that the ones that plod on are so riddled with government informants and so effortlessly monitored by high-tech electronic surveillance that their secrets become almost immediately the newest counts in a barrage of indictments. But perhaps most dispiriting to many of the old-timers is the downsizing of the Mob's ambitions. Under the grim, feckless leadership of Junior—as the son, despite his constant warnings, was known in the Family—the prideful and well-disciplined Gambinos, once the strongest of New York City's five Mob Families, have degenerated into little more than a mean and snarling street gang.

I was pulled with little warning into this changing world of the Mob by a late-night phone call to my home.

"I heard you were looking for me," the caller began without preamble. And the bark in his gravel voice made it clear he wasn't happy about it.

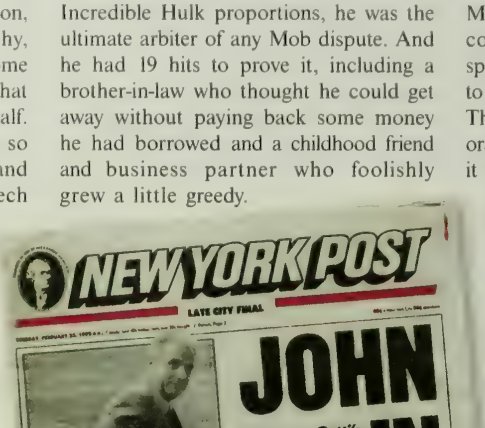
If the man on the line was trying to spook me, he had succeeded. As my mind futilely sorted through a Rolodex of possibilities (The pool man copping an attitude? The contractor finally responding to my testy complaints about the leaky terrace doors?), I quickly realized I had no idea who he was. Or, for that matter, what this was about.

He must have sensed my bewilderment because after a moment he announced impatiently, "It's Sammy." There was another long beat before he added, "Gravano."

Now I understood: Sammy the Bull.

For the past couple of months I had been reporting a story about "Gotti II." That was the breezy, cinematic shorthand the government used in its voluminous legal filings over the past year to differentiate its current case against the son from the one it won seven years ago against the father, now officially designated "Gotti I." If Gotti I was the shoot-'em-up rise of John Gotti Sr. to Godfather, then the sequel, I was learning, is a more low-budget production, an almost poignant drama about the collapse of the Family business under the rule of a hapless heir who has neither the temperament nor the desire for the job. But central to both tales, I have come to believe, is Sammy the Bull.

Sammy in Gotti I was the Don's shrewd second-in-command. His five-foot-six-inch frame pumped up by Deca-Durabolin to Incredible Hulk proportions, he was the ultimate arbiter of any Mob dispute. And he had 19 hits to prove it, including a brother-in-law who thought he could get away without paying back some money he had borrowed and a childhood friend and business partner who foolishly grew a little greedy.


NEW YORK POST

LATE CITY FINAL

JOHN IN THE JOINT

Gotti's bent, but not broken

Exclusive first photo of jailed Godfather

STRIP CLUBS GO UP

Gotti Sr., in custody during his trial for murder and racketeering (*New York Post* cover, February 25, 1992).

Further, in a genuinely unexpected plot twist in the final act of Gotti I, Sammy cut a terrific deal to turn government witness, and his cool, hard-nosed testimony, more than anything else, helped convict his Boss of murder and racketeering.

In Gotti II, the son's story, Sammy and John Gotti Sr. were offscreen presences, but never out of mind. They were, the son and his soldiers couldn't help but realize, the Mob's real legacy, examples of all that the life ultimately had to offer these harassed days: Either you wound up like the Boss, doing hard time in a cell for life. Or like his Underboss, serving a more existential sort of sentence, measuring out your days lurking in the shadows.

I would routinely end every conversation with the dozens of gangland experts, lawyers, cops, F.B.I. agents, and ex-F.B.I. agents I interviewed with a half-hearted appeal: If you know how to reach out to Sammy the Bull, I'd like to speak with him. No one admitted knowing where he was, let alone volunteered to send word. But now weeks later, to my surprise, someone had apparently done just that.

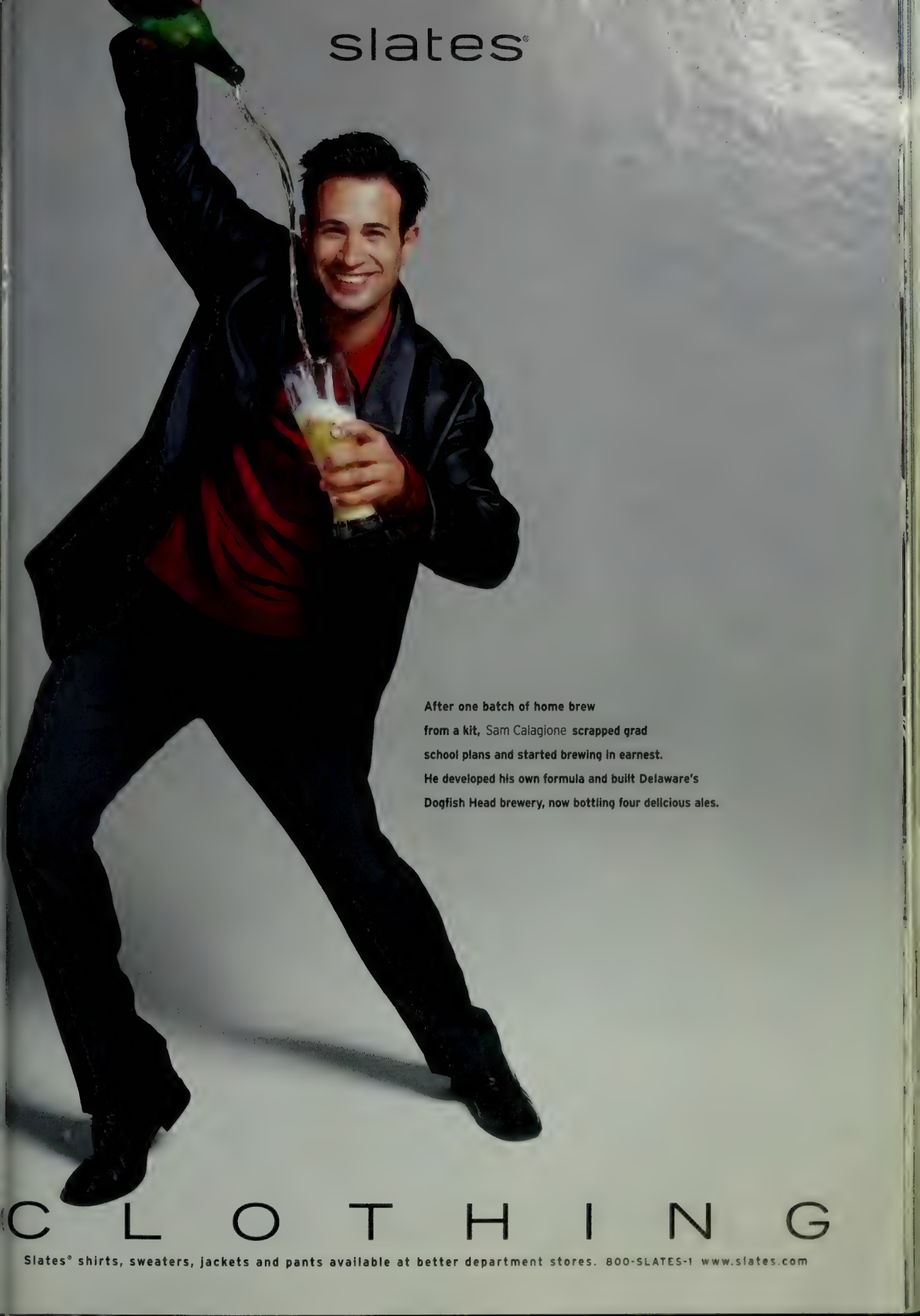
Sammy had left the Federal Witness Protection Program after he realized he was being stalked. He had served less than five years in prison as part of his plea-bargained sentence in Gotti I, testified for the government in eight additional Mob trials as well as before a U.S. Senate committee on organized crime in the spring of 1993, and also reluctantly agreed to enter the Witness Protection Program. The U.S. marshals set him up in Colorado (or at least that's where Sammy says it was), and he was already complaining about "too many rules" when the stalking began. The stalker was a woman.

"I met her in some bar. I'm always meeting people. I relate to people," he explained. "Anyway, she started getting too close. Maybe 'cause I talk like a fuckin' tough guy. She ain't heard anything like that before, and the rough talk turns her on. Then she calls me up. 'I saw you on the Discovery Channel. Now I know who you are.' So when I tell the marshals I got fuckin' pinned, they say I got to move. So I decide—Fuck this. April 1998, after eight months in the program, I signed out. I just felt I had a new life from the minute I flipped, and now I might as well begin it on my own."

So when I arrange to meet Sammy—"How 'bout we just call it some place west of the Mississippi," he suggests—it's not necessary to get permission for the interview from either the U.S. marshals or the F.B.I. And, I can't help thinking, neither will the Feds be around to protect him—or anyone with him. Still, I obediently follow his rules. From the airport, I drive to the hotel he has specified. He is supposed to call my room at 6:30 with directions to where I'm to drive next. At 6:30 precisely the phone rings. "I'm in the bar" is all he says before hanging up.

I don't see him at first as I search the room for the face I remember from television and newspapers during Gotti I. It's not until a gravelly voice calls from a remote table, "Hey, over here," that I realize I had walked right by Sammy the Bull . . .

"I look that different?" he challenges. He does—and he doesn't. Gone is the street-smart Dean Martin brushback and pompadour, and his hair has turned a steely gray. But there's no plastic surgery, not even a beard. The real difference, I decide, is that he no longer seems instantly intimidating. Partly, this is because he's slimmed down. He looks much younger than his 54 years, a weekend jock who simply stays in shape rather than the pumped-up, steroid-shooting bruiser bursting out of his double-breasted suits. New glasses—wire-rims with the Armani logo on the frames—reinforce the im-


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pression of, say, just another nine-to-fiver from the corporate park down the road who showed up for happy hour before heading home to the wife, kids, and mortgage.

What also throws me is that he is not alone. Sitting with him is a guy—35-ish, lots of jet-black hair, lean in the wiry, coiled way a welterweight is lean, forearms broad as bowling pins resting on the table—nursing a Coke and looking straight at the door. Sammy doesn't introduce him, and when I nevertheless offer my hand, the sidekick ignores it. He's wearing a baggy Hawaiian shirt draped over his jeans. It's a "look." But I can't help thinking it would make sense if you've got something you wanted to hide underneath, in your belt.

Sammy is drinking a cup of black coffee as we begin a tentative, rambling conversation. Finally, after about 15 minutes, he turns to the younger man and announces, "It's O.K." The man stands up and says he will wait in the lobby. Then, without even a look toward me, he walks off. "I think it's safe. No one followed you," Sammy says as soon as we're alone. "Want to get some dinner?"

"You're the Boss," I answer offhandedly.

"No," he shoots back without missing a beat. "Just the Underboss."

Deciding on a glass of the Merlot, Sammy looks up from the menu to share the ground rules for the interview. He does it indirectly, as if offering up a parable.

"You ever see a lion who's been taken out of the jungle?" he begins. "They put him in a cage and all of a sudden they think he's tame. They can touch him. They can kick him. They forget that he's a lion—until he bites their hand off.

"I'm still a lion. I bite. I'm still Sammy the Bull. I don't want to be double-crossed. Don't forget it."

I say nothing, but my face must show the sudden rush of anxiety I am trying to weather. "Oh. Now you think I'm threatening you," he challenges.

"No," I lie.

And with that out of the way, the conversation turns to murder.

"Sometimes I question how I got to be the way I am," he reveals after the waitress has served our salmon with dill sauce. "I had a good mother and father. I don't know how I got to be the way I am. No emotion. No feeling. Like fuckin' ice.

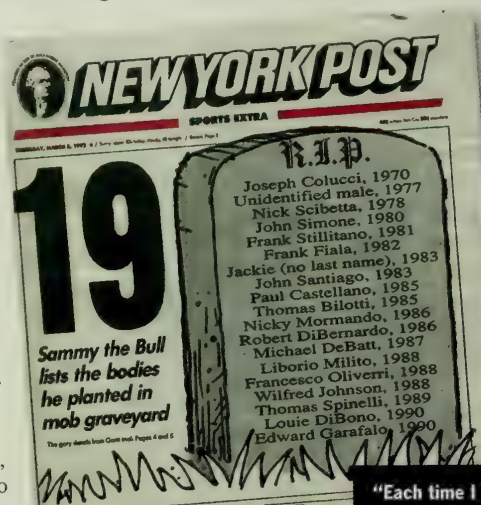
"First time I killed, before I pulled the trigger, I wondered how I would feel. Taking a life and all that. But I felt nothing afterwards. I do a piece of work, and I've done it 19 times now, and each time I felt nothing. No remorse. Just ice. When people tell you they feel remorse, they're full of shit.

"Why it doesn't bother me, I just don't know. Ever see that show *The Sopranos*? How the Mob guy goes to a psychiatrist? Maybe that's what I should do. 'Cept my problem is, I couldn't trust a shrink. I'd have to worry about who he'd be talking to."

The waitress comes to our table and asks, "How do you gentlemen like your salmon?"

"Fine, darling," Sammy says, fixing her with a broad, ingratiating smile. And after she moves on, he resumes his musings about murder.

"It's not that I was good at doing a hit. I *am* good at it. See that blonde over there?"


NEW YORK POST

SPORTS EXTRA

19

Sammy the Bull lists the bodies he planted in mob graveyard

R.I.P.

Joseph Colucci, 1970
Unidentified male, 1977
Nick Scibetta, 1978
John Simone, 1980
Frank Stillitano, 1981
Frank Fiala, 1982
Jackie (no last name), 1983
John Santiago, 1983
Paul Castellano, 1985
Thomas Bilotti, 1985
Nicky Mormando, 1986
Robert DiBernardo, 1986
Michael DeBatt, 1987
Liborio Milito, 1988
Francesco Oliverri, 1988
Wilfred Johnson, 1988
Thomas Spinelli, 1989
Louie DiBono, 1990
Edward Garafalo, 1990

HIBERNIAN BIG: O'CONNOR AIDES

"Each time I felt nothing. No remorse. Just ice," says Sammy Gravano of his 19 hits (*New York Post* cover, March 5, 1992).

He points casually with his fork across the room toward a tanned woman with a helmet of platinum hair and wearing a low-cut dress. "See that guy with her?"

The man has on a suit and tie, and he is laughing at something the woman has said. "I could go over there, pop him in the back of the head, and come back here and finish my salmon. I know it's supposed to bother me, but it don't.

"I never killed in a fit of anger. I'm controlled. A professional. I killed because of my oath. It was part of the job. Like guys in the army dropping bombs in Kosovo kill people as part of their job.

"Still, you shouldn't think because I'm out here, out of the life, I'm any different than I was. Would you believe a professional hit guy who'd tell you he can't do it anymore? I still don't like being double-crossed. You just should know I could kill you in a second flat. I'm not threatening you. I'm not saying I would if you double-crossed me. I'm just saying I could. You get the difference?"

At this point in the conversation, I de cide to make it clear to Sammy just whon he is dealing with. "See that waitress?" ask. She is probably 19 and built like gymnast. "I'd be afraid to double-cross her She could take me."

Sammy laughs. "Probably could tak me too," he says with a grin. But after tha there are no more threats, and if he is sti worried about being double-crossed, h never mentions it.

Exiled for life to the federal penitentiar in Marion, Illinois, John Gotti too wa talking about murder. In fact, accordin to law-enforcement authorities, he made list. There were three names. They were a in prison. They were all Family mem bers. And he wanted them all killed.

Heading the list, federal official allege, was Frankie Locascio, the Fam ily's white-haired *consigliere,* who wa convicted along with the Boss i Gotti I. Gotti, it seems, had learne that Frankie Loc had threatened t kill him when they were both in th Metropolitan Correctional Center i 1991 awaiting trial. Danny Marino the second man on the list, ha plotted with the Genoveses agains him. While the third man, Gamb no triggerman Joe Watts, had com mitted an equally unpardonable sin he was, Gotti believed, cooperatin with the government.

As authorities describe th events, the ailing Don, pe haps while in the yard a Marion, perhaps while in th shower room, set up a mee with members of a white supremacist prison gang, th Aryan Brotherhood. He o fered, they claim, a $100,00 "wet contract"—that is, an open offer—t whoever succeeded in crossing any of th three names off his list. However, even b hind bars Gotti was undermined by the so of betrayal that had plagued him on th streets. One of the Aryan Brotherhood ra ted him out to prison officials and as a r ward was quickly placed in the Witne Protection Program. Nevertheless, in a pu ishment arguably crueler than the one Go ti had allegedly demanded, federal judg Russell Clark ordered that Frankie Loc b put in isolation. "The evidence establish that [Locascio], at 65 years old, may we spend the rest of his life in administrati segregation because of the potential 'co tract' on his life," the judge sternly decide

Bruce Cutler, Gotti's feisty longtim lawyer, was quick to describe the "w contracts" as a "hoax." He insisted it wa simply a story concocted by a "cruel" go ernment to keep Gotti in jail. And Mar


e caught by surprise. Naturalizer

Munson, a prison official at the Marion penitentiary, would only tersely offer that Gotti was "not a management problem."

However, federal law-enforcement authorities are convinced that Gotti plotted against his three former associates. "He's bitter against the world. He just can't help himself," said Bruce Mouw, a retired F.B.I. agent who headed the bureau's squad that made the case against Gotti. "He's sitting in his cell swearing that if he ever gets out on the street again, a lot of people better head over the Verazzano bridge and run for the hills."

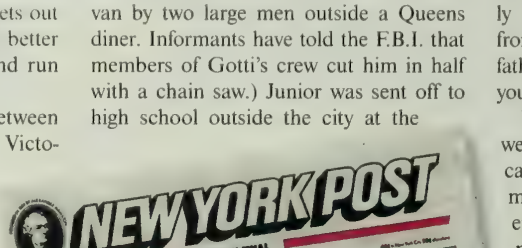
And jailhouse conversations between the Don and his visiting daughter Victoria and brother Peter effectively confirm this brooding anger. According to the transcripts released by the government as part of the son's pre-sentencing memorandum, Gotti, in a Lear-like rage, bellowed out impotently against the federal prosecutors, "I want to slaughter them all. I don't want to kick them in their ass. I want to slaughter them all. I want to slaughter every one of them." At another angry point, he exploded helplessly at a host of unnamed enemies, "I wish I had them all in the basement with a baseball bat."

Yet, federal law-enforcement agents suggest, there were two overpowering reasons why the Don, even from behind prison walls, felt it was necessary to go after the men on his list. One was that he was Neapolitan; he'd come back from the grave to settle a score. The other, more pragmatic, was that he was desperate to help his floundering son. Gotti realized, this theory had it, that he needed to demonstrate to the crews and to the other Families that Junior was cut from the same vengeful cloth as the father he had replaced. Under his son's reign the Gambinos would still be guided by rules, by oaths, and the life would still be run La Cosa Nostra way.

But even if the contracts had been fulfilled, it is still doubtful that the transition would have been a success. The son was decidedly not the larger-than-life, strutting, telegenic Public Enemy his father had enjoyed playing at center stage. Nor did he even want to be.

One way of looking at Junior's unfortunate life is that his fate was effectively sealed on March 18, 1980. On that day his younger brother Frank was killed. The 12-year-old boy was returning on his motorized minibike to the family's home in Howard Beach, Queens, and as he darted out into the street from behind a double-parked Dumpster, a neighbor's car slammed into him. Only weeks earlier Gotti had been boasting incessantly to his crew about the four A's on Frank's report card. Now his favorite son lay dead on 157th Avenue.

With this tragedy, the traditional dynastic practice of primogeniture was restored. The older brother, Junior, by many accounts an introspective, often sullen 16-year-old, became the heir apparent. (As for the neighbor, John Favara, he was last seen being hustled into the back of a blue van by two large men outside a Queens diner. Informants have told the F.B.I. that members of Gotti's crew cut him in half with a chain saw.) Junior was sent off to high school outside the city at the New York Military Academy, where he got merit awards for neatness and marksmanship and discovered a new passion—weight lifting. By the time he graduated, he had transformed himself into a thick-necked, barrel-chested bruiser.


NEW YORK POST
LATE CITY FINAL
Sammy the Bull takes the stand . . .
DIGGING GOTTI'S GRAVE
Godfather's ex-underboss tells how they planned rubout of Castellano

Gravano says he testified against Gotti Sr. only after the Boss double-crossed him (*New York Post* cover, March 3, 1992).

Yet there was also, apparently, another side to the young man. He liked to read, especially books about Native Americans; "I think of their courage, strength, pride, their respect and their loyalty toward their brothers," he once explained in a thoughtful note to a reporter. Perhaps in another life, under other circumstances, he might have gone on to college and studied history. Instead, Junior went directly into the Family business.

There was no need for apprenticeships, no need to prove himself. His pedigree opened every social-club door. In his early 20s he became, on his father's orders, a "made man." A hulking presence, often outfitted in neon-colored tracksuits, surrounded by a gaggle of mountainous bud dies, young Junior and his cohorts cut wide, swaggering path through the bar and diners of Queens. Yet the one minc assault charge he had to show for all hi youthful roughhousing was fortunately dis missed. In 1990 he married Kim Albanese the daughter of a carpet installer, in a wed ding fit for a Mafia prince at the Helmsle Palace in midtown Manhattan. An Italia flag flew outside the hotel as though it rea ly were a state occasion. After returnin from his honeymoon, Junior was ready, h father decreed, to become one of th youngest capos in Mob history. He was 2

What a crew he ran! "The U.N.," the were derisively called in the Family, b cause Junior, one-half Russian Jew on h mother's side, was an equal-opportunit employer. With a disregard that becam notorious in such a determinedly close society, he freely recruited Greeks, Irish and Jews to join the Italians who wer busy doing his dirty work. And wha good times they had! The F.B.I. su veillance van would only have t cruise down 101st Avenue in Queen near their hangout, the Our Friend Social Club, and they would giv them photos for their files, all righ They would drop trou right on th street and moon 'em. It was a stra egy which succeeded in pissin off not just the agents, who coul not help feeling more like truan officers than Untouchables, bu also many of the old-timers. "Th is not the life. This is no Cosa Nostra," they bega to complain. But "the U.N didn't seem to care. Junio the young capo, could b seen most days walkin down the Avenue, a coup of big hulks nearby, or often carrying a baseba bat. And no one ever thought they we going off to play ball.

But his relatively carefree wiseguy da were soon to end. After his father 1992 conviction, Junior, not yet 30, o ficially became the acting Boss. It was responsibility that couldn't have come at worse time.

Part of the problem was that Junior w woefully unprepared. It was one thing be the leader of the pack, quite another be Boss of Bosses. His role model was, u derstandably, his father. Yet Gotti Sr. was genuine tough guy, a man who had earn his position the old-fashioned way—he ha murdered his predecessor, Paul Castellan When he barked, people had no doubt h bite would be even worse.

All the son could do was rant. "Ev


wo for the road.
Naturalizer

his own guys didn't want to hang out with Junior," an F.B.I. agent explained. "They'd complain about being stuck in some social club with him and having to watch HBO till all hours of the morning."

And when the son, according to what informants passed on to the F.B.I., tried to mimic one of his father's volcanic, table-pounding rages at a sit-down with the rival Genovese Family, the other gang simply walked out. More demeaning, the Genoveses announced they would not meet with him ever again. And, perhaps most damaging of all, they got away with it.

Junior was not only a failure as a statesman, he wasn't much of a businessman either. He lacked, it seemed, vision. The traditional big-money scams in the construction, garment, and garbage-carting industries had been effectively shut down by law enforcement, and this lost stream of income went largely unreplaced on the Family books. Junior, rather than coming up with the next big untapped score, simply preferred to downsize. Shakedowns, betting parlors, loan-sharking—this is the relatively two-bit, decidedly old-fashioned stuff that supports what's left of the Gambino Family these days.

But Junior's incompetence cannot be explained simply by his being pushed too soon into the job. He has many faults, yet if his sound bites for the press and, more revealing, his wiretapped conversations are scrutinized, he's not stupid. He's not the "Dumb Fella" the New York *Daily News* gleefully skewered in 1998 on the front page after authorities discovered an incriminating Mob promotion list (along with $358,000 cash from, Junior insisted with a straight face, "wedding gifts") in a basement hideout. He could have grown into the role—if he had wanted. But what the F.B.I. cynically dismisses as spin, a manipulative attempt by his lawyers to portray Junior as a minivan-driving suburban Pop Warner football coach, is, I would argue, as much of a reality as his being the acting Boss.

A first-rate intelligence, Fitzgerald observed, is demonstrated when someone can hold two totally conflicting views at the same time. And a mafioso, both novelist Mario Puzo and more recently television's *The Sopranos* have forcefully insisted, is someone who can lead two conflicting lives, who can share allegiances with both Family and family at the same time. Junior, now 35, has a brood of young children—Frank, nine, Nicolette, eight, John, seven, and Peter, five. He had stopped hanging around the Avenue and had become deeply entrenched in a cushy suburban life. And, to his surprise, he dug it. His own American Dream consisted of a lovingly renovated six-bedroom Colonial complete with pool, tennis court, and mullioned windows that offered a view of the spinnakers bobbing in Long Island's Oyster Bay. For weekends, there was another house, with a pool and 90 acres, in the Poconos in northeastern Pennsylvania. His half-dozen legitimate businesses, a blue-collar empire that included commercial real estate, auto-glass repair, auto salvage, and a construction-equipment firm, allowed him to pay a steep pile of monthly bills—including a reported $11,000 a month in mortgage payments, according to court records—and still have enough left over to contribute generously to charity. (His beneficiaries, in a long list of organizations which receive his checks, include Hale House, which cares for infants exposed to illegal drugs, and hospitals that help abused children.) What did he need the Mob for when he had all this? His showing up with an armful of cupcakes at the P.T.A. bake sale was, I'm willing to bet, no P.R. stunt. Same as his stint coaching the seven-year-olds in football. It was all part of an attempt to give his life, on the sobering verge of middle age, a different cadence. "Dad," he seemed to be pleading in a wistful conversation with his father that was recorded by prison authorities in Marion penitentiary, "I could be just as happy with a fishing pole . . . with hiking boots in the woods." But his father, even from his cell in prison, kept pulling him in deeper and deeper. There was, it seemed, no way out.



Gotti Sr. would berate his son during prison visits. "The poor kid couldn't do anything right," says a federal agent (*New York Post* cover, June 24, 1992).

"Of all the cruel, motherfuckin' cruel things John Gotti ever did," Sammy tells me with an earnest passion, "the cruelest thing had to be putting his son into the life.

"A father got to want something more for his son than he had, right? Where's the future, you put your kid in this thing of ours. Real hoodlums, 90 percent get killed or go to the can. Even if I hadn't gotten out I'd never wanted my boy in. Never.

"One thing I'll never forget. I was with John when he's telling Chin [Vincent Gigante, the Mob Boss who feigned mental illness by strolling the streets of Greenwich Village in his bathrobe and slippers] in this proud way that John junior had just been made. Instead of congratulating him, Chin said, 'Jeez, I'm sorry to hear that.'

"Later, when I told this story in court, the government used it against Chin to prove he wasn't nuts. If Chin was thinking clear enough to know he didn't want his kids in the Mob, he must've had all his marbles."

Our conversation, as we leave the restaurant, meanders back to Junior. "Want to hear the sickest part of the whole thing? They got John on some tape up in Marion talking with the kid and John's telling him about me, how I'm the guy who made him a captain. So the government comes up with this plan. They're gonna get me to testify at John junior's trial about how I know he's a captain. Then when his lawyers rip into me, how I'm lying and all that, they're gonna play the tape of John confirming everything.

"It was a pretty good trap. Except for one thing—I didn't want to testify against the kid.

"'Are you afraid?' they ask me.

"'Are you sick?' I tell 'em. I testified against the father. I don't want to pick on the kid too. I don't want to put the kid in jail. I'll take the Fifth, you put me on the stand. I don't want to be part of this case.

"The sad thing is, John put me in a position with his big mouth to hurt his own son. A father shouldn't do that."

Not that Sammy isn't critical of Junior's freewheeling control of the Family. "He's the Boss, he's supposed to be head of an honored society, and what's he and his guys doing? Shaking down drug dealers. Showing their bare asses on the street. They're unruly kids. When a kid gets made, there's a fuckin' party. One hundred people show up. Girls. Guys. Everyone is congratulating the kid who just got made. How long


eet first.
Naturalizer

you think before the government will find out? It's just not the way to do things."

Sammy's biggest criticism of Junior, however, one that constantly finds its way back with an angry force into our conversation, is that "John junior's trying to be something he's not." "You got to earn respect," he lectures. "Your father can't just give it to you."

And according to Sammy's worldview, the way to get respect "is to get even when you're supposed to get even." He can recite a litany of injustices done to the Gambinos by the other Families, starting with the bomb planted by the Genoveses and the Luccheses that blew up the Family's Underboss, Frankie DeCicco, as he reached into the glove compartment of his parked car outside the Veterans and Friends Club in Brooklyn back in 1986. "You can't just ignore these things like nothing happened. Not if this is gonna be La Cosa Nostra. It's against our fuckin' laws. And that's just what John junior is doing. He's letting the other Families know they can walk all over him. If you don't avenge these things, there's no such thing as a fuckin' Mob."

He repeats this demand for retributive vengeance so often that, finally, I dare to ask the obvious question: If the Family is going to settle scores, don't you think they'd be justified in coming after you?

The question seems to floor him. He becomes lost in thought. Finally, in an uncharacteristically small, flat voice, he concedes, "John junior wants to do that, I can see where he's coming from. Fine. Let's rock 'n' roll.

"They send a hit team down," he continues, now full of authority, his usual confidence restored, "I'll kill them. They better not miss, because even if they get me, there will still be a lot of body bags going back to New York."

"I'm not afraid," he goes on. "I don't have it in me. I'm too detached maybe. If it happens, fuck it. A bullet in the head is pretty quick. You go like *that!* It's better than cancer.

"I'm not meeting you in Montana on some fuckin' farm. I'm not sitting here like some jerk-off with a phony beard.

"I'll tell you something else: I'm a fuckin' pro. If someone comes to my house, I got a few little surprises for them. Even if they win, there might be surprises."

As we make our way to an outdoor café, the sidekick who had been with us at the hotel is still hovering in the background. "Is he one of your surprises?" I ask.

Sammy laughs. "I got a lot of guys, friends who look after me. I don't pay 'em nothing. They're all legitimate. You ain't gonna write that I got a crew, now, are you? We're people who hang together. We enjoy each other's company.

"There's Phil here," he says, giving the silent welterweight a name. "He's from back East. His family was connected, but he's 100 percent legitimate. Got a job and everything. Then there's a guy from Chicago. From the Chicago Mob. I helped him out a while back, 10, 15 years ago, when he had some trouble in his own Family.


Bomb plotters were spotted together
EXCLUSIVE. Pages 4, 5 & 16
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Knicks draw first playoff blood
Pages 108 111
NEW YORK POST
LATE CITY FINAL
EXCLUSIVE: GOTTI'S $1M CONTRACT
BRING ME THE HEAD OF SAMMY THE BULL
Full story: Page 3

According to federal agents, Gotti Sr. met with the Aryan Brotherhood and others in prison to carry out a list of hits (*New York Post* cover, April 28, 1995).

After I flipped, I spoke to him. Now he's down here with me.

"You know, right this minute there are six guys out there watching us. I just give a signal, they're here."

I look around and all I see are couples enjoying the summer evening. And I'm thinking: Now I know another reason why they call him the Bull.

Suddenly, my musing is disturbed. "Evening, Sammy," a voice snakes out from the passing crowd so softly that for a moment I'm not sure I heard it correctly. I search the sidewalk, but the speaker is impossible to identify. No one has even broken stride.

"Did someone just . . . " I begin.

"What'd I tell you?" Sammy interrupts, breaking into a sly, knowing smile.

Junior is also being watched. He has only to moan while riding in a car, as he did two years ago, that he is the "most surveilled" person "in this country" and with no attempt at irony, his complaint is soon secretly typed and distributed to an array of government agencies. Junior, the would-be suburban football coach, has become law-enforcement's No. 1 target in organized crime.

From the moment the Feds learned that Gotti had anointed his son acting Boss, it was total war. They mobilized an army that included squads from the New York State Organized Crime Task Force, the F.B.I., the New York City Police Department, the I.R.S., the Secret Service, the Bronx district attorney's office, not to mention the New York City School Construction Authority. They got judges to authorize at least 50 wiretaps that produced more than 7,000 hours of tapes. They cut generous deals with five wiseguys, persuading them to rat out their friends. For nearly six years, the government was relentless. Everyone was pushing for victory, and a piece of the inevitable headline.

"It's as if the government was digging the father out of the grave," complained Sarita Kedia, one of Junior's lawyers. "They were determined to use everything they had used against the father to bury the son too."

Yet despite all these resources, the case that was laboriously fitted together into an indictment of Junior and 22 of his cohorts in January 1998 was pretty niggling stuff. It began, as Dennis C. Vacco, the New York State attorney general, described it, "as a routine inquiry into illegal gambling." And the truth was that while it puffed on for almost six years, it never picked up much more investigative steam. Starting out in candy stores and barbershops in the Bronx which were fronts for betting parlors, the trail wandered to bagel shops and a bugged diner in Brooklyn where the wiseguys collected their share of the action, hightailed it up to Yonkers, where a leg-breaker talked tough on a monitored phone to an unfortunate hairdresser who couldn't cover his debts, and wound up, in a burst of some flash at last, at a Manhattan Upper East Side strip club, Scores, where the tough guys were shaking down the coat-check girls. It was all grim, low-level wiseguy shenanigans.

But in gangland, thanks to RICO, the federal Racketeer Influenced and Corrupt Organizations Act, which targets the leaders who are controlling the criminal enterprise, all prosecutorial roads lead to the Boss. And that meant that they had Junior cold. Each count in the inch-thick indictment might have been penny-ante, but a penny here and a penny there added


here was an old lady
who lived in a shoe.
Naturalizer


Not what you'd naturally expect.


Naturalizer

up. Junior, to his dismay, saw himself facing 20 years.

And the government was only part of Junior's troubles, and a small part to boot. He may have been the acting Boss of the Family, but his own family was giving him no respect. A dutiful son, he would travel to the federal penitentiary at Marion to visit his dad, and, according to law-enforcement authorities who have listened avidly to the tapes of their conversations, the father would put on an unrelenting show. "John would be screaming, pounding, yelling. The poor kid couldn't do anything right," said one federal agent, who to his astonishment actually found himself feeling sorry for Junior. "Junior would tell Gotti he was going to stop at a restaurant on the way back to the airport, and his dad couldn't even let him get away with that. The boy was going to the wrong place. He had to go where Gotti told him. Gotti needed to control something, and it was just Junior's bad luck that he was the only one Gotti could kick around."

The excerpts released by the government from the taped conversations between the Don and his visitors are explosive evidence of a father's fury. A coyly restrained headline in the *New York Post* pretty accurately summed up the mood of the "Dapper Daddy" (as the paper called him): "I got two a**hole sons." On January 29, 1998, for example, Gotti shared with his daughter Victoria and brother Peter his opinion of a son who left $358,000 in a basement where it can be confiscated by the authorities.

"Who hides money in a basement?" the father bellowed incredulously. "I'll never understand that if I live to be four thousand.

"You know, from keeping the wedding money down the basement right down the line. I wanna know what part of this was intelligent. I want to know what part of this my grandson John would even do."

Later in the conversation, he couldn't help but add, "You take your money and you put it in a safe deposit box. That's what a normal person would do."

All of the son's troubles, the disgusted father was convinced, are entirely the boy's doing. "And this, you can't blame it on . . . last names," he told his daughter. "There's no excuse for this indictment."

Yet even after the indictment came down with a daunting thud, the son's team of lawyers managed to work out an ingenious deal. Junior could be released on $10 million bail and kept as a Gatsbyesque prisoner in his own East Egg mansion as long as he shelled out $24,000 a month for a security service that would ensure he didn't stray from the manicured and gated grounds. Except Junior now had to make an embarrassing admission—he didn't have the money. Finally, even more humiliating to his already shaky pride, his sister Victoria, a writer of popular thrillers, wound up footing much of the bill. As Jim Kallstrom, the former head of the New York F.B.I. office and a special agent who had played a crucial role in building the case that had turned into Gotti I, couldn't help sneering to the press, "Do you think Carlo Gambino would've had that problem?"


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Gotti could get 7-plus years for racketeering

Gotti Sr. allegedly went "ballistic" about his son's plea-bargain efforts: "Be a man. Fight 'em. Don't give an inch" (*New York Post* cover, April 6, 1999).

But last Christmas, the government, as it started finally to focus on presenting its case not to the media but rather to a jury, began to realize that it had some problems: one of their witnesses had gotten in hot water for breaking child-pornography laws; another was a self-confessed "leg-breaker" who could testify to seeing Junior only at two funerals and a Christmas party—and had never talked to him. The U.S. Attorney's Office, fearful that a loss in the courtroom would create a new Teflon Don, offered Junior a generous six-year prison term if he would plead guilty. For Junior, it was the Christmas present he had been waiting for. He was overjoyed. Only thing was, his strict parents wouldn't allow him to take it. When his father learned of the offer, he went, law-enforcement people say, "ballistic." "Be a man. Fight 'em. Don't give an inch," they quote Gotti as yelling. And he got his wife, too, to get on their son's case. What could the poor boy do? Junior reluctantly turned the government down.

"They're a very, very close family," Kedia explained. "Both the mother and father wanted the best for their son."

But last April as the start of the trial moved agonizingly closer, the government, despite its stern promise that the December offer would be positively its final one, offered another deal. This time Junior ignored his parents. He grabbed it.

Without a pang of embarrassment, the U.S. Attorney's Office shredded its bulky, far-reaching indictment and instead came up with something far less substantial. The charges that Junior pleaded guilty to were extorting cash from a construction firm, bribing a union official, illegal gambling, and lying on a mortgage application. He could serve as much as seven years and three months and then, at age 42, return to his wife, four kids, and the house overlooking Oyster Bay.

"It's a nice end when he can get all the guns pointed at him out of the way," said Gerald Shargel, who was instrumental in working out the finale. Sarita Kedia's comments were also hopeful, and no less revelatory. "He wants to be left alone. He wants to spend time with his kids without their having to pick up a paper and see their father on the front page. He wants a normal life."

At last, Junior had found his way out.

Sammy has gone legit. This is *his* way out. He started a construction company, and after just two years he boasts that he employs 15 people and grosses nearly a million dollars annually. "It's all 100 percent legitimate. No unions. No scams. I deal with Waspy-assed companies. I even pay my taxes."

When I ask him if he finds sharing his earnings with the government a painful experience, he simply laughs. "I had to give John Gotti 80 percent of what I made. I'd fill up a shoebox with cash, and every couple of weeks his brother Pete would come over, have some pastries, and pick up the cash. Two, maybe three hundred thousand dollars each time. Giving the government 30 percent—to me, that's a better deal."

Sammy's goal, ultimately, is to create a business that he can pass on to his children and grandchildren. "I want to give them something that I never could've given them if I had stayed in the life."

In fact, when he was at his lowest point, it was his attachment to his son and

ughter and his desire to ensure that they ould have a valuable future that, Sammy ys, pulled him through. "After I had pped, when I was at Quantico [the mili- ry base in Virginia where the F.B.I. hid m until the Gotti I trial], I started think- g I had made a big mistake. I thought I id fucked up big-time. I started thinking bout killing myself. I worked it all out. ow I would do it and everything.

"And I would've done it. But then I re- ized: I kill myself, I would leave vegeta- es behind. First my kids had to deal ith me flipping. Then they would have to eal with me killing myself. That ouldn't be fair. What kind of life ould they have? So instead I ade up my mind to show 'em hy I did what I did. That my turn- g on John was a double cross of a ouble cross. John wanted me to ke the rap for everything he did. e played a game of chess against e, and I won. I made up my mind would leave them something they ould be proud of."

So now Sammy is out there, with a new name ("They wouldn't give me my first choice—Jesse James"), oing to work each day at six A.M., nd, he says, "I'm enjoying my free- om." Sure, there are problems. First me Sammy went to a baseball game, omething he never had time for in his revious life, he was heading into the allpark with a new group of friends when ne of them asked him where he had ved before coming out here. "Anytime iat would come up, I'd tell people I had orked out of the country for five years," e explained. "I'd tell 'em I had worked in uwait, doing construction on stuff we had ombed during the Gulf War. I thought iat was a pretty good idea. Nobody knows nything about Kuwait, right? But just ay luck I'm waiting to go into the ball ame and this guy goes, 'Kuwait. I'm from uwait. Tell me where you lived. What ou ate.'"

Many of Sammy's new friends, however, e insists, know who he is. "Don't seem to other people. Like I say, you treat people ith respect, they treat you with respect. 'm a good neighbor." So on weekends he nd his new friends go out on Sammy's 4-foot boat. Then there's the professor he nows, "a totally legitimate guy," who's eaching him to fly. And these days Sammy as time to pay close attention to current vents. "Gun control? It's the best thing ou can do for crooks and gangsters. I want ou to have nothing. If I'm a bad guy, I'm lways gonna have a gun. Safety locks? fou pull the trigger with a lock on, and I'll ull the trigger. We'll see who wins."

Yet there are days when Sammy gets really down, when the thoughts about what he's missing, about what could have been, start playing with his mind. And then he begins to wonder about what he might have done. "Right when we first got pinched, right when I saw how John was ready to double-cross me, I could have killed him. Right while we were in jail. I could've made a couple of shivs. I tell Frankie Loc, 'You stab him in the chest.' I would've cut his throat. We blame it on the blacks and then we say, 'Fuck the government.' We would've won our case and today I would be running the Family.



"I want to know what part of this was intelligent," Gotti Sr. said of his son's stashing $358,000 in a basement (*New York Post* cover, July 2, 1999).

"But then I start thinking—I'm better off now. Everything in the life is a fuckin' scheme. You're always huddling with people planning things. You're always looking over your shoulder. Who needs it? The life I got now, I'm totally relaxed. It's a fuckin' pleasure."

Or is it?

Sammy calls one night and the concern in his voice is immediately apparent. "I've been made," he announces. "A paper out here sent a reporter over two days ago. Somehow they got onto me. I'm trying to get them to walk away from the story, but it doesn't look like it's gonna fly. My lawyers are talking with them, but nothing seems to work. I just wanted to give you a heads up."

What are you going to do? I ask.

"They print my name, my address, I'm fucked," he decides evenly. "I'm trying to work a deal. I'll sit down with them. Talk with them the way I talked with you. Could buy me some time. Could work."

The next day I speak with Bruce [illegible]. He had been with Sammy when [illegible] Gambino Underboss walked out of pr[illegible] to make his deal with the government. "I consider him a friend. What he did took a lot of guts," says Mouw.

Do you know a newspaper wants to do a story giving Sammy's address? I ask.

Mouw is taken aback. "How does that help the public's right to know?" he demands. He thinks for a moment, then goes on, his voice laced with the sort of weary concern a parent might have for a wayward child. "I told him he should be more careful," Mouw says. "But Sammy insisted he wanted to do it his way. I can't tell you how many times we had this argument. 'I don't want to live in a cave,' he tells me. Well, if they write where he's living, it's all really going to hit the fan."

The next night Sammy calls again. His tone is steady, the perfectly deadly calm of resigned anger. "I held the story off for a week, but next week, week after that, they'll probably run it."

Despite what I'm thinking, all I do is repeat the question of our earlier call: What are you going to do?

"Nothing," says Sammy. "I'm not going to hide. I'm just going to get ready."

Ready? I ask.

"Yeah," says Sammy. "I'll be ready and waiting for whatever comes."

Two weeks later, *The Arizona Republic*, as Sammy had feared, reported that he is living in the Phoenix area. Sammy told them, "I'm not running."

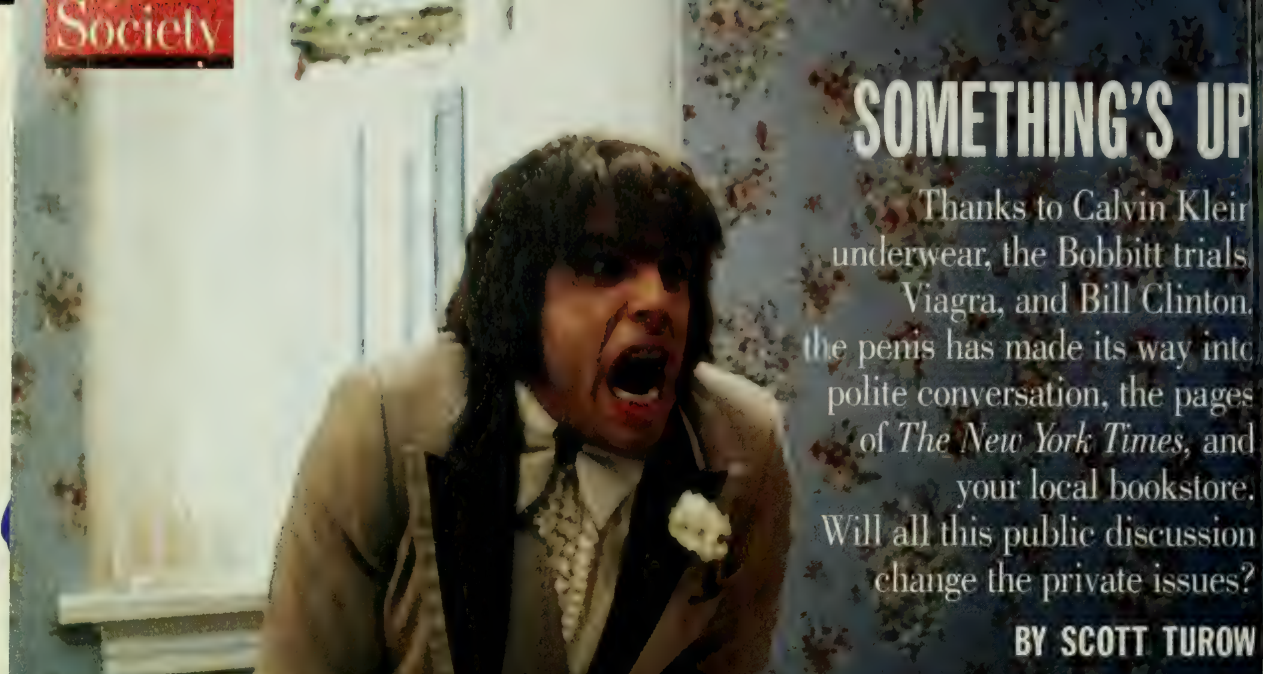
The story of the forces, then, that in less than a decade left John Gotti's grand and wishful legacy so utterly overwhelmed is, ultimately, not so much a tale of cops and robbers, an intrigue where the good guys mercilessly hunted down the bad guys. In the end, this is only a small part of the drama.

The larger and more subtle reality is that the Family was destroyed by itself. By friends' betraying friends, by fathers' battling sons, by a way of life that, to a generation raised in the easy comfort of a rich America, no longer made sense. The downfall of the Gambino Family is, in many ways, a classic American story of families: the world of the fathers has no appeal, no logic even, to the sons who were chosen to inherit it. "My mind is clear for the first time in years," Junior confided to the TV cameras after he pleaded guilty. And all at once a father's vaunted legacy was revealed for what it had become—an anachronism.

SOMETHING'S UP

Thanks to Calvin Klein underwear, the Bobbitt trials, Viagra, and Bill Clinton, the penis has made its way into polite conversation, the pages of *The New York Times*, and your local bookstore. Will all this public discussion change the private issues?

BY SCOTT TUROW



Phallic humor permeates *There's Something About Mary*. In one scene Ben Stiller gets zipped for five anguished minutes.

What got me thinking about this was a joke told recently by a well-known feminist writer at a black-tie fund-raiser for an authors' organization. Addressing the assemblage of 400 or so glitterati, she repeated the advice of a sage libel lawyer to the effect that an author can always avoid being sued for defamation by describing the character in question "as having a very small penis."

Time was when you put on a tuxedo and assumed you would not hear the p-word from the podium, especially in what used to be called "mixed company." In the late 1940s, even an indirect reference on the radio game show *You Bet Your Life* was a *Schande* sufficient to bring down the wrath of the ABC censors on Groucho Marx, who was talking with a Mrs. Story, the mother of 19 kids. (*Groucho:* Why do you have so many children? *Mrs. Story:* Because I love my husband. *Groucho:* I love my cigar too, but I take it out of my mouth once in a while.)

But the 90s have made dick jokes a commonplace in our public life. Last summer's box-office success *There's Something About Mary* teems with bits on oral sex, masturbation, and castration, most memorably a five-minute sequence in which Ben Stiller gets his penis snagged in his zipper. *Seinfeld* often went below the belt, devoting entire plotlines to self-gratification and George's problem with "shrinkage." The same theme dominates a familiar Bud Light commercial featuring two women who are apparently observing a clueless beer drinker as he emerges from the sea after having mistakenly concluded he's at a nude beach. "Must be colder than we thought," one comments airily. MTV's *Singled Out,* the show that (briefly) made Jenny McCarthy a star, invited a blindfolded man or woman to select an ideal date from a herd of contestants. One selection criterion available to women was called "Package," and allowed them to express their preferences in response to queries such as "Monster truck or minivan?"

And in the precincts of low-rent humor, penis synonyms [illegible] now a staple, punctuating *Beavis & Butt-head* ("You said wo[illegible] pecker"), *South Park* the movie (subtitled "Bigger, Longer & U[illegible] cut"), and *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me* ("Wang, p[illegible] attention! . . . Willie, what's that? . . . Johnson, get on the horn[illegible] British intelligence!"), which contains a barrage of tortured pe[illegible] puns. The word "penis," in fact, is virtually a mantra on Howa[illegible] Stern's radio and TV shows.

When it comes to talk, the penis has gone mainstream. "T[illegible] defining moment was when *The New York Times* accepted [illegible] word in 1993," says Gay Talese, author of *Thy Neighbor's Wife*[illegible] pathbreaking study of American sexuality. Talese, now at work o[illegible] book about masculinity at the end of the millennium, believes th[illegible] "penis" entered common parlance shortly after a man with a na[illegible] that might have been too much even for Dickens—John Way[illegible] Bobbitt—lost his. While reporting on the ensuing trials of Bobb[illegible] (for spousal abuse) and of his wife, Lorena (for what the law [illegible] ferred to as "malicious wounding"), Talese noticed that the pr[illegible] inevitably used euphemisms to explain what Lorena had lopp[illegible] off. "'Male member,'" he recalls, "'male organ,' 'appendage.'" B[illegible] finally, during Lorena's trial, when witnesses described such matt[illegible] as tracking down John's missing piece to a field where his wife h[illegible] flung it, the *Times* went for the five-letter word.

Maggie Paley, who has just published *The Book of the Penis,* [illegible] entertaining amalgam of scientific fact and reportage about t[illegible] male genitalia, shares Talese's view that a kind of cultural wat[illegible] shed had been reached once the "paper of record" stopped pla[illegible] ing coy. "After that, Letterman started using the word," she told m[illegible] recently. At once, she recalls, phalluses were spotted on the walls [illegible] New York art shows. (This summer, in fact, Manhattan's Edwyn[illegible] Houk Gallery has mounted an exhibition called *The Full Mon*[illegible] showcasing graphically explicit depictions CONTINUED ON PAGE


GUCCI





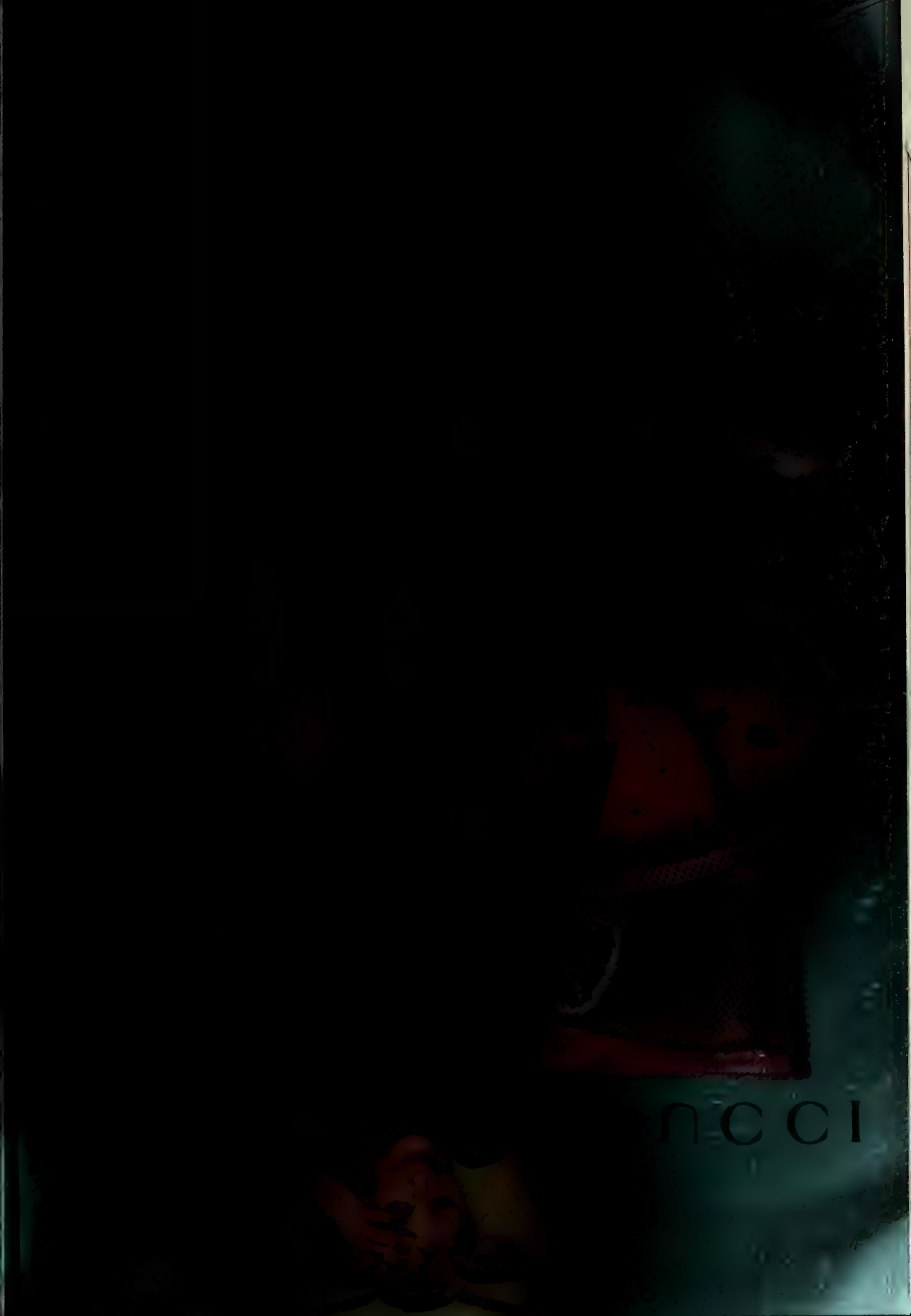
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ncci



In the epitome of against-type casting, Bobbitt (*above,* in Nevada in 1995) began an X-rated film career after his wife dis-membered him.

ONTINUED FROM PAGE 168 of male nudes by famous photographers from the 19th and 20th centuries.) "Friends who knew was working on this book," says Paley, "called me every two eeks to tell me there was something new I had to see."

Or listen to. Rap and hip-hop, never havens of the oblique, re full of dicktalk. The female rappers Salt 'N' Pepa sing in Shoop": "What's up with that thang / I wanna know how does hang / Straight up, wait up . . . " Akinyele has a tune called Put It in Your Mouth." Rock has been equally out-front. Third ye Blind's "Semi-Charmed Life," an anthem to "snorting speed nd getting blow jobs," according to lead vocalist Stephan Jenins, was *Billboard*'s top modern-rock hit of 1997.

By now, when we talk about the president of the United States, we are liable to add an apostrophe *s.* Both of the men who ran for president in 1996 have seen their penises make ews, as well as punch lines, leaving the rest of us pining for the ays when Lyndon Johnson was content just to display his surgial incision. Paula Jones, who accused former Governor Clinton f flashing her in the course of an unwanted come-on, claimed, ke any good eyewitness, that she could describe the "distinuishing characteristics" of the First Part, including length, vidth, and the observation that it bent—unlike many of the presdent's policies—noticeably to the left. Thereafter, Monica Lewinky was sworn on oath to tell the grand jury, and eventually the ntire Western world, about the president's ejaculatory practices. Mr. Clinton himself offered circumlocutory testimony about his lleged activities: "If the deponent is the person who has oral sex erformed on him—then the contact is with—not with anything n that list, but with the lips of another person" (proving, yet gain, that a legal education can ruin just about anything).

The embarrassing admissions were not party-bound. The Republican candidate, Robert Dole, has become the poster boy for Viagra, which he had begun using after prostate surgery in 1991, when the drug was still in trials. While Dole deserves respect for outing himself and discussing a problem that has been a silent burden to many men, sniggering cannot be stifled entirely, since a lot of us remember the Visa commercials featuring the former senator right after he got clobbered in the '96 election. Like other old troupers, Dole has seemed all too willing to figuratively expose himself in order to remain in the spotlight.

Viagra itself set off at least two kinds of stampedes, sending men to the pharmacy counter and comedians to the microphone. "Viagra jokes bought Dave's car," says John Bobey, a staffer for the *Late Show,* although David Letterman's monologue writer Gabe Abelson proudly points out that his boss consistently takes "the high road" when it comes to phallic humor. (Yes, "dick" has been Dave's "Word of the Day," and yet the following joke was nixed as too explicit: "My dog got hold of some of that Viagra. The fire department had to use the Jaws of Life to get him off my leg.") And this has indeed been the season of wilting on series television—always for laughs. Richard (another lawyer!) failed in his long-awaited first fling with Ling on *Ally McBeal,* and ABC's canceled program *The Secret Lives of Men* heavily promoted an episode called "Phil's Problem," in which the character's dysfunction was illustrated with a piece of limp spaghetti. Previously, such jokes would have been dared only about the elderly, as in George Burns's one-liner, repeated by Alan King at a recent black-tie affair in New York, that sex at an advanced age was like "trying to shoot pool with a rope."

So why this sudden increase in phallic reference? And why now? To my ear there's a distinctly adolescent undertone to all the tittering and, as frequently happens in matters of popular culture, a number of mixed messages.

Naturally, everybody's always known the penis was there, but American culture has tended to sublimate its presence through almost laughably clumsy representation: Dirty Harry with his great big .44-caliber magnum or, as one of my college English professors characterized his tie, "these phallic symbols men wear around their necks."

In terms of public mores, we saw dozens of taboos vanish in the late 60s and early 70s, and during that period the penis, in turn, began to get some attention. *Portnoy's Complaint* removed masturbation from the ranks of the unmentionable. (In this summer's film

Penis synonyms are now a cinematic staple, punctuating such movies as *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me,* which contains a barrage of tortured puns.



Mike Myers redefines hang time in this ad for Virgin Atlantic and the *Austin Powers* sequel—a film about tracking down a vial of pilfered virility

American Pie, Jason Biggs's character finds the same use for mom's apple pie as Alexander Portnoy found for a piece of liver, which he "violated behind a billboard on the way to a bar mitzvah lesson.") The dick was big on and off Broadway in a parade of nude musicals, including *Hair* and *Oh! Calcutta!* When Ken Russell made *Women in Love,* in 1970, there was even a glimpse of male genitals in a general-release movie, as Oliver Reed and Alan Bates wrestled naked in front of a roaring fire. The scene was still cited in Reed's obituaries when he passed away earlier this year.

But as the excitement of the era subsided, the penis, as it were, went into retreat. When Burt Reynolds caused a sensation in 1972 by appearing as *Cosmopolitan*'s centerfold, he did not reveal much more than a lot of body hair. Talese speculates that it was the rise of aggressive, fighting-back feminism, practiced by writers such as Andrea Dworkin and Susan Brownmiller, that "vanished the penis" by treating it as an unfriendly weapon, the ultimate unguided missile. Whatever the reasons, it took until the 90s for the national conversation on this topic to resume.

"A lot of this has to do with gay pride," says Maggie Paley. "Gay men have become more and more vocal and willing to be out in the open about what their interests and tastes are, and in celebrating male bodies." Robert Mapplethorpe's work may be the most notable example. But as mainstream reactions to Mapplethorpe's exhibitions suggest, this vogue for depicting actual phalluses may be limited to the cutting-edge realms of urban society. Only the fashion world has succeeded in offering up images palatable enough to play in Peoria, a trend that began when Mark Wahlberg (Marky Mark) first appeared—long before being cast as Dirk Diggler in *Boogie Nights*—on billboards and in glossy mags, his anatomy undeniably etched in a pair of tight-fitting Calvin Klein briefs.

The truth, however, is that while there's a lot of telling these days, far less showing is going on. A close female friend of mine often complains about Hollywood's double standard where images of the body are concerned. The rule with regard to the female has been: "Show me whatcha got," but the same has not been true of men. (The late Alan Pakula, a democratic person to the core, confided to me that he had cut the full-frontal nudity of Greta Scacchi from the movie *Presumed Innocent,* which he made from my novel, because there weren't equivalent shots of Harrison Ford.)

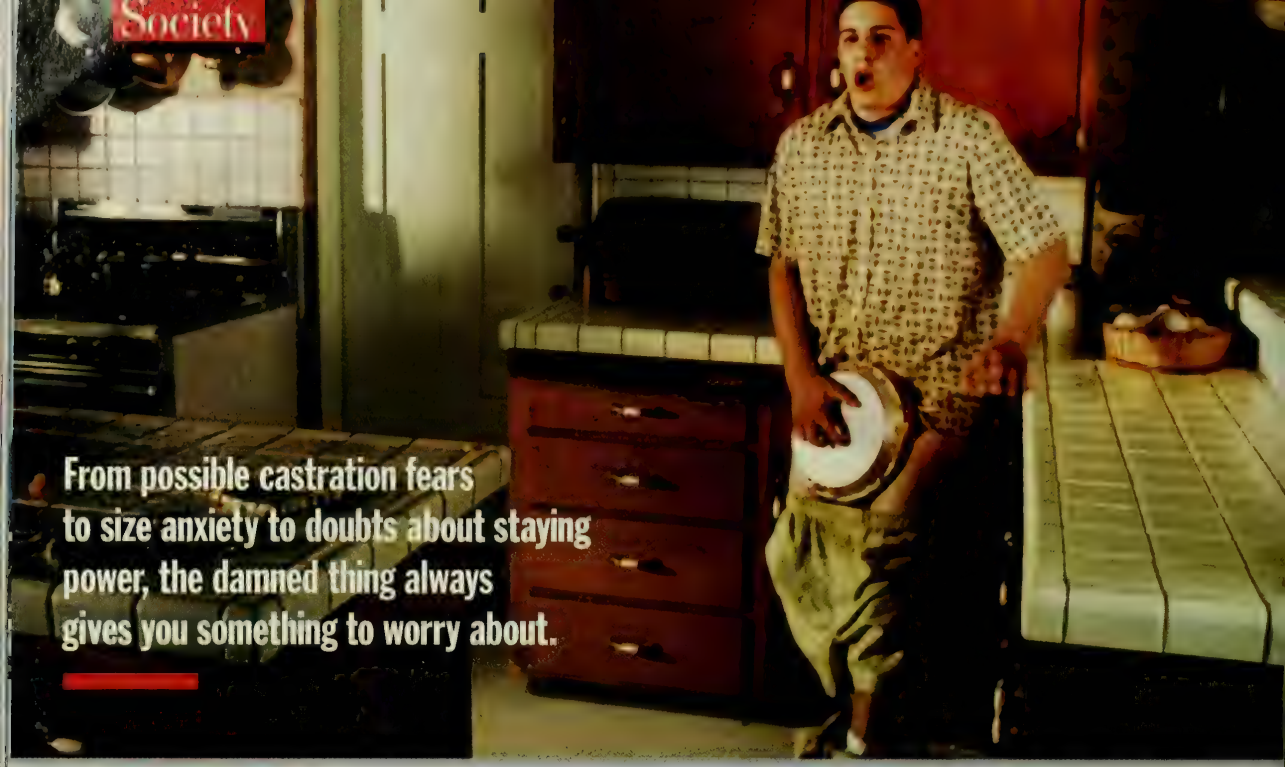
True, a few actors have given us a peek—Richard Gere in *Breathless,* Kevin Bacon in *Wild Things,* and Harvey Keitel and Ewan McGregor more than once. And a view of a penis was the shocker of *The Crying Game.* (Imagine the gossip, suggests movie critic Roger Ebert, if male stars employed the same solution as their female counterparts—a body double.) But men, for the most part, are still behind the fig leaf. Even the film *The Full Monty,* about a group of unemployed men in Sheffield, England who decide to become male strippers, didn't go the full monty itself. In terms of what's seen, Talese was right when he told me, "The penis is not ready for prime time."

But even if what's happening today is mostly talk, what's noteworthy is that women are doing a lot of the talking. Besides Maggie Paley's book, Susan Bordo has a new volume called *The Male Body. Larry's Party,* a recent novel by Pulitzer Prize winner Carol Shields, includes a chapter entitled, "Larry's Penis"—2 pages on what it looks like and where it's been. And the dick jokes in movies and on television frequently involve the presence or participation of women. The four female friends at the center of HBO's *Sex and the City* often exchange frank observations about guys' equipment, including cracks about shape and size.

Some of the inspiration for women to take on this topic is the thought that turnabout is fair play. Men in this society have always focused on women's bodies, and savored scads of jokes in poor taste. And the gender wars are probably beside the point. There's just a lot of healthy female curiosity about an object long obscured.

But there is occasionally a nasty edge to the gibes coming from women, one that seems at cross-purposes with what feminism has been teaching for a couple of decades. A quick poke in


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***Nothing* is sacred, to wit: this summer's *American Pie,* in which Jason Biggs defiles the nation's ultimate symbol of purity—to comic effect.**

the prick is now a convenient refuge for female anger. Ling on *Ally McBeal* refers often to "the dumbstick." Julia Roberts, playing an actress in the film *Notting Hill,* shocks some loutish fans with the put-down "I'm sure you guys have dicks the size of peanuts."

Recently, I took my 12-year-old daughter to see *10 Things I Hate About You,* a supposed retelling of Shakespeare's *The Taming of the Shrew,* written by Karen McCullah Lutz and Kristen Smith. When the heroine, Kat Stratford (Julia Stiles), portrayed as a wildly abrasive feminist, reveals that long ago she slept with and apparently surrendered her virginity to the incredibly vain, pretty-boy bad guy of the film, Kat's younger sister, Bianca (Larisa Oleynik), expresses amazement that the word hadn't gotten around yet. Kat explains, "I warned him that if he told anyone the cheerleading squad would find out how tiny his dick is."

After I got done squirming beside my daughter, my thoughts turned to the many pre-adolescent boys in the audience. Hearing men mocked for this reason was not going to make them any more at ease with females—or with their own changing bodies—nor would it deter the usual subliminal compensations of male teendom, a dangerous fascination with big guns and fast cars. Frankly, it seems simply gonzo for feminists to be laughing at, or writing, these lines after spending years trying to persuade men not to judge or diminish women on the basis of their anatomy.

Nevertheless, these jokes, especially as women tell them, clearly lay bare a nerve. Guys can get pretty fraught about this part of their bodies. From possible castration fears between ages three and five (as part of what Freud called the Oedipus complex) to size anxiety (phalloplasties—penile enlargements—are now performed by plastic surgeons) to doubts about staying power (in John Singleton's *Poetic Justice,* homegirl Iesha, played by Regina King, eventually jettisons her boyfriend because he's "a preemie," defined as "a two-minute brother")—the damned thing always gives you something to worry about.

Viagra, in fact, has revealed an extraordinary well of unspoken shame. According to urologists and those roadside billboards, more than 30 million American men suffer from impotence. The number is staggering in a nation of 272 million. (Remember, yo have to divide by half—and a large number of males in this cou try haven't yet reached puberty.) Medical authorities claim th prior to the age of Viagra more than 80 percent of those affecte by impotence had never sought treatment. The most chilling sto I know is of a friend whose mother confided—after his father death—that his younger sibling had been adopted because for 5 years his father hadn't been able to achieve an erection. Christ pher Hitchens noted in "Viagra Falls," a wonderful piece in *Th Nation* last year, "Impotence was men's greatest secret." He re soned that it had suddenly turned up on Page One only becau Viagra now made the affliction far less threatening to all men.

Surely, much of men's classic phallic angst focuses, at least f straight guys, not on how they appear to one another—Tale points out that males in a locker room tend to be far less p vate than women in similar circumstances—but on how they ra with women, especially in terms of sexual performance. (As Sus Bordo's book discusses, gorillas get the job done with an erecti of an inch and a quarter, leading some evolutionary biologists speculate that the dangle developed as a way to attract the oth gender.) But the penis's fabled independent-mindedness has l men fearful about competing on that basis. One doesn't have be a radical feminist to believe that Western men have restrict public discussion of the penis for centuries as a way of conceali from women what is not only physically but also psychologica their most vulnerable region. If that's true, then today's laught even if sometimes a bit nervous, seemingly signals a more ca did—and comfortable—style of male sexuality.

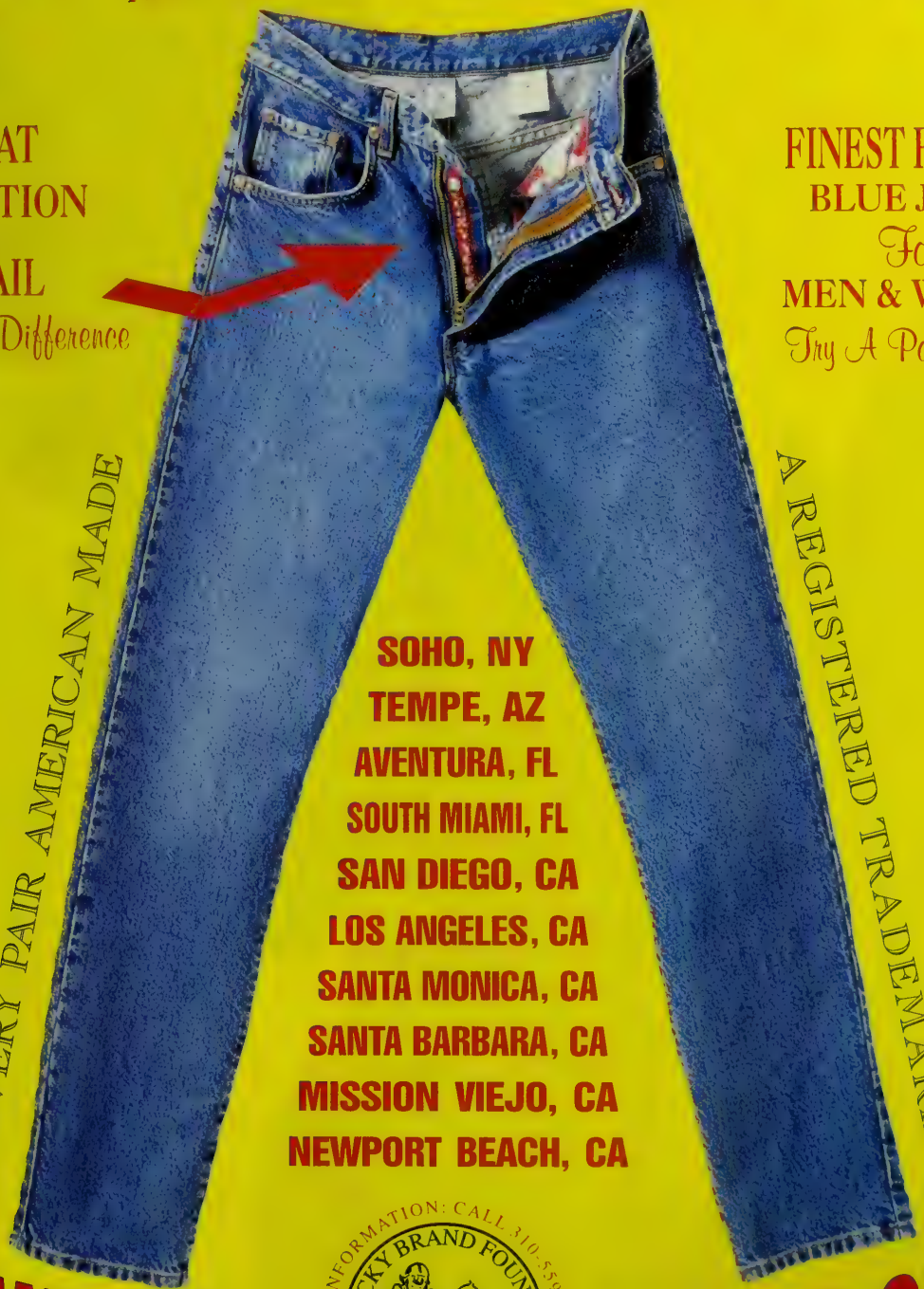
"It lowers the standard of discourse, but it clears the air," sa *New York Times* film critic Janet Maslin, who has been profession ly obliged to withstand what she refers to as "the golden age of t dick joke." Maslin views today's punch lines as a welcome contr to the 80s, "when machismo was ratcheted up so high" by films l *Rambo.* "These jokes," she says, are actually "antithetical to lur exploitative sex." Concludes Maslin, "It's a nice relief for everybod

Indeed. □

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Activist nun Patricia Daly, who often brings her moral crusade into America's boardrooms, photographed on Wall Street in New York City

VANITY FAIR NOMINATES

Sister Patricia Daly

BECAUSE she has taken vows of poverty and obedience, not vows of silence or timidity. BECAUSE she is a 43-year-old Dominican nun (Order of Preachers) based in Newton, New Jersey, who prefers pink turtlenecks, denim skirts, and crashing at friends' apartments to conventional habits and cloistered convents. BECAUSE as executive director of the Tri-State Coalition for Responsible Investment and board member of the Interfaith Center on Corporate Responsibility (representing religious institutions with an estimated $100 billion in stock), she has taken the cause of compassionate capitalism into the naves of corporate cathedrals—lobbying, lecturing, and haranguing C.E.O.'s to be morally accountable and consider how their actions affect the little guy and the larger planet. BECAUSE she has taken busload of faithful to pray at toxic Superfund sites, and occasionally di perses polluted "holy water" at Hudson River rituals. BECAUS she wants banks and nations to forgive some of their Thir World debts, and Detroit to produce 80-m.p.g. automobile BECAUSE she was a part of a movement that helped persuad U.S. companies to leave apartheid-era South Africa and to a here to anti-discrimination rules in Northern Ireland. BECAUSE, i the tradition of the 13th-century founder of her religious orde Domingo de Guzmán, she has submitted stockholder resolution as a way of "breaking open the Word of God for others." BECAUS she translates belief into commitment and never backs dow from a fight.

—PETER MEYI

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAKE CHESSUM

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AN IDEAL HUSBAND

In 1957, Esther Williams, Hollywood's "Million Dollar Mermaid," fell in love with her latest co-star, Jeff Chandler. Yet over the next two years, as she recounts in her new memoir, something kept Williams from agreeing to marry this kindhearted, passionate man. Then, one shocking night, she discovered what it was

BY ESTHER WILLIAMS





DREAM TEAM
Jeff Chandler and Esther Williams at a 1958 premiere, *above,* seemed the perfect Hollywood pair. They had met the year before on the set of Universal's *Raw Wind in Eden,* their only film together, *left.*

Esther Williams, MGM's great swimming star, spen part of 1957 in Italy filming her 23rd film, Ra Wind in Eden, *for Universal. She was 34 years ol and in the process of ending her second unhapp marriage, to band singer Ben Gage. At the sam time she was reaching out to her new leading mar*

My co-star Jeff Chandler clearl was very attracted to me an told me so. Jeff was six feet fiv with strong features and distinc tive, curly gray hair. He was good actor who had develope something of the same typecas ing problem I had. I had bee pigeonholed in swimming mus cals; he was stuck in Western and action-adventure movies, o ten as an Indian (no one knew t say Native American yet). His most successful fil had been *Broken Arrow,* CONTINUED ON PAGE 1

Excerpted from *The Million Dollar Mermaid,* by Esther Williams with Digby Diehl, to be published this mont by Simon & Schuster; © 1999 by Esther Williams.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 158 in which he played Cochise. The portrayal brought him an Oscar nomination, and he was cast as Cochise in two more films after that. In a way, we arrived in Italy like two of a kind. Jeff's marriage to his wife, Marge, was already shaky, and both of us were trying to escape the ironclad typecasting box that Hollywood had stuck us in.

No matter how many times he asked me to marry him over the next two years, I always said no to Jeff Chandler, and I didn't understand why. We were perfect together in many ways. He loved me passionately, and I loved him back—with unspoken reservations. One evening, after an especially romantic dinner, he confronted me with painful honesty: "Esther, I love you and you love me. We're both divorced and free. I've told my kids how I feel about you. But every time I ask you to marry me, you turn me down. I don't understand. I want an answer from you."

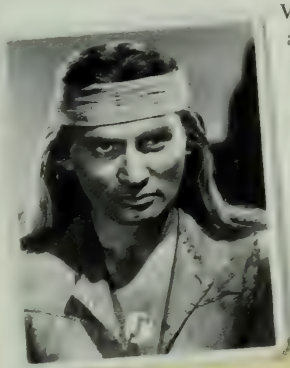
The truth is that I didn't have one. "Jeff, this may sound crazy, but I have never known you before." I finally said. "You are a total stranger to me. I've known all of the other men in my life as reincarnations from other lifetimes. But I have never met you before, and I need to know you better." It was an admittedly strange, but honest, answer.

I may not have known him from other lifetimes, but I knew a lot about Jeff. He was a good-hearted, generous man who treated me with a love and respect I had never experienced before. He was manly and responsible, yet sweet with my two young sons. Unlike Leonard Kovner, my first husband, he was proud of his Jewish heritage and knowledgeable about the history of his family. He was serious too. He wanted to sweep me into his life and give me everything I had worked so hard for.

These thoughts filled my mind one night as I prepared another dinner for us. I was downstairs in the kitchen. This was the kitchen of the house that Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh had owned in their early years of marriage, and Jeff had bought it from his friend Tony to be our house. I loved it and reveled in that G.E. kitchen. We had already talked about which rooms the children would stay in and which curtains I wanted to replace.

The house had a big swimming pool, and Jeff was taking swimming lessons. I tried to explain to him that it was too late for him to be a serious swimmer. He was never going to become good enough at it to ever really swim with me. "Well, at least I won't drown," he said. I guess they didn't have pools in Brooklyn when he was growing up.

There were other things about him that were so endearing and so oddly bonding. When he was in the service right after World War II, stationed in the Aleutian Islands, he had seen me in *Easy to Wed*. Van Johnson's character in that movie was named Bill Chandler. Later, when Jeff got a break as an actor in the movies, he had to change his name from Ira Grossel. Because he had such a crush on me on the screen (he said that I was his kind of girl—the athletics, the height, everything) and because Bill Chandler got the girl at the end of that film, he changed his name to Jeff Chandler. Talk about devoted. Then he made a movie with me and fell so in love that the only possible ending was marriage.



"Aaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhh!" I froze at the bedroom door and started screaming. I couldn't stop myself.

So there I was in his kitchen, preparing dinner, dressed in a little pink-and-white, short-skirted sunsuit. I was cooking his favorite meal, chicken cacciatore—we both learned to love Italian food after our experiences during the movie. Suddenly, I realized that he had been upstairs a long time and dinner was ready. So I called, "Jeff." There was no answer. He was in his huge bedroom and evidently didn't hear me. So I called him again. "Jeff, dinner's ready. Come down and we'll have it out on the patio."

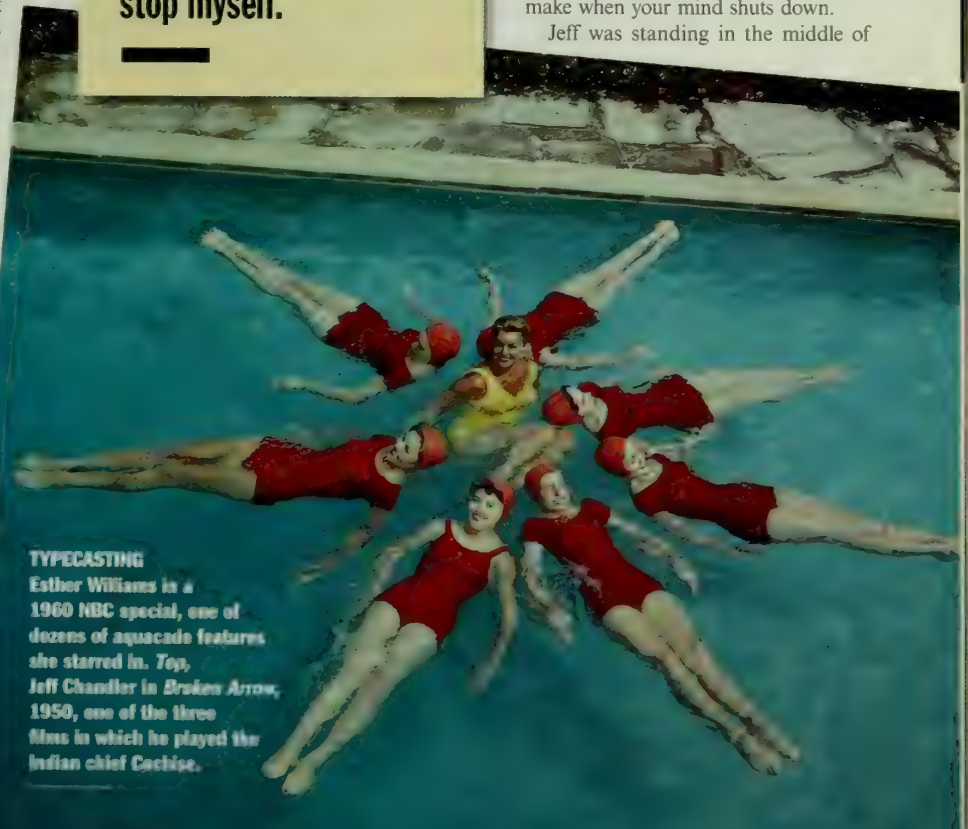
"You come up here," he called down.

I knew that tone of voice. It meant that there might be lovemaking instead of dinner. I said, "O.K., I'll be right up."

"*Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhh!*"

I froze at the bedroom door and started screaming. I couldn't stop myself. There's a high-pitched scream that you make when you see a mouse. It's a scream that has no logic. It is sheer, uncontrolled panic. I just stood there in the doorway and screamed. It was the kind of scream that doesn't really mean anything. It has one tone to it. It's not a movie-star scream, but the kind you make when your mind shuts down.

Jeff was standing in the middle of



TYPECASTING
Esther Williams in a 1960 NBC special, one of dozens of aquacade features she starred in. *Top*, Jeff Chandler in *Broken Arrow*, 1950, one of the three films in which he played the Indian chief Cochise.



POOLSIDE: Esther Williams photographed at her home in Beverly Hills on July 1, 1999. She and her husband, Edward Bell, have a successful swimwear and swimming-pool business.

the bedroom in a red wig, a flowered chiffon dress, expensive high-heeled shoes, and lots of makeup.

I just kept screaming.

He shouted, "Esther, take it easy! Don't yell!"

I couldn't help myself. I screamed and screamed, with shock and disbelief and a refusal to comprehend. At the same time, part of my brain was calculating the extremes he had gone to for this outfit. This wasn't Woolworth's clothing. Were those Gucci shoes? I had seen that dress in *Vogue*!

Jeff was terrified by my reaction. "Please, Esther. For God's sake, stop screaming. I beg you."

"Take that off! Take that all off now!" I yelled, and started screaming again.

He retreated into his dressing room in a panic and undressed as fast as he could. He threw the wig, the dress, the shoes, the bra, the silk stockings—silk stockings!—into a heap. I was regaining my composure when I heard him running water at his sink. "Please, come in," he said in a frightened, tentative voice.

I still couldn't believe what I was seeing. "Put some more cream on and get that makeup off, Jeff. You look like Betsy Bloomingdale."

"Put some more cream on and get that makeup off, Jeff," I said. "You look like Betsy Bloomingdale."

He looked up sheepishly. "She's a very good-looking woman." At least we both laughed.

I wasn't laughing inside. Suddenly, I couldn't make sense of a large piece of my life. Here was my lover—a strong, manly figure by anyone's estimate—who had just been standing before me in high heels and a dress. This was no joke. He enjoyed that kind of thing. He was a cross-dresser.

My head was swimming with questions to ask him, but I knew this wasn't the time to ask them. Jeff was still in shock from my reaction. Suddenly I could see how fragile he was. He had just revealed the most sensitive secret of his life to me, and I hadn't taken it well. To spare me any more upset, he had returned to his more-or-less masculine self, wearing a handsome robe I had bought him in Rome. He looked like the man I loved, but I really didn't understand what else was going on.

I had to go to bed with him. I had to see whether his cross-dressing appealed to me in some way I didn't want to admit to myself. I had to see if it was a turn-on for me. We hardly spoke at all that night, and fortunately Jeff had an early call at Universal for *Thunder in the Sun*. This was another cowboy movie in which he was starring with Susan Hayward. He played a big, rugged trail boss on a wagon train. I pretended to be asleep when he left. When I heard the door close, I sat bolt upright, wide-awake.

Had it all been a bad dream? I got up, and with a sense of fear I went to find out. The closets in his bedroom were all filled with beautiful men's clothing, as I had seen before. I went through the large house, room by room, and it didn't take me long to find what I was looking for.

The room he had converted into a painting studio, where he kept his canvases and easels, had a large walk-in closet. I opened the door, and it was like the designer department at Saks Fifth Avenue. It glowed with wonderful women's suits and dresses and beautiful negligees. The lingerie was from Park Jewel, one of the most expensive shops in Beverly Hills. He had swimsuits in every color. He had foundation garments. He had lots of shoes and fabulous hats, all on the hatstands that a wardrobe department would use. And wigs, lots of different colors and hairstyles.

Conflicting emotions washed over me. Jeff was dead serious about this dress-up game and obviously had been at it for a long time. The investment in clothes was staggering. I studied the pearls on the hats and had some second thoughts about his fashion sense. I found myself becoming his girlfriend as I inspected this huge wardrobe—a girl with her girlfriend.

I grew uncomfortable being alone in the house with those clothes and drove away to spend a troubled day thinking. When I picked the boys up from school, I didn't have anyone to leave them with, so I took them with me late in the afternoon when I went back to the house. Jeff had just returned from the studio and was

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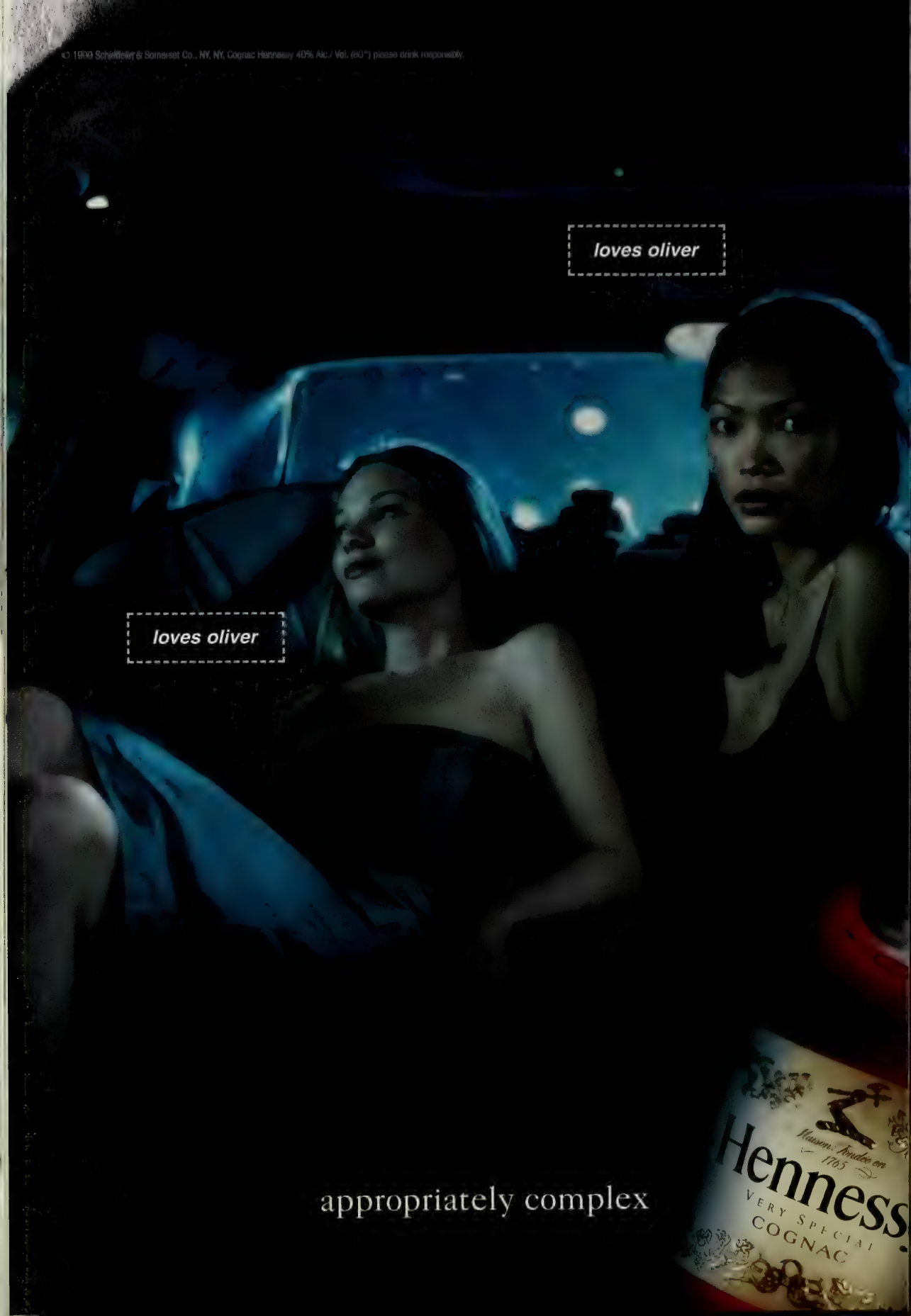
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appropriately complex

to see me. He admitted that he'd been id he would never see me again after previous night's performance. I went the house only long enough to settle boys at a Scrabble game, and then t right out. I didn't want to be in the se anymore—suddenly, it wasn't my se.

got back in the car and waited for to join me.

esperately, he tried to explain the childnood influences that had made him he way he was: a father who had de- ed him and his mother; a home in ch maleness was held in contempt; a her and an aunt who told him when- he did anything wrong, "You're just your father"; two angry women who le a little boy hate his own sex; a ipulsion to don his aunt's underpants, ch gave him his first orgasm; growing and feeling happy and secure only in nen's clothing.

listened to Jeff as sympathetically as I ld, but I still couldn't understand where his left me and our relationship.

I've been thinking very hard all day and I have to understand this," I said. u're going to have to explain to me: en you make love to me, who are you cing love to? What roles are we playing our mind?"

I'm a beautiful woman making love to autiful woman," he said.

But I wasn't aware that you were a utiful woman. How was I supposed to ne up with that picture?"

I was hoping that your neuroses would ch mine," he said.

I don't think I have any neuroses that sual. I like men. And I didn't like see- you dressed like that."

He sagged and sighed. "Well, I wasn't y. Your neuroses didn't match mine."

"Jeff, are you getting help? Are you see- a therapist?"

"Yes, of course."

I felt a strong intuition and blurted it : "Your therapist is a cross-dresser, too. t he?"

"How did you know?" he asked in azement.

"Very convenient," I said. "You can h sit there in your evening gowns while are having a therapy session."

"I knew you'd have a sense of humor ut this, Esther," he said with a look of ne.

"Jeff, that's not humor. That's bitterness. enty-four hours ago I was having hap- fantasies about our marriage. You've ned all that with your little secret. I 't see you again after tonight. It's over ween us."

"Why does it bother you so much? Why couldn't you get used to it?" He was pleading.

"Did you dress up like that for your wife? Has she seen you in your dresses?"

"As a matter of fact, yes."

"Why would you want to leave her and try to start all over with somebody who might not like it? You had acceptance from her. I don't know why she didn't mind, but you should have appreciated it."

"There were other reasons I couldn't be with her," he said. "I love you. I fell madly in love with you!"

"Not enough in love to get rid of the print chiffon," I said cynically.

"That's true," he said with a shrug.

I thought for a moment. "And that's why my bra and panties would disappear sometimes when I stayed overnight . . . "

"Oh, yes," he admitted. "That was the best turn-on. I would put those on . . . "

"And then you would masturbate. Right?"

"Of course."

"Jeff, you have a secret love life that doesn't include me at all—unless you count my lingerie. I'm just a part of your fantasy. I loved you as a real person, as a man. When you dress up like that, do you know how ridiculous you look?"

"You said I looked like Betsy Bloomingdale, and she looks wonderful."

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. "If you found comfort in that, then I'm sorry. I find your aberration very, very sad. This doesn't work for me at all. I didn't feel anything when you made love to me last night. I didn't think of you as the man in my life. You were a nice matron. I can't be married to a matron."

"Esther, please don't . . . "

He saw what I was holding out to him and began to cry. He had written me some very beautiful love poetry and had told me that if we ever split up for any reason, it was the only thing he wanted back. I was crying, too.

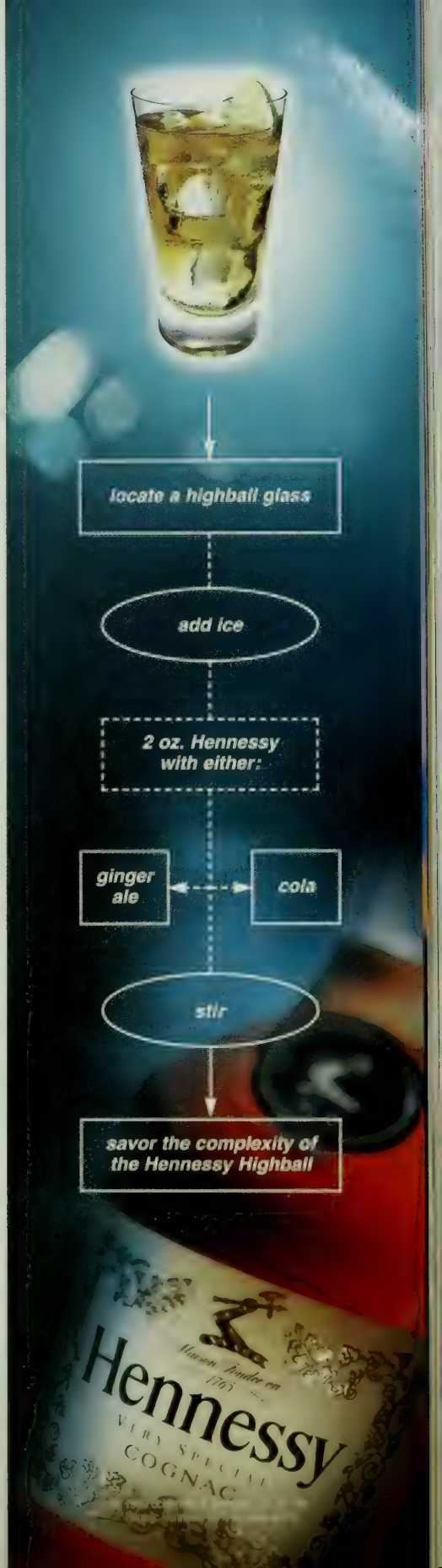
It was a situation I could never have imagined, but I knew I had to leave the house with my kids before it became any more emotional. I looked up at him through my tears and said, "Jeff, do you mind if I give you a fashion tip before I leave you forever?"

"What's that?" He smiled a confused smile.

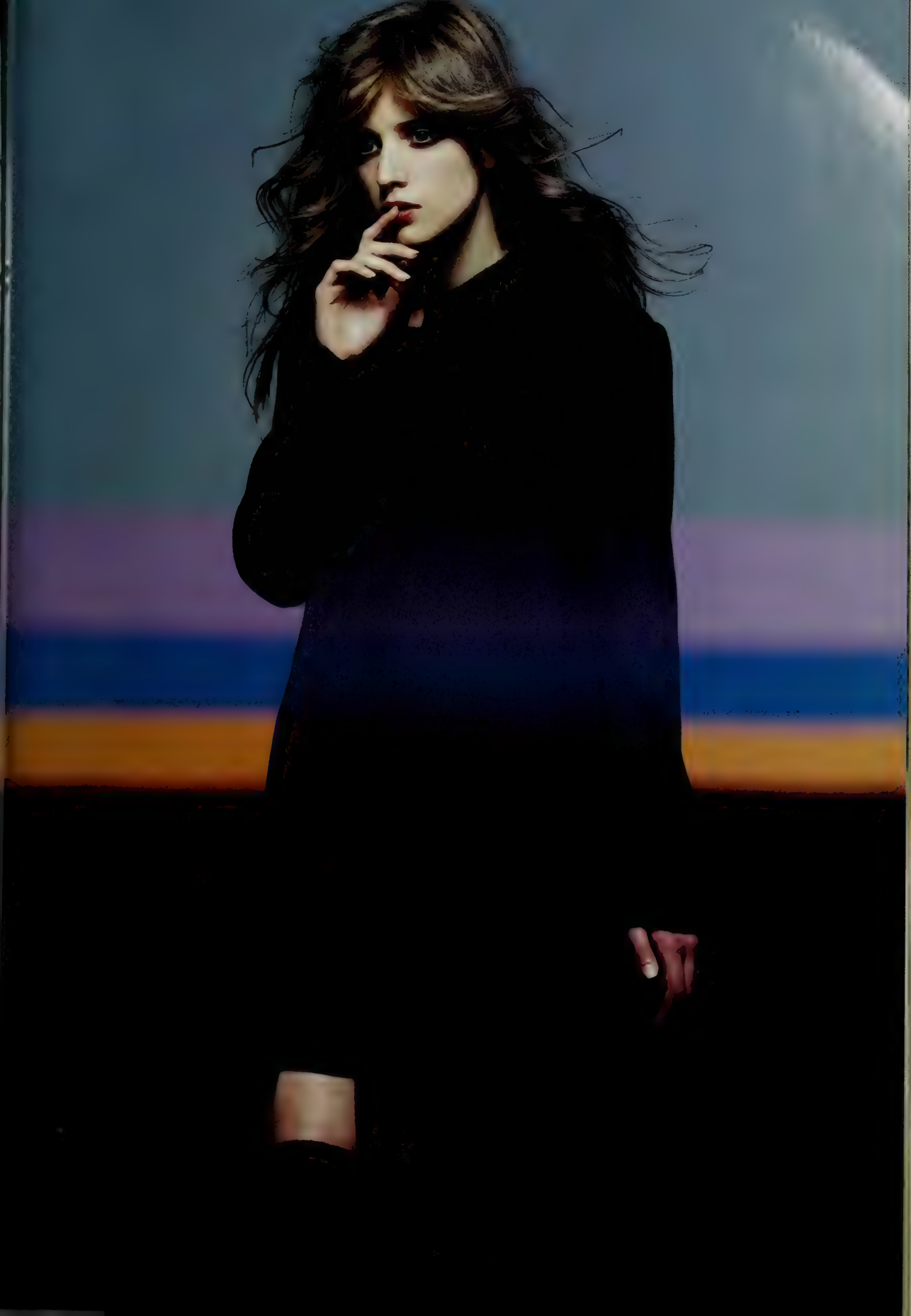
"When I looked in your closet, I saw blouses with polka dots, dresses with polka dots, even hats with big polka-dot bows."

"So?" he said.

I opened the car door on my side and looked at him lovingly for the last time. "Jeff, you're too big for polka dots." □




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BROTHERS I
Terry Semel
and Bob Dal
the Warner
lot in Burba

THE LAST EMPERORS

After nearly two decades of golden partnership, Warner Bros. co-chairmen Bob Daly and Terry Semel stunned Hollywood by quitting. Did the power, planes, and palaces that made Daly and Semel great end up making them obsolete?

BY KIM MASTERS

In June, Clint Eastwood presented his longtime friend Warner co-chairman Bob Daly with an honorary degree from the American Film Institute—an organization for which Daly has served as a board member since 1981. The night before the ceremony, there was a dinner at the Peninsula Hotel in Beverly Hills. A.F.I. chairman (and former chairman of MCA's motion-picture group) Tom Pollock sat with Daly and his wife, songwriter Carole Bayer Sager, who was describing their newly purchased 18.5-acre ranch in the hills above Malibu.

"Bob's going to raise pigeons," Sager said.

"Pigeons instead of horses?" Pollock asked. "People raise horses on ranches."

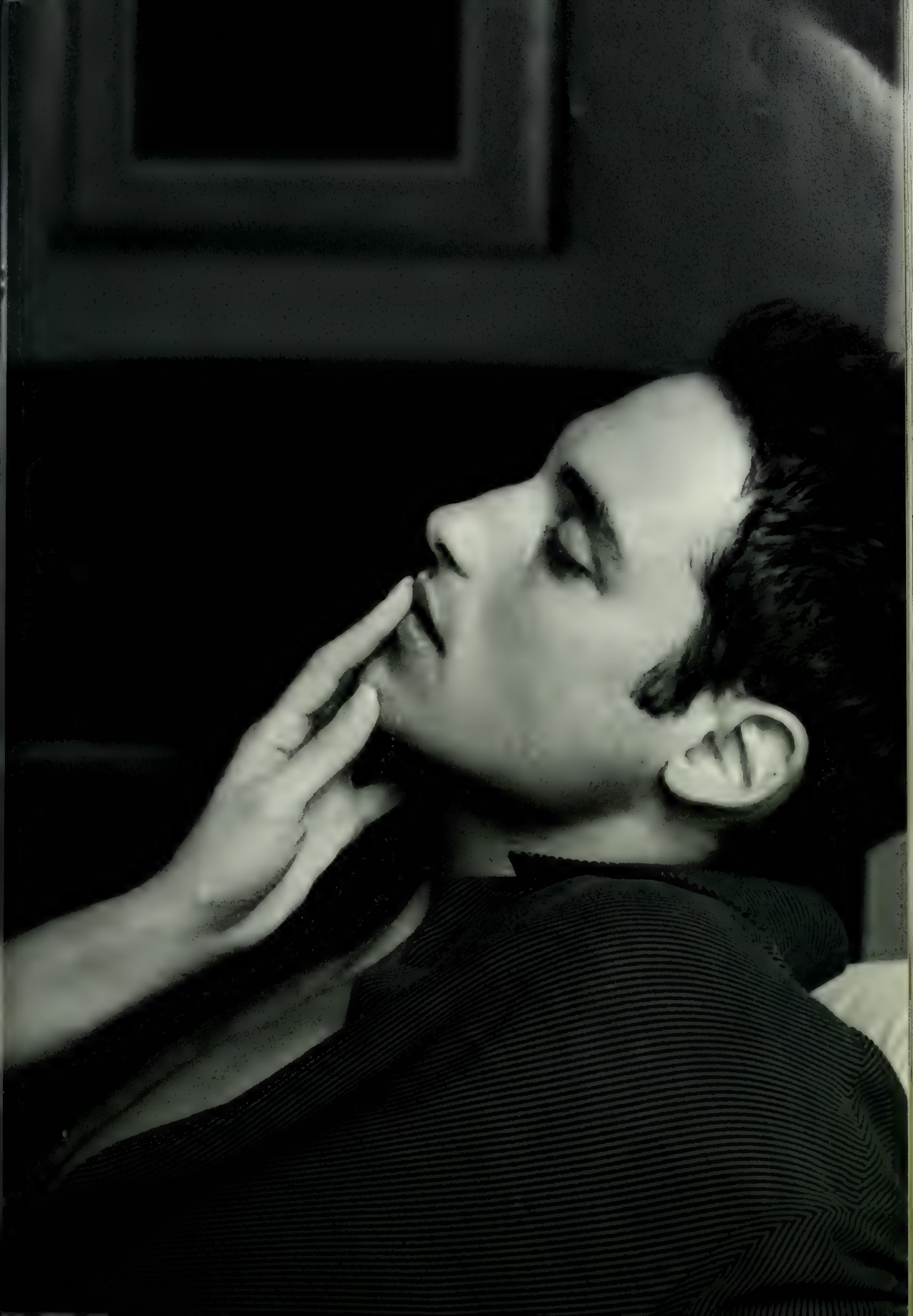
"I'm a Brooklyn boy," Daly said simply. "I raise pigeons."

It was a classic summing-up of Daly's no-frills personality. Despite having spent 19 years as head of the most Hollywood-ish of all studios, despite having emerg as the most respected elder statesm among studio chiefs, Daly retained regular-guy quality that was particula admired in an industry where keeping touch with reality poses a constant ch lenge. His co-chairman, Terry Semel, w more the player, the guy who sailed yachts with Tom Cruise and vacation with Michael Douglas at Douglas's hou in Spain. Together, Daly and Semel rep

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ


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MADE IN ITALY






MONDO di MARCO
MADE IN ITALY

sented old-style Hollywood culture. Warner was the studio famous for coddling its stars with everything from state-of-the-art studio jets to the legendary Warner houses in Aspen and Acapulco.

And for the better part of 20 years, it had worked splendidly. During Daly and Semel's tenure, Warner was consistently ranked No. 1 or 2 in terms of domestic box office. There were the fabulous *Batman* and *Lethal Weapon* franchises. But in the past few years, the Warner style began to look out-of-date. Daly and Semel's famous relationships were with aging stars such as Eastwood—legends, but not exactly names guaranteed to lure the youthful audiences so coveted by the industry. Thanks to the success of its television operation—with hits such as *E.R.* and *Friends*—Warner still minted money. But there were persistent reports of tensions within Time Warner over the studio's lavish ways—especially as the franchises faded and high-profile bombs such as Kevin Costner's *The Postman* and *Sphere,* starring Sharon Stone, raised high-profile questions about whether Daly and Semel were losing their touch.

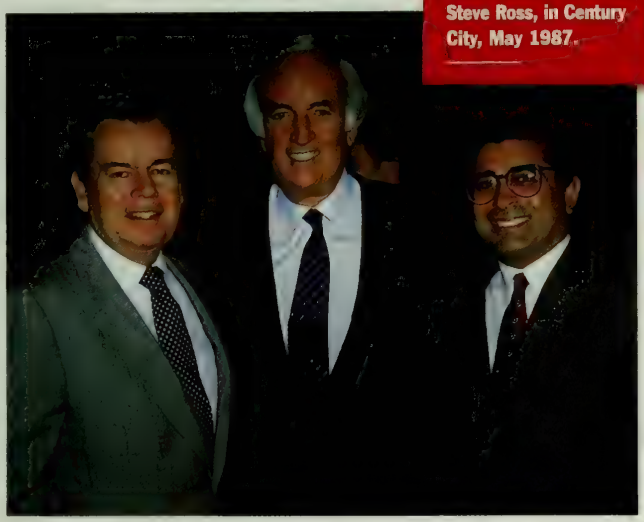
Everyone knew that Daly and Semel were the most well-compensated studio chiefs in town and everyone wondered if they really needed the hassle. Being a studio chairman puts a fellow in a very exclusive club, with unique power and perks. (Each is said to be worth hundreds of millions of dollars.) But there had developed a chronic, low-grade doubt in the minds of industry executives about how much longer the relationship between Time Warner and its studio chairmen would last. Still, Daly and Semel seemed so permanent a fixture, and their track record—glitches and all—was so enviable, that their departure seemed all but unthinkable.

At the A.F.I. dinner, the curious Pollock posed a delicate question. "You've been doing this terrible job so long and so well," he said to the 62-year-old Daly. "Aren't you ready to give it up?"

"Not yet," Daly replied.

Five weeks later, Daly and Semel handed their resignations to Time Warner chief executive Gerald Levin. The town was shocked—and so, perhaps, were they.

The letter in which Daly and Semel divulged their "extremely difficult decision" to leave their posts was given to Levin in a carefully timed minuet. Daly and Semel wrote that they had made their decisions on Sunday, July 11, as they flew home from a trip to Europe. Semel had attended producer Joel Silver's wedding to Karyn Fields at the Hotel Cipriani in Venice while Daly and his wife vacationed in France. They waited until Wednesday, July 14, to inform Levin, they said, "in order to avoid a potential distraction from the [Tuesday] world premiere of *Eyes Wide Shut,*" Stanley Kubrick's long-in-the-making final film. Daly and Semel had overseen the project, and they had had a close working relationship with the late director. But Daly and Semel also gave Levin space that Wednesday to brief Wall Street analysts on Time Warner's record-breaking second-quarter results—a net income of $593 million—without upstaging that news with their own departure.



POWER TRIO Daly and Semel flank their mentor, the late Time Warner chairman Steve Ross, in Century City, May 1987.

Back on the West Coast, even those who had fancied themselves close to Daly and Semel were stunned by the resignations. The co-chairmen were, after all, Hollywood's twin pillars—the industry's longest-running and most respected dynasty. But it was also because the two big men on the gossipy Hollywood campus had actually managed to keep a secret—a truly impossible mission. Then again, Daly and Semel had always been good at keeping their own counsel.

The Friday after the news broke, Daly and Semel addressed more than 500 of their troops in the Steven J. Ross Theater at the studio in Burbank. As the two took the stage, they received a standing ovation which lasted several minutes. Both men wept. Daly noted that the theater named for Ross was an appropriate setting for this emotional encounter.

Daly and Semel were the last of the Old Guard which had flourished in a culture fostered by the late Steve Ross—perhaps the most outsize figure in recent industry history. Ross, the creator of the Warner empire, was the industry's true godfather, says a longtime Warner executive, although that title was routinely conferred on former MCA chairman Lew Wasserman. "He really was the guy who walked into the room and was unbelievably charismatic. He really cared about the people," says this executive. "It's a very different world now. This is big business. That culture is hard to maintain in a company that size."

"I think all of us who benefited from Bob and Terry's enormous generosity and support owe a big debt of gratitude to Steve Ross," says director Joel Schumacher, who made *Falling Down, The Client,* and *Batman Forever* at the studio. "Steve Ross set a tone for Bob and Terry as individuals and as a partnership.... I always felt we were lucky to be part of something that people were going to write about for years to come."

"Steve Ross," says Joel Schumacher, "set a tone for Bob and Terry as individuals."

Ross was famous for courting the kind of mega-stars who turned Warner into the studio where filmmakers wanted to be. There were famous perks such as the Acapulco house—two houses, actually: six bedrooms, a junior-Olympic-size pool, indoor tennis court, and massage room. "The Acapulco house is like Valhalla," says a former Warner executive. "You want something and it appears in front of you."

In the immediate aftermath of Daly and Semel's announcement, the industry was torn between two versions of the story. The official one held that Daly and Semel, whose contracts will run out at the end of this year, had simply decided that it was time to go. Then there was the other tale—the one that may be more plausible. After all, as one prominent director observes, if a corporation wants to keep

an executive, that executive usually can be kept. A couple of veteran Warner insiders believe that the departures happened too abruptly to have been planned. And one executive at the studio says that Semel had talked about finalizing his contract and had discussed future business at the studio as if he had every intention of being there.

Sources close to the company say that, contrary to the official version of events, there had been an ongoing contract negotiation and that Time Warner was not slicing the pie according to Daly's and Semel's specifications. For one thing, the sources say, a decision had been made to find a new chief for the company's faltering music division, and Daly and Semel were being asked to cut back on their generous share in Warner profits. This version of the story has it that Levin, when told that these terms would be deal breakers, coolly replied, "I assumed you'd say that." It also includes reports of a "talk" between Semel and Levin on the Saturday night before Silver's wedding. If that occurred, says another guest, it was absolutely invisible to outsiders. Daly and Semel adamantly deny this version of the story. The rumored negotiations "never, ever, ever" happened, says Semel. He acknowledges that he spent an hour alone with Levin before Silver's wedding, but describes it as a warm visit.

What is not in dispute is that after the wedding Semel picked Daly up in France, and as the two flew home on Sunday, they painfully reached their decision.

One member of the Time Warner family credits what a producer calls "the cynic's view" of the events. "When Mr. Levin called me, although he talked about how sad this all made him, he was not sad," says this source. "I know him very well. I went through [a lot] with him. He's not a man afraid of telling you his real feelings about things. . . . He was talking about the future. It was 'I love Bob and Terry, but we're moving on.'"

And that makes sense, says another top producer with ties to Time Warner. In a changing world of mega-mergers between AT&T and TCI, he says, distribution counts more than anything. The power of the guys who make the "product" is at low ebb. "Why would these huge conglomerates provide people who are simply supplying content with deals like Bob's and Terry's?" he asks. "The hardware is carrying the [industry] economy, not the software."

But Daly and Semel say that the cynical view is nonsense. When they told Levin that they were leaving, Semel says, "he was unprepared, and the three of us stood up and started hugging each other, and, frankly, we were all very tearful."

In many ways, the Daly-Semel marriage was highly complementary. Daly, who calls himself "the spoiled baby" in a large working-class Irish family, started at CBS in 1955, as an office boy making $41 a week—and giving $20 of that to his mother in Brooklyn. He put in 25 years at CBS before joining Warner in 1980. "There were two things Bob liked: baseball and Warner Bros.," says Leslie Moonves, former head of Warner Bros. Television. (Daly kept a pocket device that constantly apprised him of the Los Angeles Dodgers' scores.) When the corporate machinations at Time Warner put him in charge of music, he seemed utterly out of his element. "What are you doing here?" a former colleague used to ask Daly when he'd see him at the Grammy Awards. "You're the least hip person in the world."

Throughout their partnership, Daly put his emphasis on television while Semel focused on film. As he rose from distribution to Daly's top lieutenant—and, ultimately, his partner—Semel approved every promotional poster that emerged from the film side. Each Tuesday he and Daly would have a "go picture" lunch with executives working on current productions. "You wore a coat and tie that day and you brought your list and you hoped you'd get the floor," says former Warner production head Bill Gerber.

Both were consistently polite—a rarity in Hollywood. And Semel often managed to make negative decisions acceptable. "He was very charming in that way," says a former executive. "As bad as the news was, he had a way of making you feel O.K. about it. We used to call it getting Semelized."

A director who has made many films at Warner describes the process of Semelization: "He will stand and pace around the room, and he lifts up his index fingers, almost like he has wool for knitting between them, and he'll repeat something over and over and over again. It's not because he thinks you haven't heard it. He's ruminating. He will say . . . it . . . in . . . a . . . very . . . slow . . . methodical . . . way. If you're not schooled in it, you can get into a kind of hypnotized [state] . . . When you left, you didn't get an answer, and all he's done is lay out a bunch of interesting speculations. You can be very confused. 'Did he say yes? Did he say no? What am I supposed to do?'"

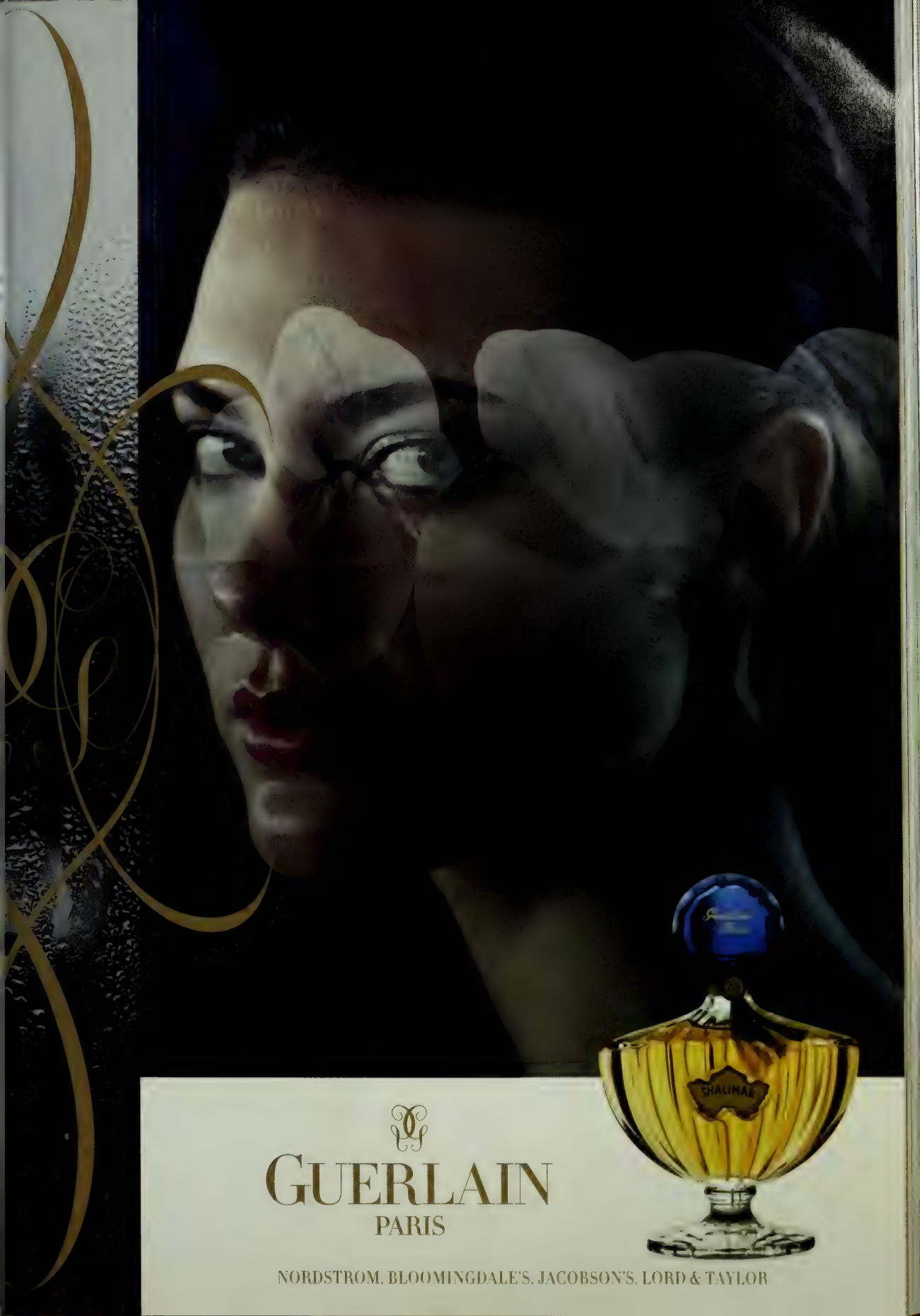
Even during his early days as a relatively junior executive, Semel had a reputation for living large. Others in the industry wondered how he afforded his life—at least until his ascent at Warner made the answer self-evident. While Daly was uniquely steady at the wheel, Semel was more complicated. He built a Michael Graves–designed house in Malibu with his wife of 22 years, Jane. Every time a studio had a vacancy at the top, he was inevitably rumored to be filling the position. In the early 90s, when Levin was struggling with a debt-laden, unwieldy corporation, Semel was said to be angling to take over. He appeared to be creating an image for himself on Wall Street. He bought a $12 million, 18-room apartment at 820 Fifth Avenue. In 1993, he considered taking over the flagging MGM studio.

Some Semel traits were said to be hard for his bosses—particularly Time Warner vice-chairman Ted Turner—to digest. Semel was famous for not returning phone calls and for starting meetings two hours late. As the studio struggled during the past couple of years, these habits became increasingly problematic, especially as other studios started pursuing talent more aggressively. "There were other people who were smart, who had planes, who could charm movie stars, and it wasn't just Warner Bros.' town anymore," says a veteran Warner executive. "They didn't welcome the Adam Sandlers, the Mike Myerses, the Chris Tuckers."

"You never, ever saw a crack between the two of them," a source says of Semel and Daly.

Semel says that he occasionally lost track of time and simply didn't return calls that should have been taken by other executives. And Daly says that he and Turner clashed early on over a proposed sale of rights to a package of Warner films to CBS. But Daly and Semel insist that they generally got along well with Turner, who wept at their departure. Still, Turner has conspicuously declined to contradict reports of friction among them. "I would have if I were him," Semel says. "I would have set the record straight."

Meantime, underlings—even very high-level underlings—were caught between the embrace of the comfortable Warner "family" and frustration at being shut out of the privy council. One thing was apparent: No matter how talented, you could



GUERLAIN

PARIS

NORDSTROM, BLOOMINGDALE'S, JACOBSON'S, LORD & TAYLOR

rise only so high at Warner. If it was up or out, the answer was always out. It was true for Rob Friedman, who served at the studio for 27 years before becoming vice-chairman of the motion-picture group at Paramount, and it was true for Moonves, who ran the studio's enormously successful television operation for six years before taking over at CBS. It was also true within the film studio, where a series of executives served and departed over the years: Mark Rosenberg, Mark Canton, Bruce Berman, and Bill Gerber.

On the other hand, those who reined in their ambitions had a home for life. Executive vice president and chief operating officer Barry Meyer has been there for 28 years; Warren Lieberfarb has run home video for 14 years. "Someone said it's like working for the post office," says a former Warner executive. "You had to kill somebody to get fired."

Levin, however, did not apply that philosophy from his perch on the 29th floor of the Time Warner headquarters at 75 Rockefeller Plaza. Five years ago, when he was nearing his low point, he began a corporate purge by pushing out the beloved Mo Ostin as head of the Warner Music Group. More casualties turned up: Robert Morgado ran the music division for four months before he was expensively fired; Michael Fuchs, the successful head of HBO, was then put in charge, only to be axed when his manifest ambitions became too much for Levin. (Each received a multimillion-dollar severance package.) In November 1995, Daly and Semel were put in charge of both music and the studio—a move that no one in the industry considered especially logical. But, for a time, Daly and Semel seemed untouchable.

Then came the last couple of years, during which Daly and Semel took a protracted turn in the barrel. The problems were with music and, more publicly, with film, though there was never a hint that Daly laid any of the blame on Semel for the latter. "You never, ever saw a crack between the two of them," says one of the film studio's departed executives. "Not a word."

There was a string of flops, including *Sphere, The Postman,* and *The Avengers,* based on the 1960s TV show. (The three cost a combined $245 million, but grossed only $78 million.) Still, these failures hardly seemed overwhelming. First, the studio had its powerhouse television division. The WB—bitterly opposed by Turner—was the fastest-growing of the new netlets, with hits such as *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* and *Dawson's Creek.* And Semel, having vowed to work harder at the movie business, had bounced back with the recent comedies *You've Got Mail* and *Analyze This* and the futuristic Keanu Reeves thriller *The Matrix.*

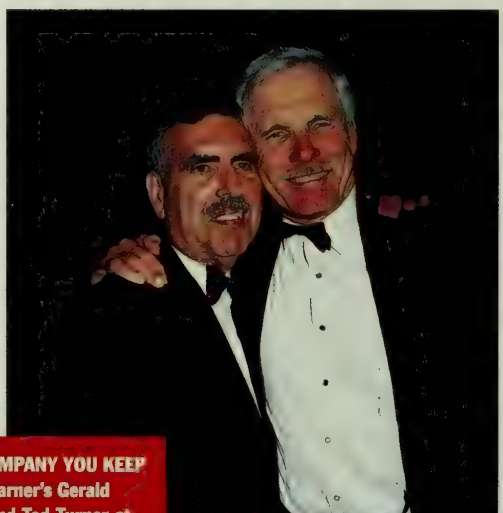
But then there was another dip in the studio's fortunes, thanks to *Wild Wild West,* the wildly expensive and bitterly disappointing reteaming of Will Smith and director Barry Sonnenfeld. Meanwhile, there was what insiders call "the New Line factor"—a reference to the production entity acquired when Time Warner bought Ted Turner's entertainment assets in 1996. New Line—as noted in Time Warner's recent glowing earnings report—has been cranking out hip winners such as *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me,* and doing it for a price. "They're making hit after hit," says a former Warner executive, "and they make them for $35 million, with talent like Chris Tucker, and they do it without the planes and the palaces."

Meanwhile, Levin's much-criticized gamble on cable had paid off handsomely, and Time Warner was riding high. So, if Levin had a long memory about those who had reportedly angled for his job in his darkest days, Daly and Semel's recent difficulties may have presented a tempting opportunity. It might have been awkward to attack them after the Ostin-Morgado-Fuchs debacle, and the industry outcry following Ostin's dismissal may have taught him that dumping icons can be a costly proposition.

But it is easy to imagine that Levin may have bided his time—waited until, say, Daly and Semel had their contracts up for renewal—to give a quiet turn to the screw. And then, with deep regret, he could allow them to slip away, apparently of their own volition.

Daly and Semel offer a different story. When they spoke during their unpublicized farewell with the Warner Bros. staff, Semel pointed out that he had started at the studio when Jack Warner was running it. He described a lifetime of slipping out of bed on Saturday mornings to check the fax machine for the previous

"If I were him," Semel says of vice-chairman Turner, "I would have set the record straight."

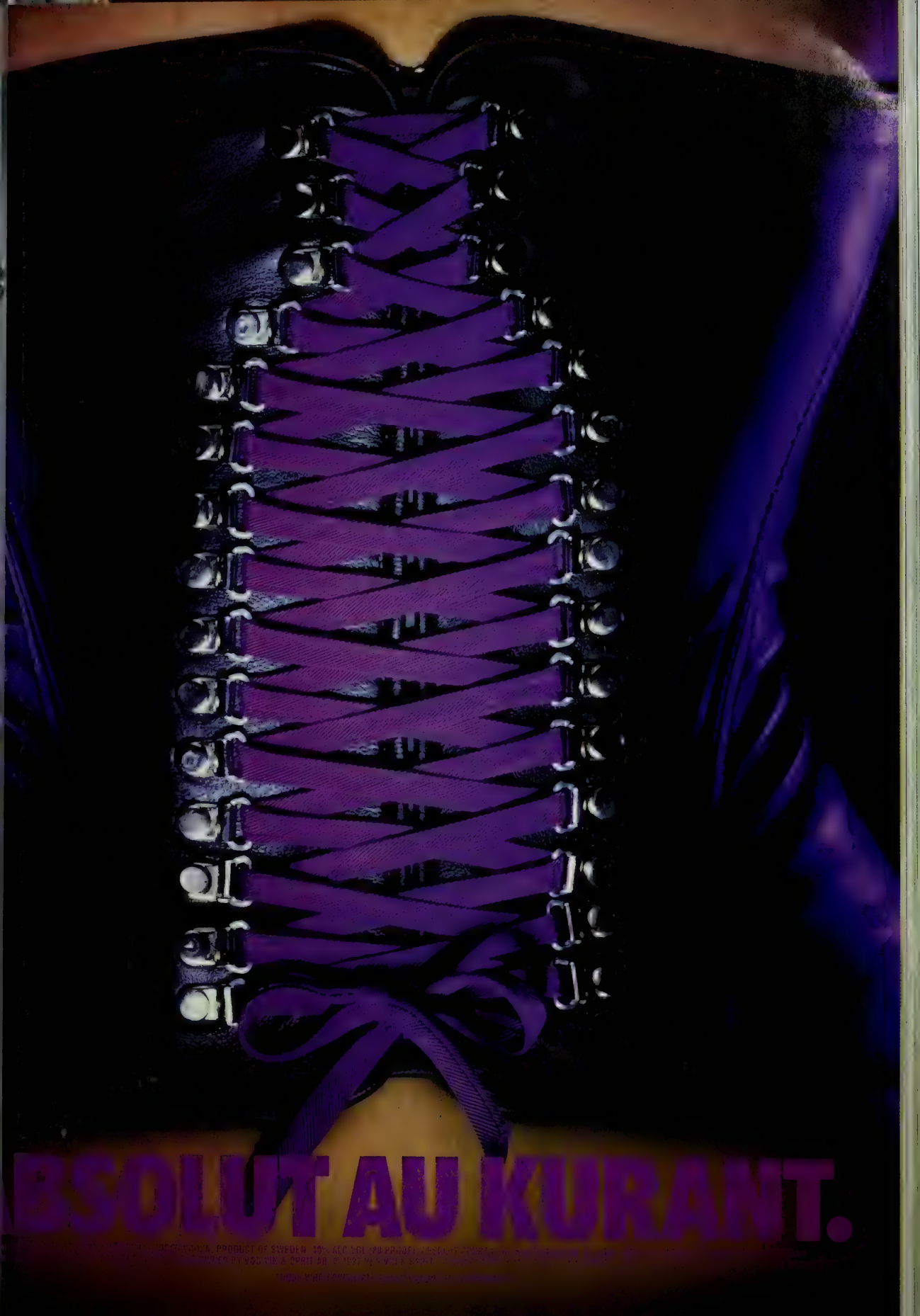


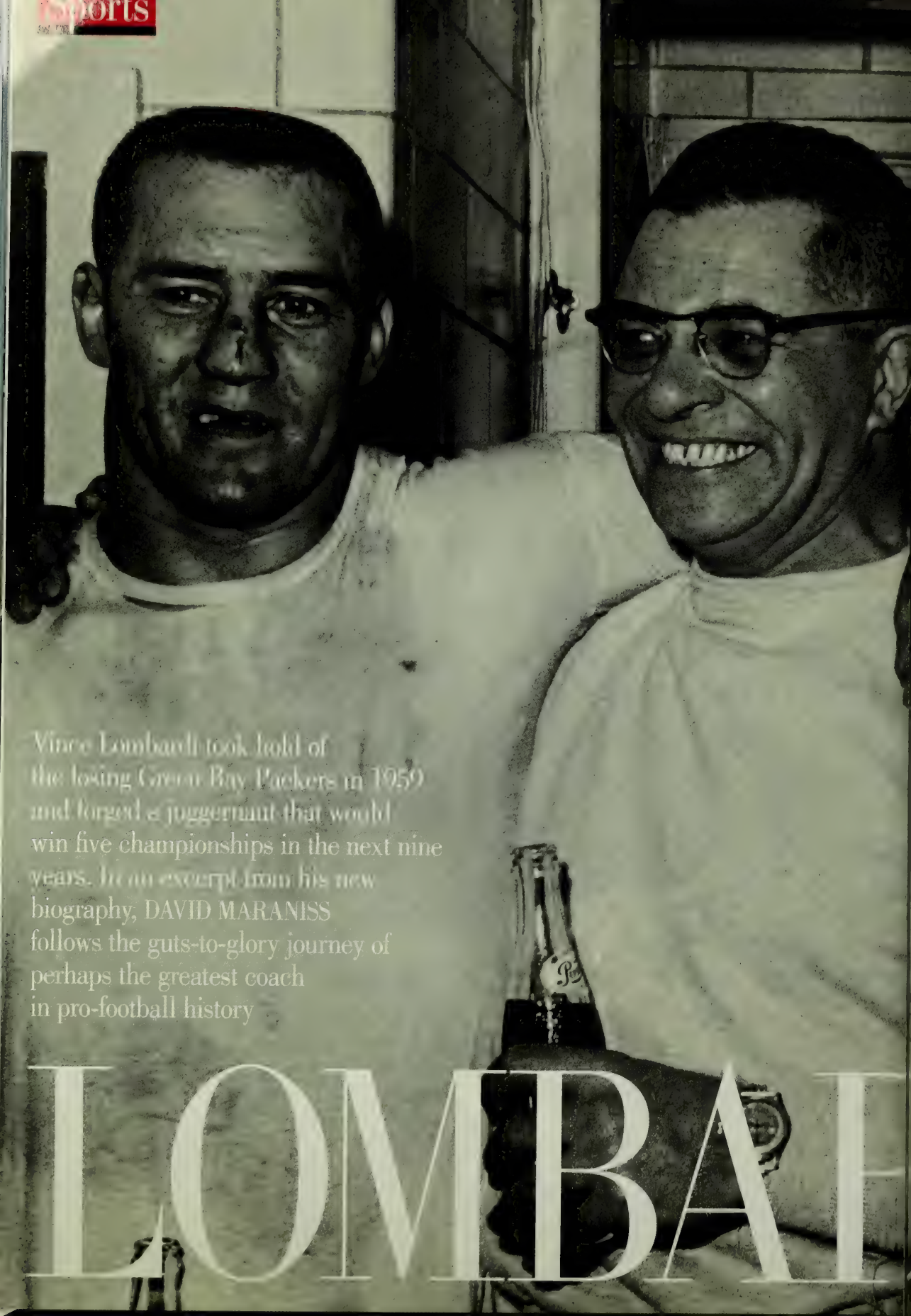
THE COMPANY YOU KEEP Time Warner's Gerald Levin and Ted Turner at the fifth-anniversary party for Court TV at New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art, September 24, 1996.

night's grosses. The rest of the weekend would be colored by what he read. "It's not the easiest way to wake up every Saturday," he said.

Daly could barely speak through his tears. "I started working when I was 18, right out of high school," he said in a quavering voice. "I have never taken more than two weeks' vacation at any given time in my life... I left the studio, I left CBS, every weekend with bags of mail, scripts—whatever." He paused to regain his composure. "I thought to myself, I'm 62 years old. I don't want to retire—I could *never* retire—but I don't want to kill myself. I thought CBS was Chapter One in my life, Warner Bros. was Chapter Two. If I did another five years, that's the last chapter. I said, 'There has to be another chapter in my life.'" Daly said he discussed the matter with his wife and family. "My children begged me to leave," he said. "I thought about it. The power. That chair. Is that important to me? It is the chair. It is the chair. I had the president of the United States wanting to call me the other day. Do I care? Do I care? ... The bottom line is: I have a very small, tight group of friends that really doesn't give a shit if I work at CBS or Warner Bros."

Daly vowed that the next chapter in his life has yet to be written. Both he and Semel have remained mum on the future. "I want to be clear in my head," Daly says. "I don't even want to think about it because you know what? My brain couldn't tell me what's the right thing to do right now. I'm still too worried about the third quarter." □


BSOLUT AU KURANT.



Vince Lombardi took hold of the losing Green Bay Packers in 1959 and forged a juggernaut that would win five championships in the next nine years. In an excerpt from his new biography, DAVID MARANISS follows the guts-to-glory journey of perhaps the greatest coach in pro-football history

LOMBAR



INVINCIBLE
Jim Taylor, Vince Lombardi, Paul Hornung, and Bart Starr in Milwaukee, after clinching their second Western Division championship, December 1967.

D'S WAY







THE ROAD TO "SIBERIA" ***Clockwise from top left:*** **Lombardi in college, set to become one of Fordham's Seven Blocks of Granite; packing for his new job as coach of the Packers; Lombardi's self-decorated office in Green Bay (note masculine accoutrements).**

Fame did not rush to Vince Lombardi. He was almost 46, with only 11 more years to live, when he was given a chance to show his skills as a pro-football coach. Before that, after growing up in Brooklyn and spending his college years at Fordham in the Bronx, where he was the least talented lineman among the legendary Seven Blocks of Granite, he had labored in obscurity for two long decades, a master apprentice refining his craft: eight years at St. Cecilia high in Englewood, New Jersey, two years assisting at his alma mater, five years at West Point under Colonel Earl H. (Red) Blaik, and five more as offensive coach of the New York Giants.

His break came in February 1959 when he was hired by Green Bay, a once-proud franchise that had in recent years become the league doormat, known to players around the league as "Siberia." A thousand flits of fate could have taken Lombardi somewhere else, yet his entire football life seemed to have readied him for that moment, when he could take his leather satchel full of diagrams, his temper and fire and perfectionism and fearsome grin, his mauve-and-white Chevy, and his struggling little family of wife Marie and children Vincent and Susan—take it all with him out to a small city in Wisconsin where he could bust out of the category *Sports Illustrated* had placed him in with its one-paragraph notice of his change of jobs, where he might become more than just a face in the crowd.

The offices of the Green Bay Packers had been redecorated while Lombardi drove west from New Jersey to Wisconsin with his family. During an earlier visit, he had examined the quarters—peeling walls, creaky floor, old leather chairs with holes in them, discarded newspapers and magazines piled on chairs and in the corner—and pronounced the setting unworthy of a National Football League club. "This is a disgrace!" he had remarked to his secretary, Ruth McKloskey. Walls were torn down, others repainted, desks shifted, cubicles and counters constructed, new furniture brought in, all to give it a more formal —Vince would say profe sional—appearance. For h own office, which he ha appropriated from the d moted former general ma ager, he selected a wallp per made of tan burla McKloskey thought it looked strange ar presented a health hazard, as she later r membered. "I almost died when they we putting it up because it was in great b rolls and lint was flying out all over th room. The men putting it up were groa ing the whole time. When Mrs. Lombar finally came in she said, 'Who in th world thought of this?' Mr. Lombardi w kind of sheepish about it. He thought looked mannish."

The style of the remodeled office this instance was less important than th message Lombardi meant to impart. Th losing ways of the old days were gon The "Green Bay Packahs," as Lombar called them, were starting over, in th spirit of the new. "We're not just going start with a clean slate," he said. "We' going to throw the old slate away."

On his first morning on the job, Lor bardi delivered no stirring speeches to h staff. This did not mean that he disdain

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Excerpted from *When Pride Still Mattered: A Life of Vince Lombardi,* by David Maraniss, to be published in October by Simon & Schuster; © 1999 by the author.



Martin Ford, Cardmember since 1997

On a recent trip abroad, I met up with some joker on St. Albert Street. After asking me for a light, he clocked me. My wallet? Gone. My face? Still there. Broke and unable to speak the language, I called American Express. They got me a translator, settled my hotel bill, and sent me a new Card the next day. Thanks. It only hurts when I laugh.



do more

pep talks, but rather that he viewed his assistants as technicians; he did not expect them to be emotional leaders. He jealously guarded that role for himself, and saved his emotion for his players. He was not inclined to cede power to anyone. Before his first meeting with the seven-member executive board, which oversaw the club for the city's 1,600 shareholders, he stayed late at the office and went over his contract paragraph by paragraph with Ruth McKloskey, crossing out clauses that in any way appeared to limit his power and flexibility. "One that I distinctly remember him crossing out is a paragraph that he couldn't drink in public places," McKloskey later recalled. "Mr. Lombardi said, 'No one's going to tell me where I'm going to drink!'"—an assertion of independence that he would not allow his players. At the board meeting, he announced that in the unlikely event he needed help, he would ask for it. "I want it understood that I am in complete command," he declared. If Dominic Olejniczak, the diminutive president of the board, still harbored notions of power, Lombardi quickly disabused him of those by usurping his parking space.

"No one's going to tell me where to drink! . . . I want it understood that I am in complete command."

His imperious leadership style was partly a manifestation of his innately bossy nature, but circumstances also played a practical role in determining the coaching persona he assumed with the Packers. He felt that he had to be the antithesis of his unsuccessful predecessor, the happy-go-lucky Scooter McLean, and part of that necessarily meant distancing himself from the people in a small, busybody town. He had given "considerable thought" to the adjustment he would have to make, he mused aloud one day, not only the psychological transition from assistant to boss, but also the cultural shift from New York to Green Bay. "I realize it will be different here, where most everybody knows" everyone else, he said. "The coaches and players have an entirely different problem" compared with those in large cities "who can easily get lost."

The matter that required the least adjustment from Lombardi's New York days was football itself. He had brought the Giants' offensive playbook with him and set about teaching it to his assistants that first week, using his football bible (the tan satchel) and a chalkboard as his pedagogical tools. "We knew Lombardi was going to be disciplined because he started with us on Day One," offensive assistant Red Cochran said later. "Every day, Vince took a certain amount of time that we sat down and went through football just like we were learning it for the first time. He was on the blackboard teaching us with the same techniques that we eventually would use with players. He told us what plays we were going to run, how they were going to be blocked. We were making up our own notebooks at the time, putting all the plays on cards like he had—8½-by-11-inch notebook cards with holes in them, just like his bible. I'd call mine my brains. I'd say I left my brains somewhere if I didn't have my notebook. It was Lombardi's brains."

Lombardi vacillated between optimism and despair during those early days in Green Bay. He was "Mr. High-Low" again, a nickname given him by his coaching colleagues in New York. At times he was surprised by joy, the feeling that had overtaken him as a boy back at St. Francis Prep in Brooklyn when he first realized that he loved football. Now football in Green Bay was his whole world, and he was the master of it, a sublime state of freedom that the Jesuits at Fordham and Colonel Blaik at Army had predicted would be his if he were diligent, disciplined, obedient, willing to pay the price. Now he was even free to relax. One night he invited the staff to his rental house on Mission Street for a party—not just the football people, but also the secretaries and clerks and their spouses. Marie had the food catered, and Vince played bartender. The guests were nervous and hesitant at first, uncertain about how to behave in an informal setting with Mr. Lombardi. After a few drinks, Pat Cochran, the wife of Red Cochran, said her feet hurt. "Anyone mind if I take off my shoes?" she asked, flinging her high heels aside. The other women were startled, and a moment of awkward silence passed until Lombardi broke into his toothy grin and said, "That's a good idea, let's all take our shoes off!" He untied his wing tips and lined them up at the side of the couch. "This feels good," he said, wiggling his toes. He was still in his stocking feet at the end of the night, standing at the door, saying good-bye.

But on other days Lombardi felt isolated and out of his element. Yes, he was master of this world, but what kind of world was it? There was more excitement on one block of midtown Manhattan, or the Grand Concourse in the Bronx, or Sheepshead Bay Road out in Brooklyn, than in all of this dark, snow-slushed, wide, and empty place. In a strange environment, the mo trivial deprivation can feed the large worry. At first he couldn't find a har breakfast roll anywhere in town; his tea might not be any good—both though jangled around in his mind, increasing h anxiety. Yes, he had freedom, but th meant freedom to fail. Late one afternoo after being closeted in the film room sinc eight in the morning, he slumped dow the stairs and sat behind his desk i brooding silence, head in hands. Rut McKloskey had never seen him disconso late before—she had only known the a sertive side of his personality—and h melancholy alarmed her. When sh looked closer it appeared that he new boss had tears in h eyes. She walked ove to him and asked wha was wrong. As McKloskey late recounted the scene, "He saic 'I think I've taken on more tha I can handle. Will you pray for me an help me?' He was just as frightened a we were. I remember that very vividl Very touching. He was scared."

As the long northern winter persiste through February, March, and Apri Lombardi and his staff huddled insid the office on Washington Street, gradin film and analyzing personnel. In May the took their first look at a few players, whe the quarterbacks were flown in for a week end minicamp, but even then there was n throwing; it was brains Lombardi wante to deal with first, not arms. Lamar McHar Bart Starr, and Joe Francis, as well as few receivers who happened to be i town, were taken to the second-floor filr area, where a classroom had been create for them. Lombardi handed out assign ments, the playbooks, and worked wit them all the first morning on the termino ogy of his offense. "We're going to take giant step backward, gentlemen," he be gan. By that he meant that he was aski his quarterbacks to forget everything the knew about plays and play calling, t empty their brains so that he could fil them up again with his system. He would teach it to them just as he had taugh physics at St. Cecilia in the early 40s, s that the slowest person in the room un derstood everything he said, writing it i chalk on a blackboard. A coach "must b a pedagogue," he explained. "He has t pound the lessons into the players by rote the same way you teach pupils in th classroom."

The quarterbacks had not experienced anything like this before. When Scoote McLean had been head coach the previ ous year, leading the Packers to thei worst-ever season (one win, 10 losses, one

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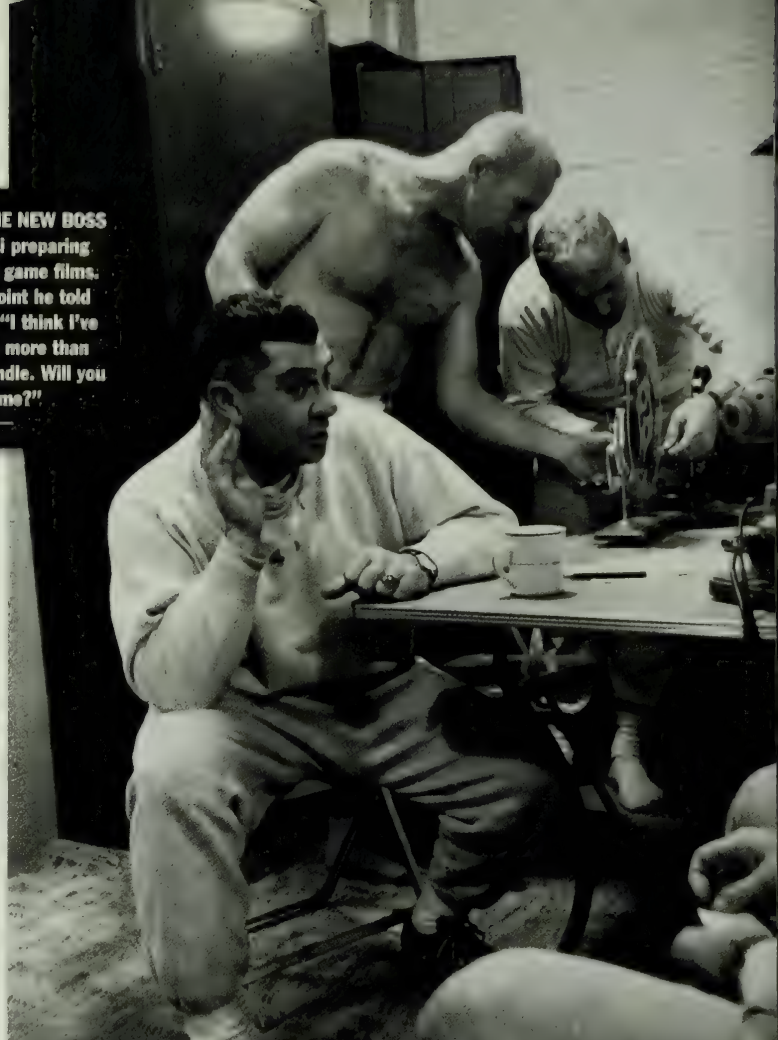
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tie), the playbook was more than four inches thick. Lombardi's was an inch and a half. Scooter's plays were wordy and needlessly complicated; Lombardi's were clear and easy to remember. To call an end sweep in the old days, the quarterback had had to recite a nonsensical rataplan of names and numbers: 49 Bill O Grace Ed, or 49 MO Grace Pop. With Lombardi, the same play was just 49. The 4 signified the formation and 9 the hole—simple as that. In other systems, the quarterback called blocking patterns for offensive linemen. With Lombardi, blocking calls were left to the linemen. There were fewer plays, but more options within each play. Lombardi taught the quarterbacks how to read the defense and select from the options in a rational and dependable way so that they did not feel confused or overwhelmed. In accompaniment with each play he presented the logic of it. "They call it coaching, but it is teaching," he said. "You do not just tell them it is so, but you show them the reasons why it is so, and you repeat and repeat until they are convinced, until they know."



MEET THE NEW BOSS Lombardi preparing to watch game films. At one point he told an aide, "I think I've taken on more than I can handle. Will you pray for me?"

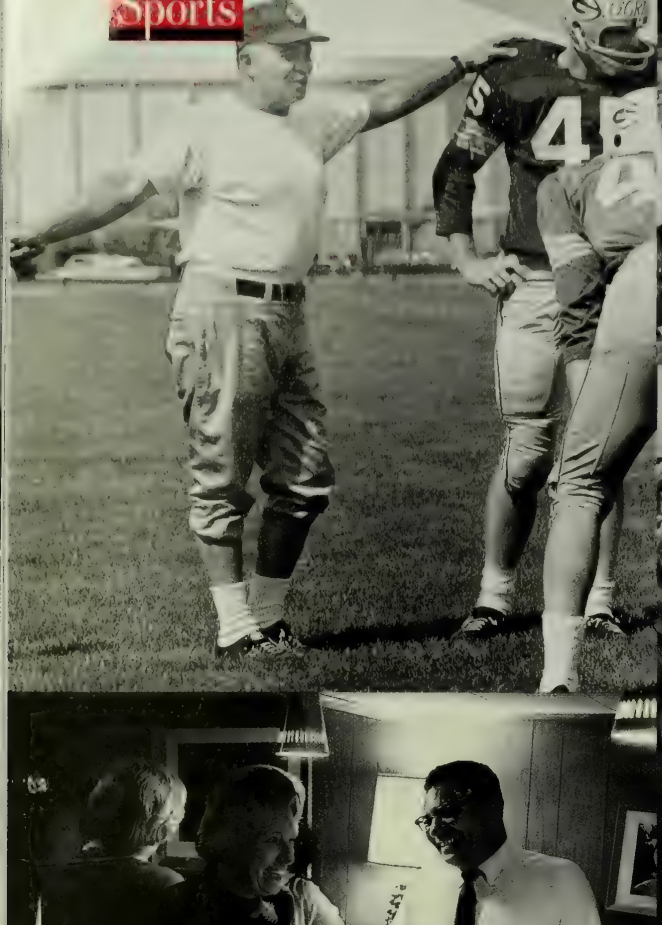
It might sound unimaginative, but there was in this a touch of Lombardi's genius. Even in his repetitive drills, he had a way of making the mundane seem important, the football variation of a masterly novelist who can take the muddle of everyday life and bring clarity and sense to it, and allow readers to see, in a new way, what was in front of their eyes all along, transforming the petty into the significant. Bart Starr was on the edge of his seat, listening—*getting it* for the first time. All "the crap" was gone, this was "right to the bone," simple, yet "so refreshing and exciting," Starr thought. Everything was accounted for, labeled, identified, put in order, fundamental and sound. You could tell that the coach believed in what he was doing. His tone of voice, his posture, his manner, it all made you believe. It all made sense. Starr knew after the first 20 minutes that Lombardi was giving them a new world, and from then on he felt an insatiable hunger for more. When the players took their first break late that morning, Starr ran downstairs and called his wife, Cherry, in Birmingham. "I think we're going to begin to win," he blurted into the phone.

Bart Starr ran to call his wife. "I think we're going to begin to win," he blurted into the phone.

Two months later, on the evening of Thursday, July 23, Lombardi stood at the front entrance of St. Norbert's Sensenbrenner Hall and shook hands with the first-year men, quarterbacks and centers—the first wave of players to report for training camp. A month earlier he had reached his 46th birthday. He had waited since the summer of 1946, his last season as head coach at St. Cecilia high school, for a moment like this, when he could work with players from the first day of camp and have the power to shape them into a team in his image. As he described it later, those were "thirteen very long years, especially for a fellow with a naturally explosive temper and a seething impatience." But perhaps he was fortunate that he had to wait so long; when his time finally arrived, he was exuding confidence and a sense that he knew precisely what to do. And now here came the first troops, the rookies and a handful of veteran moving through the receiving line of coaches that summer evening. Lombardi stood up right, all teeth and firm grip, with a friendly comment for each of them: *Good to see ya. Welcome to the Packahs. Look at those hands, Phil! Heh! Heh.*

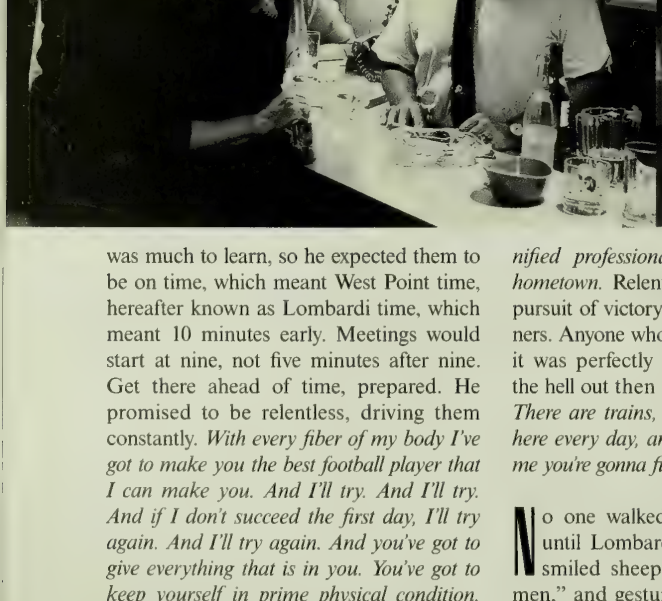
On Sunday evening he addressed the full squad inside Sensenbrenner Hall. He had been rehearsing riffs in the speech for months, turning it over in his mind from the time he had driven up to Green Bay with his family that snowy day in February. He started with the practical: First the playbooks, they were important, the bible, here's what happens if you lose one. Then the practices, tight and exact, an hour and a half, twice a day, the way Army coach Colonel Blaik had taught him, and the players would know exactly what they were supposed to be doing every minute. There


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MR. HIGH-LOW
Clockwise from top left: **Lombardi at practice; the Packers on a train; with team wives and gift mink stoles; with his own wife, Marie, in their rec room.**

was much to learn, so he expected them to be on time, which meant West Point time, hereafter known as Lombardi time, which meant 10 minutes early. Meetings would start at nine, not five minutes after nine. Get there ahead of time, prepared. He promised to be relentless, driving them constantly. *With every fiber of my body I've got to make you the best football player that I can make you. And I'll try. And I'll try. And if I don't succeed the first day, I'll try again. And I'll try again. And you've got to give everything that is in you. You've got to keep yourself in prime physical condition, because fatigue makes cowards of us all.*

He would have no tolerance for the half-hearted, the defeatist, the loser. The goal was to be the New York Yankees of football. World champions, every day, year-round. Admired everywhere. No more T-shirts on the road. Team blazers and ties for everyone. *Wherever you go, you represent the team. You will talk like, you will look like, and you will act like the most dignified professional in your hometown.* Relentless in the pursuit of victory. Only winners. Anyone who didn't like it was perfectly free to get the hell out then and there. *There are trains, planes, and buses leaving here every day, and if you don't produce for me you're gonna find yourself on one of them.*

No one walked out. There was silence until Lombardi cleared his throat and smiled sheepishly and said, "Gentlemen," and gestured that the meeting was over. As the players filtered out of the room, Lombardi caught wide receiver Max McGee's glance and nudged him over to the corner, just the two of them. McGee had been in the league since 1954, the same year Lombardi joined the pro ranks. He had been through two Packer head coaches, Liz Blackbourn and Scooter McLean, and he had never witnessed anything quite like what Lombardi had just done. To him it was as though they had worked in the dark for five years and someone had come in and "turned on the lights." Lombardi could not read McGee's face, but there was something about the veteran's wide-open manner that softened him, allowed him to reveal uncertainties that he usually kept hidden.

"What'd you think?" Lombardi asked.

"Well, I'll tell ya, you got their attention, Coach!" McGee responded. "There's no doubt about that."

"You know, I wasn't sure," Lombardi confided. "Everybody could have gotten up and walked out for all I knew."

Some players might have considered walking out during the next week. The practice sessions seemed brutal compared to the lackadaisical training they had undertaken with Scooter a year earlier. Three laps around the goalposts at the start. Then 20 minutes of nonstop calisthenics,



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West Point style, ending with the Up-Down grass drill, running in place, Lombardi striding through the ranks, the players wondering, Where is he? *Get those knees up, Knafelc! Keep those legs moving! FRONT!* They dive on their stomachs. *UP!* They pop back up thinking, Where is he now? Who's he looking at? Hawg's going down and he isn't coming up. . . .

Hawg was Joel David Hanner, the defensive tackle whose nickname captured his rural-Arkansas roots and voracious appetite. Since joining the Packers in 1952, Hawg had made a habit of eating his way through the off-season and slowly working his way into shape. His blubber was deceptive. Even after Hawg had indulged at the trough, no one wanted to line up against him and discover once again that he was quicker and stronger. He checked into camp weighing 278 pounds, massive by the standards of that era, but after two days of Lombardi drills he had lost 18 pounds, and at the end of the Up-Downs on the second afternoon he keeled over from sunstroke and ended up at the appropriately named St. Vincent Hospital, receiving liquids intravenously. He thought he was finished, but came back and found that "the toughest grind" he had ever encountered became easier day by day as he lost weight, until he was down to playing shape at 250.

"Controlled violence" is what Lombardi called football, and he did not consider the phrase an oxymoron. The violence was as important to him as the control. He distinguished controlled violence from brutality, which he said "ultimately defeats itself," but he did not try to minimize the role of violence. To approach football any other way, he said, "would be idiotic." Every play began with a series of planned collisions, blocker and tackler, one man hitting, another hitting back, up and down the line. That was the pure element of the sport, the first Lombardi commandment: Thou Shalt Hit. *Hit me!* He had first heard those words as a freshman at Fordham during opening week of practice up on the scrimmage field at Rose Hill, Frank Leahy, the line coach, standing across from him and demanding a thwack. For the Packers, Lombardi instituted a drill called the Nutcracker that became his symbol of controlled violence. Two blocking dummies were laid down on the field about five yards apart. The action had to take place within that confined space. The quarterback handed off to a running back, who ran for daylight between the dummies, but even the runner was incidental to the play. The violence was between an offensive lineman, blocking for the runner, and a defender who had to try to fight off the blocker and make the tackle. The defender's advantage was that he knew the play was a run. The blocker's only advantage was that he knew the snap count, allowing him to get in the first lick.

The Nutcracker was Lombardi's "test of manhood" for offensive linemen, according to Bob Skoronski, the big left tackle from Indiana, who was returning to the pro game in 1959 after missing two years for military service. Skoronski knew that there were many factors that could help him make a block during a game—the defensive formation, the uncertainty of the defender about pass or run, the double-teaming with another blocker—but with the Nutcracker drill, there was nothing to make it easier, "no escaping it," as Skoronski said. If you "didn't have the courage to get your head in and get that guy out of there" the Nutcracker would expose you. "Coach Lombardi loved it. He would be right in the midst of it, hovering over you, urging you on. He would get so excited about a good block." Most of the players, especially on offense, did not share their coach's enthusiasm. As Gary Knafelc, the tight end, waited in line for his turn, he gazed anxiously across the way to the corresponding line of defenders, counting back to see which one he would have to face. No one wanted Hanner, the immovable object, but Knafelc most feared Ray Nitschke, a second-year linebacker out of Illinois, who seemed to be salivating for his chance to slap and whack and "pound the hell" out of him.

Pain was a means to an end. The art was in what pain created: tireless, fearless, unbeatable men.

And there stood Lombardi, pushing for more, laughing. The image lingers, for any examination of Lombardi as a leader inevitably leads to the subject of pain. The infliction of pain is an unavoidable part of professional football: pain is suffered by most players on almost every play. Football is hitting, and hitting causes pain. In other professions, pain is largely mental or symbolic, a word used to denote hard effort or the enduring of a difficult process. In football, pain is those things as well, but it begins with the physical: throbbing, aching, piercing, dizzying, screaming, vomiting, fear-inducing, and fear-conquering pain. It is misleading to say that Lombardi was a sadistic coach who derived satisfaction from the pain of his players. Even if that were true on a superficial level, it misses a larger meaning of pain in Lombardi's view of the world. He operated from a philosophy of pain complex and contradictory, woven from the geographic, cultural, religious, and physical threads of his life.

His mother disciplined him with pain, believing it could bring him closer to perfection. His father insisted to him that pain did not exist, that it was only in his mind, that it indeed could be overcome through persistence and denial. As he had learned at Fordham, pain was an aspect of Jesuitical free will, endured not with resignation but by choice, not from fear but out of hope. The penance of pain was accepted as a ritual leading to something more noble than individual desire. Paying the price, in Red Blaik's phrase, meant withstanding and conquering pain. Pain was a means to an end, not an end in itself. The art was not in the pain but in what pain created: tireless, fearless, unbeatable men. To succumb to pain for no greater purpose was to accept defeat. That is why Lombardi drove his men toward pain, and it is why he was so distraught during the first week of practice when he entered the Green Bay training room one morning and saw more than a dozen players seeking treatment for minor bumps and bruises and lounging in the whirlpool. Serious injuries were one thing, but this looked like malingering. "What is this, an emergency casualty ward?" he thundered. "This has got to stop. This is disgraceful. I have no patience with the small hurts that are bothering most of you." The next morning, the training room was virtually empty.

Lombardi's philosophy of pain was intensified by the contradictions of his own experience. He was constantly fighting his vulnerability to pain. He had a low pain threshold, and his athletic career was littered with injuries large and small that took him off the field. At his first high school, the pre-seminary Cathedral Prep, which did not even have a football team, the joke was that "Lombardi has more injuries than Hoover has commissions." At Fordham, he missed most of his freshman year, part of his sophomore year, and three games in his junior year due to injuries. His susceptibility to injury was matched only by his determination to recover. When he became a coach, the football trainers often treated Lombardi for minor complaints that he would not tolerate among his players: sore joint, headache, hangnail, nervous stomach. It is a characteristic of many leaders that they


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RUN TO WIN
The Packer locker room. Teamwork, in Lombardi's view, would find its ultimate expression in the play known as the Green Bay sweep.

confront their own weaknesses indirectly, by working to eliminate them in others, strengthened in that effort by their intimate knowledge of frailty. So it was with Lombardi and pain. It was in seeking a triumph of character and will for both himself and the team that he exhorted his Packers to confront pain, and stood there, laughing, as Ray Nitschke pounded the hell out of another blocker in the Nutcracker drill.

Lombardi's body seemed to pulsate as he spoke:

Go through that door and bring back a victory!

Before the start of the 1959 season, most pro-football experts picked Green Bay to remain in the cellar of the Western Conference. "Last and probably least—that's the sad forecast for the once-proud Packers. They've got a good new coach in Vince Lombardi, but he might as well kiss this one off as a rebuilding year," wrote *Sport* magazine. But the team knew it was better than that. Through six pre-season games, four of them victories, the players grew more convinced week by week that they could play with anyone in the league. In preparation for the opener against the rival Chicago Bears, Lombardi concentrated on building his new team's sense of family and community. He moved the club, including wives and children, to suburban Milwaukee for a final week of training and bonding on the grounds of a private boarding school. This was a time of year that he came to relish. He had made the final cuts, the team was set, the playbooks had been studied and learned. Now they could go out to the practice field and drill the same play over and over until it was in their blood, part of their reflexive being. This was not just any play, but *the* play, the power sweep, which came to be known as the Green Bay sweep.

Since his days at West Point, Lombardi had based his football philosophy on Red Blaik's belief that perfection came with simplicity. The theory was to discard the immaterial and refine those few things that one did best. Years later, looking back on his development of the power sweep, Lombardi suggested that "every team arrives at a lead play, a No. 1 play, a bread and butter play. It is the play that the team knows it must make go and the one that opponents know they must stop." The sweep was Lombardi's No. 1 play. His offense started with it and revolved around it.

In his football lexicon, it was known as the 49—*Red Right 49 on 2,* the quarterback might say. The 4 signified the formation, Right 9 was the hole closest to the right sideline, and 2 was the snap count. *Red Right 49 on 2.* Over and over again. Nothing could make Lombardi happier than the call of that play. The Packers first learned the sweep in their heads, with Lombardi at the chalkboard, instructing in the same fashion that he had taught physics back at St. Cecilia, so that the dimmest pupil could comprehend. The beauty of the sweep, like all of Lombardi's teachings, was that it accommodated seemingly contradictory principles: it was simple yet subtle, direct yet flexible.

Every player was taught not just what he should do under normal conditions, but how to respond to any unexpected defense. Position by position, Lombardi went through as many as 20 defensive possibilities, offering his players a logical response to each of them. Some coaches, considered innovative, might have 20 plays but no options for any of them; Lombardi, sometimes mischaracterized as unimaginative, preferred one play with 20 options. It was a variation of the Jesuit concept of freedom within discipline. The sweep symbolized the philosophical lineage from Ignatius Loyola to Vince Lombardi, both said to be limited to one great idea, but unrestrained in the incomparable realization of it. The sweep had another meaning in Lombardi's system: it was his definition of team, a play in which the offensive players had to think and react together, 11 brains and bodies working as one. "Everyone was important in the sweep," said tight end Ron Kramer, recalling in his own lively language the message he took from Lombardi. "It's really all of life. We all have to do things together to make this thing we call America great. If we don't, we're fucked."

In the locker room before the first regular-season game of Lombardi's head-coaching career, against the Bears in Green Bay, his players were overtaken by a sensation they had not felt in a long time. Something was transforming them; as they put on their Packers uniforms, they seemed surprisingly calm and self-assured. Lombardi worked the room, moving from locker to locker, shaking hands with his men, looking into their eyes, making sure they were ready. Then he gathered them around him for a pre-game speech, and his will to win took on a physical manifestation. His body seemed to pulsate as he spoke, his words closing a circle of pride and emotion that had begun decades earlier, back when the head coach at Fordham, Sleepy Jim Crowley, roused his Blocks of Granite by evoking the image of his old mother listening to their game against St. Mary's on the radio as she sat in a rocking chair and counted her rosary beads out in Green Bay, a mythic place in the American heartland that Vinnie Lombardi, right guard among the Seven Blocks of Granite, had never seen.... And now here he was, in that same far-away place, his coaching dream a reality at last, drawing on his memory of Crowley's ancient exhortation to the team manager to open the door and get out of the


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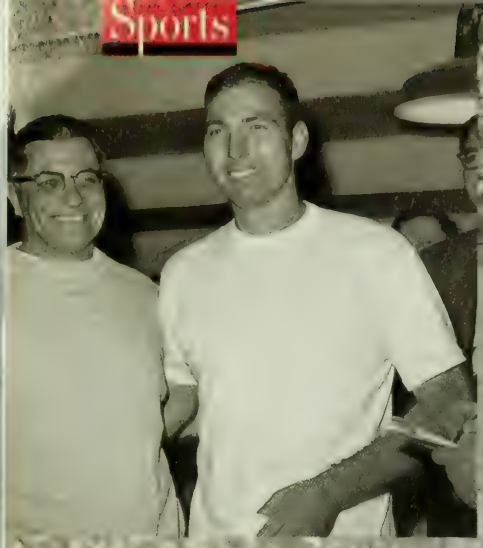
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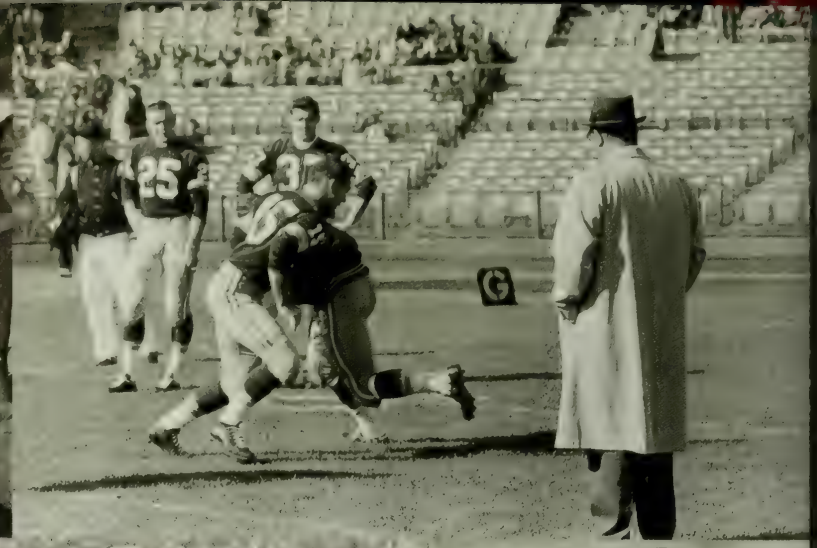


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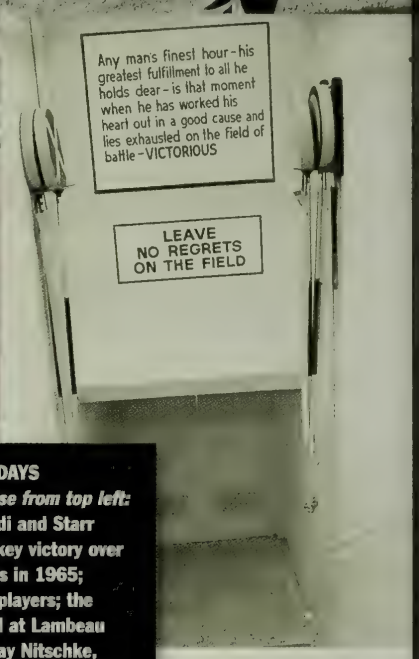
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GLORY DAYS
Clockwise from top left: **Lombardi and Starr after a key victory over the Colts in 1965; drilling players; the stairwell at Lambeau Field; Ray Nitschke, second from left, 1960, during a game in San Francisco.**

way, son, here comes my Fordham team!

Now go through that door and bring back a victory! Lombardi told his Packers, and with those words Bill (Bubba) Forester, a veteran linebacker, jumped up with a frenzied roar and banged his arm on a metal locker, causing his worst injury of the year, but not bad enough to stop him from leading his band of brothers, consumed by their mission, on a rampage out of the dressing room into the darkening gloom and mist of City Stadium (later renamed Lambeau Field).

For all his obsession with offense, Lombardi had arrived at his head-coaching position realizing that a fierce defense was the first requirement of a winning tradition. He gave his defensive coach, Phil Bengtson, more freedom and responsibility than his other assistants. Bengtson ran the defensive meetings and called the defensive alignments during the game. With his phlegmatic demeanor, tall, pensive, and cerebral, a Camel always dangling from his lips, Bengtson was a perfect counterpoint to his boss; the players often found him a welcome relief from the head coach's relentlessness. But even then, it was Lombardi's defense; in the end, it was still his fire that burned inside all his players. And it was the defense that brought Lombardi victory in his professional debut. The offense misplayed three easy touchdown opportunities in the first half, but Green Bay's linebackers swarmed over Chicago on the waterlogged field, limiting the Bears to two field goals, and the Packers finally put enough points on the board in the final seven minutes to win 9 to 6. Jim Taylor busted in for a five-yard touchdown run, and Hawg Hanner, the razorback giant who had collapsed on the practice field during the first week of pre-season drills, now had enough stamina near the end of the game to tackle Bears quarterback Ed Brown in the end zone for a clinching safety—a play that had been set up by Max McGee's end-over-end 61-yard punt, which rolled out of bounds on the Chicago two.

There were 32,150 fans in the stadium that day, unaccustomed in recent years to football success, and they counted down the last 14 seconds like it was the end of a championship game. When the final gun sounded, Jim Ringo, the center, scooped up the ball and raced to the sidelines. "You deserve this more than anybody else," he said, handing the official "Duke" pigskin to Lombardi. A phalanx of Packers swept the coach off his feet, shouting a victory chant as they bore him on their shoulders and trotted off the muddy field up the ramp to the delirium of a winner's locker room. His CONTINUED ON PAGE



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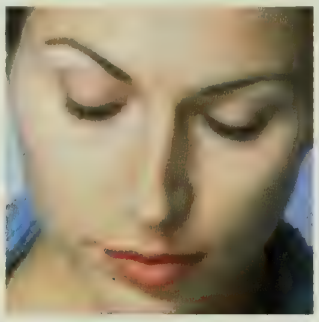
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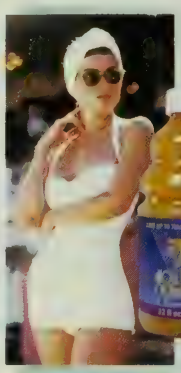
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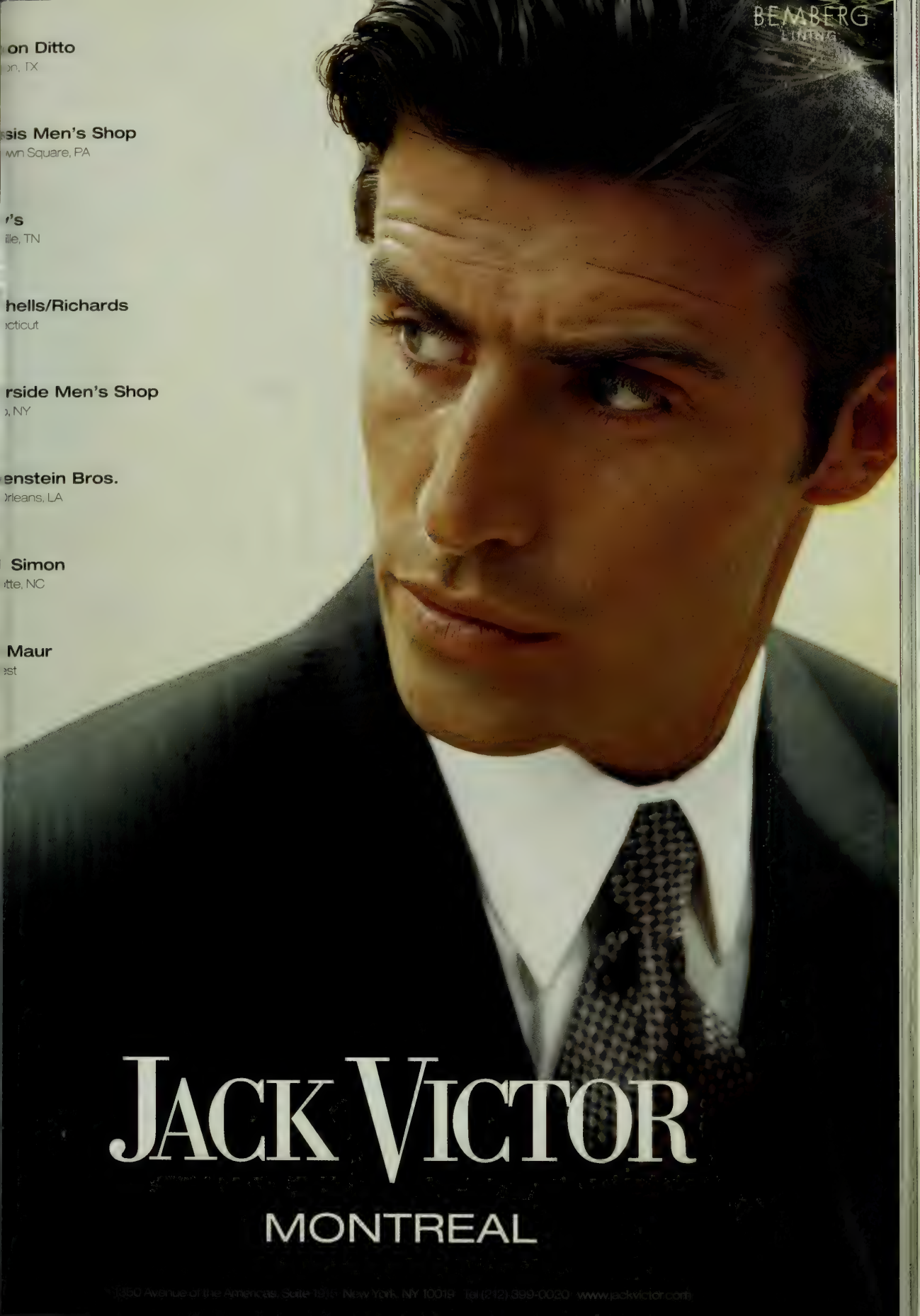
Highlights: gift guide



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NTINUED FROM PAGE 226 players had ver seen a happier man than Lombardi er that game. He had "a grin that would t come off" as he spread praise all ound until he found Max McGee and bbed him by the cheeks and kissed him rd on the lips for that game-saving punt. ow much did winning mean to this ach? McGee now knew the answer. ey all liked to win, every player wants to , but no one wanted to win as much as it "big smackeroo."

Lombardi won the N.F.L.'s coach-of-the-ir honors that first season, leading Green y to a seven-and-five record, and the next ir he and his team were in the N.F.L. mpionship game. They lost to the Phil-elphia Eagles, but were driving to a win-ng touchdown when the clock ran out, d continued that momentum through the cade, becoming the dominant team in -football history, winning e championships in nine rs. They defeated the New rk Giants in 1961 d 1962 and the eveland Browns in 65, and after the F.L.'s merger with the A.F.L. won the st two Super Bowls, defeating Kansas ty and Oakland after the 1966 and 1967 asons. But the signature game of Lom-rdi's Packers came in the league champi-ship in 1967, before the Super Bowl ainst the Raiders. It was played at Lam-au Field on New Year's Eve. The Packers re said to be old and fading, the Dallas wboys—led by coach Tom Landry and Doomsday Defense—young and domi-ting. But pride still mattered.

d Sabol could not sleep the night be-fore a title game. He and his son Steve had been working pro-football champi-ships for their company, NFL Films, ice 1962, and every year he was ner-us, as if he had never done this before. ere his cameras in the right locations? ould there be a dramatic story line? ould the weather create problems again? seven on the morning of December 31, 67, he already had been awake for two urs, and now he was standing at the ndow of his hotel room, staring out into e northern darkness. Friday had seemed forgiving in Green Bay, with heavy snow d a fierce wind, but on Saturday there as a brilliant winter sun, and the temper-ure soared toward 30. Local forecasters d predicted more of the same for to-y's one-o'clock game.

The telephone rang. Steve, who had en asleep in the other bed, fumbled for e receiver.

"Good morning, Mr. Sabol."

The wake-up message came in a gentle, singsong voice.

"It is 16 degrees below zero and the wind is out of the north. Now have a nice day."

"Dad," Steve said. "You're not going to believe this!"

The same words of disbelief were being uttered all over town. The phone at Paul's Standard, a gas station on South Broadway, had started ringing at five that morning, and the overnight man couldn't handle it, so owner Paul Mazzoleni himself went in and took to the streets with his tow truck and jumper cables. One of his first stops was at the home of free safety Willie Wood, who was standing next to his dead car, shivering, convinced that even when Mazzoleni brought his frozen battery back to life he was not going anywhere. "It's just too cold to play," Wood said. "They're gonna call this game off. They're not going to play in this."

"Good morning. It is 16 degrees below zero and the wind is out of the north. Have a nice day."

Chuck Mercein, the new man on the Packers, brought in at midseason to help fortify the depleted backfield, was alone in his apartment, semiconscious; his clock radio had just gone off. Had he really just heard someone say it was 13 below? He must have misunderstood. Wasn't it near 30 when he went to bed? He called the airport weather station to see if he had been dreaming. You heard it right. It's 13 below and it may get colder.

Dick Schaap led a foursome of New Yorkers out to Green Bay for the big game, which he hoped would provide a narrative climax for the book he was writing with Jerry Kramer. As he and his editor, Bob Gutwillig, and their wives were driving downtown for breakfast, Schaap noticed the temperature reading on the side of a bank. It was "-13." "Look, it's broken," he said. He had never before seen a negative temperature and assumed that the bank had gotten it wrong.

Linebacker Dave Robinson was in his kitchen, eating his traditional pre-game meal. Scrambled eggs, the fillet of a 20-ounce T-bone steak, toast, tea with honey. His little twin boys hovered in the next room, waiting for their dad to leave so they could eat the rest of the steak. His wife came in and gave him a kiss. "It's 20 below out there," she said. "Twenty above, you mean," Robinson said. "Can't be 20 below."

Not much was said about the temperature in the Lombardi house. There was barely any talking, period, that morning. "Everybody was very uptight," Susan recalled. Lombardi's two-year-old grandson had been up all night with a fever, distracting everyone, including the coach, who patted the sick child on the head before leaving for church. The cars were in the heated garage; Vince's Pontiac started right up. Silence on the way to Mass. The priest prayed for the Packers. All quiet on the way back. Then Vince and Vincent left, driving clockwise south to the bridge crossing the Fox River in downtown De Pere, then west to Highway 41, north to the Highland Avenue exit, and east to Lambeau Field.

The parking lots had started to fill two hours before game time, with many Packer fans undertaking their pre-game ritual as though it were just another winter day in paradise. Not as many tailgaters as usual, but they were still out there. Folding chairs, card tables, brats and beer. One concession to the weather: more of them than usual were huddled around fires. Jim Irwin, a local TV sports director, arrived at the press box two hours early and looked out and saw hundreds of people already stationed at their seats. "They didn't have to be in the stands," he noted. "They had reserved tickets. They chose to be out there when it was 13 below."

Chuck Lane, the team publicist, was heading out from the locker room to check the field when he met a group of assistants coming the other way. "Tell Lombardi that his field is frozen," one said. Tell Lombardi that his field was frozen? That, Lane thought, would be like "telling him that his wife had been unfaithful or that his dog couldn't hunt." But that was his job, so he turned around and found Lombardi, who was leaving the locker room to check the field himself when Lane intercepted him. Lombardi seemed crestfallen, then angry and disbelieving. "What the hell are you talking about?" he thundered.

The field could not be frozen. The previous spring, in his role as general manager, Lombardi had paid $80,000 for a gigantic electric blanket. He loved inventions, and this electric blanket seemed to mean more to him than any play he had ever devised. It was working on Saturday when the crew pulled the tarp off to let the Cowboys practice. The ground was soft but not soggy. Lombardi had been so satisfied then that he had yelled over to the project engineer and given him the O.K. sign with his thumb and forefinger. Even Tom Landry, the skeptical Dallas coach, who hated to play in Green Bay,

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had deemed the field "excellent," though a little damp. But dampness was not the problem now. Parts of the field were indeed frozen. "As hard as a rock," reported Jim Tunney, the alternate referee.

In the locker room, Willie Wood took off his street clothes slowly, reluctantly, still convinced that the game would be canceled. "Man, it's too damn cold," he said to his teammates. "They ain't going to play in this shit." The room was full of smoke, cigarettes burning from the built-in ashtrays on almost every locker. Equipment man Dad Braisher passed out long underwear to everybody, even Lombardi. Coach said it was O.K. to wear it today, but he didn't want them stuffing too much underneath the uniforms. Linebacker Lee Roy Caffey and strong safety Tom Brown wanted to wear gloves, but Lombardi said no. Linemen could wear them, but no gloves for anyone who handled the ball. Dave Robinson walked over to the equipment manager when Lombardi left the room. "Give me a pair of those brown gloves and he'll never know the difference. I'm the only linebacker with brown hands anyway." Braisher agreed to the conspiracy, and Robinson wore gloves the rest of the day.

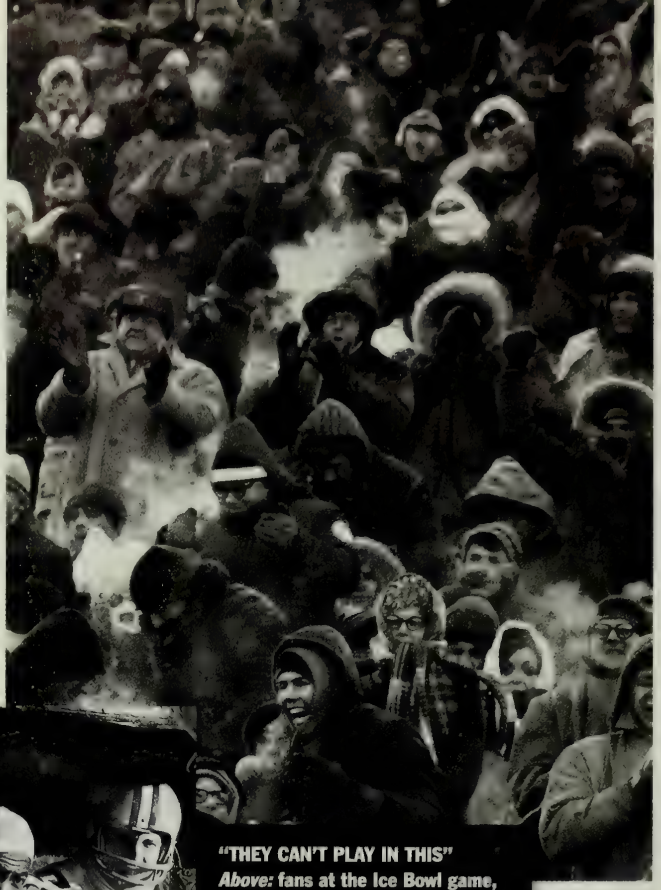
On the field for warm-ups, most players kept their hands tucked in their pants. Every deep breath was an arrow shooting into their lungs. Donny Anderson, a Texan, had never played in weather like this before, but he had no choice because Elijah Pitts, one of the other halfbacks, was out for the year. Pitts had been enjoying his best season until the game in Baltimore, when he suffered a severe ankle injury. Fullback Jim Grabowski also had been hurt during that game. He was slowly making his way back, and thought he might play against the Cowboys; the knee had felt good all week in practice. Then, during warm-ups, he went out on a pass pattern, planted his right foot and felt something pop, and his comeback was over. Chuck Mercein would get most of the action at fullback.

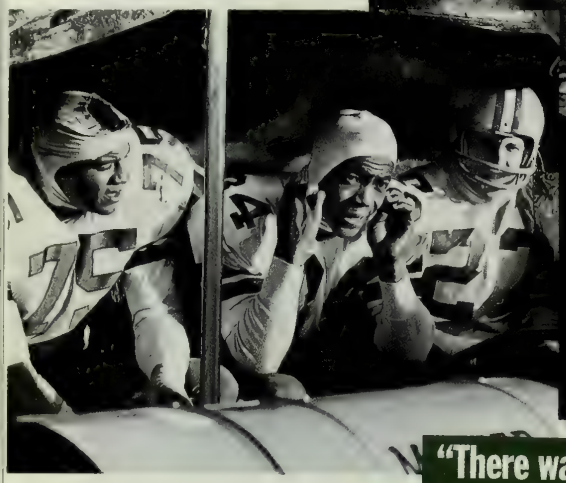
It was not until the Packers returned to the locker room after warm-ups that the reality finally hit Willie Wood. "Well, it looks like we are going to play this game," he said to cornerback Bob Jeter. Then came another thought. If we're gonna play, we gotta make sure we're gonna win. We don't want to come out in these kinds of conditions and lose a dam ball game. Lombardi was a similar mind, of course He never wanted to los any game, but especiall not to Landry and the Cow boys. The two coaches ha developed a friendly rivalr during their years together i New York, when Landr had directed the defense an Lombardi the offense unde the benign head coach Jin Lee Howell. Since the Lombardi had stayed on step ahead of his old Gian colleague. He became head coach in 1959, Landr in 1960. He turned a losin team around in one year; i took Landry five years be fore he could get his expan sion Cowboys to a winnin record. But now the Cow boys were being cited as th team of the future, with th flex and the Doomsday De fense and multiple offense their flashy uniforms an speedy receivers.

In his heart of hearts Max McGee thought Dalla had the better team. "Not that they coul beat us," McGee said. "We had their num ber. Lombardi had the hex on Landry."

Gary Knafelc, the old tight end, was i the press box that day. His playing career done, he could not stay away and signed on as Lambeau Field's public address announcer. Looking out from his perspective ato the stadium, h was overwhelmed by the panorama. The play ers were the story, perhaps and as the game went along they would rivet his and everyone else's at tention, but at first it was hard to take one's eyes off the crowd in the stands. "There was this incredible haze of breath, tens of thousands of puffs coming out. Like seeing big buffaloes in an enormous herd on the winter plains. It was prehistoric."

The temperature as kickoff approached was 13 below, with an estimated windchill of minus 46. The leather ball felt heavy and airless. The field had already been rendered more dangerous by the warm-ups. Players said it was as if someone had taken a stucco wall and laid it on the ground. Clumps of mud had coagulated and stuck to the rock-hard ground. Blowers on both sidelines shot warm air in the direction of the benches, but you had to be right next to one to feel it. Some play-





"THEY CAN'T PLAY IN THIS"
Above: **fans at the Ice Bowl game, New Year's Eve, 1967, when the windchill reached 46 below zero.** ***Left:*** **Cowboy players trying to keep warm on the sideline in makeshift shelters. The frozen field felt as if someone had taken a stucco wall and laid it on the ground.**

"There was a haze of breath, like seeing buffaloes in a herd on winter plains. It was prehistoric."



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GUT CHECK Forrest Gregg during a 1960 game in San Francisco. Seven years later he would still be playing, throwing key blocks in the Ice Bowl.

Players kept their hands in their pants. Ever breath was an arrow shooting into their lungs.

ers huddled in makeshift dugouts constructed from wood and canvas, like duck blinds. Lombardi paced the sidelines in his long winter coat and black fuzzy hat with muffs. No matter how cold the Packers felt, one look across the field made them feel superior. The Cowboys, said Chuck Mercein, "looked like earthmen on Mars. The outfits they wore. Most of them had hooded sweatshirts on underneath their helmets, which looked silly as hell. And a kind of scarf thing around their faces with their eyes cut out. They looked like monsters in a grade-B movie."

For the first quarter and most of the second, the Cowboys played like anything but monsters. Their main receiving threat, Bob Hayes, known as the world's fastest human, also seemed to be the world's coldest, and unwittingly gave away every offensive play. If it was a run, he tucked his frigid hands into his pants as he lined up; if Cowboy quarterback Don Meredith called a pass play, Hayes pulled out his hands. "You can't catch a pass with your hands in your pants," said Tom Brown, the Packers' strong safety. "We played 11 guys against 10 whenever he did that. He was just stone-cold."

The first time the Packers had the ball, Bart Starr led them on an 82-yard drive that culminated in a touchdown pass to Boyd Dowler from 8 yards out. In the second quarter he hit Dowler for another touchdown, this one of 43 yards, and the score was 14 to 0. If a blowout seemed to be in progress, lingering in the back of everyone's mind was the memory of the previous year in Dallas, when the Packers had also bolted to a quick two-touchdown lead, then barely hung on to win the championship game on Tom Brown's last second interception in the end zone. Could Dallas come back again? The weather seemed to argue no; conventional wisdom dictated that these Cowboys just didn't know how to play in subzero weather.

Four minutes left in the half. Green Bay holds the ball on its own 26, first down. Starr drops back to pass. There is no protection, the entire Doomsday front line is roaring after him, he drops further, turns away from tackle Bob Lilly, retreating 19 yards, back to the 7, where Willie Townes hits him. Starr's hands are nearly numb, and he fumbles and Cowboy lineman George Andrie picks it up and plows into the end zone as he is being tackled by Forrest Gregg and Jerry Kramer—and suddenly a seemingly secure lead is cut in half. A few minutes later, Willie Wood drops back to receive a Dallas punt. Wood has the surest hands in the league. In eight seasons as a return man, he has fumbled only once, during a rainstorm in San Francisco, and that time he recovered his own fumble. Now he is standing near the Packer 20, looking up, and Danny Villanueva's punt is fading on him. Wood is thinking too much: about how cold his hands are, about field position. Should he try to run it back or call for a fair catch? He puts his hand up, fair catch, and the ball fades away, and when it hits his hands he can't really feel it. Fumble—Frank Clarke recovers for Dallas. Four plays later the Cowboys get a field goal, and they race for the warmth of the locker room at halftime, back in the game, trailing 14 to 10.

Ten points attributable to the weather. All 10 for Dallas.

Lombardi had little to say at halftime. His assistant coaches did most of the talking. The offensive-line coach was distraught over the way Dallas's front line was breaking in on Starr. Another assistant pointed out to Starr that Dallas's linebackers were dropping straight back on pass plays, so deep that he should be able to complete short passes to the backs—something to keep in mind. But mostly it was quiet, the focus on getting warm, having a smoke, a Coke, a section of orange.

The third quarter was nothing but frustration. Neither team scored. Bill Schlie-

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baum, the line judge, had his whistle freeze to his lips and lost a layer of skin yanking it loose. Jim Huxford, working the chains, had to pull off his ski mask after part of it froze to his mouth. Ray Nitschke refused to go near the blowers he had a tradition of kneeling on one knee near the coach when the defense was off the field—and now he was starting to get frostbite in his toes. Chuck Mercein's left triceps felt numb after a tough hit in the second quarter. Steve Sabol, stationed on the ledge above the end-zone stands, and shivering in his cowboy boots, discovered that his camera had broken, the focus wheel on his telephoto lens frozen at a 30-yard distance. CBS television announcer Pat Summerall, whose assignment for the second half was to work the Green Bay sideline, was getting blistered every time he came near Lombardi. The fact that he had once played for the coach in New York made no difference. "Get the hell away from my bench," Lombardi barked. "This is my office!"

Lombardi had little to say at halftime. The focus was on getting warm, having a smoke, a Coke.

The press box had its own share of discontent. Reporters stationed in the front row found that their portable typewriters were freezing on the ledge. The game was down there somewhere, but the writers and broadcasters were having an increasingly hard time seeing it through the big picture windows, which were either too steamed or too frosted. Writers took to scraping small patches of visibility in the windows with their credit cards. Chuck Lane had zipped across the street at halftime to buy some de-icer at the service station, and one press-box attendant was squirting de-icer on the windows like lighter fluid while another used a squeegee to clear away the condensation. Every time someone opened the side door, letting in a blast of cold air, *Milwaukee Sentinel* sportswriter Bud Lea yelled out, "Holy God, shut the door!" Ray Scott, calling the game for CBS with Jack Buck and Frank Gifford, insisted on having a window open in their booth. "You don't have the feel of the game otherwise," he said. Gifford was losing his feel for anything. "I think I'll take another bite of my coffee," he muttered famously on the air.

As the third quarter ended, Dallas had possession at midfield. The Cowboys were now dominating the game. Twice in the third quarter they had threatened to score, but one drive was thwarted when Lee Roy Caffey made Meredith fumble on the Green Bay 13, and another ended with a missed field-goal attempt. The Packers seemed inept, gaining only 10 yards all quarter. On the first play of the fourth quarter, Cowboy running back Dan Reeves took the handoff from Meredith and ran wide to the left. Green Bay's defensive backfield played it as a run, and by the time they realized it was an option and Reeves was passing, receiver Lance Rentzel had slipped behind everyone, and Tom Brown could only chase him into the end zone. Dallas held the lead, 17 to 14.

Over the next 10 minutes, the Packers had the ball twice but failed to score. Their one chance to tie the game fizzled when Don Chandler missed a field goal from the 40, wide left. Dallas picked up two first downs on its next possession, and held the ball for nearly five minutes before punting. Willie Wood thought of nothing but catching the ball this time. He cradled it safely at his 23, then burst nine yards upfield. The Packers were on their 32, first down, 68 yards to go for the winning touchdown, four minutes and 50 seconds remaining in the game.

CBS's Ray Scott had left the broadcast booth to work his way to the winner's dressing room. The quickest way to get there was to walk down through the stands to the field. He reached the Green Bay sideline just after Wood was tackled. The return team was running off the field and the offense was heading out to the huddle. Ray Nitschke, the emotional leader of the defense, had lost his voice. His toes were numb. Scott watched him as he rumbled off the field this one last time, his fist clenched, and yelled hoarsely but fiercely to the offense, "Don't let me down! Don't let me down!"

Dick Schaap had also left the press box with five minutes left, following a crowd of reporters to the field. He figured the game was over. Kramer had told him about one of Lombardi's favorite sayings: The Packers never lose, but sometimes the clock runs out. That's what would happen now, Schaap thought. At long last, the clock would run out on the Packers. Run out for this championship game, but also for the whole incredible run the team had been on since Lombardi came to Green Bay. The game was changing, these Packers were old, time was moving on. That was it, Schaap thought. He had the title for the book: *The Year the Clock Ran Out.*

Great title, he said to himself as he walked down the aisle, through the primordial scene in the stands, the huge buffalo herd, 50,000 puffs of breath, 50,000 fans warmed by four quarters of brandy, bourbon, and beer. Still buzzing. Didn't they realize this was over?

Steve Sabol, his camera frozen and completely useless now, came down from his end-zone perch to take a position near Green Bay's bench, as close to Lombardi as he could get. Sabol worshiped pro football and considered Lombardi the game's patron saint, the main character in the romantic story that he and his father were telling. The young filmmaker was among those who believed. He thought he was in a great spot to witness football history.

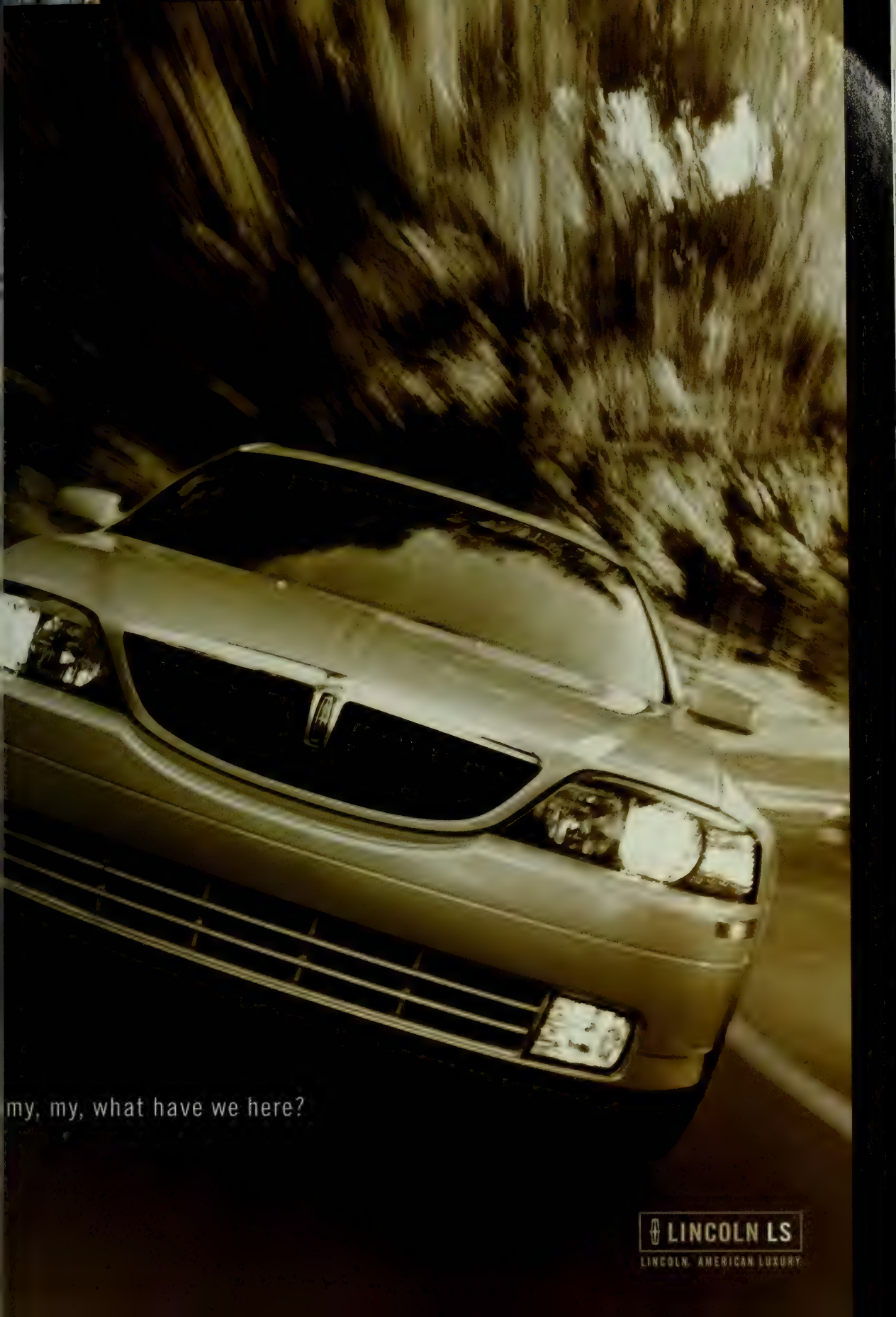
Before trotting onto the field, Starr had talked to Lombardi about what they would try to do. They had decided not to go for the quick score, but rather "just try to keep moving the ball." In the huddle, Starr seemed inordinately calm. "This is it," he said, looking directly at his teammates. "We're going in." Bob Skoronski had struggled all day to keep George Andrie out of the backfield. Earlier in the game, Lombardi had lit into him on the bench, accusing him of falling asleep. But now Starr's demeanor had a transformational effect. Ski was fully awake and confident. He looked at Starr and saw Lombardi, the reminder of everything they had learned in nine seasons with their coach. All of Lombardi's schooling was for precisely this moment, all the hundreds of times that he had run them through the sweep, convincing them that they could respond to anything, that no matter what the defense tried, they had the answer. There is nothing they can do to stop us, Skoronski thought to himself.

Chuck Mercein, the fullback, after only seven games with the Packers, felt the same way. "The feeling I had was that we are going to score. I felt calm. I felt that everyone in the huddle was calm. I didn't sense any anxiety or desperation. Determination, yes, but not desperation. Bart just said a few words, 'We're going in,' but he had this tremendous presence. He was the on-field personification of Lombardi." Donny Anderson, the halfback, was more composed than any of his teammates had seen him before. He had tried to present himself as a latter-day Paul Hornung, the saturnalian golden-boy halfback of Lombardi's early championship years, but before this game the similarity had been most noticeable off the field. Now it seemed as though


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my, my, what have we here?
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Anderson had grown up in one long, cold afternoon. "If you dump me the ball, I can get 8 or 10 yards every play," he told Starr. The play had been there all afternoon, but as important as the sagacity of his observation was its fearless message: with the game on the line, he wanted the ball, just as the Golden Boy once had.

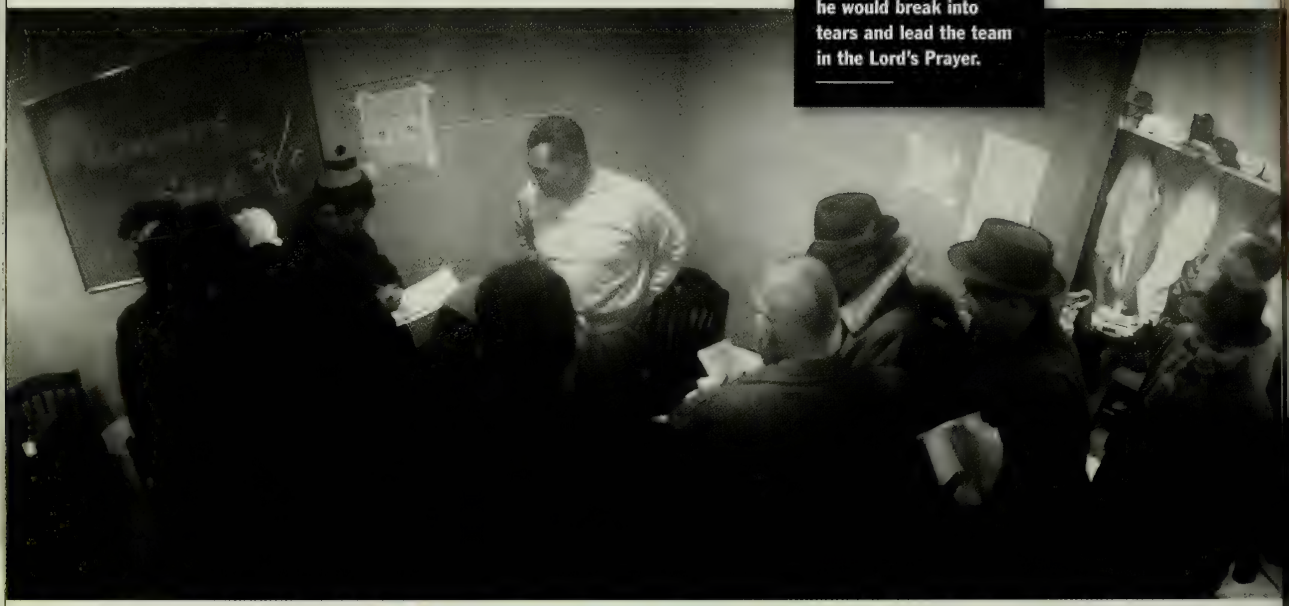
On first down it worked: Starr dumped a little pass to Anderson, good for six yards. Then Mercein ran around right end for 7 more, and Starr hit Dowler for 13, and with those three successful plays the Packers had taken the ball into Dallas territory, 42 yards from the end zone. Anderson lost 9 on the next play, caught in the backfield by Willie Townes on a busted sweep, but he came back with two consecutive little gems, taking dump passes from Starr and picking his way cautiously down the ice-slicked field, eluding the linebackers for 12 yards and then 9 more. The clock was down to two minutes. Mercein had noticed something during those plays, and felt confident enough to bring it up with Starr. "I'm open on the left side if you need me." The ball was on the Dallas 30, only one minute and 35 seconds left. Starr went back to pass, Mercein swung to his left, Starr looked for Dowler and Anderson, then saw Mercein in the clear and went to him, the ball floating in the wind, behind Mercein and high, but he snared it on the run and slipped by the linebacker and was moving past the cornerback, 19 yards and out of bounds at the Dallas 11. Gil Brandt, the Dallas personnel man, called that catch a killer, one of the best he had ever seen, given the conditions.

Then came what Starr considered the best call of the game. All week, Lombardi had told him to look for the perfect spot, and use it only when he really needed it. Now was the time. It was known as 54 GIVE, an influence play. It looked like a variation of the Green Bay sweep, run from what was called the Brown formation, with the fullback lined up directly behind the quarterback, instead of Lombardi's preferred Red formation, in which the halfback and fullback were spread. On the sweep from this formation, the left guard pulled and the fullback was assigned to block the guard's man, which in this case would be Dallas's Hall of Fame tackle Bob Lilly. Lilly was so quick and smart that he could shoot through the hole and bring down the runner from behind before the sweep unfolded.

The 54 GIVE was designed to take advantage of Lilly's aggressiveness. Starr would fake the sweep and hand the ball to Mercein, who would run through the hole vacated by Lilly. It could be a dangerous play. If Lilly held his ground, there was no one to block him. But when the guard pulled, Lilly followed, and Mercein came busting through. Skoronski made a clean block on the left end, sealing an alley, and a linebacker went the wrong way, and as Mercein came through he saw "a helluva great hole there." He thought that if he could only get behind Forrest Gregg for one more block he might take it in, but the field was almost all ice down in the shadows of the scoreboard, no footing at all, "like a marble tabletop," according to Starr. Mercein picked up eight crucial yards. "I can still hear the sound of his feet clicking on that ice," linesman Jim Huxford said three decades later. "You could hear it on the ice. He was slipping, but he kept going." All the way to the 3, where he stumbled into Gregg and fell to the ground.

On the next play, Anderson barely picks up the yardage needed for a first down. The Packers are one yard from the goal line. Anderson again, no gain. Second down. Twenty seconds left. Time out. Anderson again. He slips on the ice as Starr hands him the ball, almost fumbling. Again, no gain. Third down. Green Bay calls its last time-out with 16 seconds remaining, and Starr jogs to the sideline to talk to Lombardi.

A field goal would tie the game and send it into sudden-death overtime, but bringing in the field-goal team is not even discussed. Nothing needs to be said about a field goal. After playing for Lombardi for nine seasons, Starr knows what his coach is thinking. He is conservative, he goes by the book, but he's a winner. Run to Win. Lombardi had been preaching that motto to his team all through the final difficult weeks of this season, quoting St. Paul's exhortation to



LISTEN UP Lombardi in the Packer locker room, December 1961. After the Ice Bowl he would break into tears and lead the team in the Lord's Prayer.

Sixty-eight yards to go for the winning score.

Starr seemed inordinately calm. "This is it," he said.


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the Corinthians: "All the runners at the stadium are trying to win, but only one of them gets the prize. You must run in the same way, run to win." Also, Lombardi is freezing his tail off, like everybody else in the place.

Some on the Packers' sideline think they should try a roll-out pass; that way, even if it falls incomplete, the clock stops with time for one more play. They wonder whether Lombardi knows there are no time-outs left, but he doesn't seem to be listening. Starr says he wants to go with the wedge play, where the runner pounds between center and guard, but he wants to be certain that Jerry Kramer, who has to make a key block, can get good footing. It looks like an ice rink down there at the 1. Watching films of the Cowboys earlier that week, they had noticed that Kramer's man, Dallas tackle Jethro Pugh, stood the highest in goal-line situations, making him the easiest defender to cut down. Mercein is out on the field, he can't hear the discussion, but he's thinking the same thing, "100 percent certain" that they're going to give him the ball on the wedge, the simplest play in football.

A field goal would tie the game. "Run it!" said Lombardi. "And let's get the hell out of here."

"Run it!" Lombardi says. "And let's get the hell out of here." Starr trots back to the huddle.

Personnel director Pat Peppler rarely stands anywhere near Lombardi during a game, but now he can't help himself. He moves closer to the coach and asks, "What's he gonna call?"

"Damned if I know," Lombardi says.

Starr asks Kramer if he can get good footing.

"Hell, yes," Kramer says.

"Huddle up," Starr says. He calls the play. Brown right. 31 Wedge. That's the 3 back (fullback) through the 1 hole (between center and guard). Mercein hears it and thinks, This is it. I'm going to score. But as Starr is calling the play, a thought flashes through the quarterback's mind: No matter how good the block is, if Mercein should slip, he won't be able to reach the hole in time. Starr remembers a game against the 49ers in Milwaukee in 1966: on an icy field, at the end of a long drive, he called the wedge, then kept the ball himself and scored on a sneak. The Packers didn't even have a quarterback sneak in their playbook. Never practiced it. But the improvisation had worked once, why not now? I can just hug the block in there, just get one step and go right in, Starr thinks to himself. He doesn't tell anyone. All his teammates think Mercein is getting the ball.

The Packers break from the huddle. The Doomsday linemen—Lilly, Pugh, Townes, and Andrie—are kicking the ice at the goal line, desperate to find a patch of unfrozen turf so they can get a quick start off the ball. Jerry Kramer takes his position next to center Ken Bowman—and there it is, a soft spot in the ground, just for him. He digs in with his right foot, certain that he can cut Pugh at the snap. On the Packers bench, Willie Davis is "thinking of all the possibilities, a bad snap or whatever." Aw, hell, he says to himself, and turns his head away. He can't watch. Willie Wood puts his head down. Looks hard at the ground. "Sometimes you don't want to see bad things," he will later explain. Lombardi wonders whether they'll have enough time to bring in the field-goal team if they don't make it.

Dick Schaap is still on the far end of the field, nearly a hundred yards away. He has no clue that his co-author is expected to make the crucial block on the season's most important play. Vernon Biever, the Packers' official photographer, has been standing behind the end zone with his son John, his 15-year-old assistant. It makes no sense for them both to be shooting from the same spot, so he says to John, "You stay here, I'll change film and go to the bench area, so if they score I'll get the emotion over there." John Biever stays in the end zone and lifts his Nikon motorized camera, anticipating the final play coming his way.

One year earlier, in the championship game against the Packers in Dallas, the Cowboys were down near the goal line, threatening to score in the final seconds, and one of their linemen was penalized for moving before the snap. Now the Packers are in the same situation, and Kramer is coming off the ball fast and hard, and Jethro Pugh thinks that it is too fast, that Kramer is offside, but no call is made, and Kramer cuts Pugh off his feet, and then center Kenny Bowman knocks Pugh back into a linebacker and Pugh falls on top of Kramer, and the wedge opening is there. Mercein gets a good start, no slips. "I'm psyched, I want this thing to go right," Mercein recalls later. "I'm taking off and—lo and behold, Bart's not giving me the ball. He's kept it and he's in the end zone."

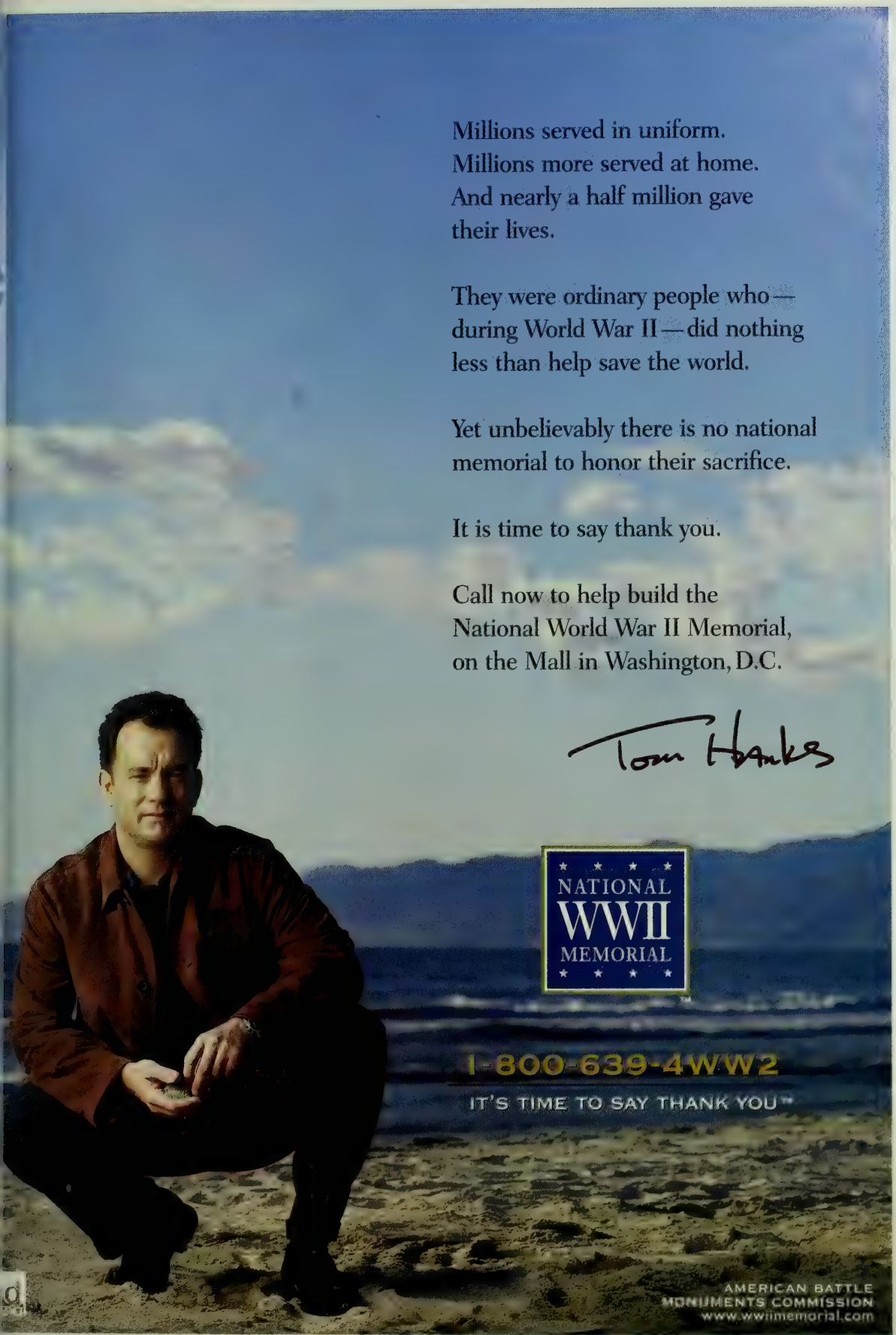
Mercein is coming right behind hir leaping over the line, and he doesn't wa the officials to think he's pushing Sta forward, which would be a penalty, so h throws his hands above his head, tryin to say, See, I'm not assisting him, and looks as though Mercein is signaling th touchdown in midair.

John Biever clicks his Nikon and ca tures the moment for history: Kramer block, Starr's sneak, Mercein's dive. Ve non Biever is near the bench and gets shot of Lombardi lifting his hands jub lantly: Touchdown. Victory. Dick Schaa knows that he has to change the title his book. The clock did not run out.

The coach, it could be said, had noth ing to do with that final drive, in a gam that would be remembered thereafter a the Ice Bowl. Starr called the plays an scored the touchdown, Anderson and Me cein offered helpful advice and made th key runs and catches, Kramer and Bow man threw crucial blocks. Yet to ever Packer on the field, and to man of those watching from the side lines and in the press bo that final drive, more tha anything else, was the pe fect expression of Vinc Lombardi. The condition were miserable, the pressure enormous and there were no fumbles, no droppe passes, no mistakes, just a group of deter mined men moving confidently downfiel toward a certain goal. In his speeches Lombardi talked about character in ac tion, and here it was, in real life. "Of a the games I've done," said Ray Scott "that final drive was the greatest triumph of will over adversity I've ever seen. It wa a thing of beauty."

The locker room was a jangle of cam eras and lights when Lombardi cam in after the game. He evicted th press and talked to his men alone, tellin them how proud he was: for running t win, for persevering and meeting thei greatest challenge, winning three straigh championships. He barely stifled th tears that came so easily to him, then fe to his knees and led the team in th Lord's Prayer. When he returned to hi dressing room and began taking ques tions from the press, he could not stop fidgeting in his chair. He rose, sat down got up again. He claimed with a touch o whimsy that the decision to gamble fo the touchdown was dictated largely by the weather. "I didn't figure those fans in the stands wanted to sit through a sud den death," he said. "You can't say I'm without compassion, although I've been accused of it."

Jerry Kramer could not stop talking. A


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INSTANT REPLAY *Left,* **Lombardi with Jerry Kramer (64) after winning Super Bowl II in January 1968;** *below,* **the Ice Bowl's climax, with Starr (15) and Chuck Mercein (30).**



Dick Schaap observed from the edge of the crowd, Kramer told one huddle of reporters after another about the last drive and the block, which CBS replayed in slow motion. It was only then that Schaap was struck by the serendipity of the day's events. The last play of the biggest game, and his colleague had made the block, and now an enormous television audience was listening to him talk about it, and also about this special team and its uncommon coach. Kramer was the narrator of his diary, but he shared the role of main character with Lombardi, a looming presence in almost every scene. Kramer hated Lombardi and loved Lombardi, but he thought that he and his teammates knew him in a way that no outsider could. Weeks earlier, *Esquire* had published an article by Leonard Shecter that portrayed Lombardi as a bully and tyrant. "Many things have been said about Coach," Kramer now told his TV interviewers. "And he is not always understood by those who quote him. The players understand. This is one beautiful man."

Vince and Vincent drove home together, retracing the route they had taken hours earlier. As Lombardi steered the Pontiac out of the parking lot, he turned to Vincent and sighed. "You've just seen me coach my next-to- last game," he said. They rode in silence the rest of the way.

A few months later, the same crowd of friends, family, team officials, and New York journalists that had gathered in Lombardi's basement on the night of the game reassembled there, now to watch the highlight film of Green Bay's championship season produced by E. and Steve Sabol. They draped a bedsheet against the wall to serve as a screen, then turned off the lights. The film, titled *The Greatest Challenge,* was narrated by John Facenda, who had been a newscaster at Channel 10 in Philadelphia when E. Sabol asked him to be the voice of NFL Films. With his deep and melodramatic tone, Facenda became known as "the voice of God." He read his scripts without ever looking at the pictures that accompanied them.

At the climax of the film about the 1967 Packers, Jerry Kramer said that he played pro football because of all the men who had been his teammates during the Lombardi era in Green Bay. "I'll tell you in a nutshell, if you can understand this: I play pro football because of Emlen Tunnell, Bill Quinlan, Dan Currie, Paul Hornung, Fuzzy Thurston, Max McGee, Henry Jordan, Herb Adderly, Ray Nitschke, Dave Robinson, Bart Starr." Then came Facenda's voice: deep, reverberating, sentimental. "They will be remembered as the faces of victory," he said. "They will be remembered for their coach whose iron discipline was the foundation on which they built a fortress. And most of all they will be remembered as a group of men who faced the greatest challenge their sport has ever produced—and conquered."

When it was over, the room stayed dark and the projector ran on and on, the film flapping noisily over the reel. Someone belatedly flipped the light switch, and there stood Lombardi. He had been watching football film for decades, and he had run this projector himself, the old pro. But this time he was not grading the blocking technique of his players with ones or twos or zeros. He had a handkerchief out, and he was crying. □

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Couture corsetier Mr. Pearl wearing one of his own designs in his London atelier, June 9, 1999.

Mr. Pearl makes corsets. He's not interested in the "smoothies" and "minimizers" of our time, tubes with (dread word) *stretch.* For the last five years, in his tiny London atelier, with whalebone and lacing, Mr. Pearl has made the real 19th-century item, the kind of hourglass foundation upon which a culture could (and did!) set time. Mr. Pearl talks about the art of corsetry—an art which was almost obliterated by World War I and which only a handful practice today—in very quiet, very carefully controlled sentences. This is because Mr. Pearl, besides making corsets, also wears them. His own 18-inch waist, a nine-year effort, is one of his most amazing creations.

Don't call it drag, or even the more classical *en travesti.* Mr. Pearl has taken the corset as if it were the veil—at once a discipline and a metaphysical discourse. "A corset," he maintains, "is a very complicated garment. I wear a corset because I wish to really understand what it entails. I do aspire to push it as far as the body and mind will go. I believe that it can be something very beautiful. With its disappearance a lot of formality, pleasure, mystery have been lost in the way people communicate."

Mr. Pearl, 38, was born and raised in Johannesburg, South Africa—but not with the name Pearl, which was bestowed on him later, by a friend. He studied classical dance, that most demanding art form, and, after joining the State Theatre Ballet Company, began to notice the corsetry in ballet bodices. Thus one calling led to another. "I became very interested in silhouettes—obsessed by this, in fact. Through the use of construction and boning, foundation can completely alter the shape of the human body. I find this forever fascinating." He's not alone in that. Mr. Pearl has provided corsets for couturiers Christian Lacroix, Thierry Mugler, and John Galliano at Dior. Indeed, in September, Mr. Pearl is moving his atelier to Paris, because "it's in Paris that what I do is still required, luckily."

But can he see the day when he might stop wearing a corset? "No," Mr. Pearl replies, and then asks gently, "Why should I? It's my armor. It's my shell. I've joined the insect world, and so why should I wish to leave that?"

—LAURA JACOBS


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The historic mining town of Telluride, Colorado, may be one of America's last pristine landscapes. Nestled within a magnificent canyon surrounded by snowcapped peaks, the town serves as a rarefied and gracious host to the Telluride Film Festival, considered by many to be the world's premier cinematic event.

Founded in 1974, the Telluride Film Festival annually showcases the best of cinema in its many forms. In the past, Telluride audiences have been the first to see such acclaimed breakthrough films as *The Crying Game, The Piano, Roger & Me, Secrets & Lies, Sling Blade, Blue Velvet, Ed Wood, Breaking the Waves, Swingers, The Sweet Hereafter, Dancing at Lughnasa,* and *Happiness.*

The Festival has also long been a leader in the preservation of lost classics. A revival of Abel Gance's *Napoléon,* a selection of films by the Lumière brothers, a retrospective of 3-D movies, and a John Waters salute to schlock have all been part of Telluride's celebrated magic. Each year, Telluride honors three major artists from film's many disciplines. Actors (such as Shirley MacLaine and Gerard Depardieu), cinematographers (including Karl Struss and Sven Nykvist), writers (among them Horton Foote, Athol Fugard, and Dennis Potter), and directors (notably Don Siegel, King Vidor, and Francis Ford Coppola) have all been recognized.

Throughout the four-day weekend, the entire town celebrates the power of movies—past, present, and future. Above and beyond the screenings and tributes, filmgoers enjoy parties and nonstop animated discussions. As the first film festival to have its venues linked by gondola, Telluride continues its 25-year tradition as a groundbreaking event dedicated to discovery. And with the addition of the state-of-the-art Chuck Jones' Cinema high above the valley, the Telluride Film Festival moves a few strides closer to cinematic heaven.










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TELLURIDE THANKSGIVING, FROM A SPEECH BY KEN BURNS, SEPTEMBER 5, 1998

There is a miraculous bit of alchemy that takes place here, unknown at other festivals. It combines an appreciation of the best of contemporary world cinema with a sustaining respect and love of the last century of cinematic art. Indeed, each festival at Telluride strains to hear the ghosts and echoes of an almost inexpressibly wise and provident past, and in doing so gives each one of us who comes powerful and lasting impressions far more potent than the transitory fare of festivals dedicated to the fashionable, the popular, the media-drenched, the industrial.

In a wonderful paradox, looking back has also permitted us to look forward with great clarity, and we are daily reminded, by the extraordinary films shown here, how foolhardy it is to limit in any way our collective definition of film. Just when we think we know or have our arms around the thing, some new filmmaker arrives in our beautiful box canyon to explode, once again, the mediocre myths of moviedom. We should be grateful for that unsettling vision. We aspire to do something gorgeous and we can take immense satisfaction in that.

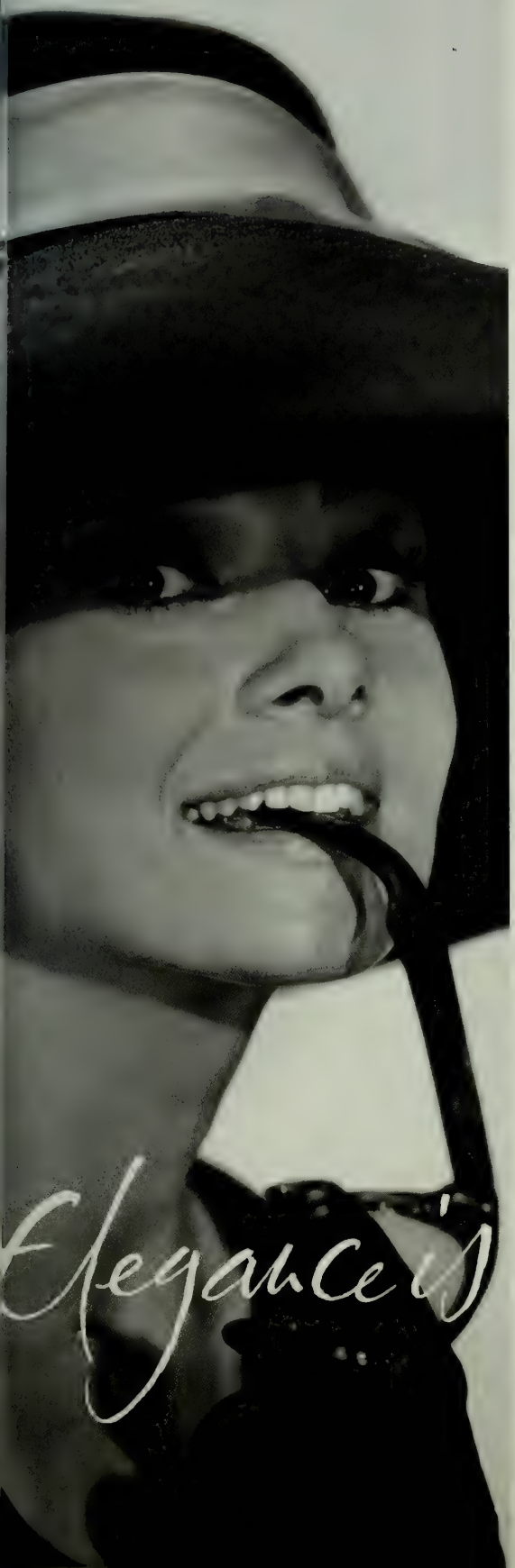


Let us give thanks to this valley, these mountains; this may be the most beautiful place in America. It is another profoundly inspiring paradox: you come here for the films, the intimate sanctuary of dark rooms, and then are inexorably pulled out into Nature's cinema, going on all around you—dazzling sunshine, sudden rain showers, freak flurries in T-shirt weather, rainbows, and spectacular sunsets, what Emily Dickinson once called the "far theatricals of day." As we look about us we see our oldest inspiration: it was the rustling of leaves on a tree that had so enthralled the first audiences for motion pictures—not that long ago.



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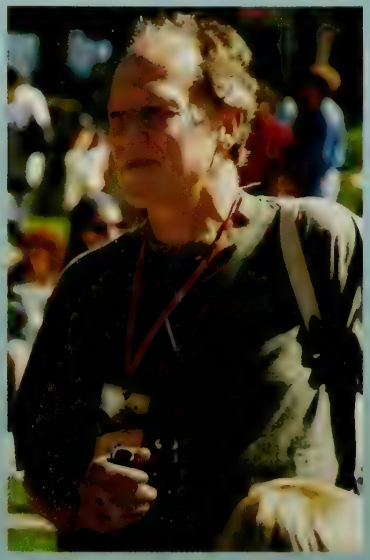






We are thankful to those who sponsor and lend us help. It is a humble reminder that we cannot do it alone. And we are grateful to the patrons and pass holders and festival goers who, by their curiosity and willingness to travel long and hard, and wait patiently in lines, make this festival happen. The evangelism of these great filmmakers would be nothing without the congregation.

Let us give thanks for the persistence of vision: first for the physiological anomaly that gives life to our art, but also for the men and women, directors and cinematographers, composers and actors, who share with us each Labor Day Weekend the efforts of, in many cases, years of their time and terrifying attention. We are thankful for the startling variety of their expression, their tenacious vision.



Most of all, we remember and give thanks for the films themselves, and that intimate communion between you and the screen. Everyone talks about it all the time: those moments of personal revelation that change, at least for that moment, everything. One emerges into the bright light subtly different, quietly poised or ecstatically exuberant, but always awakened by what Picasso called "the lie that tells us the truth"—art.

These films offer distractions of the highest order, dreamscapes of stunning complexity, memories we didn't know we'd had or needed. To see a film here is not just to be transported to another reality, as the cliché goes, but to be seduced, cajoled, implored, galvanized, transfixed, provoked, outraged, reduced, diverted, upset, aroused, changed.

The films that arrive here, free from the distractions of the marketplace, come together in a wholly different marketplace of ideas and emotions. We begin to notice and appreciate the curative and healing properties of film as those closest to us are liberated from familiarity into mystery, those farthest from us instantly made our brethren by the striking similarity of all lives, a recognition revealed in nearly every gesture of every film shown here.



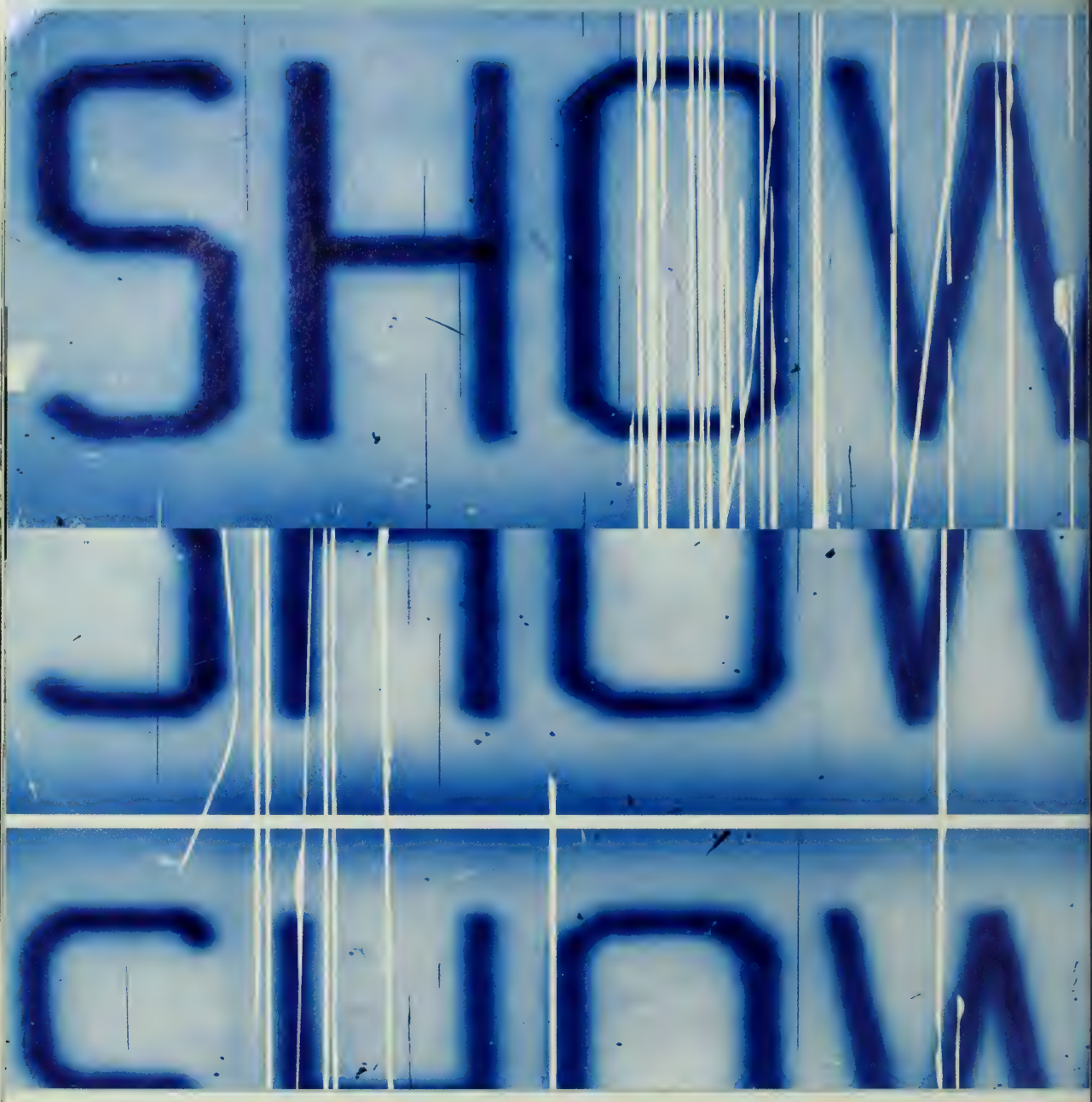
etween screenings here, the most improbable of viewing partners race to he next film, debating, arguing, agreeing, oblivious to everything but the xcitement their shared experience has engendered. Each festival brings lms—documentary or drama, animation or short—that could not be nore different from one another, yet, as those of us who keep coming have iscovered, they could not be more complementary. The 28 or so films hat are featured here begin, after a while, to talk to each other, and we estival goers have the intense pleasure of kibitzing on that dialogue as if vatching Talmudic scholars debate and unravel the mysteries. There's ime to do that here.

ach festival, then, by accident, finds its own theme: memory, love, trust, vork, children, war, family. And after a longer while, we ourselves begin to el like a family, too, diverse and disagreeing, to be sure, but also strangely ompelled toward one another, in an embrace still unusually moving and ustaining after 25 remarkable years.

t is hard to keep families together, I know, but we have managed just that, nd helped to create something which I know is beautiful and I know will ast. What more could we want?

HAPPY SILVER ANNIVERSARY.
KEN BURNS
TELLURIDE, COLORADO





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SEPTEMBER 3-6, 1999 TELLURIDE, COLORADO

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anities



BLESSED VIRGINIE

Name and occupation: Virginie Ledoyen, actress. **Age:** 22. **Provenance:** Paris, France. **Made her countrymen swoon in:** Olivier Assayas's *Cold Water* and Benoît Jacquot's *A Single Girl*. **Soon to be making teenage girls envious on a global scale in:** Danny Boyle's *The Beach*, playing the object of Leonardo DiCaprio's affection. **In *The Beach*, you play a French backpacker searching for Utopia on an idyllic shore in Thailand. How was it showing up for work in Shangri-la every day?** "Well, it was my first time in Thailand, but we were working six days a week for four months and it was quite hot. So it wasn't holiday." **Why, even though Thailand was foreign to Ledoyen, the Himalayas are familiar ground:** She spends time working for an organization which brings aid to Tibetans in northern India. **You've been praised by your legendary compatriots Catherine Deneuve and Marcel Carné, and compared to everyone from Brigitte Bardot to Isabelle Adjani. Is there anyone you emulate?** "I've always loved the cinema, and whenever I see Jennifer Jason Leigh I'm moved. But it's not like I want to be her, because if I try to be someone else, it's not going to be my life." JOHN GILLIES

Speed Dial



Fight club: W.W.F. chairman Vince McMahon applies a death grip to his office phone in Stamford, Connecticut. Insets, from top: *McMahon's powerful speed-dialees include USA Networks chairman and C.E.O. Barry Diller and wrestlers Stone Cold Steve Austin and Bad Ass Billy Gunn.*

"I daresay it's the most unusual speed-dial directory ever," boasts Vince McMahon, chairman of the World Wrestling Federation. "'Boss Hoss,' 'Taker,' 'Rock,' 'Mr. Ass'! Who are these people?"

Aside from Boss Hoss, the company which maintains the Chevy 350 V-8 engine of McMahon's custom-built motorcycle, "these people" are McMahon's employees, better known as "Undertaker," "the Rock," and "Bad Ass Billy Gunn," three of the W.W.F.'s more prominent performers who headline this month's SummerSlam, a live event that is expected to attract more than 100 million viewers in 100 countries. As the 54-year-old impresario behind the unspeakable growth of "pro" wrestling—he's the genius who admitted it's all bogus, and beat a federal rap alleging he abused steroids—McMahon can certainly talk the talk. His directory, located on his Stamford, Connecticut, office phone, is revamped "at least quarterly" and connects him to such New York institutions as Madison Square Garden, Smith & Wollensky steak house, and the St. Regis hotel, whose Sal Fodera grooms the Greenwich resident's pompadour. Buttons for his wife and kids are more than personal—it's a family business, after all (when son Shane isn't battling in the ring, he serves as the W.W.F.'s president of new media). One name does stick out: Barry Diller, chairman and C.E.O. of USA Networks, home of the W.W.F.'s ongoing soap opera. "I don't speak to Barry that often, something like once a week," McMahon says. "Usually it's to say, 'What are you doin' trying to buy some Italian network?'" —BOB MACK

Night-Table Reading

Abigail Lane
artist

The Unconsoled, *by Kazuo Ishiguro (Vintage). "It's hard to describe the strange labyrinth time is allowed to meander within its story. I felt like I was rushing towards madness when reading it—willingly at that."*





Lou Reed
musician

Nonconformity: Writing on Writing, *by Nelson Algren (Seven Stories Press). "The original. Tough talk from a tough writer. Probably because Chicago is still the Second City."*

David Koepp
writer-director, Stir of Echoes

Sir Vidia's Shadow, *by Paul Theroux (Houghton Mifflin). "I love Theroux's more personal nonfiction because he's relentlessly confessional. Not afraid to make himself look bad, if it's the truth."*





James Redford
producer, The Kindness of Strangers *on HBO*

Birdsong, *by Sebastian Faulks (Vintage). "A brilliant examination of the human capacity for endurance and survival."*

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Vanities



Counterclockwise from top right: *a miniature convoy of 1933 Alfa Romeo P2 toy racing cars from the renowned Christie's collection; artist Candy Jernigan's collages* Six Days in Florida, *1985, and* Travel Series Part 6, Rome, *1983; required reading from Jill Robinson to Frank McCourt to Studs Terkel.*

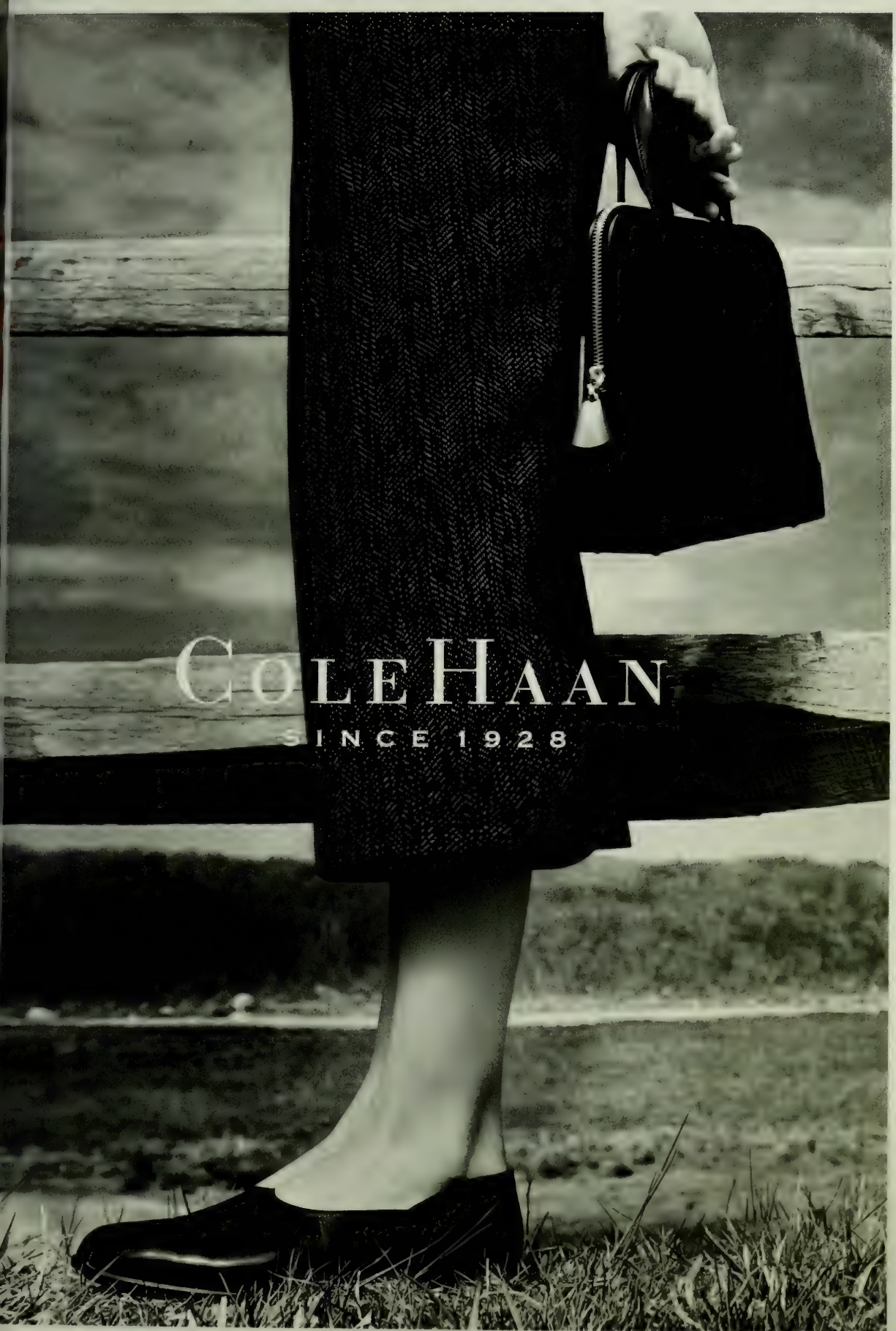


Hot Type

Vespa reading for the a-go-go set. Chic and beguiling amorality suffuses **JEAN DOUCHET'S** *French New Wave* (D.A.P.), which recalls the collaborators, co-agitators, and *auteurs* of the 60s *nouvelle vague* gang responsible for hipster films such as *Breathless, Jules and Jim,* and *The 400 Blows.*

Also this month: Dishy *Wall Street Journal* reporter **TERI AGINS'S** *The End of Fashion* (Morrow) rips into the seamy underbelly of a world where marketing is king, and often the emperor has no clothes. The eclectic collages, paintings, and installation pieces of avant-garde artist Candy Jernigan, which had languished in a basement after her death, are brought to life by **LAURIE DOLPHIN** in *Evidence* (Chronicle). **MICHAEL FRAYN'S** rollicking novel *Headlong* (Metropolitan) plunges readers into a husband's mad quest to pinch a painting and woo back his wife. In an expanded version of *The Terrible Hours* (HarperCollins), **PETER MAAS** revisits his gripping 1966 true-rescue account in which a W.W. II submarine lies flooded on the North Atlantic floor. **JILL ROBINSON'S** memoir of amnesia, *Past Forgetting* (HarperCollins), is the astounding chronicle of her journey to recover her memory. Finally, a book to bump *Angela's Ashes* off the best-seller list: rascally **FRANK McCOURT'S** sequel, *'Tis* (Scribner), which takes our raconteur from impoverished immigrant to storyteller and teacher. **MIKE** and **SUE RICHARDSON** plundered Christie's vintage-toy collection for *Wheels* (Chronicle), a miniature speedsters' paradise alley. Go *Dutch*! (Random House): **EDMUND MORRIS** saddles up the mythos of the great don't-worry-be-happy president, Ronald Reagan. An escapee from a Georgia island colony of human clones sends chills through veteran *New York Times* journalist **JOHN DARNTON'S** thriller *The Experiment* (Dutton). A foreign student vanishes from her South African boarding school in **SHEILA KOHLER'S** erotic and disturbing *Cracks* (Zoland). **JOHN NATHAN** pierces the inner sanctum of the Japanese electronics giant in *Sony* (Houghton Mifflin). Working from the findings of maverick criminologist Dr. Lonnie Athens, **RICHARD RHODES** reveals commonalities of violent criminals in *Why They Kill* (Knopf). *The Spectator* (New Press) compiles 45 years' worth of oral historian **STUDS TERKEL'S** radio interviews, including Buster Keaton waxing poetic on the art of improvisation and Fellini pondering honesty in art. It's a family affair: husband-and-wife team **SUSAN E. TIFFT** and **ALEX S. JONES** take on the Sulzberger dynasty behind *The New York Times* in *The Trust* (Little, Brown). **SUNEETA PERES DA COSTA** offers a slice of modern magic realism in *Homework* (Bloomsbury), about an adolescent heroine with sensitive antenna-like protrusions atop her head. **JOHN TYTELL'S** *Paradise Outlaws* (Morrow) is the original Beat scholar's Roman candle of a memoir, dosed with anecdote, lit crit, and spectacular Mellon photos of Big Daddies such as Burroughs and Ginsberg. Go ahead, pull my daisy.

—ELISSA SCHAPPELL


COLE HAAN
SINCE 1928

All's *Fair*

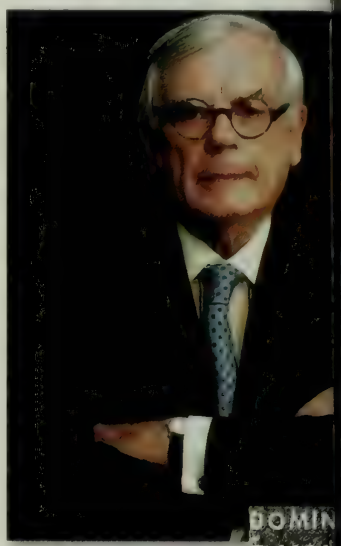
Vanity Fair contributors, by the book

Not all magazine stories these days find their way to Hollywood. A few become inspirations for major books, such as the three fall publications written by *Vanity Fair* contributors Dominick Dunne, Gail Sheehy, and Sally Bedell Smith. Each book began as a much-talked-about story in this magazine, and each grew into an indelible portrait of an unforgettable personality: Sheehy on Hillary Clinton, Smith on Princess Diana, and Dunne on, well, himself.

In 1992, when Bill and Hillary Clinton were selling two-for-one in the White House, Sheehy had a hunch that Hillary was the more interesting of the two. Seven years later, it appears that she was onto something. In *Hillary's Choice* (Random House), Sheehy addresses such confounding questions as: What keeps Hillary from walking out? Is her marriage to Bill a Machiavellian arrangement based on ambition? Or is Hillary a 50s throwback in feminist's clothing? Sheehy traces Hillary's life—from her childhood in a lily-white Chicago suburb that slept through the 60s to her identity crisis at Wellesley, to her first love affair. Behind-the-scenes detailed reporting during the Lewinsky affair and the impeachment trial reveals Hillary's personal drama. Sheehy's discovery? In spite of the chaos, the story of Bill and Hillary is indeed "a love story" (albeit one brimming with power plays), fueled by a woman with a stunning self-perception. "She thinks of herself," says Sheehy, "as the Catcher in the Rye."



The write stuff: From top, *Dominick Dunne, V.F. special correspondent and author of* The Way We Lived Then; Hillary's Choice *author and* V.F. *contributing editor Gail Sheehy;* V.F. *contributing editor Sally Bedell Smith and her book* Diana in Search of Herself.





"Angel" and "monster" are typically overblown (and unhelpful) epithets used to describe the late Princess of Wales. Smith distances herself from both the rhapsodic and the skewering views in the exhaustively researched *Diana in Search of Herself* (Times Books), by far the most sober and evenhanded look at the most mercurial personality of our time. The author, who felt that "nobody had stepped back and tried to put all the pieces together," offers a startling conclusion: Diana's outward charm and inner torture were not products of royal marriage. Rather, they betrayed a borderline-personality disorder whose patterns emerged throughout her entire life. Even followers versed in Di-nutiae can expect new details. Those surrounding her later romances—with the wealthy Islamic-art dealer Oliver Hoare and the dashing Pakistani heart surgeon Hasnat Khan—shatter the myth that Diana became a "new woman" once she had shed her royal ties, and answer the question Smith herself had: What did Diana see in Dodi?

In *The Way We Lived Then* (Crown), Dunne has created what might seem to be a paradox: a coffee-table book that is also a tale of personal destruction. Illustrated with memorabilia culled from 16 leather-bound scrapbooks he kept in the 1960s, when he was a Hollywood producer, Dunne's memoir reveals a starstruck young man swirling in an A-list fantasy. The Beverly Hills home he shared with his late wife, Lenny, would become the center of gravity for everyone from David Niven and Peter Lawford to Natalie Wood and Lew Wasserman. With the eye of a crack reporter and the ear of a tireless, first-rate gossip, Dunne recorded it all: Judy Garland clearing out his medicine cabinet, Warren Beatty playing the piano at the home of director Vincente Minnelli, and the crowning moment of Dunne's Arrival, his 1964 black-and-white ball, attended by Truman Capote two years before Capote's own Black and White Ball. As candid as Dunne sounds when recalling his vigorous social climb (it is not for nothing that the book is subtitled *Recollections of a Well-Known Name Dropper*), he is a virtual open wound when it comes to reliving his "deluge." "There was no nuance of failure that I did not experience," writes Dunne, chronicling his downward spiral, which included divorce, alcohol and drug abuse, and an arrest for marijuana possession. Dunne admits, "I had a lot of tears, quite honestly, during the writing of this." But his attitude toward having bared it all could only be that of a man in the midst of a brilliant Act II: "I thought, Why not?"

—EVGENIA PERETZ





Carolina Herrera

New York

Saks Fifth Avenue Neiman Marcus







Counterclockwise from top right: *singer Bryan Ferry, who releases* As Time Goes By *this fall; hard-core rapper Lil' Kim; former Soundgarden leader Chris Cornell, who kicks off his solo career with* Euphoria Morning; *Rage Against the Machine's Zack de la Rocha.*

Hot Tracks

This fall, even **INXS** lead singer **MICHAEL HUTCHENCE,** who's been dead for almost two years, has a new album coming out.

From the living: *Euphoria Morning,* the long-awaited solo debut from former Soundgarden singer **CHRIS CORNELL,** gives the grunge Adonis "the chance," he says, "to do what I never did before"—showcase his Beatles-inspired, singer-songwriter rock and commanding voice.

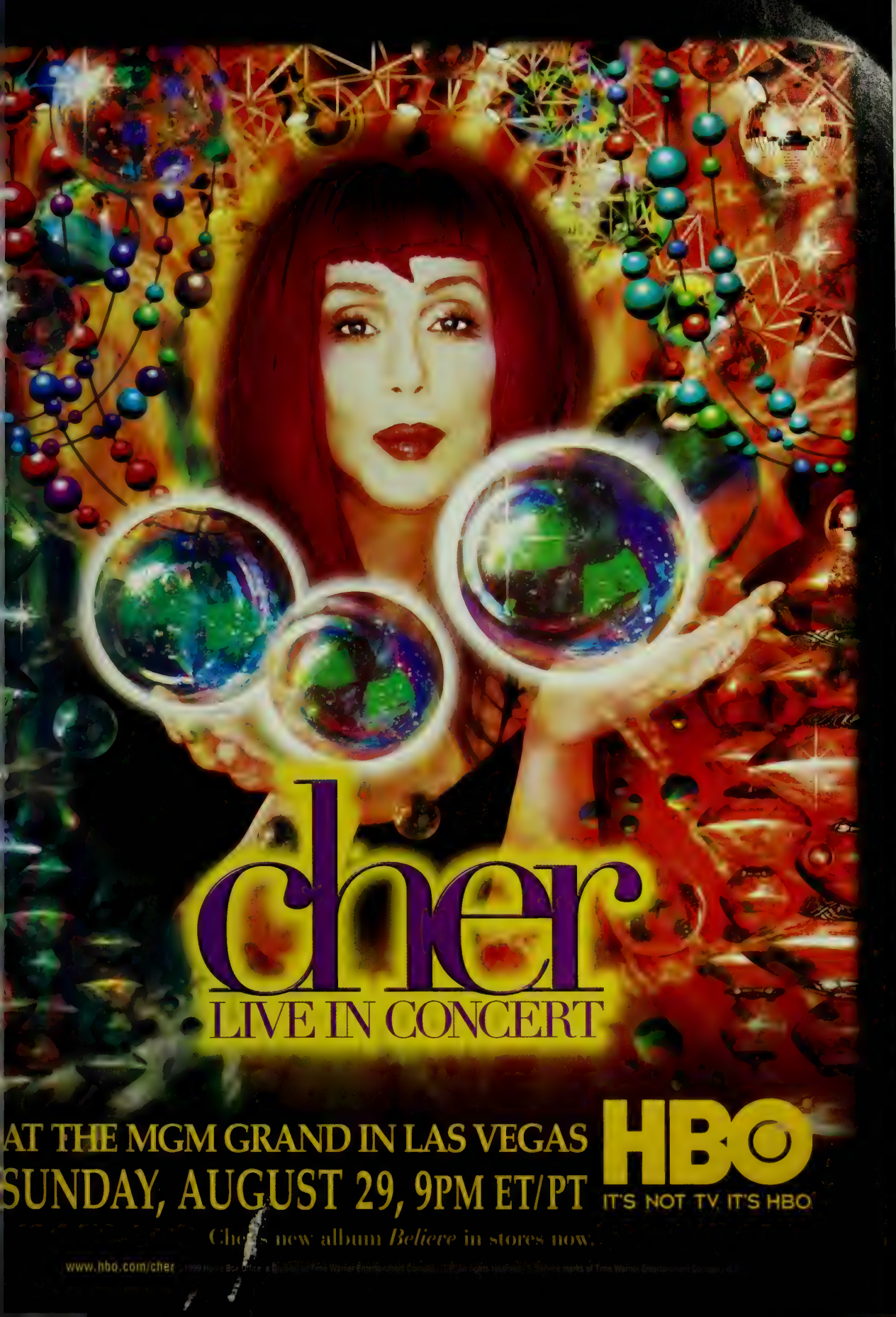
Also this fall: She's still nasty, but **LIL' KIM** steps up her game and does a duet with Grace Jones and some R&B on her new album, the first from the platinum, hard-core rap star since the 1997 murder of her mentor and boyfriend, Notorious B.I.G. **NINE INCH NAILS** kingpin Trent Reznor tinkered in the studio for two years, and the result is a dark, complicated two-CD set, *The Fragile.* Entertainer-entrepreneur **SEAN "PUFFY" COMBS** is determined to chart the future of all musical genres on *Forever,* which boasts fierce guitars and hip-hop visionary Chuck D on a rock mix of the single "PE 2000" and R. Kelly on the ballad "Satisfy You." Possibly still smarting from the tepid response to last year's *Adore,* **SMASHING PUMPKINS'** Billy Corgan went back to a winning formula and rehired original drummer Jimmy Chamberlin and producer Flood (who worked the controls on the smash *Mellon Collie and the Infinite Sadness*) for his band's new album. **DAVID BOWIE** recorded more acoustic guitars and vocals, less technology, on *Hours . . . ,* which includes a song co-written by a cybersong-contest winner—21-year-old fan Alex Grant. Recent divorcé and punk patriarch **IGGY POP** has recorded *Avenue B,* his most introspective, revealing album yet. The great romantic crooner **BRYAN FERRY** releases *As Time Goes By,* a collection of such standards as "Sweet and Lovely" and "Falling in Love Again." (In addition, a greatest-hits album from **ROXY MUSIC** gives Ferry fans more to drool over.)

Long overdue: **FILTER** front man Richard Patrick puts out *Title of Record,* the band's strong follow-up to 1995's *Short Bus* (which hit with the single "Hey Man Nice Shot"). Eight months after recording began, **RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE'S** singer Zack de la Rocha was still finishing up the lyrics for the band's new album. Die-hard Clash fans will have to wait for that reunion; the band's singer **JOE STRUMMER** releases *The X-Ray Style* with his own group, **MESCALEROS. TORI AMOS'S** new record, *To Venus and Back,* is a two-CD set of highly anticipated live material from her recent band tour, as well as new studio songs. **STING** has guest stars Stevie Wonder and James Taylor on *Brand New Day.* **STONE TEMPLE PILOTS** lead singer Scott Weiland found time between stints in rehab to record a new CD with his bandmates. Having settled a lawsuit with its record label, **BUSH** is now free to release *The Science of Things.* And that eponymous, posthumous Michael Hutchence CD consists of songs he was working on before his 1997 suicide.

Also cashing in with new albums are **NO DOUBT, BARBRA STREISAND, PAULA COLE, MICHAEL BOLTON, EVERYTHING BUT THE GIRL, MEREDITH BROOKS, THE CHIEFTAINS, MELISSA ETHERIDGE, TRACY BONHAM, QUEENSRŸCHE, MESHELL NDEGEOCELLO, JESSICA SIMPSON, JANICE ROBINSON, NAS, FUNKADELIC, RUN-DMC, BEN HARPER, TONY BENNETT, WILL SMITH, COUNTING CROWS, LIVE, FOO FIGHTERS, MARIAH CAREY, JON SPENCER BLUES EXPLOSION, BECK, STEREOLAB,** and **THE CURE**—probably the longest-running act in "alternative" rock with musicians who still talk to each other.

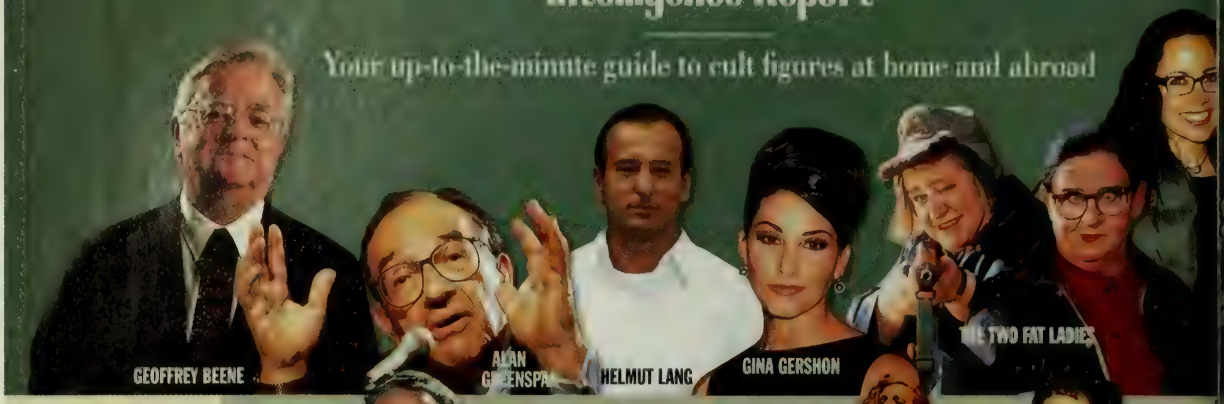
—LISA ROBINSON




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Intelligence Report

Your up-to-the-minute guide to cult figures at home and abroad



70s INCARNATION	Geoffrey Beene	Henry Kissinger	Yves Saint Laurent	Raquel Welch	Julia Child	Rhoda Morg
PRIME GROUPIES	Philanthropic power ladies who have jobs	CNBC shut-ins	Waif fashion assistants	Lipstick lesbians	Single, downwardly mobile barristers	Freelance wri with par
SIGNATURE LOOK	Cozy mandarin restraint	Tax-lawyer chic	Viennese biker	Marie Antoinette with a whip	Upper-crust madwoman	Urban s
GROUPIES' SIGNATURE LOOK	Aerodynamic Beene jumpers	Bathrobe and stubble	Dieter from "Sprockets"	Spandex dominatrix	Wide-wales and rubber totes	Think Bec
EVENT OF THE YEAR		Senate Humphrey-Hawkins testimony	Paris couture week	Nabisco Dinah Shore ladies' golf tournament	All-Shropshire Meat Raffle	Comedy Centra Eugene Levy marathon
MUSE	Garbo	Hammurabi	Mapplethorpe	Barbarella	Henry VIII	Da
ARCH-ENEMY	John Fairchild	Abby Cohen	Dries van Noten	Gwyneth Paltrow	Martha Stewart	Fiona Apple
LITTLE BUDDY	Helen O'Hagan	Larry Summers	Veruschka	Sandra Bernhard	Bobby Flay	Christina Ricci
ACCESSORY	Priest-neck shirt	Pocket protector	Trapezoidal wristpack	Pouty sneer	Two bottles of Madeira	G-Shock digital watch
GROUPIES' ACCESSORY	Hamish Bowles	Blow-up doll with Andrea Mitchell face mask	Björn Borg underwear	Cat-o'-nine-tails	Silk Cut Extra Slim 100s	Janeane Coke
PHOBIA	Doc Martens	Bubble mentality	Airborne animal dander	The Cristal hangover	Wasa crisps	Bac
GUILTY PLEASURE	Planters Cheez Mania	Sue Herera	Parachute pants	Boys	Spotted Dick (and a bottle of Madeira)	Friend
OFTEN MISTAKEN IN THE MIDWEST FOR . . .	Mr. Bean	F. Murray Abraham	F. Murray Abraham's kid brother	Courteney Cox	Bea Arthur and Dom DeLuise	
CENTER OF GRAVITY	Second home in Honolulu	Chairman's washroom	Baby-lettuce section at the Barefoot Contessa, East Hampton	Chin Chin on Sunset Blvd.	Sausage counter at Harvey Nicks	Los Fe
GROUPIES' CENTER OF GRAVITY	Three inches from Mr. Beene's whispering lips	His bedroom	Vandam restaurant	NoLita	Lansdowne Crescent	Coffeehouse saw Janeane havin last Dece
DIRTY SECRET	Played Mayor McCheese in 70s McDonald's campaign	Closet bulimic	Helmut Lifshitz	Not really a lesbian	The two fat men upstairs	Drunk di
MOTTO	"Color is the memory of color."	"But how do we know when irrational exuberance has unduly escalated asset values?"	"Dat vood look soo much better with a zipper."	"I'm hot, I'm horny, so watch the hell out."	"Nothing tastes better with a lamb than a couple bottles of Madeira."	

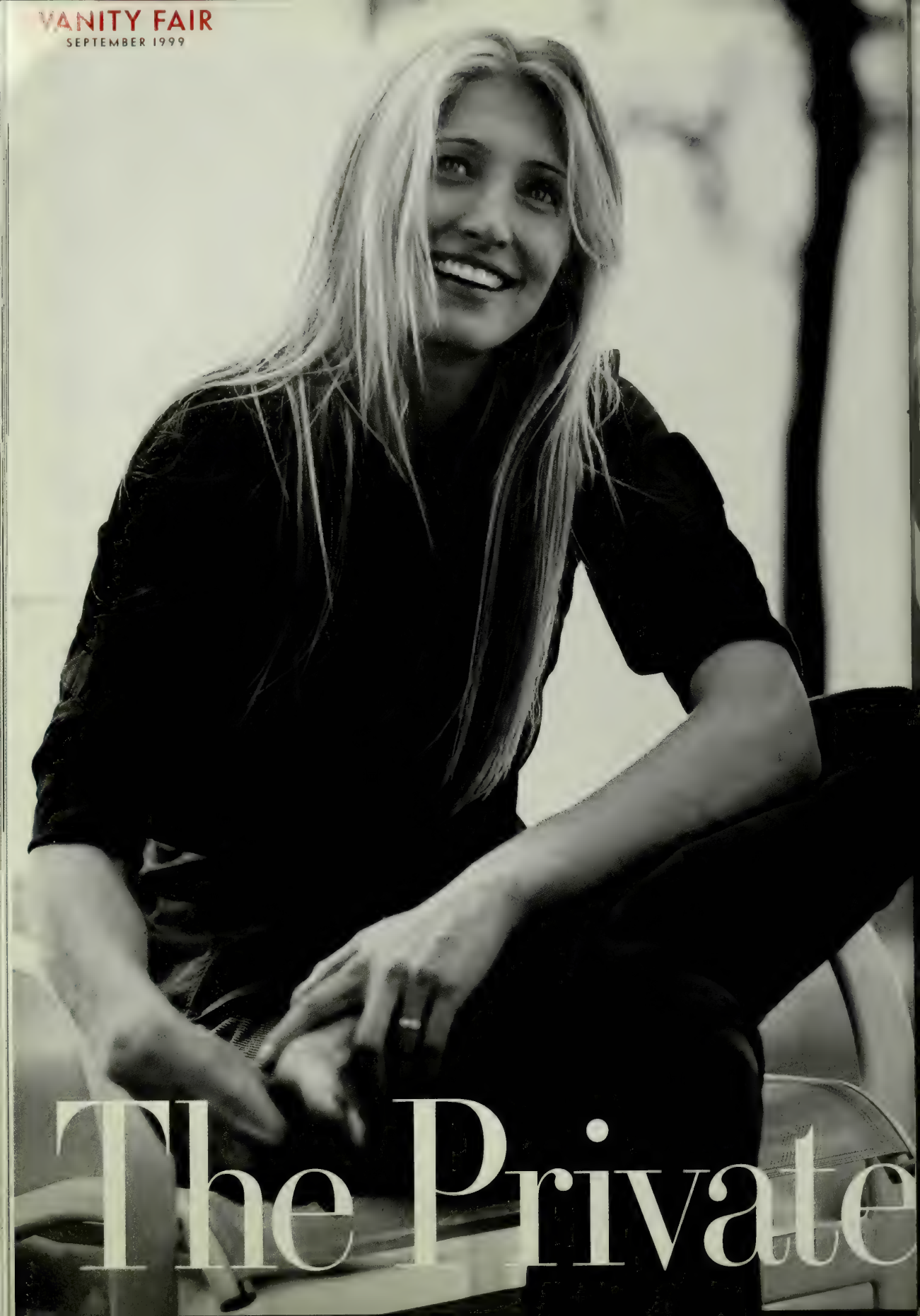
—ADAM LEFF and MATT TYRNAUER

new york los angeles boston

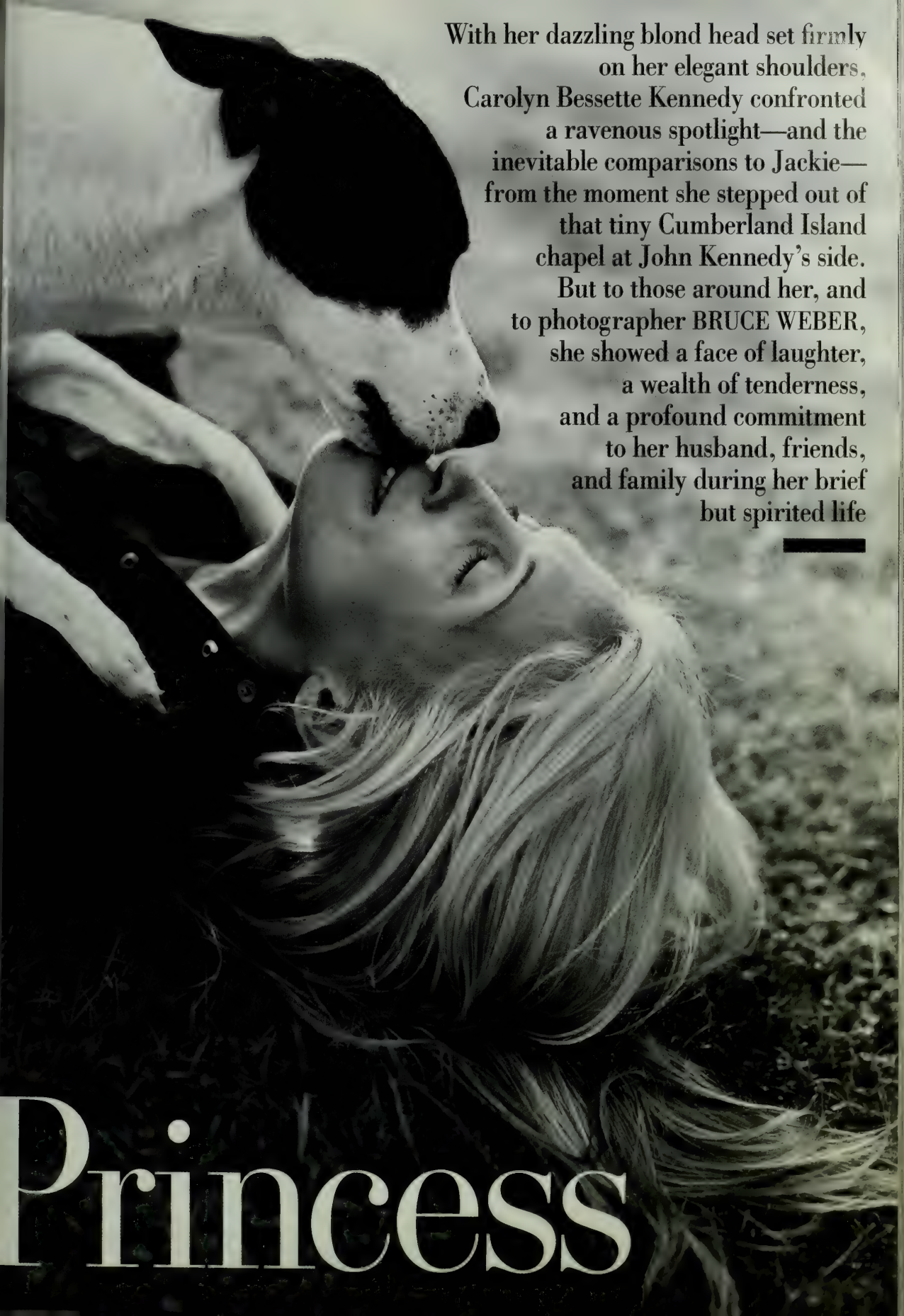


kate spade
NEW YORK

VANITY FAIR
SEPTEMBER 1999



The Private



With her dazzling blond head set firmly on her elegant shoulders, Carolyn Bessette Kennedy confronted a ravenous spotlight—and the inevitable comparisons to Jackie—from the moment she stepped out of that tiny Cumberland Island chapel at John Kennedy's side. But to those around her, and to photographer BRUCE WEBER, she showed a face of laughter, a wealth of tenderness, and a profound commitment to her husband, friends, and family during her brief but spirited life

Princess

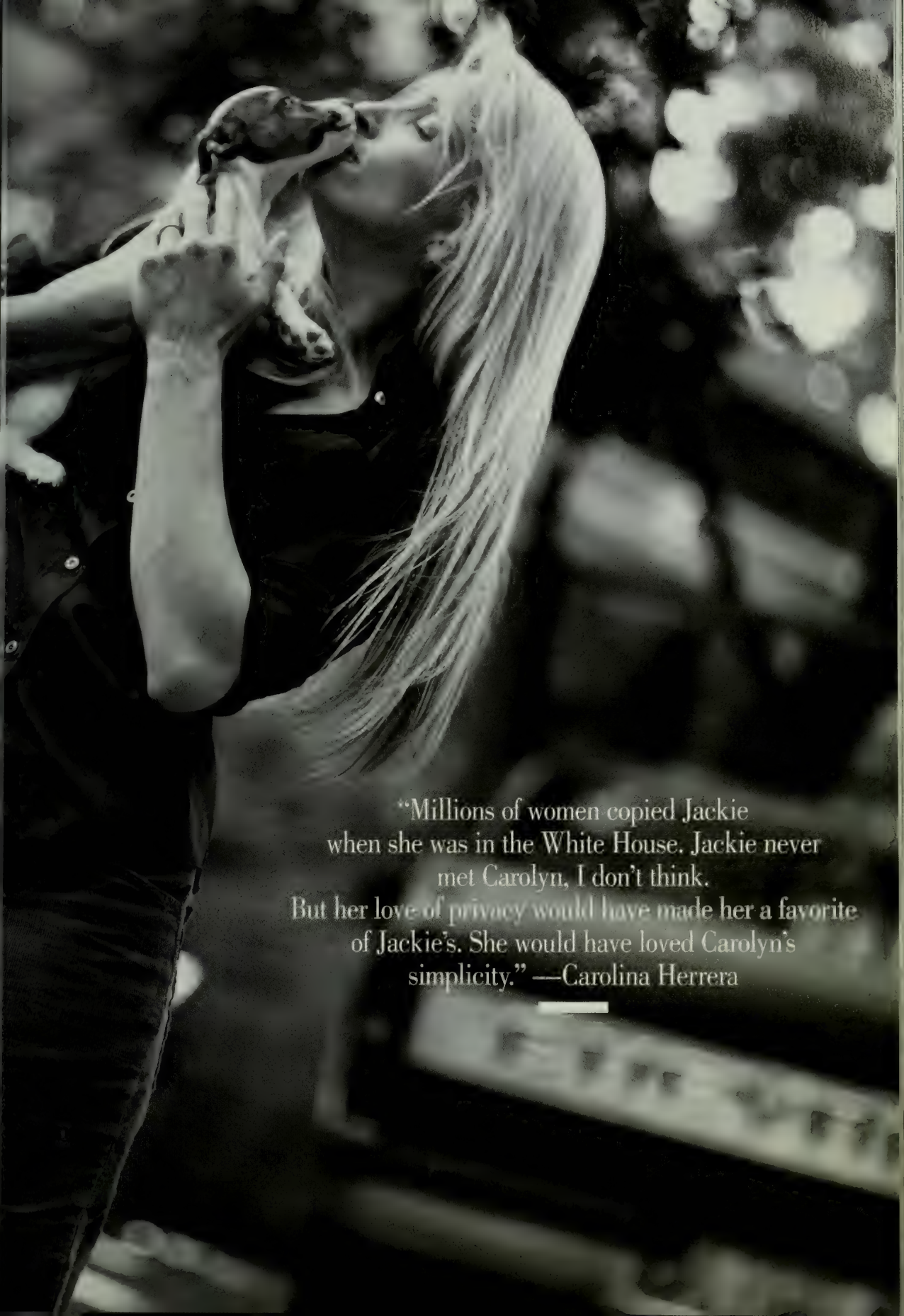
Just as John F. Kennedy Jr. was inextricably bound to his father's legacy, Carolyn Bessette Kennedy, from the moment she wed John on Cumberland Island in 1996, was destined to be enshrined by the media as the next Jackie Onassis. And, really, who could blame them? There were, for one thing, the on-paper similarities: like Jackie, Carolyn was Catholic and her parents divorced. And then there was that *look:* that smart, minimalist sexiness that instantly made her a gold standard of modern beauty. With a public aloofness that was invariably termed "mystique," Carolyn, as the new Mrs. Kennedy, had the fashion world clamoring for interviews and covers, scrutinizing her hemlines, and coining such phrases as "throwaway chic" and "effortful effortless."

Perhaps the reason that Carolyn never quite achieved Jackie's fashion-icon status was that she never really wanted to. For Carolyn, who was raised in Greenwich, Connecticut, by her schoolteacher mother and orthopedist stepfather, life was simply too much fun for *that.* And it always had been. After being called "the ultimate beautiful person" in her high-school yearbook, the ambitious young woman got down to business: as an education student at Boston University, Carolyn displayed a keen status radar early on, dating Italian clothing heir Alessandro Benetton and future N.H.L. star John Cullen. Her entrée into the fashion universe was equally smooth. After college, she worked briefly as a salesgirl in Boston's Calvin Klein boutique. In 1989 it was on to New York, after she had been hired by Paul Wilmot to join Calvin Klein's P.R. department. By day, she helped dress the likes of Blaine Trump, Nan Kempner, and Diane Sawyer. By night, she hit the downtown club scene. New York was her element, and Carolyn let her natural moxie shine.

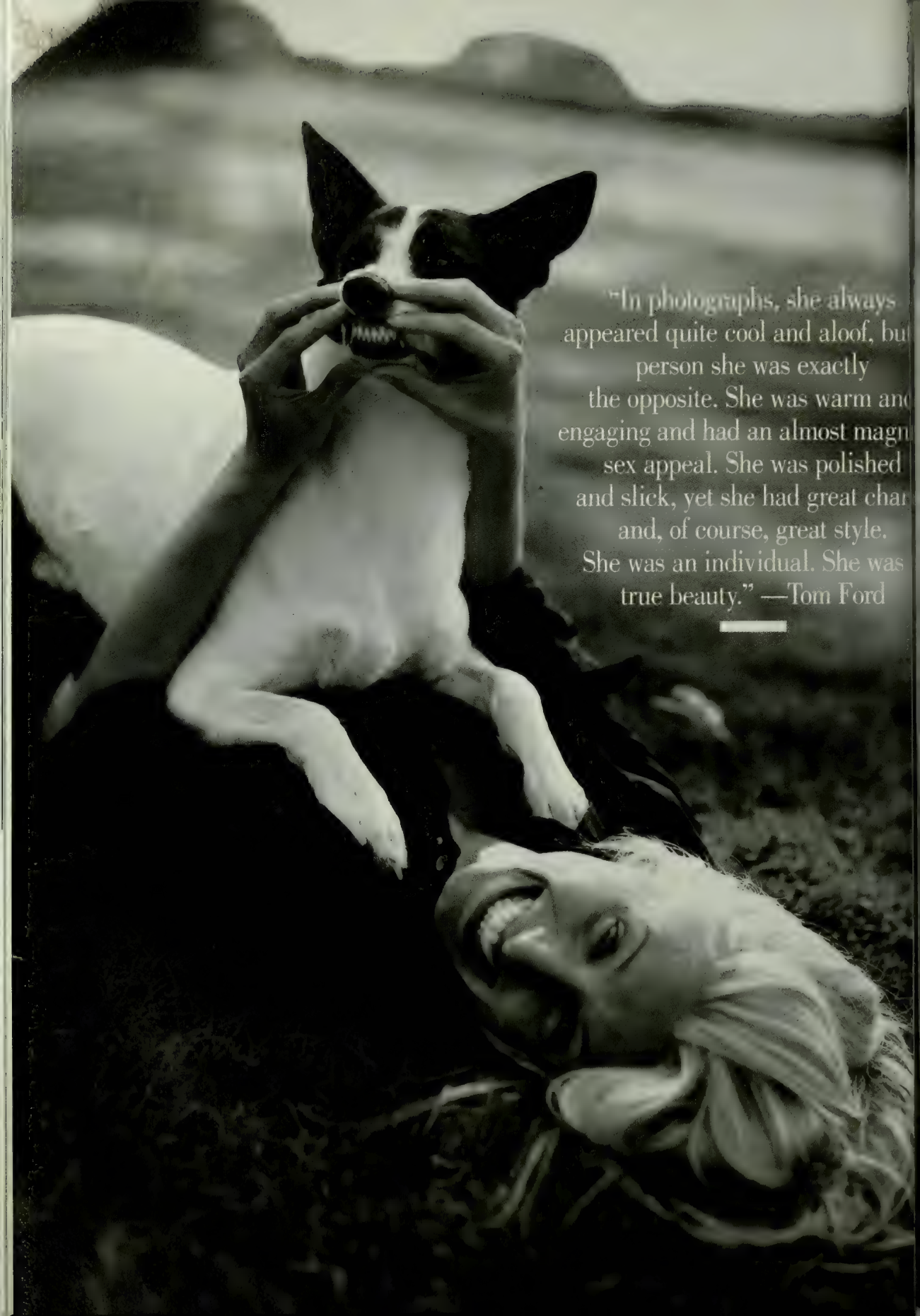
As for how girl met boy, the fairy-tale version has them jogging into each other in Central Park. More likely, they met through their mutual friend Kelly Klein—and there was little fairy-tale about it. A proponent of postfeminist courtship, Carolyn was a *Rules* girl who would never have been caught reading the actual book. When John held back, Carolyn would remind him about underwear model (and future *Baywatch* star) Michael Bergin, who was still on her back burner. Carolyn could also give John hell. The indelible images of Carolyn and John, however, are of them holding hands, her sitting in his lap, and the two kissing, laughing, or just gazing at each other. For all of her sass, Carolyn was, at her core, deeply devoted to those she loved. A wonderful listener, she would happily indulge her friends, even in their most endless stories. She phoned John at *George* several times a day, and acted as the unofficial hostess at the magazine's functions.

In October 1996, when John and Carolyn returned from their honeymoon to find a herd of reporters camped out in front of their Tribeca loft, John pleaded with the paparazzi to leave Carolyn alone. He understood that the "mystique" thing was nonsense—that Bessette was not an icon, but a wife, a worker, a daughter, and a friend, with an insatiable appetite for life. —EVGENIA PERETZ





"Millions of women copied Jackie
when she was in the White House. Jackie never
met Carolyn, I don't think.
But her love of privacy would have made her a favorite
of Jackie's. She would have loved Carolyn's
simplicity." —Carolina Herrera


"In photographs, she always
appeared quite cool and aloof, bu
person she was exactly
the opposite. She was warm an
engaging and had an almost magn
sex appeal. She was polished
and slick, yet she had great cha
and, of course, great style.
She was an individual. She was
true beauty." —Tom Ford

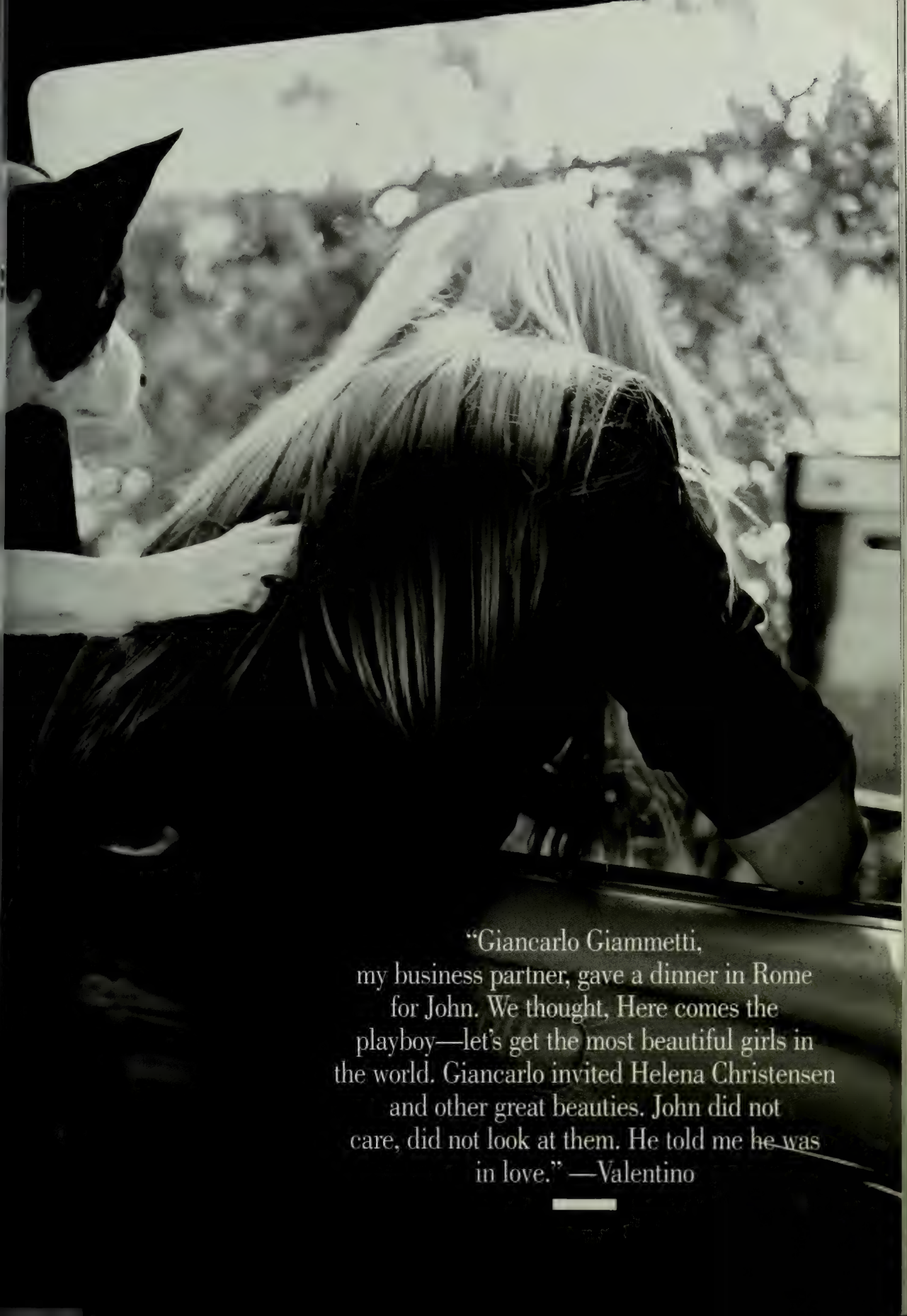






"She was a touch-and-feel person.
When you talked with her, one-on-one, she'd touch
your arm, grab your hand, in a sort of
ectionate way. She was much better in a small group
of people. So you take the looks, the charm,
the style, and that wonderful voice and sense of
ior and incredible warmth and love of conversation—
she was the best company you could
ever have." —Paul Wilmot



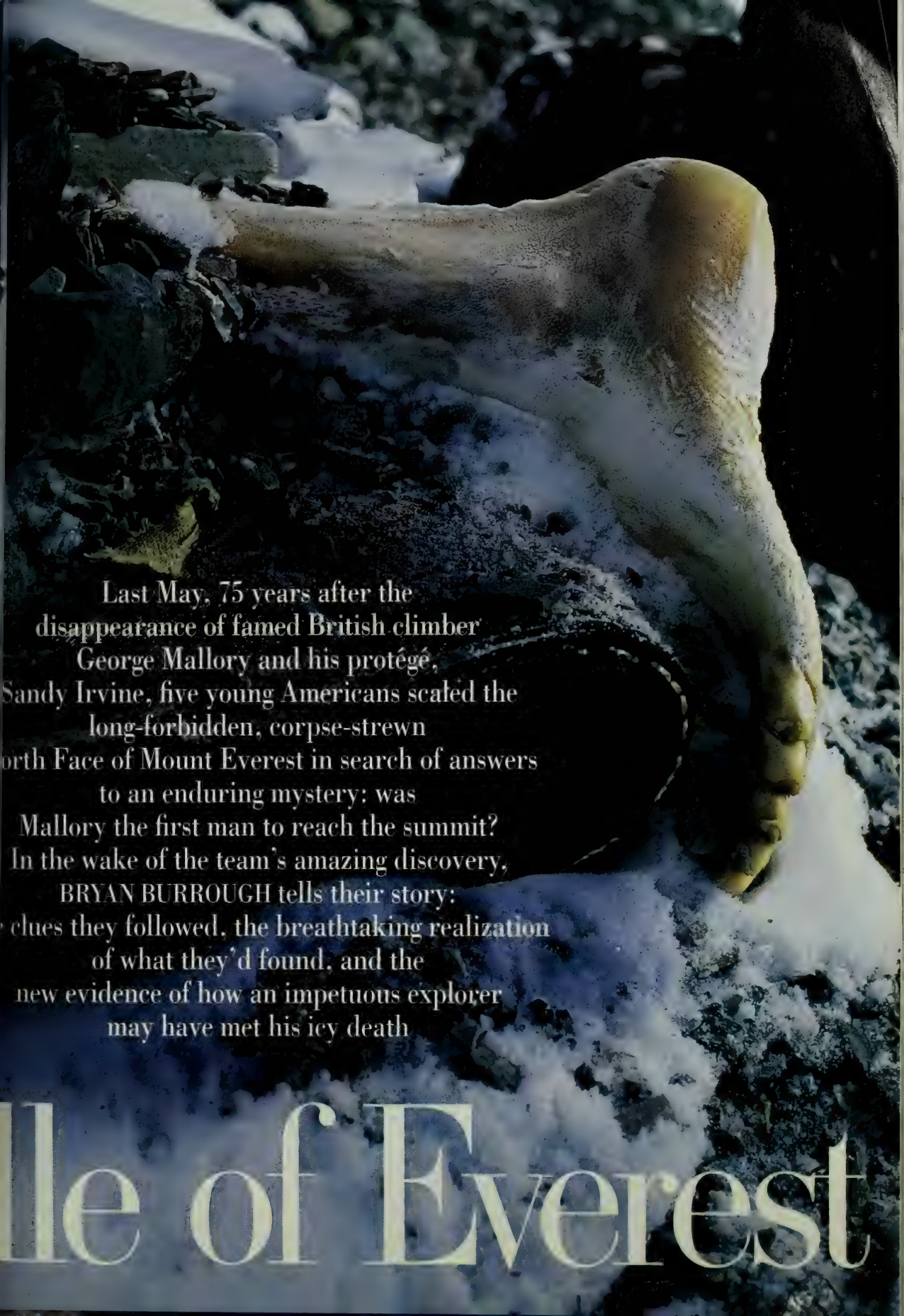


"Giancarlo Giammetti,
my business partner, gave a dinner in Rome
for John. We thought, Here comes the
playboy—let's get the most beautiful girls in
the world. Giancarlo invited Helena Christensen
and other great beauties. John did not
care, did not look at them. He told me he was
in love." —Valentino

ICARUS DESCENDING
Mount Everest's North Face. *Inset:* George Mallory, circa 1915, about whom Bloomsbury writer Lytton Strachey rhapsodized, "He's six foot high, with the body of an athlete by Praxiteles, and a face—oh incredible—the mystery of Botticelli." *Opposite:* the feet (one in a hobnail boot) of Mallory's frozen corpse; possibly they were crossed before he died, to ease the pain of a leg fractured above the knee and at the ankle.



The Ri



Last May, 75 years after the disappearance of famed British climber George Mallory and his protégé, Sandy Irvine, five young Americans scaled the long-forbidden, corpse-strewn orth Face of Mount Everest in search of answers to an enduring mystery: was Mallory the first man to reach the summit? In the wake of the team's amazing discovery, BRYAN BURROUGH tells their story: clues they followed, the breathtaking realization of what they'd found, and the new evidence of how an impetuous explorer may have met his icy death

lle of Everest



Just before one o'clock on the afternoon of June 8, 1924, a British mountaineer named Noel Odell stood high on a rocky terrace of Mount Everest and gazed skyward, toward the uppermost reaches of the world's highest mountain. He could see, far above, inching along a snowy ridge on a final approach to the summit, two black dots—dots that could only be the two climbers he was supporting that day: the lithe, boyish 38-year-old George Mallory, and Mallory's 22-year-old protégé, Andrew "Sandy" Irvine.

It was a historic moment. Even as Mallory crept toward the top of Everest that afternoon, the Cambridge-educated climber was already a noted figure in mountaineering. It was Mallory who, at a time when no Westerner had come within 40 miles of Everest, first mapped the mountain's approaches three years earlier, returning with a story of strange footsteps he had seen in the snow, which his Sherpas attributed to a creature called the "yeti"; it was Mallory who, when asked by a *New York Times* reporter why he wanted so badly to be the first to climb Everest, supposedly replied, "Because it is there"; it was Mallory who, twice before, in 1921 and again in 1922, saw his efforts to conquer Everest fail miserably.

As Odell gazed up that day, a full 29 years before Edmund Hillary and Tenzing Norgay's acclaimed 1953 conquest of Everest, the two dots that were Mallory and Irvine slowly made their way up the mountain's windswept Northeast Ridge. From what Odell could see, they had barely 900 feet to go before they reached the summit. Then a veil of high white clouds dropped across the mountaintop, obscuring Odell's view, and the two men disappeared.

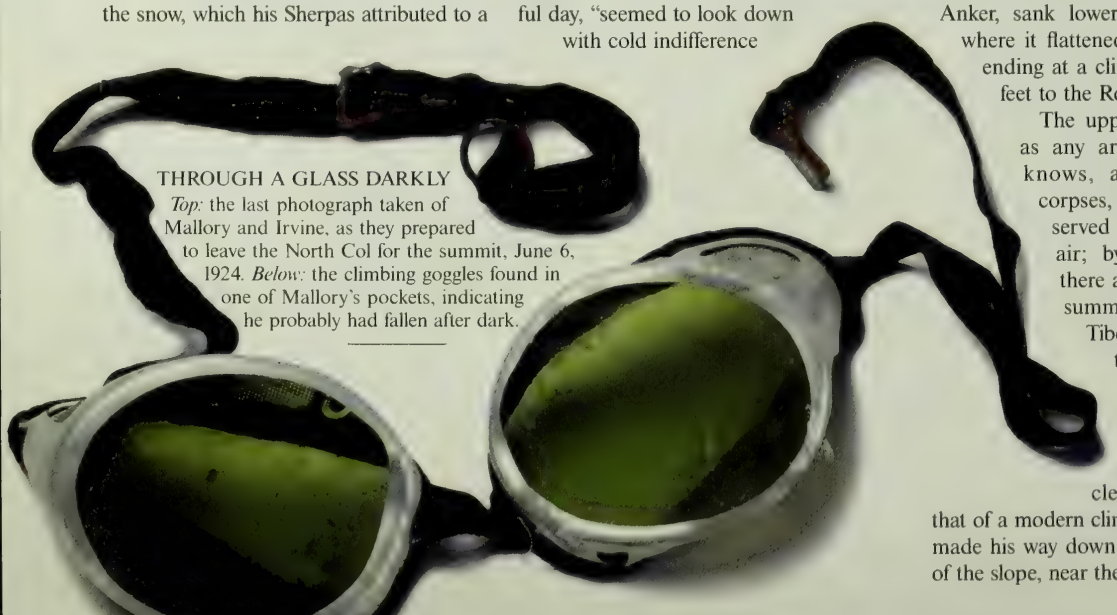
Forever.

Seventy-five years after their presumed deaths, the fate of Mallory and Irvine remained mountaineering's foremost mystery, a topic that was guaranteed to generate debate wherever climbers strapped on crampons: What disaster befell the two Everest pioneers? Why, after all the crowds of Americans, Britons, Japanese, Russians, and Chinese who have scaled Everest in their wake, had their bodies never been found? And the one question asked most insistently: Did they manage to make it to the top of the world almost three decades before Hillary and Tenzing? It was a riddle few believed would ever be solved. Everest, as Odell later recalled of that last fateful day, "seemed to look down with cold indifference on me, mere puny man, and howl d in wind-gusts at my petition to yiel secret—this mystery of my friends."

Last March, a team of five young ican climbers led by a veteran guide named Eric Simonson flew t to begin what many saw as a search for answers. Simonson's exp the second in 15 years to investigate ry and Irvine's fate, took with it two pal clues. The first was the locatio ice ax believed to be Irvine's, four on Everest by a British climber i The second and far more importan chance remark a Chinese climber Wang Hong Bao made to the lead Japanese expedition on Everest i Wang claimed that four years earli ing a 1975 expedition, he had disc an old corpse—"English, English," peated—high on the North Face, outside his camp. Wang never g chance to say more; the next day killed in an avalanche. But from scription of the body, Westerner heard the story suspected it was Irvi

In the chill before dawn on Sa May 1, 1999, the five American cl set out into a frigid wind to ascend est's north reaches in search of I corpse. They hoped that if they l the body they would find on it a that might hold undeveloped film o lory at the summit. By 10 o'clo climbers were in position at an altit 27,000 feet and began fanning out the steep North Face, down the bling limestone slope from the pre site of the 1975 Chinese camp. Th the men searched high on the slop others, including a handsome, 36-y Californian rock climber named C Anker, sank lower on the slope where it flattened out before ab ending at a cliff that dropped feet to the Rongbuk Glacier.

The upper slopes of E as any armchair mount knows, are festooned corpses, almost all eeril served by the dry Hima air; by Simonson's there are 17 bodies ne summit on the northe Tibetan, side of the tain alone. Anker a body within utes of begi his morbid ca its clothing, ho clearly identified that of a modern climber. Carefully, made his way down to the lowest re of the slope, near the cliff's edge, wh



THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY
Top: the last photograph taken of Mallory and Irvine, as they prepared to leave the North Col for the summit, June 6, 1924. *Below:* the climbing goggles found in one of Mallory's pockets, indicating he probably had fallen after dark.

a second, badly mangled corpse. It as dressed in modern clothing. Re- g course and walking toward the ne turned up the slope and caught a se of something white off to his right. he approached, Anker realized that itch of white was the naked back of a e lying facedown, its mummified ier blades polished to a glistening, e finish by the cold and wind. Stringy of woolen shirts and sweaters lay in s around the body. The face was l in a block of icy gravel and couldn't en. It took another hour for Anker, vas soon joined by his four comrades, lize that what he had found wasn't at iat they were looking for.

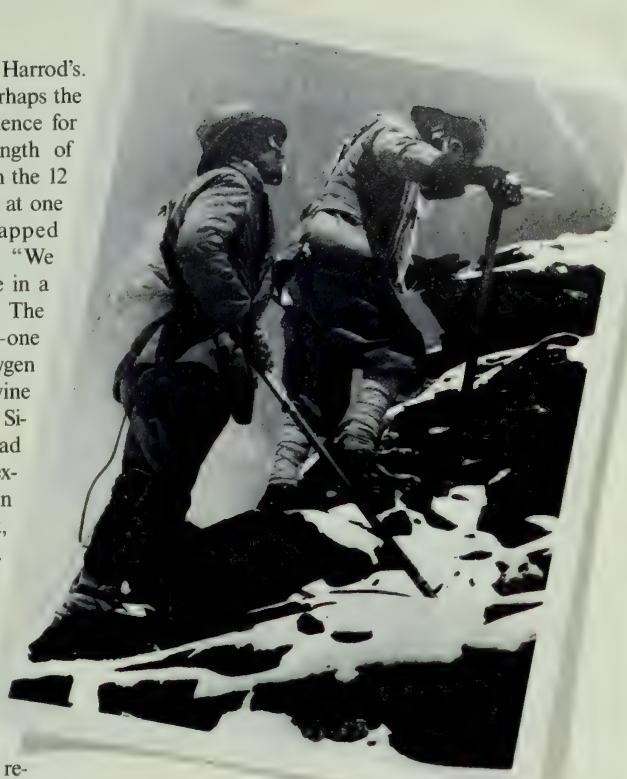
enty-five years after he vanished into iists atop Mount Everest, they had George Mallory himself.

Tucked away down an alley in the dusty Nepalese capital of Kathmandu, the country's best hotel, the wonderfully named Yak & Yeti, occupies a wing of the King of Nepal's mid-19th-century e. On a sultry morning in May, be- the ornate ceiling of a conference that once served as the Nepalese i's boudoir, Eric Simonson wearily ; a Ziploc bag containing the first of Mallory artifacts his team of climbers ght back from Everest just the day be- a pair of goggles. The fact that these ies were found in the corpse's jacket et is, Simonson and his team believe, nportant clue to whether Mallory ied the summit.

monson, hale and broad-shouldered, sunburned after his six-week trip to st, blinks as the photographers lean in , shutters clacking, flashbulbs popping y. His team's discovery has caused an national sensation, thrusting all the old tes about Mallory's fate onto front s around the world and triggering s of coverage in Britain, where Mallo- id Irvine remain cherished heroes. At nson's side are the five lean American ers, and the other team members—a g German graduate student who ed dream up the expedition and a pair oducers from the BBC and PBS, who ed it. Scattered throughout the audi- are the expedition's trim Sherpas, all lack expedition T-shirts, looking like e sort of Himalayan youth gang.

s dozens of Indian and Nepalese gers scribble on their pads, Simonson raises a Ziploc holding a striking red nief removed from Mallory's corpse; it ains as fresh and vibrantly colored as if he had just bought it at Harrod's. Inside a third Ziploc is perhaps the most telling piece of evidence for climbing historians: a length of thin white rope taken from the 12 feet of line, clearly broken at one end, that had been wrapped around Mallory's waist. "We speculate [the rope] broke in a fall" is all Simonson says. The fourth and final artifact—one of the four gunmetal oxygen cylinders Mallory and Irvine had worn on their backs— Simonson hefts with a broad smile. The cylinder, he explains, was found not on the body but high above it, on the Northeast Ridge. Simonson had actually seen it there during a 1991 climb; with his directions in hand, one of the climbers had managed to locate it again.

While the assembled reporters are upbeat and respectful, not everyone has welcomed news of the find. Just days earlier, the expedition triggered a storm of protest in London by selling photographs of Mallory's frozen body for $5,000 to *Newsweek*. Everyone from 80-year-old Sir Edmund Hillary to Mallory's 78-year-old son, John, has excoriated Simonson for doing so, a development that mystifies the Americans. Before any reporter can ask about it, Simonson moves to defuse the criticism by announcing that all proceeds from the sale of photos will be donated to Himalayan charities; the Mallory artifacts will go to museums.



UP ABOVE THE WORLD
Mallory, left, with Teddy Norton, on his second Everest attempt, May 1922. They were foiled by frostbite and oxygen deprivation. "It's an infernal mountain," Mallory wrote a friend. A few days later seven members of the group were swept away in an avalanche.

The next afternoon I tramp down a rutted path to the Hotel Manaslu, a neat little Nepalese guesthouse Simonson and his team seem to have taken over. Conrad Anker is in the lobby in sweatpants and bare feet trying to make an international phone call. I gather Simonson and the other team members—all but Anker, who telephones me that night—for lunch on a back patio lined with carved wooden elephants and Buddhas. A light mist begins to fall across the manicured, impossibly green lawn as the men—somewhat warily at first—begin to unburden themselves of their remarkable story.

Simonson seems especially preoccupied. I ask whether he is still bothered by the controversy over the pictures. His peers' criticism has been harsh; the British climber Chris Bonington told the London newspaper *The Observer* he was "disgusted" by the photo sale, adding that "these people don't deserve to be called climbers." Simonson, who knows far more about mountains than about media outlets, takes out a copy of *Newsweek*.

"We all think this is a totally cool picture," he says, pointing out one photo of the corpse's back. "It's a tasteful photo. We were kind of surprised people were bummed." He shrugs. "But you know," he goes on, "it probably was wrong to take money for it."

Lunch is ordered, and slim Nepalese waiters bring us small bottles of Coca-Cola. As the mist turns to rain, the talk turns to Mallory, and then to Mallory's partner, Irvine, and then to the rigors of the mountain. Always it returns to the mountain.

Mount Everest, the peak that Tibetans call Chomolungma, Mother Goddess of the Earth, was first recognized as the world's highest place in 1852, as the result of long-distance triangulations performed by British surveyors, who set the summit at 29,028 feet. First called simply Peak XV,

Mallory was "a very good, stout-hearted bab
but quite unfit to be put in charge of anythin



NAKED COURAGE
Above: labels from the clothes found on Mallory's corpse. *Near right:* Mallory, second from left, and Irvine, far right, aboard the SS *California*, M 12, 1924, en route to their final Everest expedition. *Opposite:* from Howard Somervell, Arthur Wakefield, and Mallory trekking to the Tibetan side of Everest, 1922; Somervell's desire to recover the camera he had lent to Mallory sparked the 1999 expedition.

named in 1865 after Sir George
it, India's surveyor general. For de-
geopolitics conspired to keep climb-
ay; Everest was hidden on the border
en the forbidden kingdoms of Nepal
ibet, a mysterious region that as late
)5 remained riddled with the spies
nperial intrigues of the Great Game
en Russia and Britain. Not until
did a British expedition to Tibet get
70 miles of the mountain. Even if
ers were allowed closer, no one was
n whether man could survive the
—by 1909, the highest mountain
limbed was the 24,600-foot Bride
in the Karakoram Range of what
Pakistan.

ly after Britain's first treaty with Ti-
n 1904, did fantasies of climbing
st edge toward reality. In 1913 the
Geographical Society began laying
for an expedition to Everest in
plans that were dashed by the onset
orld War I. The war decimated a
ation of Britain's finest climbers,
who had trained mostly in the Swiss
Geoffrey Winthrop Young, the coun-
op Alpinist, lost a leg in World War
ile several of the young climbers
had gathered around him at Cam-
were killed. Of those who sur-
perhaps the most popular was a
faced schoolteacher named George
Mallory.

his early years Mallory was by
accounts that rare thing, a beauti-
an. Lithe, graceful, and poetic, he
inspired bouts of rapture among
certain school-mates. Upon meeting him at Cambridge in 1909, the writer Lytton Strachey, later of the Bloomsbury circle, wrote to friends, "*Mon Dieu!* George Mallory! . . . My hand trembles, my heart palpitates, my whole being swoons away at the words—oh heavens! heavens! . . . He's six foot high, with the body of an athlete by Praxiteles, and a face—oh incredible—the mystery of Botticelli, the refinement and delicacy of a Chinese print, the youth and piquancy of an unimaginable English boy." Strachey's cousin the painter Duncan Grant, who lived with Virginia Woolf's sister, Vanessa Bell, sketched Mallory in the nude, and later said he would have paid Mallory £100 a year to be his "mistress."

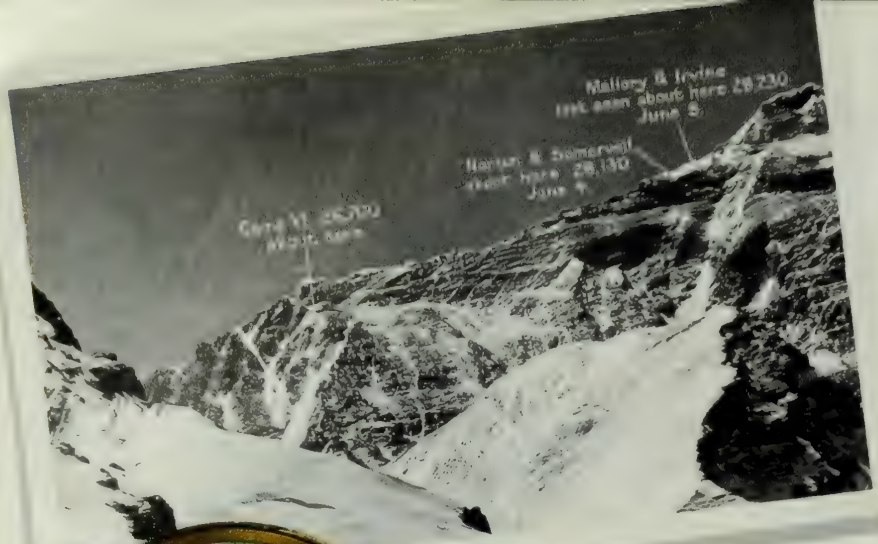


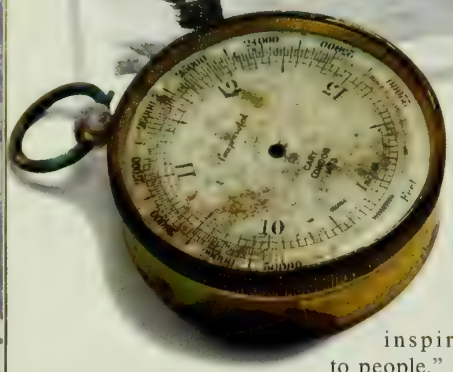
Although Mallory married in 1914 and wrote touching love letters to his wife during all three of his Everest expeditions, vague rumors of homosexuality forever clung to him. Decades after his death the writer Walt Unsworth, in his 1981 book, *Everest,* suggested that a romantic attachment might explain Mallory's curious selection of 22-year-old Sandy Irvine as his climbing partner in 1924. Irvine, as many have noted, was by far the least experienced of the climbers on that expedition, though he made up for it with noteworthy stamina and a gift for repairing the balky oxygen sets he and Mallory wore. In the end there is simply no evidence to back up the speculation. "Was Mallory bisexual?" Unsworth asked Grant. "No, certainly he was not," the painter replied.



Born in 1886, the son of a vicar, Mallory was introduced to mountain climbing by Graham Irving, his housemaster at Winchester, a prominent boys' school. After practicing their technique on the Welsh foothills, Mallory and other Winchester boys were taken by Irving for two summers of climbing in the Alps, where they completed a snowy traverse of Mont Blanc. In February 1909, after enrolling at Cambridge, Mallory met the man who was to become his mentor, Geoffrey Young. Climbing with Young in the years before the war, Mallory established a reputation as a competent mountaineer, one who was perhaps too comfortable with the risks of high peaks. A fluent writer determined to introduce the beauty and poetry of mountaineering to a wider audience, Mallory published long, flowery articles in climbing journals that made him the darling of the pre-war British climbing establishment.

It was Mallory's writings as much as his actual climbing abilities that brought him to the attention of the Royal Geographical Society when the question of an Everest ascent arose again in 1919, after the war. Mallory was a good, not a great, mountaineer, perhaps the most instinctive rock climber in a country that was no longer in the forefront of alpine climbing techniques. "I don't think he was the best of his day, but he moved with a grace and a confidence that was



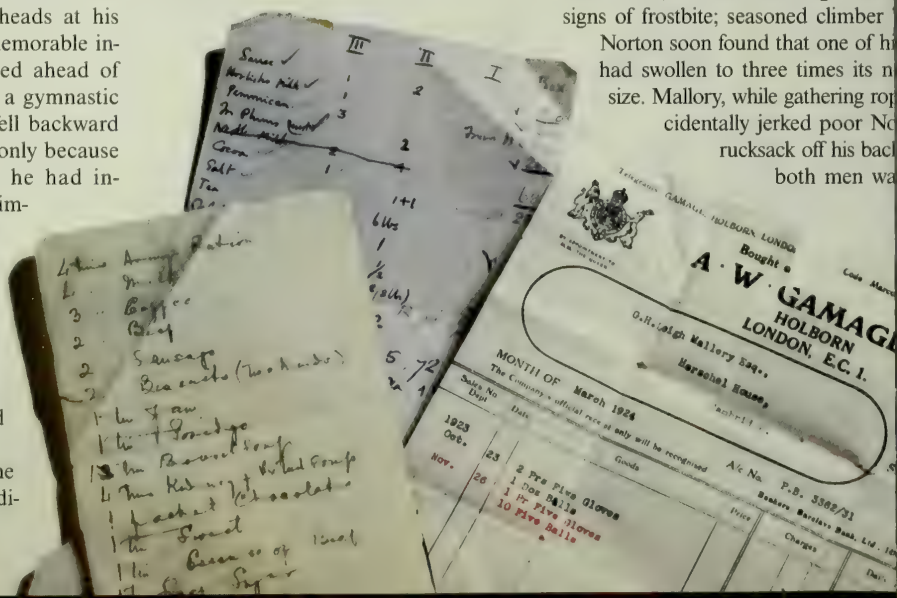


inspiring to people," says David Breashears, the noted Everest climber and filmmaker, who is co-authoring one of three books due out soon on Mallory. "Certainly in Europe the Austrians and Swiss and Italians were better climbers at that time. He was not a leading climber on the Continent; he was a good climber in England, which is a huge difference."

Where Mallory was sometimes criticized, albeit in whispers at the time, was in matters of preparedness, organization, and caution. From his student days climbing in Wales, his friends and mentors had shaken their heads at his impetuous nature. In one memorable incident in the Alps, he forged ahead of his two partners, attempted a gymnastic leap up a steep rock, and fell backward 40 feet in midair, surviving only because a friend caught his rope; he had inexplicably forgotten to tie himself to the mountain. What one author calls Mallory's "chronic absentmindedness" would come to plague him on Everest. For his last, fateful attempt on the summit, Mallory managed to forget his camera, his flashlight, and his compass.

As another member of one of Mallory's Everest expeditions, Tom Longstaff, explained, Mallory was "a very good, stout-hearted baby, but quite unfit to be put in charge of anything, including himself."

Members of the first British expedition to scout Mount Everest gathered in tropical Calcutta in May 1921, Mallory having taken a steamer there alone from London. The long, circuitous trek around Nepal to the mountain's northern approaches took several weeks. Mallory and his seven companions, a motley group of army officers and amateur mountaineers, accompanied by dozens of porters and yak drivers, were the first Europeans to penetrate this remote corner of Tibet. They had little idea what to expect, dressing in natty tweed jackets and greatcoats. When George Bernard Shaw glimpsed a photograph of the group, he remarked that it resembled a picnic in



Connemara surprised by a snow

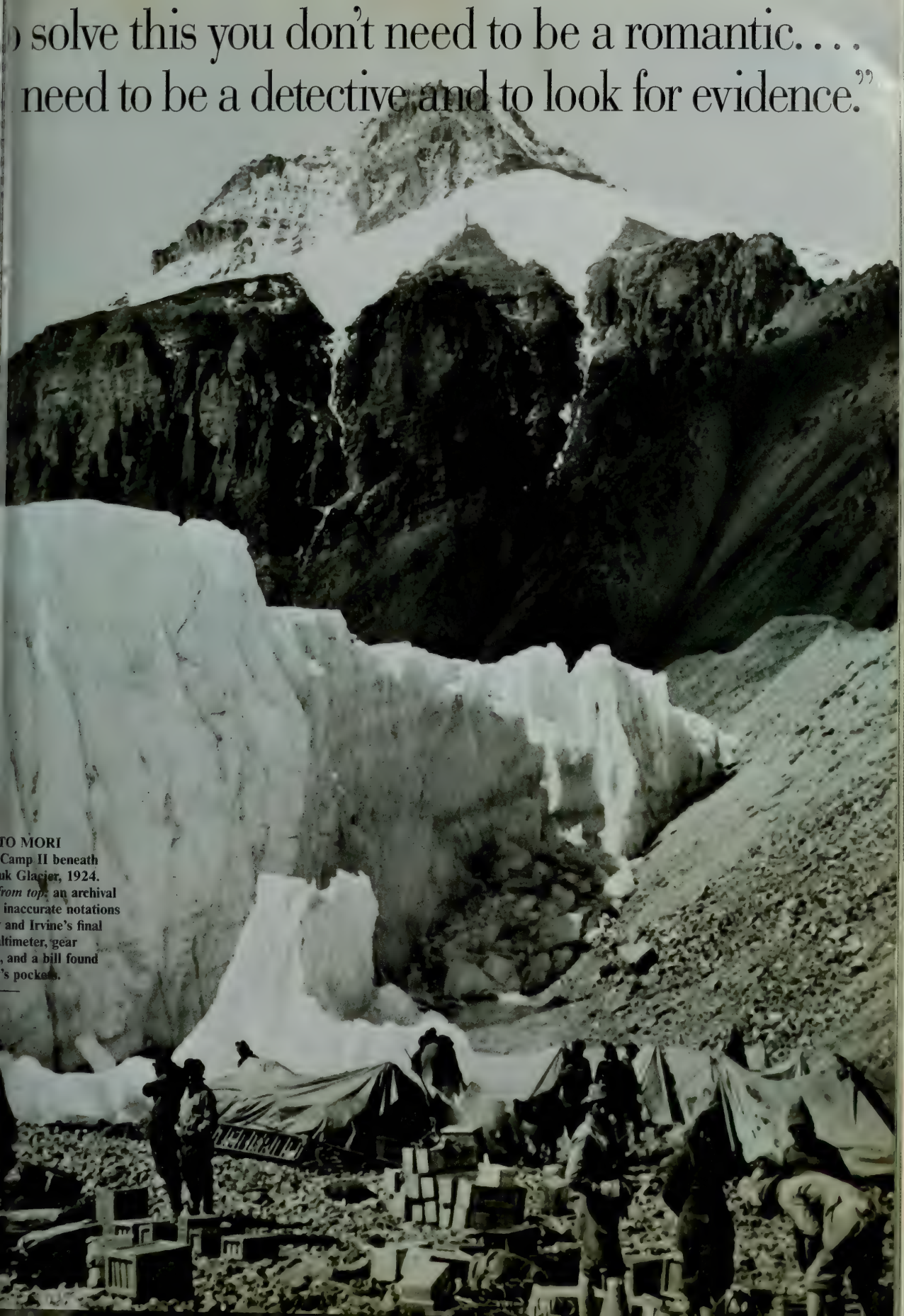
Encamped below the mountain, ry and the others spent all summe bering across the rock-strewn glaci foothills, in search of the best rou Not until mid-September, when proach had been mapped, did M and a trio of climbers set out to as snowy 1,500-foot slope known as the Col, which would take them to feet. Mallory realized they had neit energy nor the time to attempt th mit at this point; this would be reconnaissance, albeit one he was mined to press as far as possib was stopped just a few yards abo North Col by a howling wind. moment Mallory could see the r would take to the summit, and as scended the col, and later returned gland, it burned into his mind: a long shoulder, now known as the Nor Ridge, sloping gradually up to the point in the world. It was within his

Mallory returned to Everest the ing spring, one of five experienced c included in the Royal Geographica ety's second attempt on the mounta the evening of May 19 he and three ers struggled to the top of the Nort pitched camp, and pondered the ahead. "Now, as darkness deepen was a fine night," Mallory later "The signs were favorable. We ha best omen a mountaineer can loo the palpitating fire, to use [George tayana's words, of many stars in a sky.... I remember how my mind wandering over the various details preparations without anxiety, rath God after the Creation seeing that good. It was good."

But it wasn't. The next morning da numbingly cold, and despite throwi extra shirts, all four men began exhi signs of frostbite; seasoned climber

Norton soon found that one of h had swollen to three times its n size. Mallory, while gathering ro cidentally jerked poor N rucksack off his bac both men wa

) solve this you don't need to be a romantic. . . .
need to be a detective, and to look for evidence."



TO MORI
Camp II beneath
uk Glacier, 1924.
from top: an archival
inaccurate notations
and Irvine's final
ltimeter, gear
, and a bill found
's pocket.

helplessly as it slid down the mountain. The next morning, after camping at 25,000 feet, H. T. Morshead, another of the climbers, couldn't continue. Mallory and two companions pressed on through the day, but by midafternoon, frostbitten and badly deprived of oxygen, they turned back to care for Morshead. They had made it to almost 27,000 feet but had still failed to reach the Northeast Ridge.

Back down on the glacier, though everyone was exhausted, Mallory pushed to make one last try and got his way. "It's an infernal mountain, cold and treacherous," he wrote a friend at the time. "Frankly the game is not good enough: the risks of getting caught are too great; the margin of strength when men are at great heights is too small. Perhaps it's mere folly to go up again. But how can I be out of the hunt?" This time Mallory's impetuous nature proved fatal to several in his party. Ascending the North Col a few mornings later, most of his group was swept away by an avalanche; seven porters died beneath the snow. Mallory, who was rescued, blamed himself.

To begin to understand Mallory's fate, forget everything you read in *Into Thin Air,* Jon Krakauer's best-selling book about the 1996 blizzard that took a dozen lives on the south, or Nepalese, side of Everest. The Tibetan side is for all purposes an entirely different mountain. Closed to Western climbers from 1950 until the Chinese government reopened it in 1980, it is generally considered easier than the southern routes. Yaks can walk all the way to 23,000 feet, and for much of the route ice axes are used only as walking sticks. Today, fixed ropes line the way, making it possible for even rank novices to scale Everest. A BBC producer, Matt Dickinson, reached the top this way in 1996, despite having—like Sandy Irvine—scant climbing experience, and no plans beforehand to attempt the summit.

Key portions of the northern route, however, were in Mallory's day spectacularly difficult, especially a rocky cliff called the Second Step that blocks the final approach to the summit at almost 29,000 feet. A group of Chinese climbers managed to scale its imposing face for the first time in 1960, but only after one of them lost several toes and fingers to frostbite. Thereafter, the Chinese attached a ladder to the near-vertical upper reaches of the Second Step—a ladder, obviously, that Mallory and Irvine never had.

Today, as in Mallory's time, the north-



"[A]RER MY GOD."
[illegible] Anker contemplates
Mallory [illegible] shortly after he discovered it. He speculates that Mallory was alive, [illegible] briefly, after his fall, and was trying to keep his hold on the slope: "His synapses were firing, and he had last thoughts about his wife and [children]. . . . Maybe for a second he was like 'I can pull this off.'"

"I realized . . . the immensity and the enormity of their location . . . those must have been his last thoughts."



ern approach to Everest begins with the establishment of a base camp on the 17,000-foot-high Rongbuk Glacier, whose broken moraine acts as a sort of backcountry highway to the mountain itself. Most teams erect a Camp II further up the glacier, and a Camp III at the head of the glacier, near the foot of the North Col. Ascending the North Col is the first real climbing most teams do. Camp IV is built at the windswept top of the North Col and serves as a staging area for summit bids; once you leave Camp IV, you have three or four days to make it to the summit and back.

The final dash to the top is mounted from Camp VI, usually established at the top of a broad, rocky slope at 27,200 feet, from which it ideally takes about eight hours to the summit before a swift retreat to Camp VI. Typically leaving at one or two in the morning, modern mountaineers climb straight up a crumbling cliff called the Yellow Band to attain the Northeast Ridge, which slopes up to the summit. At that point the only serious hurdles left are the First and Second Step cliffs.

Mallory returned to Everest in 1924, this time as the climbing leader of a party of nine men, again supported by dozens of porters. Several members of the 1922 attempt were back, including Norton and a doctor named Howard Somervell. One new face was Irvine, a strikingly handsome Oxford student whose only adventuring experience was a sled crossing of the Arctic island of Spitsbergen. Tall and broad-shouldered, he had been invited after one of his Spitsbergen pals had extolled his strength and endurance. Mallory took an instant liking to Irvine during the long sail to India, a regard that grew in Tibet when Mallory saw how facile Irvine had become with the expedition's notoriously unreliable oxygen sets. For the first time Mallory was considering the use of oxygen, with which climbers on both of the earlier expeditions had experimented.

Heavy snows greeted them on Everest. Several climbers survived dangerous falls while establishing the advanced base camp atop the North Col; Mallory slid into a crevasse and saved himself only by jamming an ax into the ice wall and climbing out unaided. For safety it was decided they would split into pairs for successive attempts on the summit. Mallory and a climber named Geoffrey Bruce went first, but barely 2,000 feet above the North Col their porters, fighting frostbite and high winds, refused to go farther. Mallory came back down the mountain in a black fury. Passing Noel Odell, who was climbing in a group behind them, he confided that the only way Everest would ever be scaled was with oxygen. He returned to the glacier below, found Irvine, and began assembling the oxygen sets for one final rush to the top; each man would wear a row of torpedo-like canisters on his back and attempt to breathe through a gas mask.

As Mallory and Irvine ascended the mountain, Norton and Somervell, climbing well ahead, made it to 28,000 feet on the North Face before turning back; badly dehydrated, Somervell had been defeated by a hacking cough, which eased only after he retched up an obstruction in his throat, which turned out to be the lining of his larynx. The four climbers—two descending, two ascending—met at the North Col camp, and at 8:40 the next morning, after a breakfast of fried sardines, Mallory, Irvine, and a group of porters headed upward. Odell, who would follow them and resupply their camps, snapped a picture of the two men, looking like Jules Verne spacemen in their oxygen masks, as they got ready. It was the last photo of Mallory ever taken.

That night Mallory and Irvine bivouacked at Camp V, at 25,000 feet. The next day, June 7, the two men and their last four porters ascended to Camp VI at 26,800 feet, on the North Face just below the Yellow Band. Before leaving for the summit the next morning, Mallory sent the porters back down with an upbeat note to Odell, asking him to retrieve the compass Mallory had left at Camp V. "Perfect weather for the job!" he wrote as a sign-off.

It was the next day, at 12:50 P.M., that Odell spotted the two dots high above as he climbed up to Camp VI in hopes of greeting Mallory and Irvine on their return from the summit. By midafternoon, with no sign of the returning climbers, Odell started ranging across the North Face, yelling and yodeling in a vain attempt to coax some response from the ridge above. Around 4:30 he began a rapid descent to the North Col, where he scanned the darkness all night for any sign of the two men. The next day Odell climbed back up to Camp VI, but there were no signs of his friends. Mallory and Irvine, he realized then, were never coming back.

In the wake of the climbers' disappearance, many of Mallory's peers in the British mountaineering community preferred to believe the pair had reached the summit. But in the absence of any proof, or any bodies, there was no way to enshrine the lost climbers as anything other than lost climbers. A British expedition in 1933 found the ice ax believed to be Irvine's near the First Step on the Northeast Ridge, which proved only that they had attained the ridge. In later years, as the Chinese government closed off Tibetan approaches to Everest, speculation on the pair's fate faded. When Hillary and Tenzing finally gained the summit from Nepal in 1953, Hillary has said, Mallory's fate weighed on his mind; he glimpsed down the North Face but could see no sign anyone had approached the summit from the Tibetan side. Following Hillary's feat, interest in Mallory and Irvine all but disappeared.

Then, in 1970, a young American climbing enthusiast named Tom Holzel read a brief mention of the Mallory mystery in *The New Yorker*. His curiosity piqued, Holzel pored over two Mallory biographies and the official 1924 expedition book, which he found in the New York Public Library. To his amazement, none of the books directly addressed the possibility that Mallory and Irvine had reached the summit. Intrigued, Holzel spent six months researching the particular hours, factoring in new data about oxygen-aided climbing rates, and came to the conclusion that there was a very good chance the two had beaten Hillary to the top. Holzel further theorized that because snow does not accumulate for long periods on Everest's windswept upper slopes, the bodies of Mallory and Irvine—and the camera they carried—might well be found. Guessing that at least one of the two climbers, probably Irvine, had fallen from the Northeast Ridge, Holzel went so far as to identify a body's likely resting-place, on the (relatively) gentle slope of the wide, rocky North Face, a thousand feet below where Irvine's ice ax had been found.

When Holzel published his hypothesis in a 1971 article in *Mountaineering* magazine, his ideas were greeted by jeers from the climbing community, which had declared Hillary. "When the magazine hit the streets it was like 'Holy mackerel'—there were three solid weeks of letters to the *Sunday Times*" of London, recalls Holzel, now a businessman in Westwood, Massachusetts. "It was mostly people shaking their fists [saying], 'Ho, ho, ho, another American with a crazy idea.' I was shocked." Undismayed to sway his critics, Holzel grew convinced that the only way to solve the mystery was to get to Everest himself. He spent the rest of the decade looking into ways for ways to gain access to the Tibetan side—perhaps by sneaking across from the Nepalese side of the mountain, as an American expedition had done in 196

The breakthrough in Holzel's quest came in 1980, after the Chinese government allowed a Japanese expedition to climb the north slope. Holzel wrote the Japanese Alpine Club for permission along, explaining his intent, but nothing back. Then, six months lat- received a curious letter from an of- of the Japanese club. The Japanese one ahead with their climb and had ith a group of Chinese climbers on the mountain. There, high on t, Chinese climber Wang Hong Bao e Japanese climbing leader, Ryoten awa, of the old corpse he described nglish, English." When he touched dy, Wang said, its clothes crumbled lew away; he pushed some snow and returned to his camp. Hase- wanted to know more, but Wang's in an avalanche the next day pre- him from finding out the precise n of the body.

h, my God," Holzel whispered to lf. "They've found Irvine."

years later, as the Chinese govern- gradually opened the doors to its f Everest, Tom Holzel finally mount- long-awaited expedition to find the he believed to be Sandy Irvine's. Ac- anied by David Breashears, he man- o reach Camp V, at 25,600 feet, but his party encountered heavy snow igh winds. Holzel stayed for barely inutes before climbing back down, to return.

e quest that ultimately led to Mallo- ody began at a funeral in Gloucester- in 1969, where a 12-year-old English amed Graham Hoyland heard a very an tell a story that changed his life. ld man was a distant relative of Hoy- named Howard Somervell, then 81, before embarking on a lengthy career doctor in India had twice climbed side Mallory on Everest. Following neral, Somervell told young Hoyland how, after his failed summit try with Teddy Norton in 1924, he had returned to encounter Mallory and Irvine as they set out for their final attempt on the summit. "Somervell," Mallory had said, "would you mind letting me borrow your camera? I've forgotten mine." And then the old man told Hoyland the rest of the story, how Mallory and Irvine had disappeared into the mists, taking with them the only photos from Somervell's own summit bid. "I gave him that camera," Somervell concluded. "And I'd rather like it back."

Hoyland eventually became a documentary producer at the BBC in Manchester and an accomplished mountaineer. He made two tries at Everest before summiting in 1993, and afterward returned to Britain to lobby his bosses to fund a trip in search of Somervell's camera. But Hoyland's superiors resisted; expeditions like this were expensive, and they wanted partners to share the financial burden. Hoyland began making calls. In early 1998 he spoke to Russell Brice, a 46-year-old climber who had journeyed to the Tibetan side of Everest so many times he was known as the Mayor of Rongbuk Glacier. Brice mentioned a German graduate student named Jochen Hemmleb, who had approached him for information about the North Face of Everest, and who was looking for a slot on an expedition in hopes of solving the mystery of Mallory and Irvine.

Hemmleb, a 26-year-old geology student at the University of Frankfurt, had become obsessed with discovering the fate of the two climbers after reading Holzel's 1986 book, *First on Everest,* as a teenager. In his spare time, he had written a series of technical analyses fine-tuning Holzel's conclusions; three of the papers attracted widespread attention in the mountaineering community when they were posted on an Everest Web site.

Joining forces, Hemmleb and Hoyland realized that tagging along with a commercial group of climbers really wasn't practical; what they needed, both men agreed, was an expedition dedicated solely to Mallory and Irvine. The help they sought arrived from an unexpected quarter. On June 2, 1998, Larry Johnson, the marketing director for a small independent book publisher, Stackpole Books, was absentmindedly cruising the Internet in his office in Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania, when he stumbled upon one of Hemmleb's papers. Johnson was an avid amateur climber who as a senior in high school in 1964 had been intrigued by Mallory and Irvine after reading of their climb in Tenzing Norgay's 1955 autobiography, *Tiger of the Snows.* Fascinated, he fired off an E-mail to Hemmleb and was surprised to find a response on his office computer the next morning. Soon the two were corresponding regularly, and Johnson agreed to help Hemmleb and Hoyland find a way to Everest.

It wasn't easy. By most estimates, mounting an expedition of their own would take a quarter-million dollars or more. Then, in July, Johnson opened his mail and found a brochure from an Ashford, Washington, guide named Eric Simonson. Simonson had led 19 Himalayan expeditions, had been to Everest six times, and had reached the summit himself in 1991. For the spring of 1999 he planned something different, a trip to take a group of climbers CONTINUED ON PAGE 347





TOOLS OF THE TRADE
A box of wooden matches and a tin of "meat lozenges" found in Mallory's pockets.

t surprised me
ıe was roped. It was
omething no modern
limber would have done."

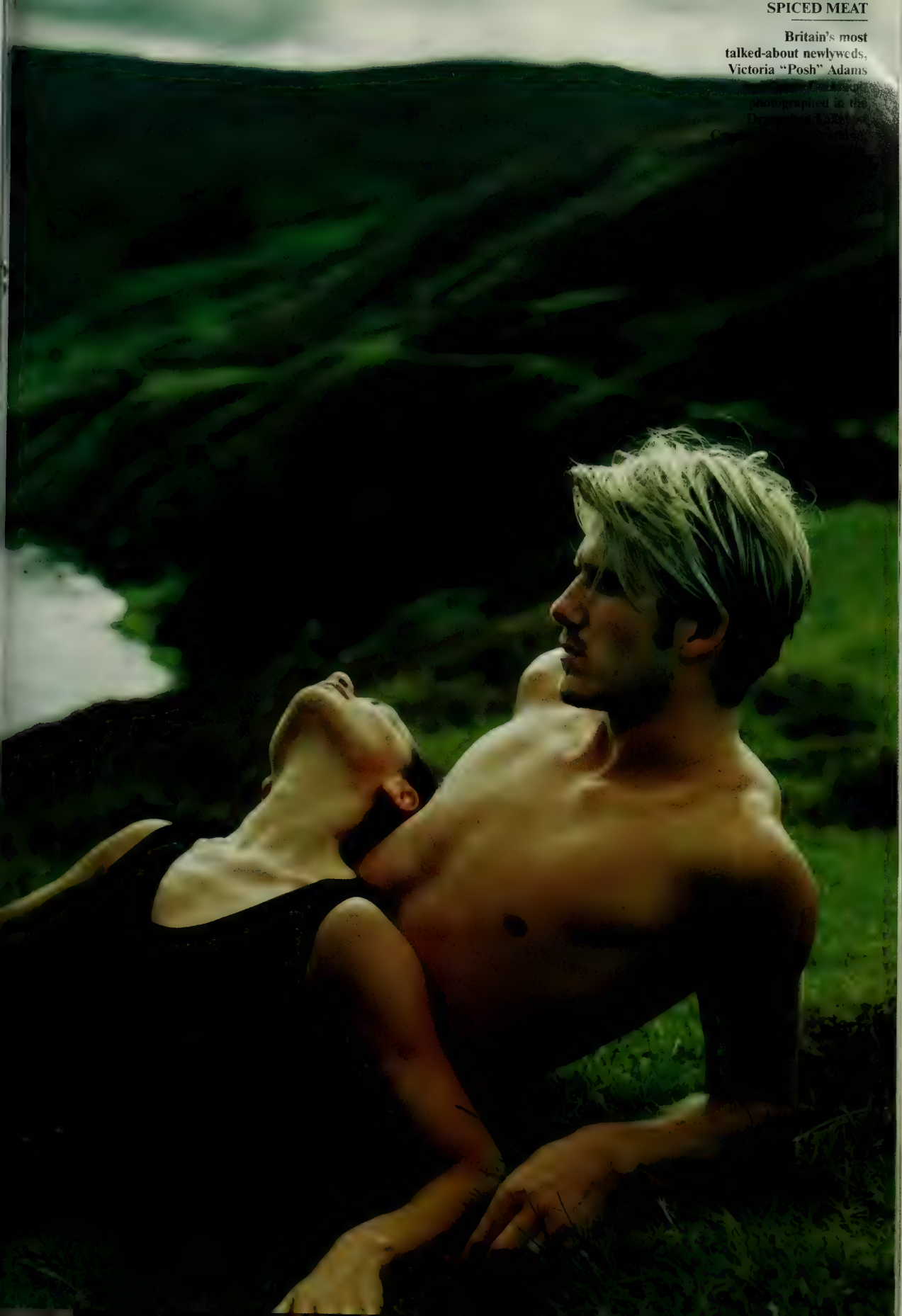
SAINTS BE PRAISED



Is Milla Jovovich human? Born 23 years ago in the Ukraine, the daughter of an actress and a doctor, the cat-eyed, pillow-lipped, neo-pagan beauty started modeling at age 11 and gained notoriety at 15 playing an archetypal nature girl with conveniently breast-covering long hair in *Return to the Blue Lagoon*. To play the role of "the Perfect Being" in 1997's *The Fifth Element* she wore a skimpy Jean Paul Gaultier costume that made her look like a partially unwrapped mummy. Now, in her latest movie, *Joan of Arc*, she plays the legendary martyred mystic who became the patron saint of France. "She was such a mover and a shaker," Jovovich enthuses. "She reminds me of--what's that animal? A Tasmanian devil."

One man whom Jovovich clearly impressed with her aura of near divinity was Luc Besson, her former husband, who directed her both in *The Fifth Element* and in *Joan of Arc*. But Besson and Jovovich are separated now. And for all the demigods in her résumé, Jovovich coyly insists on her own mortality, pointing out that even supermodels "wake up with pimples in strange areas." When asked how it felt to be burned at the stake dressed as Saint Joan, she answers humbly: "I got smoke all over me and stuff, but it was nothing compared to what she actually went through."

True. Too true. —WALTER KIRN



SPICED MEAT

Britain's most talked-about newlyweds, Victoria "Posh" Adams

Imagine if Madonna had turned Dennis Rodman into a stable domestic partner. Or if Mariah Carey and Derek Jeter had actually produced issue. Double that kind of fame quotient—now add a zero. You're beginning to understand the cultural pre-eminence enjoyed in Britain by Victoria "Posh Spice" Adams and her soccer-star husband, David Beckham.

In July the supermodish couple staged an extravagantly gauche wedding that dwarfed the summer nuptials of the Queen's recalcitrant son Edward and his demure bride, Sophie Rhys-Jones. Then again, Adams and Beckham did have at their disposal the $1.6 million that the trashy British magazine *OK!* paid for exclusive photo rights to their Big Day.

The "Posh" and "Becks" phenomenon is the product of British tabloid culture, a celebrity particle accelerator that makes American counterparts look primitive by comparison. The U.K.'s populist "red top" newspapers pump up the pulse of British life, and they compete ferociously for every fleeting image of Beckham and Adams. The most spurious story about the toothsome duo can end up setting the national agenda. (Beckham wraps a Gaultier sarong over his trousers—let's re-evaluate British manhood!)

Since the birth of their son, Brooklyn, in March, Becks and Posh have started to see the dark side of the paparazzi flashbulbs. "It *is* hard," says the 25-year-old Adams. "Because as much as you say, 'The press have done this and they've done that,' you need each other at the start of your career. But it does get to the stage where we would like to take Brooklyn out without thinking, Let's cover his face up. I find it sick—people hiding, trying to get pictures of a little baby."

Even the Scottish Highlands offer no refuge to Beckham and Adams. En route to a country estate near Inverness, they cower in their chauffeur-driven car as local paparazzi attempt to capture the Becks-Posh image of the day. After five minutes on the idyllic country roads, the tabloid desperadoes try to pull past Adams and Beckham's car, but the chauffeur rises to the challenge. He pulls out into the middle of the road and weaves from side to side, blocking the predators' progress. Meantime, from the opposite direction, a car races toward them. When the chauffeur pulls over to let the car pass, a paparazzo sees his moment. He tries to overtake the car in between his and his quarry's, but the chauffeur won't slow down, nearly forcing the paparazzo into a major pileup. A cluster of sheep look up, bemused by the commotion. "You get used to it after a while," says Beckham, a car-chase veteran at 24.

When they met, in February 1997, Posh and Becks were already fully accredited celebrities in their own right. He was a world-class asset of Manchester United Football Club; she was the Spice Girl who looked good in Gucci. (He earned an estimated $5 million last year; she did even better.) When two became one, they outstripped their natural teenage constituencies and transfixed the nation. Every matching fashion-victor outfit they unveil at celebrity photo ops is spread across countless newspaper pages, and their every shopping spree is covered like a prime-ministerial briefing. Beckham's and Adams's primary talents have been all but subsumed by their twin roles as conspicuous consumers.

"We do like shopping, but not to the extent that everybody makes out," protests Adams, who today is wearing a version of Gucci's collarless, 70s-style brown leather jacket and a black Atlanta Braves baseball cap. Beckham, as always, is wearing an identical combination. "We're like everybody," says Adams. "We like buying new clothes, but that isn't the be-all and end-all in life. I've always liked clothes ever since I was very young. I remember when I was signing on the dole [drawing unemployment] at 16, me and my sister used to go up and buy a pair of Patrick Cox shoes together and share them. Once someone gave me a designer carrier bag, and I used to use it to carry my schoolbooks in." On this day her luggage is Vuitton.

Adams loudly dismisses another popular notion—that she dominates her notoriously inscrutable spouse. "I've got a bit of a big mouth, haven't I?" she allows. "I just like talking—I'm bossy! But it's harmless. I'm not nasty or anything." David, she says, is not "thick" but "deep," although she can joke about it. "We p
Trivial Pursuit the other day, wh
were on holiday, and I was devastat
cause I got beaten by *David Beckha*

And yes, she assures us, they rea
love each other. "People have often th
that we were put together and it's a
licity thing," Adams says. "And they
I'm really miserable. But I'm the ha
person around. I don't stop smiling."

Adams flashes a big grin at her
She resembles nothing so much
Japanimation character come to life.
ham smiles back and reaches out a
If this sounds cloying, it comes acr
anything but. In fact, they seem mo
a prom queen and her football-ca
beau than like two hypercelebrities
verge of media meltdown.

The last year of Bec
and Adams's moder
mance should have
directly from a s
embossed airport n

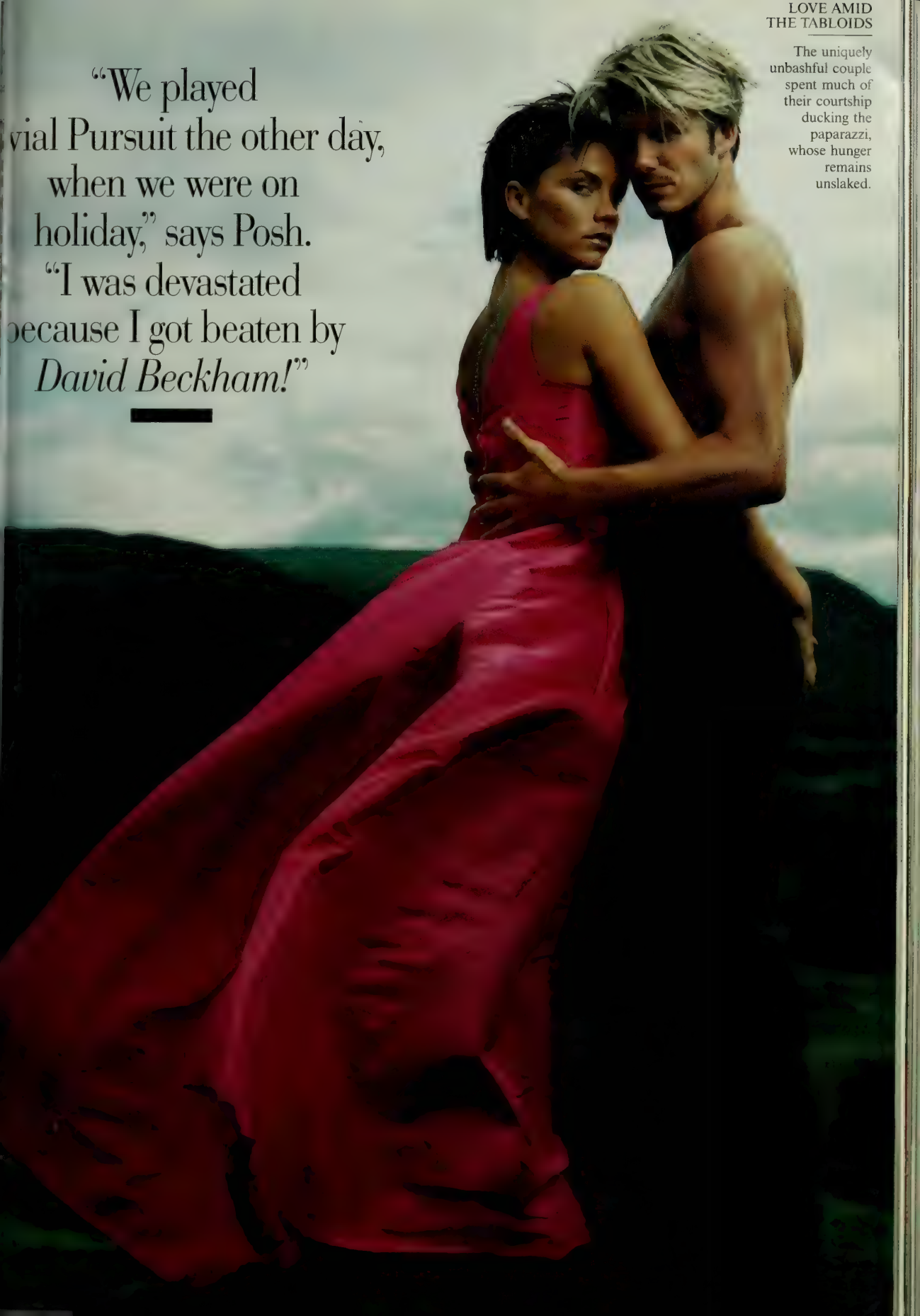
First came the
During last year's
Cup, Beckham's pet
kick at an opponent effectively go
gland bounced from the tournamen
was pilloried in the press and lynch
effigy by furious fans. "I knew I was
to get a certain amount of abuse,"
Beckham. "But to be fair, I've had
since I came to the team and since
been going out with Victoria. I've h
adapt to it and learn to block it out

Meanwhile, the Spice Girls strug
through an American tour wit
founding member Geri "Ginger S
Halliwell (she resigned and went
and their Svengali-like manager, S
Fuller (he was fired). Plus, Adams
pregnant.

The sustained excellence of Beckh
on-field performances last season s
ened the jaws of his persecutors. A
the time Adams gave birth to Bro
Joseph Beckham in March, Dad's
was in serious contention for three
trophies, including soccer's holy g
the European Champions League
In late May, with two-thirds of the
ble" in the bag, Manchester United
German champions Bayern Munich
in the Champions League final.
goals were scored in the game's final
ments, and both came from Beck
corner kicks.

The imminent Posh-Becks wedding
ther intensified the pursuit of t
about them. The papers even got
of the newly minted crest (replete
the unfortunate initials "V.D.") that w

"We played
vial Pursuit the other day,
when we were on
holiday," says Posh.
"I was devastated
ɔecause I got beaten by
David Beckham!"



LOVE AMID
THE TABLOIDS

The uniquely unbashful couple spent much of their courtship ducking the paparazzi, whose hunger remains unslaked.

decorate the wedding invitations, and found heraldry experts to say that the right-pointing swan was decidedly wrong.

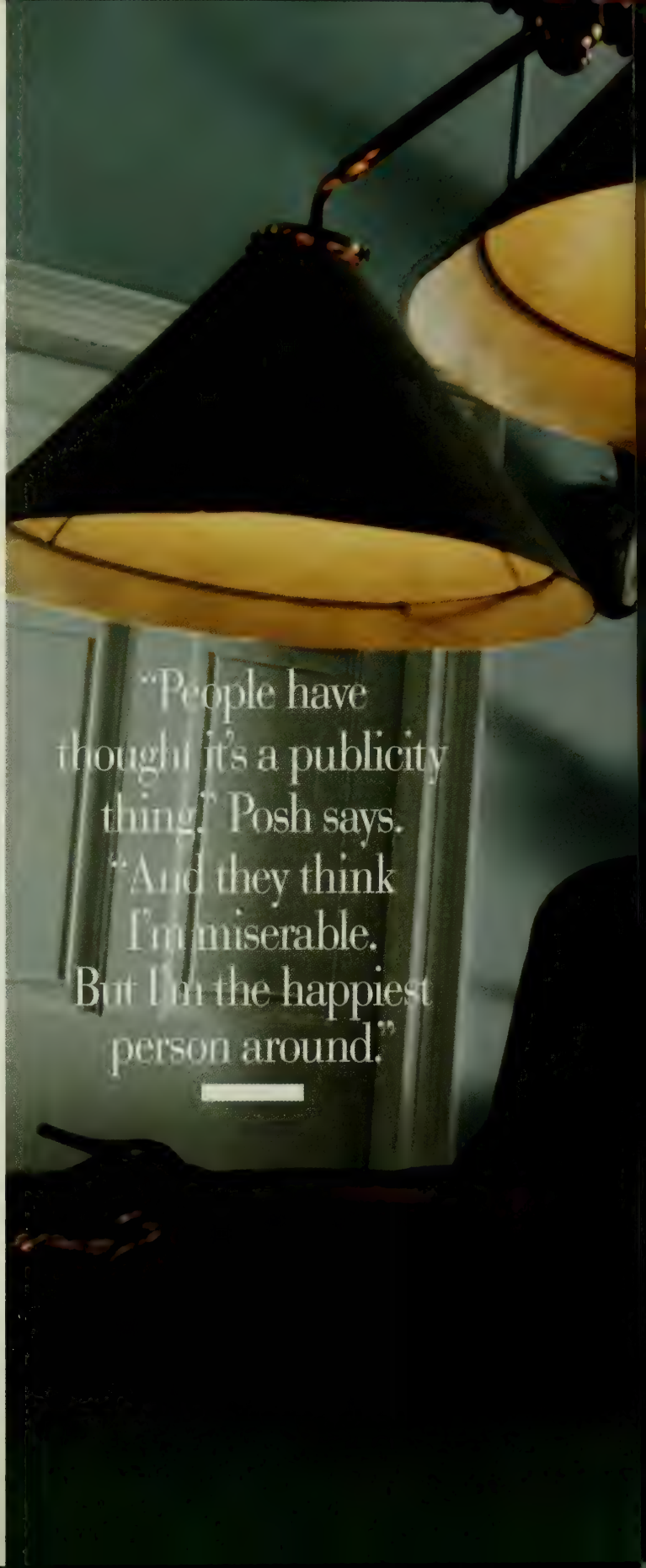
"So what if the poxy swan is the wrong way?" snaps the woman once dubbed Relatively Posh Spice. "Does anybody really give a shit—d'you know what I mean? Having your own crest—it's one of them, innit?" Adams pokes her tongue into her cheek. "We're just thinking, This is the biggest day of our lives—we're just going to go over the top and make it entertaining for everybody."

No one could have failed to be entertained by *OK!* magazine's coverage of the Posh-Becks wedding near Dublin. The unwittingly camp weekly devoted more than a hundred pages to Beckham and Adams in special issues. Readers were shown every possible angle of the $80,000 wedding dress created for Adams by Vera Wang and the international corsetier Mr. Pearl; saw bride and groom swanning around in postceremonial purple outfits; puzzled over the couple's twin thrones, not to mention the putative "Robin Hood" theme of the whole affair.

In more stringent times, Beckham and Adams might have been hung in effigy for their collective excesses, but as Britain retools itself for the new century, moral certainty is in short supply. Self-styled aristocrats such as Becks and Posh may be vulgar, but at least they pay no fealty to Britain's hide-bound past: there was no "obey" in her wedding vow; he plays Tupac CDs in his Ferrari.

Then again, Adams will tell you that she and her husband are not the party-hopping parvenus that the tabloids would suggest. "We're not the kind of people who will be out every Saturday night at the most trendiest club," she says. "We do that occasionally, and, yes, we go to parties.... We'll sit for half an hour, then we'll go home and put our pajamas on."

Just as the guilelessly aspirational tastes of David Beckham and Victoria Adams reflect post-Thatcher Britain, they equally recall the Thatcherite 1980s. The devoutly Republican Margaret Thatcher should be happy to see this clean-cut, upwardly mobile couple from her southern heartland replacing the House of Windsor in the public's affections. And in this post-Diana age, you can be sure that the Queen is eager to abdicate the media spotlight. So there you have it, by consensus both popular and posh: David Beckham and Victoria Adams are the royal family of shopping. □





Adams dismisses the notion that she dominates Beckham. "I just like talking," she says. "I'm bossy!" Photographed in Scotland on July 1, 1999.

Dean MacGuigan loved Pati Margello, and Pati loved Dean, but Pati was just a drug addict, scam artist, and hooker, while Dean was the drug-addicted, ne'er-do-well son of a glamorous du Pont heiress. Which is how part of a reported $25 million family fortune may have found its way into the hands of three hired killers, who are accused of beating and strangling Pati one summer night in 1998. DOMINICK DUNNE tracks the crime from a red-neon-lit Las Vegas motel to a mansion in the rolling hills of Delaware—and to a shocking dénouement amid the expensive greens of an exclusive new golf course



In Cold, Blue

PHOTOGRAPH BY JUSTINE PARSONS

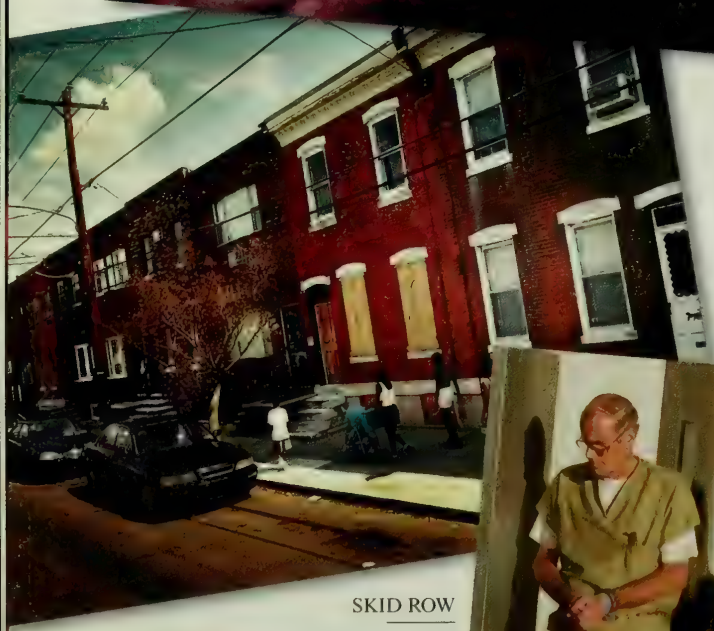


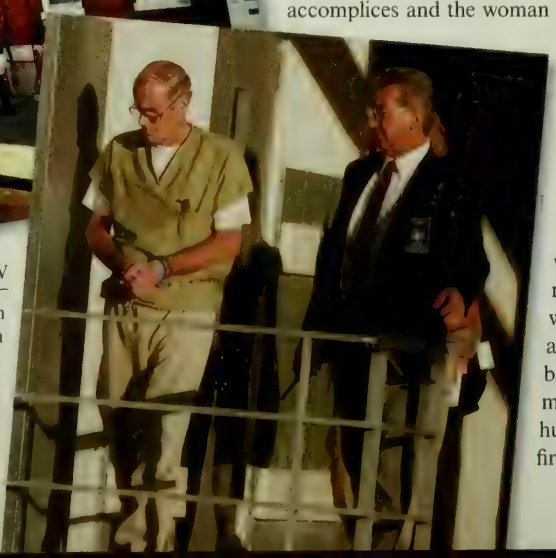
WORLDS APART

Du Pont heiress Lisa Moseley, photographed on Long Island in 1956, when she was Mrs. E. Haring Chandor. *Opposite,* the Del Mar Resort Motel in Las Vegas, where last year three killers hired by Lisa's current husband, Christopher Moseley, allegedly strangled Pati Margello, the junkie girlfriend of Lisa's son Dean.









SKID ROW

From top: the Del Mar Resort Motel room where Pati Margello was murdered; Pati with her lover and fellow addict, Dean MacGuigan, shortly before her death; the boarded-up house in South Philadelphia where they lived and where Pati grew up; Dean's stepfather, Christopher Moseley, being led from the Federal Building in Las Vegas, October 1998.

On August 2, 1998, a woman
importance was beaten and strangled to death in a chea
tel in Las Vegas, Nevada, that rents rooms on an hourly
to prostitutes, drug addicts, perverts, and, on this occas
trio of alleged murderers for hire. Acro
country in a grand mansion at the end of a q
mile-long driveway in the rolling hills of
ware, an heiress from one of America's
prominent families and her third husband
making plans for the opening of an exclusiv
golf club that he would manage on land th
had inherited. The two stories are closely rel

The Del Mar Resort Motel, a
wrong end of Las Vegas Boul
is a few motels away from th
where the television star David S
land committed suicide in Mar
this year by hanging himself w
bedsheet. The room where that
pened is in great demand by the sort of people
rent rooms by the hour, as is Room No. 6 a
Del Mar, where the murder under consideration took p
Anything goes in these places. No questions asked. A 15
old girl testified in court recently that she and her prob
officer had engaged in sex at the Del Mar on two occa
when she was 14.

Outside is a red neon sign that says, ADULT MOVIES. The
movies are included in the cost of a room, which is $30 for
hours. On August 2, 1998, a woman named Diana Hiro
checked into Room No. 6 under her own name, along wit
accomplices and the woman who would allegedly become
victim. Diana Hironaga w
fading porn star. She ha
peared in 16 films, of the va
in which no orifice is off-l
She hung around slot machi
hotel lobbies, which is how
met a man named Christo
Moseley, from Greenville,
ware, who was throwing ar
money as if he were rich, whi
was not. But his wife was, an
a lot of rich women with poor
bands, she called the shots w
money was concerned, both fo
husband and for her son fron
first marriage, who had formed

: alliance with a woman she considered utterly unsuitable. ɔn's name was Dean MacGuigan. He had been born Dean lor, the son of E. Haring Chandor of New York, but when ; still young his mother had had his last name changed to her second husband, Dr. John MacGuigan.

ıe of the three alleged killers felt any animosity toward the n they were about to murder. According to police, for ıt was a job. A rich guy from Delaware was paying the r their efforts, and they all needed the money. The victim's was Pati Margello. She was from South Philadelphia, and reports she was a very nice person. The people I have ı to all had good things to say about her, even as a mother. ɔn loved her. Yes, she was a scam artist and a drug addict. ıe reportedly had AIDS. Yes, she was an occasional hooker, meant that she did it only for drug money, and then gave and jobs and blow jobs, or so Dean MacGuigan told the about the woman he loved. But there was something very about her, even though she tended to get rambunctious ı few Bacardis. People said she had once been beautiful, rugs put an end to that. Further, her teeth had been ed out in an altercation with a drug dealer she had tried m, according to neighborhood gossip. She was in love Dean MacGuigan, who was waiting for her back at the egas Hilton, but she had been promised $2,000 for a night ı the town with a couple of high rollers, and she and Dean d the money.

an MacGuigan, 42, was in Las Vegas to establish a six- residency so that he could divorce his wife, Linda, whom d walked out on almost two years earlier. He had then l in with Pati Margello at her house in South Philadel- which acquaintances described as a filthy-dirty drug ad- dump, with dog shit everywhere. Like Pati, Dean was a ıddict reportedly with AIDS. Dean's mother, Lisa, 70, was ife of Christopher Moseley, the man who hired Diana Hi- a to arrange the murder of Pati Margello. She was also a ıer of the du Pont family.

um, in whatever state, uh, ultimately ask for, for, um, be killed. And, um, then I did in fact pay for it.

—Christopher Moseley to Detective David Mesinar and F.B.I. special agent Brett Shields prior to his arrest on September 17, 1998, at the Fieldstone Club, a state-of-the-art private golf club in Greenville, Delaware, which he was going to manage.

Although Diana Hironaga used the stage name of Kiane Lee when she was performing in porn films or meeting strangers in hotel lobbies, she checked into the Del Mar motel that night under her own name. According to prosecutors, after having arranged how he would pay Hironaga for her services, Christopher ley had returned to Serendip, his wife's estate in Greenville, epare for the Fieldstone Club's launch party and to await that the murder was a *fait accompli.* Before giving the order ve Pati killed, Moseley had tried to buy her off, but Pati t one to be bought off easily when it came to Dean Guigan. She had taken money and promised to leave Dean e, only to party with the money and stay right where she Most recently there had been an ugly scene in Moseley's

Diana Hironaga telephoned Moseley at Serendip to notify him that Pati Margello would no longer be a problem.

suite at the Las Vegas Hilton, where Dean and Pati were also staying. Diana Hironaga was present. "Don't try and buy me off, you son of a bitch," Pati screamed at Moseley, Dean later recalled. "Take your money and shove it up your ass!" Moseley told her, "You better watch yourself, young lady, or I'll take you out." Then he called hotel security and had her removed from his suite. "She was out of control," he said. Shortly after that scene, Moseley gave Hironaga the go-ahead for the murder. Moseley paid her a retainer fee of $5,000 up front, "because she was behind in her parole payments." (Hironaga maintains the money was for secretarial work.) Although it is understandable that any mother, let alone one as grand as Lisa Dean Chandor MacGuigan Moseley, would object to a woman like Pati Margello as a life partner for her son, surely there were better solutions to the family problem than the one Moseley chose.

According to police, Hironaga hired two accomplices, whom Moseley met before he left town. One was Ricardo Murillo, a tough, 40-year-old alleged drug dealer who knew his way around the low-life sector of Las Vegas. The other, Joseph Balignasa, 27, was an unemployed Filipino dishwasher whose connection to Murillo was drugs. Hironaga then lured Pati out for what she promised would be a night on the town with two big spenders, and she said there wouldn't have to be sex. In his statement to the police, Dean MacGuigan later said, "They were contacts of [Diana Hironaga] from out of town, quote high rollers, coming in wanting to go out, have a good time, make a lot of money in the casinos and just have some fun." Compensation of $2,000 was a major score for someone like no-longer-young, no-longer-beautiful Pati Margello. Dean saw her and Diana off about midnight in the bar of the Hilton and told her he would be waiting for her in their room. Pati had been fitted with dentures, but that night she was wearing only the upper plate, and it was broken because Dean had sat on it. "I sit on them all the time," Dean later told the police. "I see her take them out every day."

Pati dressed smartly for her $2,000 score and her night on the town. "She was in black," Dean told the police. "She had a jacket that may have had some white on it, black pumps, black bag, orangish lipstick." He said that he had bought her some nylons, dark tan in color. From the beginning, Pati Margello must have sensed that something was wrong. It would not have been out of line for her to expect to arrive at the MGM Grand or Caesars Palace in a limousine or a town car. Instead, the group met up shortly after midnight at the San Francisco Bay Club, not one of the classier nightspots in town. Hironaga made the introductions. Pati had reason to be distrustful of Hironaga,



whom she knew to be associated with Christopher Moseley, who was determined to break up her romance with Dean MacGuigan. Hironaga had been in Moseley's bedroom when he threatened to have Pati taken out. Moreover, Pati had been around enough in her 45 years to realize that there was no way Ricardo Murillo and Joseph Balignasa could ever be mistaken for high rollers. They just didn't have the right look, even though Balignasa was wearing a Calvin Klein belt with CK on the buckle. Pati was paired off with Balignasa, who was about five feet four. The one thing all four had in common was a fondness for drugs, and that night, according to Balignasa, they were on methamphetamine, which is called crystal meth in drug parlance and is said to give the highest of highs. From the San Francisco Bay Club the quartet drove to the Del Mar motel in Murillo's girlfriend's nondescript white car, and Hironaga booked a room. The wonder is that Pati didn't make a run for it then and there, but she didn't. She went along with the three of them to Room No. 6.

I happen to have been in that room in May of this year, during Joseph Balignasa's trial. (Balignasa was tried separately in Las Vegas because he was the only one of the accused killers who didn't subsequently cross state lines, and his first trial ended with a mistrial. Along with Murillo and Moseley, he is pleading not guilty.) On a visit to the crime scene with the trial historian Judy Spreckels, I went up to the front desk, asked to rent Room No. 6, and handed over $30 in cash. The manager spotted us for the media types we were and wasn't about to let us in, but then he recognized me from the O. J. Simpson trial. He asked me if I thought that O. J. was really guilty, and I said yes. He said he was in total agreement, and introduced himself as Rodger O'Neill. He said the room was currently occupied, but if we came back at the same time the next day, he'd show it to us and we wouldn't have to pay. He told me Room No. 6 was very popular. "A lot of sickos come here and want to take the room where the girl was murdered," he said.

No set designer could have come up with anything grimmer, or grimier, for a hooker to be murdered in. The curtains, closed tight, looked as if they hadn't been opened in years. A large mirror was tilted out from one wall so that customers could watch themselves take drugs and have sex while dirty movies played on the television set. It occurred to me that ejaculations

Someone would invariably say of Lisa Du Pont, "She's a du Pont," and images of privilege would fill the air.

in the low thousands had taken place in that bed. As I was ing my thoughts, Rodger O'Neill said, "We change the sheets after each customer."

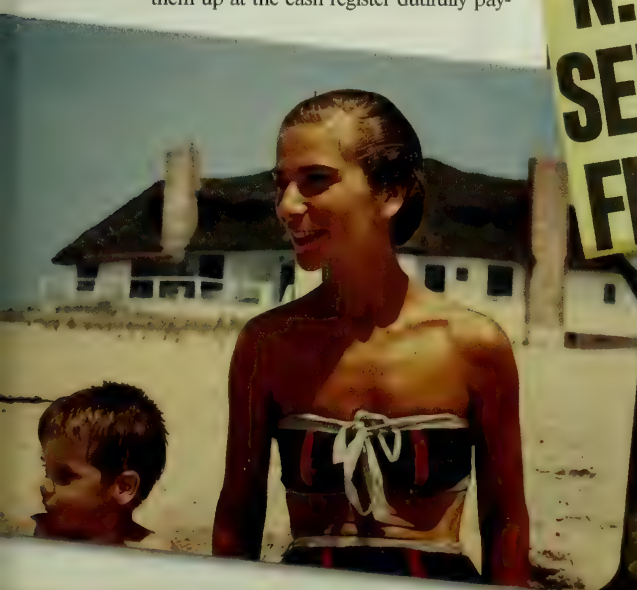
On the night of the murder, Balignasa says, the quartet drugs. They didn't have sex or watch dirty movies. They there for another purpose. There weren't enough chairs for of them, so at least some of them must have sat on the bed its well-worn spread. At some point Pati clearly began to feel comfortable. About 2:30 she used the telephone several times, speaking in a low voice so that the others couldn't hear her. called Dean at the Las Vegas Hilton. He wasn't in, so she left message. MacGuigan later told the police she said, "Dean, I think I need you, baby. This is really weird." He added, "I gone out to take a walk because I was going stir crazy in the room, and I wasn't going to gamble and had broken up. I fight." Pati then called a friend named Jimmy Facenta, who wasn't in, either, and she left a message saying that she was the Del Mar. Then she called Dean again, and this time he answered. She told him that she didn't feel right about where she was, and she asked him to come and get her. He said he didn't have any money and couldn't afford a taxi. He told *her* to get a taxi and come back to the Hilton. Perhaps he did not comprehend the seriousness of her call. He also told her that he had been in an altercation outside and had stopped a fight between a Hispanic man and a woman, and that he had gotten his nose broken. (When his wife, Linda, whom he was in Las Vegas divorce, heard this later, she said that Dean had once told the exact same story, about having his nose broken while he was coming to the aid of a woman who was being beaten up by a Hispanic man.) By the time Pati spoke to Dean that night she sensed that she was in real danger, and she suspected that Christopher Moseley was involved. She asked Dean if he thought Moseley had set her up. Dean said no. Then she asked him if he was in on this with his stepfather. Dean denied that he was, but he didn't go to help her, even though the Hilton was only a mile from the Del Mar. Instead, he went to sleep and didn't wake up until 11 o'clock in the morning.

After Dean let her down, Pati must have realized that she was on her own. She excused herself and went to the bathroom, hoping perhaps that she could climb out the window, but there was no window. According to Balignasa, when Pati was in the bathroom, Hironaga said to her accomplices, in what sounds like a line from a Gloria Grahame movie, "Are you guys going to do this or not?," as if to indicate that she was sick of waiting. Standing in that dreadful, creepy room afterward, I could imagine the toilet flushing, the sound of water running. I could

ee the door opening and Pati coming out of the bath-facing the three people who are accused of killing her. , the thug of the bunch, grabbed her and started to ner, according to Balignasa. As rotten as Pati's life was, wanted it, and she fought hard to save it. Both Hirona-Balignasa claim that Murillo forced her down onto the en onto the floor, and started beating her. The porn star unemployed dishwasher have implicated each other in Murillo as he held a pillow over her face to muffle her s. She still wouldn't die. Murillo said to Balignasa, "Give ır belt." Balignasa pulled off his belt with the CK on the and handed it to him. Hironaga and Balignasa say pulled the belt tight around Pati's neck and finished her stuffed the buckle in her mouth with her broken upper . It had taken the three of them 15 minutes to kill her.

u think Dean had something to do with this murder, or is ible of that?," F.B.I. special agent Brett Shields asked pher Moseley.
n't think he did. I think he really cared for this woman, hink he still does," Moseley replied.

Diana Hironaga's plan for the murder, which Christopher Moseley, in military fashion, named Operation Dean, hadn't gone much beyond the murder itself. No one had given any thought, for example, to disposing of the body. It was now 3:30 in the morning. The our rental of the room was up. Hironaga went desk and took the room for another three then went back to sit with Pati's body while o and Balignasa drove in Murillo's girl-car to a Walgreen's drugstore three blocks of the Del Mar. This was like the gang that 't shoot straight. They didn't consider that en's, which is open 24 hours a day, might 0 surveillance cameras. In a video that was at the Balignasa trial, one camera picks up the two al-cillers deciding which plastic garbage bags and tape to hide the body of the dead woman, while another shows them up at the cash register dutifully pay-



SOCIAL REGISTER

From top: **the 1953 wedding of Lisa Howe and E. Haring Chandor near Wilmington, Delaware; Chandor with Jacqueline Kennedy at the "Night in Monte Carlo" ball in New York, 1956; a 1959 headline after Chandor absconded with their older son, Peter; Lisa with Peter in Southampton, 1957. *Opposite,* Cordelia Biddle Duke (silhouetted) and Anthony Drexel Duke attend Gary Cooper and Lisa Chandor best-costume prizes at the "Night in Baghdad" party in Southampton, 1955.**





Dean MacGuigan's life has seemingly been distinguished only by the multiplicity of his failures.

PRODIGAL SON

From top: Serendip, Lisa Moseley's Greenville estate, where Dean MacGuigan lived as a teenager; Dean with his father, E. Haring Chandor, in Lloyd's Neck, Long Island, mid-80s; Dean with his mother at his wedding reception at Serendip.



ing for those items, along with some cans of 7-Up an
As emaciated and ravaged by drugs as Pati M
had become, she was still too big to fit into a garba
so, according to police, they folded her body
breaking 15 of her ribs in the process, 9 on one s
6 on the other. Then the killers tied her in that
with the jumper cables from Murillo's girlfriend's
television cable wire. There was blood, so they w
the body in a bedsheet before stuffing it into the
bag. They removed the grate from the air-cond
unit on the wall, sho
wrapped body through
inch opening into the
behind, and replaced th
They wiped for finger
They put Pati's shoes an
into a plastic bag togeth
some of the towels th
used to wipe up the bloo
they left the Del Mar
stopped at the same Wa
drugstore so that Hironag
buy some Band-Aids an
rettes. Balignasa put the b
Pati's shoes and purse
trash bin behind the store
they dropped Hironaga of
Hilton, where she was also
Before she fell asleep, sh
phoned Christopher Mos
Serendip. It was now 6:30
morning in Las Vegas, 9
Greenville. She notified him that Pati Margello would no
be a problem. Two days later, on August 4, Hironaga and
lo flew first-class to the Philadelphia airport, which also
Greenville. There a chauffeur sent by Moseley gave them
et containing $15,000. They did not see Moseley. They re
on the next plane to Las Vegas.

In April of this year, several weeks before flying
Vegas for the Balignasa trial, I went to family c
Wilmington, where Linda MacGuigan, the 45-y
wife of Dean MacGuigan, made a plea for inc
financial support. Since Dean did not stay in
gas long enough to establish residency to divor
the couple is still married. Linda, who suffer
the muscular disease fibromyalgia syndrome, lives in Ph
Arizona, and for several years she has been virtually de
We dined together at the Du Pont Hotel the night bef
hearing, and she told me stories of the family life at Se
and Louviers, the marital home where she and Dea
lived. For a year after leaving Louviers, she said, she
welfare, but in February 1998, at a family-court heari
was awarded $4,000 a month from Dean's $2 millio
fund. She told me that she prefers to be called Rags,
name she acquired because of her fondness for regg
sic. That night she was with a California friend
Pauline Miller, who had been a friend of Dean and
when they were together.

The next morning, as we waited for the hearing to
Linda and Dean MacGuigan, who had not seen ea

two years, did not speak. It was the first of my two en-
ers with Dean, both in courtrooms. For a crack addict al-
y suffering from AIDS, he looked surprisingly healthy to
he signs of addiction and illness were not visible in his
as they had been in photographs I had seen of him. He
bviously been in rehab after leaving Las Vegas, where he
ooperated with the police and the F.B.I. in setting up his
ther, Christopher Moseley, for his arrest at the launch of
eldstone Club. From all reports, his mother, who remains
o Moseley, no longer speaks to him. I had expected to en-
er a scumbag, but his looks were distinctly at odds with
putation. There is a slightly snobby cast to his face, and his
shines through his scruffy clothes. His tweed jacket was
y and needed to go to the cleaners, but it was well cut. As
ice, manners, style—they're all there. His nose is aristo-
very like his mother's. "It's the du Pont nose," whispered
MacGuigan. The du Pont nose, I noted, didn't have the
f a nose that had been broken in the last year.
an came over to Pauline Miller and hugged her warmly.
ked her about her husband, whom he called by name, and
her dog, whose name he remembered. Pauline said the
ad died, and they shared a moment of mourning for the
l. Linda looked straight ahead during this conversation.
an now lives in Manassas, Virginia. That day he was with
orce lawyer and a woman named Janet Oddonino, an air-
mployee, at whose house he is currently living. She heard
mark to Dean's lawyer, Gary Lance Smith, "Who's the
n the palazzo pajamas?" When I saw her several weeks
t the Balignasa trial in Las Vegas, where Dean was a wit-
she said, "I'm the one who was in the palazzo pajamas."
e hearing, Dean told the judge that he was currently em-
d as a waiter at a T.G.I. Friday's, where he was paid $2.10
ur and tips. The court's judgment came down against Lin-
stead of getting an increase in support, she learned that
she had been receiving would be cut in half. Wilmington is
bly not the ideal place to take on a du Pont.

knew I was speaking to you, she'd never speak
again. I don't know anything, really.
friend of Lisa Moseley's who asked to remain anonymous.

Back in the 50s in New York, I used to stare at elegant folks such as Ann and Bill Woodward and think how wonderful their lives must be. Then Ann killed Bill. I was not part of the high life back then, merely a fringe character standing in the stag line at dances. There was a girl named Lisa Dean from Wilmington, Delaware, fascinated me. I knew who she was, but she didn't know What she had that other postdebs of her era didn't have a strain of the exotic about her, passed down from a nese great-grandmother. She made me think of what Re- de Winter in Hitchcock's *Rebecca* must have looked like e danced past stag lines, roaring with laughter, madly pop- Like all really stylish women, Lisa Dean found her look and never changed it. "Sleek" and "glamorous" were the tives that applied to her. She looked rich, even before you she was. When people talked about her, and they often someone in the group would invariably say, "She's a du " and images of privilege would fill the air. Her mother, na du Pont Dean, was the daughter of William K. du Pont, whose great-grandfather founded DuPont in 1802. Today, DuPont is the largest chemical company in America.

In 1953, Lisa Dean married a popular but controversial figure in New York society named E. Haring "Red" Chandor. Chandor was the first of Lisa's three husbands, and Lisa was the third of Red's five wives. Chandor, a raconteur and wit who is now 78, had a reputation in those days as a charming rascal and prankster, whose rich-boy mischief was a staple of society columns, including Cholly Knickerbocker's in the *New York Journal-American.* In all three of her marriages, Lisa was the one with the money, an advantage which tends to guarantee the leading role in any partnership. But there are du Ponts and du Ponts, and some are richer than others. Chandor once referred to Lisa as a "pauper du Pont." However, her reported $25 million fortune—measly compared with the fortunes of some of her relatives—was ample enough for her to be able recently to offer to put up $4 million, and later $8 million, in bail for her incarcerated current husband, who is in the North Las Vegas Detention Center awaiting trial. Bail was denied in each case. Nevada considers Christopher Moseley a flight risk.

By all accounts, the young Chandors were briefly happy and very much a part of the New York social scene. Wherever it was fashionable to be, they were. Lisa was photographed by Richard Avedon for *Harper's Bazaar.* The society painter René Bouché painted her portrait. In 1955, dressed as a Lebanese slave girl, she won first prize for best costume at socialite Fernanda Wanamaker Leas's "A Night in Baghdad" party in Southampton, and pictures of her with Gary Cooper, dressed as a Foreign Legionnaire, who won for best men's costume, appeared in the New York tabloids. They lived on the Upper East Side and soon had two sons, Peter and Dean. The marriage looked perfect.

Even the obstetrician who delivered Lisa's second son, Dean, was the fashionable obstetrician of the day. His name was Dr. John MacGuigan. "*Everyone* went to Dr. MacGuigan," said a New York hostess when I told her this story. The Chandor marriage came apart when Lisa fell in love with MacGuigan, who was also her gynecologist. MacGuigan, too, was married at the time. Lisa moved into a new apartment at 765 Park Avenue, and MacGuigan followed. Chandor served Lisa with papers for divorce on the ground of adultery, but the suit was dropped in 1959 when Chandor, in a feat of derring-do, absconded with his older son, Peter. The headline on the New York *Daily News* read, N.Y. SOCIALITE SEIZES SON, 5, IN FLA., FLEES LAW. Chandor took his son to Venezuela and Brazil and then to Cap d'Antibes in the South of France. The "kidnapping" was New York society's favorite fun read for months. Chandor was caught four months later at the airport in Nice, and Peter was returned to his mother. Lisa was quoted in Cholly Knickerbocker's column as saying about Chandor, "He deserves a good long jail sentence, and I'm not going to let him off the hook." Chandor was sentenced to 120 days for contempt of court. He served 80 days and got two years' probation. Such untoward behavior got the couple kicked out of the *Social Register,* which was still a big deal in New York in the 50s, when people in their set used the *Social Register* as their telephone book. Lisa and MacGuigan married, and the last name of the two Chandor sons was changed to MacGuigan, engendering a bitterness on Chandor's part that persists to this day.

Lisa MacGuigan moved back to Delaware with her husband and two sons. Greenville, where most of the rich of Wilmington live, including many members of the du Pont family, has rolling hills, ducal gates, long driveways, and stately mansions. The area is sometimes referred to as "château country." There, Peter and Dean MacGuigan lived on their mother's estate, Serendip. Having left behind her front-page social life in New York, Lisa settled into country life, developing passions for gardening and golf. Her gardens at Serendip are renowned. For years busloads of tourists would arrive to admire them. She was already a golf champion at Shinnecock in Southampton. Back home she belonged to Bidermann, the golf club favored by members of the du Pont clan and named after the husband of one of them, which is considered more exclusive by far than the Wilmington Country Club, nearby.

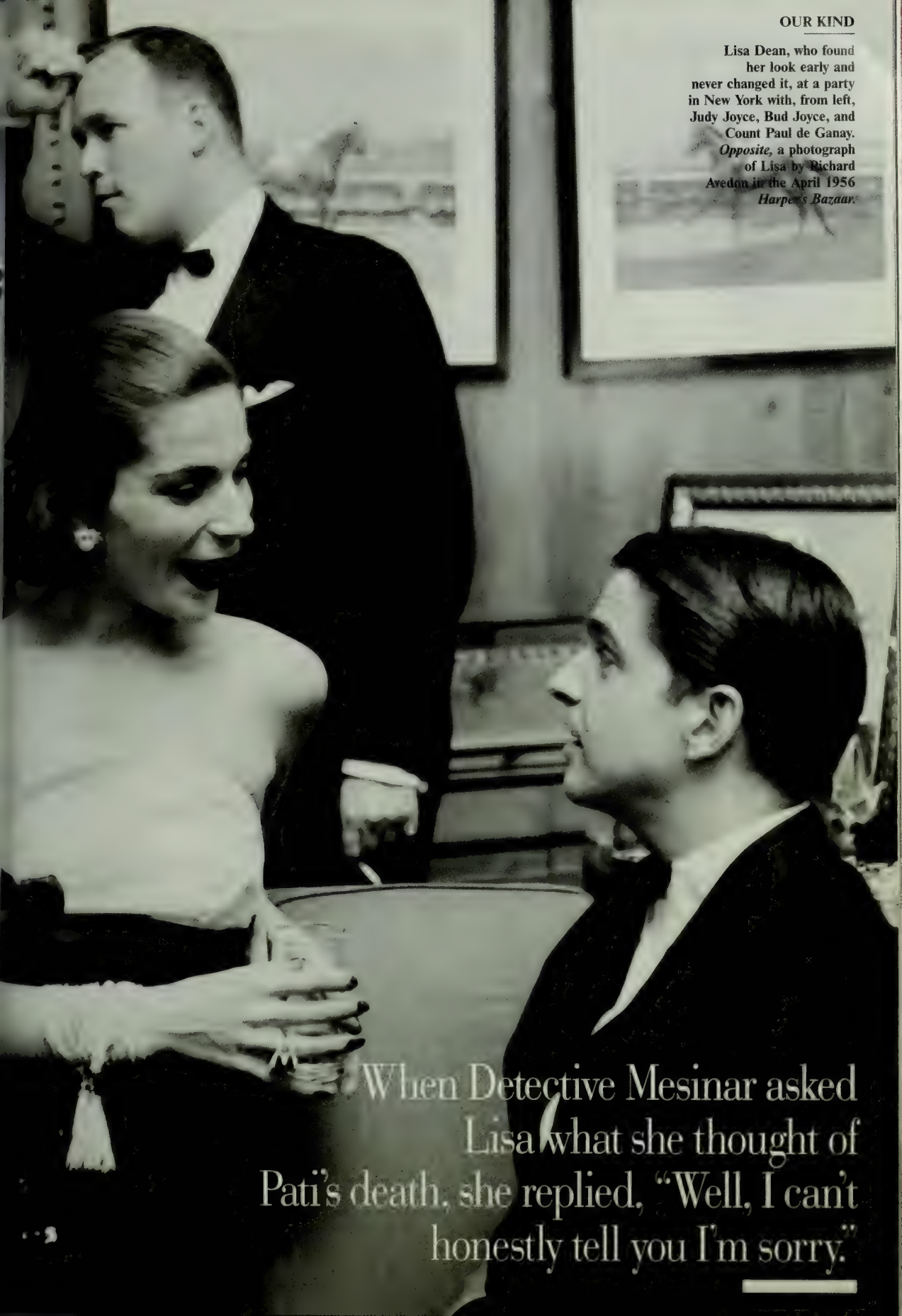
Chandor swears that MacGuigan was abusive to his sons and that both boys hated him. (Dean's attorney says that Dean "had great love and respect" for his adoptive father.) Even before they left New York, Peter had been kicked out of more than one school. By the time he was 14 or 15, he had a $100-a-day drug habit. Dean went to Lawrenceville, a prep school in New Jersey, and to the University of Virginia, where, according to Chandor, he was known as the coke king of the campus. He was arrested twice for dealing drugs, Chandor says, and could have received 15 years on each charge, but after his mother appeared on his behalf, he wound up serving less than a year. Dean had a brief career on Wall Street at PaineWebber. There are varying stories about his ethics and capabilities in the job. His wife, Linda, is quite blunt on the subject of his career in finance. "He was fired for bilking clients," she told me. (Dean's attorney says that Dean was a top bro PaineWebber, did nothing illegal, and left the company t sue real-estate investments.) Dean MacGuigan's life has ingly been distinguished only by the multiplicity of his fai

In 1985, John MacGuigan died of a heart attack. From ports, Lisa was devastated by his death. Three years lat placed an ad in the newspaper for a groundskeeper, and named Christopher Moseley applied and got the job. "Gr keeper" is a high-class word for gardener. At Serendip meant chauffeur.

Not long into his employment, love blo Moseley, who is 11 years younger than L said to have declared his love when the them were planting a tree. He soon from the gardener's cottage to the main They married in 1989. Moseley had two ous wives and four children, but they p part in this story. Rags MacGuigan said about Moseley, and Dean just hated Christopher. Dean's goal was to scr Christopher. Once, Dean ordered a gun, because he said going to kill Christopher, but he never got around to pick the gun. Finally, Christopher picked up the gun. There w way something wasn't going to happen. It was all fuel drugs and booze." (According to his lawyer, "Dean des himself as a gentleman and basically a pacifist. He say murder is not a component of his makeup.") Dean said stand at the Balignasa trial about his stepfather, "Over the we got along well and horribly. When he was drinkin would do maliciously nasty things to me."

Although there are those who refer to Lisa as Lady C ley for having dallied with her gardener, the ci stances of the gardener's life are so atypical as worth noting. Moseley comes from a socially tered family on Long Island. His late father, F ick Moseley Jr., was captain of the Harvard fo and hockey teams and later a prominent figu Wall Street, where he was an executive vice dent of J. P. Morgan & Co. Christopher wa sidered a hell-raiser and a bit of a famil appointment. He attended an exclusive Ne gland prep school, although he did not gra Two weeks after his 18th birthday he joine army, where he served for a total of 25 year communications expert. He was honorabl charged as a first sergeant in 1985. As with of the people in this story, ambition did no a big part in his life. When his father died, turned home. He asked if he had been lef thing in the will, and his stepmother re "Yes, debts." Relatives and people who him say he would tell fanciful tales of h ploits in espionage and secret goverr work during his army years, but his m records reportedly do not support his c No one ever believed him, anyway. "H ways told stories," a stepsibling of his c ed to me. J. Simpson Dean, Lisa's brothe quoted in a Wilmington paper as saying him after his arrest, "To be perfectly h with you, I never CONTINUED ON PA





OUR KIND

Lisa Dean, who found her look early and never changed it, at a party in New York with, from left, Judy Joyce, Bud Joyce, and Count Paul de Ganay. *Opposite,* a photograph of Lisa by Richard Avedon in the April 1956 *Harper's Bazaar.*

When Detective Mesinar asked Lisa what she thought of Pati's death, she replied, "Well, I can't honestly tell you I'm sorry."

When Paul Reubens was arrested in an adult-movie theater in 1991, he didn't follow the script of orchestrated confession and prime-time absolution. And so the man famous for his sweetly dark kiddie-TV alter ego, Pee-wee Herman, entered a celebrity purgatory between shock and survival. Eight years later, BRUCE HANDY finds him ready to talk for the first time about the scandal and the [illegible] aware of his Pee-wee persona



Return from

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID LACHAPELLE



MR. REUBENS'S NEIGHBORHOOD

Emmy Award–winning performer Paul Reubens, photographed in Dade County, Florida, on June 26, 1999

lanet Pee-wee

Disgrace used to be a chronic condition, like diabetes or having one leg. Now it is more like crow's-feet—a few nips and tucks, whether a plastic surgeon's or a publicist's, and everyone agrees to forget that just a few months ago Mrs. X looked 20 years older, and Mr. X stood accused of forcible sodomy. In practical terms what this means is: eventually, everyone comes back. Think of Richard Nixon, Bill Clinton, Eddie Murphy, Marv Albert, Dick Morris, Clarence Thomas, Oliver North, Michael Jackson, Marion Barry, Woody Allen—even O. J. Simpson can get dates. And then there is Prince Charles, who in all likelihood will be not only the first King of England in modern times to be divorced but also the first King of England—and probably the first man, period, royal or common—to have wished he were his lover's tampon and thought it sexy to say so. That he is not trailed wherever he goes by packs of hooting schoolboys speaks eloquently of the forgiving nature of our age.

One final thought on the subject: Cher.

But Paul Reubens continues to dwell in a kind of public netherworld between shame and survivorhood—as does Pee-wee Herman, the prancing bow-tied man-child Reubens played in two charming if uneven movies and on a brilliant Saturday-morning television series for children that originally ran from 1986 to 1991 on CBS. More so than with most celebrity sex scandals, Reubens's arrest in the summer of 1991 for exposing himself (and allegedly masturbating) inside an adult-movie theater struck a sustained, discordant note with the public. First, and most important, because he was the star of a children's television show, Reubens was portrayed in the media not only as sordid, or sad, or unlucky (depending on your view of these things) but also as a betrayer of innocents, a virtual pedophile, thanks to some sloppy alchemy of the public mind. Second, he was reportedly caught masturbating, an act that, despite or because of the fact that it is indulged in by 60 percent of the adult male population (if recent studies are to be believed), elicits more smirking and condescension than does, say, getting caught with a prostitute on Sunset Boulevard (to cite a more rarefied sexual practice). Third, there was the confluence of Reubens's alter ego—pale, unvirile, oddly and immaturely sexed—and the pathology of a chronic self-polluter, if you believe old Boy Scout handbooks, Catholic-school nuns, 19th-century physicians, and the voice in the back of your own head. Even the name Pee-wee Herman is vaguely redolent of wankery. The media, and whoever makes up the topical jokes that spread through offices and trading floors (Pee-wee's favorite baseball team? The Montreal Expos), dined out on Reubens for months.

"Trust me, I know what you mean," says Reubens, dryly, when I take up some of these issues with him over the course of a long afternoon's conversation. "Jeffrey Dahmer's story broke the same time as my story, and for a week I was leading the news, followed by Dahmer eating people, boring holes into their heads and turning them into zombies. It was," he adds, seemingly at a loss for words to capture the true awfulness of the experience, "just so bizarre." At least the arrest has given him an interesting vantage point from which to view the ongoing parade of celebrity scandal that has entertained us through the 90s—what David Kamp in these pages dubbed the Tabloid Decade. "I see people dealing with tragedy in the media," Reubens says. "The first 12 hours, 24 hours, 48 hours, a week, two weeks, three weeks—I know what it's like. I see people making statements to the media and I know what's behind that. I know the meetings that are taking place, the special necessity for it, and it's just"—again he seems at a loss for words—"it's just *weird.*" Were Reubens a different sort of person he could have parlayed these insights into a role as an expert talking head, a kind of Hollywood Dick Morris filling up airtime on cable news channels after every movie-star arrest. But Reubens has a sense of public dignity, though it's also true he gained fame playing a character who sometimes wore a giant pair of underwear on his head.

According to his friends, the arrest and the subsequent media storm devastated Reubens for years. "He lives with it every day," says the actor William H. Macy, who became close to Reubens on the set of the just-released superhero comedy *Mystery Men.* "It's affected everything he does. It haunts him. How could it not?"

"It was extremely damaging," say Dahl, a screenwriter whom Reub friended on the set of *Matilda,* th film based on her father Roald's n children. "I've invited him to mo mieres," Dahl continues, "and he w because he's so wary of the press, has hurt him so badly." She says Re friends could hardly believe he had to sit for an interview. He himself that the whole idea is a "nightmare.

He has never publicly commen his arrest beyond issuing two brie ments. The first, three days afterwa claimed both his innocence of the s charges and his mortification at the circumstance of having been arrest second-run porno theater regardless he was or was not doing with himse second came three months later w pleaded no contest to a charge of in exposure (in exchange for 75 ho community service, a $50 fine, and in court costs) but still maintained nocence. All the while, Reubens ha showered with invitations to unburde self on various morning shows a newsmagazines; in the way of suc suits, no avenue was left untaken. " friends," he remembers, "got big arrangements and potted plants fr those shows." Nevertheless, despite su erosity, he managed to avoid the ritu lic confession, the tears, the unbe empathy of Barbara Walters or Dian yer, the final absolution between ca mercials. "I just couldn't do it," he s was in shock. On some level, I just t like an ostrich." Meaning he wanted t his head in the sand. And who wo For years he has kept a low public p

Now, however, a Paul bens boomlet is unde There is *Mystery M* which he is part of semble that include Stiller, Janeane Ga Greg Kinnear, Ge Rush, and Macy. (Reubens's chara The Spleen, whose superpowers enta ing.) *Pee-wee's Playhouse* is also back culation, on home video and in reru the Fox Family Channel.

By talking, Reubens hopes fina lay the scandal to rest, though he i tical as to whether this is really po "People still come up to me," he "and go, 'How *are* you?' You know heavy, like"—here he puts on a c ultra-solicitous voice—"'*Are you all* [The scandal] seems so old now. I it feels funny just talking about it be it's so not a part of my life anymore.

Pee-wee Herman certainly had a nice dark mean streak that I never tried to hide," says Reubens.



E-TALK

ee-wee's
e was
ir (1986–91),
rarely gave
s as anyone
n his
alter ego.



WELCOME TO THE DOLLHOUSE

Reubens with the July 30, 1991, edition of the *New York Post* reporting his arrest for indecent exposure. Following the incident, he took refuge at the New Jersey estate of Doris Duke.



certainly was for a while, I have to say. And certainly there were many people who were trying to make me feel good at the time. They were saying, 'This is all going to blow over. The public has a short memory.'" Sometimes, yes, but sometimes not. "The public has a really *good* memory," Reubens tells me. "The public has a mind like a steel trap."

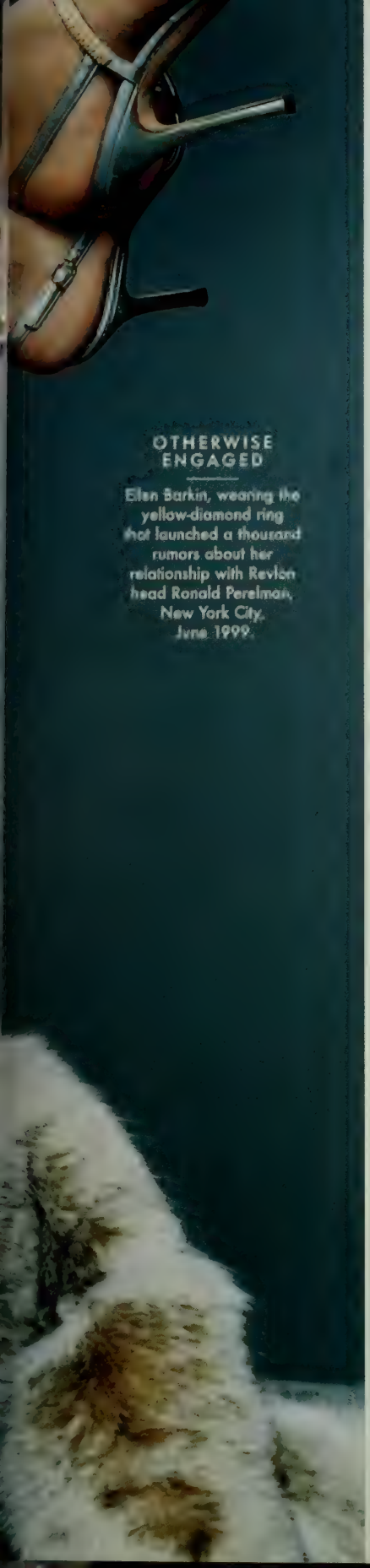
In person, with his hair cropped short, though not slicked back in an Astro Boy 'do, Reubens is easily identifiable as the actor who played Pee-wee Herman (this wasn't the case with his famous 1991 mug shot, in which he is wearing a goatee and has his hair grown out long and skanky). Talking to him, you can occasionally glimpse a vestigial Pee-wee mannerism—a puckish smile, or the onset of an eye-roll. His speaking voice, unlike Pee-wee's nasal plaint, is pleasantly middle-range: soft, relaxed, even intimate, with just a hint of an insinuating Jack Nicholson–like purr. On this particular summer afternoon, he is dressed in a plaid short-sleeved shirt and crisp stonewashed blue jeans. If he didn't have the face of a children's-television icon, he could pass for a high-school typing teacher.

"I'm lower-key than people think I am," he offers, almost as an apology. Not long before our interview he attended the wedding of his friend David Arquette to Courteney Cox, where he apparently disappointed the bride's family with his manifest lack of zaniness. He is, in fact, surprisingly earnest. For instance, he frets about the violence and coarseness of popular culture and takes his own role in it very seriously: "How the television and film industries feel they are not responsible—I don't get. I think that if you are in the position where you are a role model, you are a role model. Tough luck. I realize there is kind of a dichotomy because I didn't carry this as far as I should have or could have, because I wound up getting arrested and involved in a so-called sex scandal. [But] when I see some of these sports heroes or whoever going, 'Well, it's not my fault I'm a role model,' yeah, I understand that thinking, but it still doesn't change the reality that kids are looking up to you." He sighs. "I could do another four or five hours on this topic and just nod off."

"My experience is that Paul has no idea how many people love him," says Lynne Stewart, who played Miss Yvonne—"the most beautiful woman in Puppetland" on *Pee-wee's Playhouse* and in the series' earlier incarnation as a Los Angeles stage show. Talking to CONTINUED ON PAGE 343



HAPPINESS IS A WARM MOGUL



OTHERWISE ENGAGED

Ellen Barkin, wearing the yellow-diamond ring that launched a thousand rumors about her relationship with Revlon head Ronald Perelman, New York City, June 1999.

There it is: the huge canary-yellow-diamond ring given to screen siren Ellen Barkin by New York's most eligible billionaire, Ronald Perelman. Is it an engagement ring? Is there a wedding date of December 1? Some days after this kittenish pose, Barkin slips all but unnoticed into Jerry's restaurant in SoHo, her hair demurely swept up and braided, her only makeup a light tan from a weekend on Capri with her new beau. To all of the obvious questions, she offers that famous lopsided grin, but no answers. "I can't tell you if I'm getting *married*," she says, holding a cup of decaf cappuccino with noticeably ringless fingers. "I can tell you I'm happier than I've ever been." At 45, the heart-throbber of *The Big Easy* and *Sea of Love* is seasoned but still stunning, and unfazed that she's now typecast as the mother of teenagers. (Her latest film, just out, is the mock-documentary *Drop Dead Gorgeous*, in which she plays the "trailer trash" mom of a teen beauty queen.) "I guess I'm just practicing for real life." Her own children with Gabriel Byrne—Jack, nine, and Romy, six—have moved back with her from Los Angeles to New York, where Perelman lives; agreeably, so has Byrne, whom she is in the process of divorcing after six years of separation. Perelman's custody battles with third wife Patricia Duff over daughter Caleigh wear on, but he is free to remarry. Which seems to leave just one issue unresolved: is Barkin willing to keep a kosher household, an apparent prerequisite for Mrs. Perelman–dom? Again the grin, again the demurral. "I can tell you I'm Jewish," she says sweetly: her grandparents on both sides came from Russia via Ellis Island, where an unpronounceable surname became Barkin. But on her arugula-and-tomato omelette, she slathers Tabasco sauce. Inspired, I do the same. *Yikes!* It's hot. And so is she.

—MICHAEL SHNAYERSON

PHOTOGRAPH BY WALTER CHIN

KAZAN'S

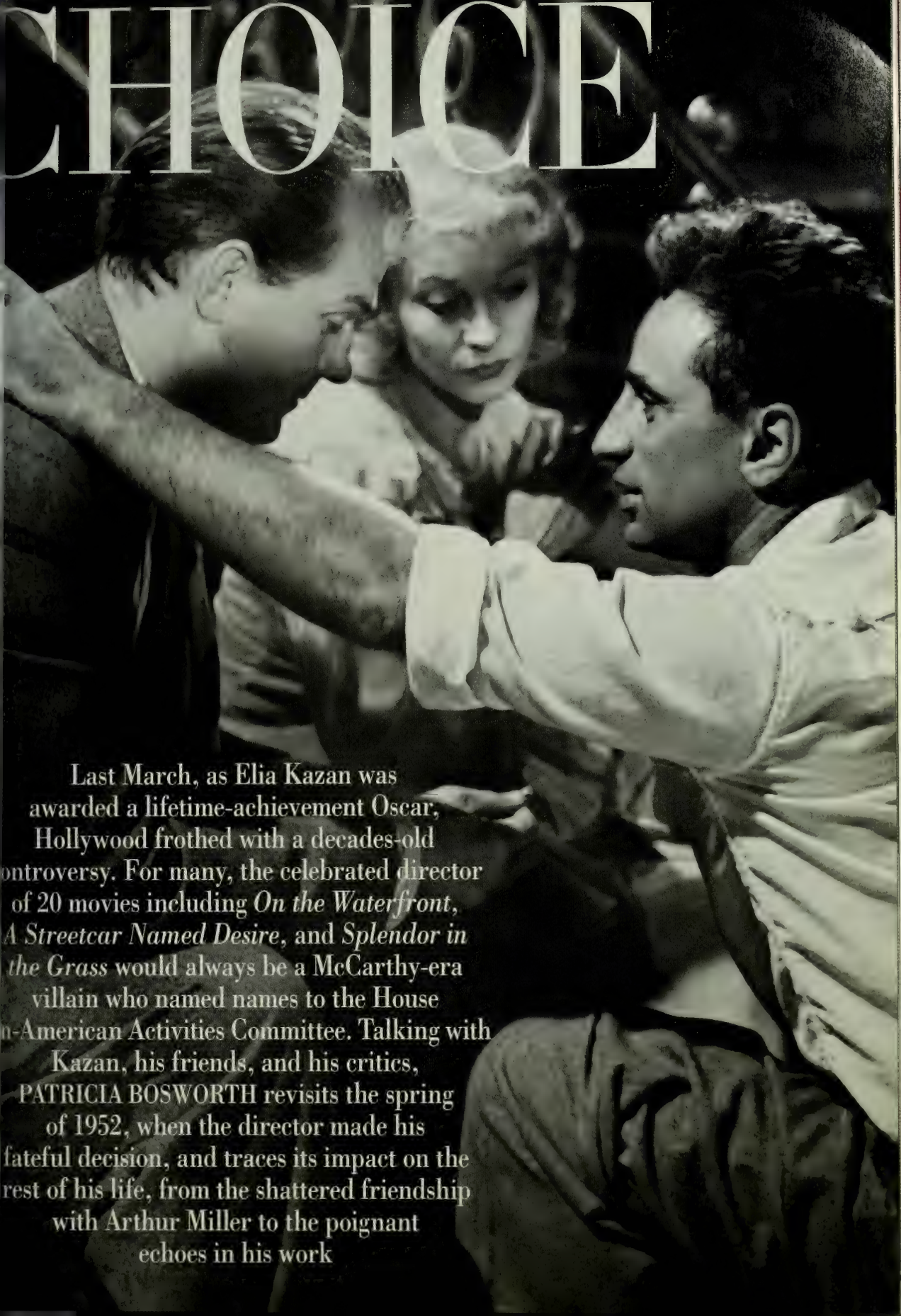


A FULL LIFE

Elia Kazan, photographed in the top-floor office of his home on Manhattan's Upper East Side, June 28, 1999. *Opposite,* Kazan directing Vivien Leigh and Karl Malden on the set of the 1951 film *A Streetcar Named Desire.* Both actors won Academy Awards for their performances.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JONATHAN BECKER

CHOICE



Last March, as Elia Kazan was awarded a lifetime-achievement Oscar, Hollywood frothed with a decades-old ontroversy. For many, the celebrated director of 20 movies including *On the Waterfront*, *A Streetcar Named Desire*, and *Splendor in the Grass* would always be a McCarthy-era villain who named names to the House n-American Activities Committee. Talking with Kazan, his friends, and his critics, PATRICIA BOSWORTH revisits the spring of 1952, when the director made his fateful decision, and traces its impact on the rest of his life, from the shattered friendship with Arthur Miller to the poignant echoes in his work

On March 21 of this year in downtown Los Angeles, the usual stream of designer-dressed celebrities climbed out of limousines and proceeded slowly along a red carpet into the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion for the annual Academy Award ceremonies. Bleachers lining the carpet were crowded on one side with reporters and photographers clamoring for attention, on the other with cheering spectators and fans, some of whom had camped out all night for the privilege of ogling the stars up close.

What was unusual this year was a space nearby which the police had cordoned off to contain noisy demonstrations raging over one of the evening's recipients, the legendary film director Elia Kazan. There hundreds of protesters carrying placards with such messages as KAZAN, THE LINDA TRIPP OF THE 50s clashed with supporters carrying signs reading, KAZAN: DEFENDER OF FREEDOM IN AMERICA.

Kazan, at 89, was receiving an honorary Oscar for lifetime achievement, and although nobody denied the immense value of his work, which included such masterpieces as *A Streetcar Named Desire, East of Eden,* and *On the Waterfront,* many still could not forgive him for the political stand he took almost 50 years ago.

In April 1952, when the "Red menace" hanging over Hollywood gave rise to a miasma of fear and paranoia, Elia Kazan testified in front of the House Un-American Activities Committee (HUAC) and informed on eight friends who, like him, had once been members of the Communist Party. Since Kazan had an unmatched record of successes on Broadway as well as in Hollywood, it was a feather in the committee's cap to get him to cooperate.

In 1947, HUAC had interrogated a group of Hollywood writers and directors about their association with the Communist Party, and 10 of them, who came to be known as the Hollywood 10, were cited for contempt after they challenged the committee's right to question them about their political beliefs. With the start of the Korean War, the committee resumed its investigation of "Commie infiltration" of the film industry. Supporters of HUAC claimed it was providing a valuable service by tracking down "political undesirables." Opponents said that most of the people singled out were merely exercising their Fifth Amendment rights by refusing to state their political views. By 1948 the Hollywood studios had established a blacklist. Many directors, actors, and screenwriters who had refused to cooperate with HUAC by naming names of alleged Communists saw their careers destroyed. Many were forced to work under pseudonyms or leave show business.

Now dozens more, including Kazan, were called up to name names in order to prove their patriotism. It was a debasing ritual, but the committee's purpose was even more sinister—to make it seem as if they were exposing a vast and dangerous conspiracy, when in fact it wasn't even against the law to be a Communist in America.

Kazan's decision to inform was not made lightly. He wrote later in his autobiography, "That's what a difficult decision means. Either way you go, you lose." At that time, he insisted he wanted to "name everybody, break open the secrecy" of the Communist Party. But many believed he had sold out to save his career. He was severely criticized for his actions and subsequently became a pariah in certain quarters.

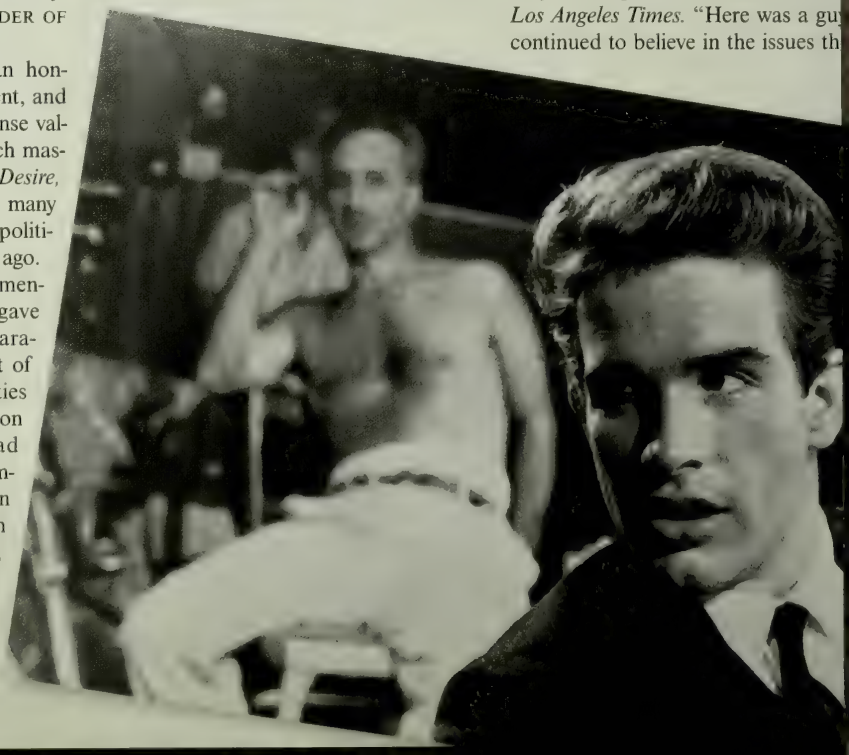
Other artists, including actor Lee J. Cobb, screenwriter Budd Schulberg, choreographer Jerome Robbins, also named names during that period, but nobody was shunned in the business the way Kazan was.

"That's because he was the most powerful director in the country," says Victor Navasky, author of *Naming Names,* the definitive book on informers. "Kazan should have used his clout to fight against the blacklist and fight against the committee, but he caved in."

"He's never been forgiven, because he won't apologize," says a screenwriter who asked to remain anonymous. "He should have at least apologized for ruining so many careers. Sterling Hayden got down on his knees. Larry Parks died, for God's sake."

Kazan has never apologized or asked for sympathy, and for a long time he wouldn't speak about what he'd done to anybody, including his children. He went on making uncompromising, socially relevant movies, such as *A Face in the Crowd,* a powerful indictment of the media, and *Wild River,* about the effect the Tennessee Valley Authority had on the Depression.

"He drove the left crazy," writes producer Michael Collins—whose father, screenwriter Richard Collins, named names and whose mother, actress Dorothy Comingore, was blacklisted—to the *Los Angeles Times.* "Here was a guy who continued to believe in the issues that



he camera looks into a face, not at a face," says Kazan.



ACTING SCHOOL

Kazan forged a new acting style. Two of his great discoveries were Marlon Brando, shown with Vivien Leigh in *A Streetcar Named Desire*, and Warren Beatty, *opposite*, with Kazan on the set of *Splendor in the Grass*, 1961.

lieved in, but without being tied to a dogmatic Communist Party."

Kazan remained a loner for decades. He went his own way, with only a small circle of friends and family supporting him emotionally. He writes in his autobiography that he always kept a bag packed and bank accounts in several foreign countries, "in case I wanted to disappear entirely."

Two years ago, the American Film Institute refused to honor Kazan with a lifetime-achievement award because of his politics. Dustin Hoffman lambasted the A.F.I. for not giving Kazan the award. Later, on the phone, Hoffman told me that he had spoken out because he thought that Kazan's direction of *On the Waterfront* had changed the way a generation looked at film. Marlon Brando's performance in that movie was one reason he had become an actor.

Karl Malden, actor and former president of the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences, proposed the honorary Oscar for Kazan. At the January 7 board meeting of the Academy, the 39-member board (which includes Gregory Peck, MCA founder Lew Wasserman, and director John Frankenheimer) voted unanimous approval. Recently Malden told me, "I knew there were some people on that board who weren't for this, but they voted for it anyway." (One was cinematographer Haskell Wexler, who had once called Kazan a stoolie and who told *The Nation* magazine he had voted against his conscience.)

Malden continued: "I just improvised. In the past, special Oscars had been given to Orson Welles and D. W. Griffith, whose work has had a lasting effect on the movie industry. Politics hasn't any place in any art form. All I said was 'Kazan has been my dear friend for a long time.' I had worked with him in *On the Waterfront* and *Streetcar* [for which Malden won an Oscar], I said. But if anybody deserves to be honored, it's Elia Kazan."

After the announcement of Kazan's award in January, a firestorm of protest erupted, fueled mainly by screenwriters and directors who had been blacklisted as a result of the HUAC hearings. Headed by formerly blacklisted screenwriter Bernard Gordon, they formed the Committee Against Silence and ran ads in *Variety* and *The Hollywood Reporter,* stating their opposition to the award and urging members of the audience at the Oscar ceremonies to "sit on their hands" when Kazan appeared. An ad hoc group, the Committee for Naming Facts, organized by the Ayn Rand Institute, mounted a countercampaign to support Kazan.

Newspapers and magazines issued a string of passionate stories and irate editorials debating certain key questions, such as: What are the boundaries of friendship? Isn't informing not just a political and ideological choice but a moral choice as well? Do we judge artists by their work or by the way they lead their lives? Kazan's detractors argued that life and work are one, and the argument had special resonance at a time when our country had just emerged from a yearlong crisis dealing with a similar problem at the level of the presidency. Maureen Dowd wrote a vicious op-ed piece in *The New York Times* called "Streetcar Named Betrayal." Historian Arthur Schlesinger Jr. rebutted her in the *Times* and defended Kazan, describing the recent criticism of him as "orgies of self-righteous frenzy." He added, "If the Academy's occasion calls for apologies, let Mr. Kazan's denouncers apologize for the aid and comfort they gave to Stalinism." Playwright Arthur Miller declared in *The Nation,* "History ought not to be rewritten: Elia Kazan did sufficiently extraordinary work in theater and film to merit its acknowledgment."

In the months that followed, the Kazan Oscar controversy became a major topic of conversation at social gatherings all over New York and Los Angeles. It brought back long-dead memories of the Cold War and McCarthyism, and at times the insistence on Kazan's having to be either a victim or a villain seemed so extreme that I once found myself shouting through the din of a cocktail party in SoHo, "Kazan is being made a *scapegoat. He* didn't create the blacklist. By that time HUAC had all the names they needed. Most of the journalists covering this story weren't even *alive* during the McCarthy era, so they don't know the history." (I should say here that my father, Bartley Crum, was a lawyer for the Hollywood 10 in 1947.)

Shortly before the Oscars, a number of television shows, including *Nightline* and *Larry King Live,* carried special features on Kazan. Much of the commentary was negative, some of it downright outrageous, as when actor Rod Steiger announced that if he'd known Kazan had named names he would have walked off the set of *On the Waterfront.* Karl Malden later commented, "Rod is either very stupid or a liar. He filmed *On the Waterfront* after Kazan testified in front of the committee."

Things really got out of hand when the screenwriter Abe Polonsky, 88, who had been blacklisted, told *Entertainment Weekly,* "I'll be watching, hoping someone him. It would no doubt be a thril otherwise dull evening."

Hearing about that remark caused writer Carol Rossen to tell me ov phone, "It was like a sense mem when my family was blacklisted. father, Robert Rossen, who direct *Hustler* and *All the King's Men* an was one of the Hollywood 10, wa sured to name names after he coul work for several years.) "Why can't look back from the human trage this and stop hating?" she demande should forgive. We don't have to for

The Academy took safety precautions f zan and his wife, Fr when they arrived Angeles before the a They were registered Shutters Hotel in Monica under the of Rudge—Frances's first husban Peter Rudge, a manager of the Wh the Rolling Stones—and traveled where in a limousine with a bodygu

Malden gave a dinner party for and his family at a local restaura the celebratory lunch that director Rydell had been planning with Acto dio members such as Eva Marie Sai Carroll Baker was canceled by himself. "I don't want to be a both told Rydell. "We were all very sorry Rydell, "because we wanted to giv our love and support."

The afternoon of the Academy A the Kazans slipped in a side door Dorothy Chandler Pavilion unno They watched the show on a big TV producer Gil Cates's office, and the tor Martin Scorsese and the actor De Niro kept them company. Earlie ing the rehearsal, actor Nicolas Cag come by to say hello, and so had Hawn and Richard Schickel, the film who had directed a documentary Kazan and who was producing the film clips for that night.

According to an observer, "The a phere was tense. Security was very People working on the show were ried that something might happen."

Kazan seemed calm as he and hi stood in the wings waiting for thei He has always loved being backstag theater, where he feels totally at hom just stood there marveling at the tech gy of the Oscar show.

Then music sounded and Martin sese and Robert De Niro walked front and began to read stiffly o

ompTer. "He was the master of a
nd of psychological and behavioral
n acting," De Niro said. Scorsese
, "This poetic realist, this angry ro-
: . . . a ferociously gifted immigrant
Elia Kazan."
selected clips rolled on the screen,
w the power and originality of Ka-
irt, from the splendid isolation of
Dean in *East of Eden,* hunched
train speeding into Salinas, to the
tic shot of Brando, bloody but vic-
, in *On the Waterfront,* staggering
o work on the docks with a crew of
ores behind him.
lights came up, and Kazan, to loud
se, walked very slowly to center stage
arm of his beautiful wife. Television
as scanning the audience picked up
Nick Nolte and Ed Harris glowering
r seats and not applauding, Steven
erg seated but applauding, and
n Beatty, Annette Bening, Meryl
, Helen Hunt, and Kathy Bates
ng and clapping enthusiastically.
zan smiled and said, "I liked hear-
it." He held his Oscar very high. "I
o thank the Academy for its courage
nerosity," he said. He said he want-
thank Scorsese, who stood frozen
l him. After what seemed like
Scorsese gave him a big kiss and
ro gave him a hug.
ne could almost feel the torch being
d," wrote *Los Angeles Times* film
Kenneth Turan.
zan murmured, "I think I can just
way." But before exiting the stage,
ked his wife, "Do I have to say
ore?"
ne thought his remarks were anti-
tic; others thought they were brilliant,
t. Kazan didn't say too much or too
He didn't explain himself. Afterward,
es Kazan said briskly, "We thought it
very, very well." Kazan was heard to
I was afraid I might get booed."

About a week before the Oscars, I had dinner with Kazan and some friends at his home in New York. I have known Elia forever. He was my mentor at the Actors Studio. I wasn't with-
lent, but the talent I had when I got
was raw and undisciplined, and
n, more than any other teacher I
showed me how to apply it in the
and demanding terms of performing
oadway.
n just one of the many people who
benefited from Kazan's generosity of



METHOD MAN

Elia Kazan in the early 50s, when he was running the Actors Studio and directing the works of the two greatest playwrights of postwar American theater, Arthur Miller and Tennessee Williams.

spirit. I know scores of people he has encouraged and befriended. "It's in his nature to listen," says the actress Anne Jackson, "and he always hears the subtext."

By the 1970s I had left the theater for journalism, and Kazan had started writing books. For a while we had offices in the same dilapidated building in Times Square. Occasionally we'd meet in his office and talk about our projects. Kazan seemed to spend most of the time lying on the floor, puffing on a fat cigar. The smell sickened me, but I never told him that. I was too shy. I'd simply stand by the door, away from the smoke, and converse with him from there. This went on for several years, and gradually a friendship developed. In the last decade, Frances has become a good friend as well. We talk on the phone and see each other frequently.

The Kazans have been married for 18 years. They met at a dinner party. "I didn't know who he was or what he did," says Frances, "and that intrigued him." A published novelist with a master's degree in Turkish studies from N.Y.U., she is almost 40 years younger than he, and comes from England. She and Peter Rudge had two children, a son and a daughter, who are now grown. "Elia has been like a rock for all of us," she says. "He's a very unique man."

She is infinitely protective of Elia and the privacy he insists on. He in turn is utterly devoted to her. When she was ill last year, he never left her hospital room, sleeping at night on a couch at the foot of her bed.

Their house, on Manhattan's Upper East Side, is spacious, comfortable, and filled with books. Here and there are drawings by Akira Kurosawa, gifts from the great Japanese director, who was one of Kazan's favorites because "he realized his personal vision." In the kitchen there is a snapshot of the Italian director Federico Fellini. "I miss him," Kazan says. They would see each other whenever the Kazans were in Rome.

That evening, Kazan greeted us all lying on a couch in the study. White-haired, dressed in work clothes, he clasped everyone in a steely grip with his big, gnarled hands. He is quite deaf and often refuses to wear a hearing aid, but he insists, "I can read lips." After we had toasted him on his upcoming Academy Award, he confided how proud he was to be receiving it, and how grateful he was to Karl Malden. "Karl did it," he said. Frances said that he was also pleased to be receiving faxes and letters from immigrants around the country,













STAR-MAKER

Clockwise from top left: Frank McHugh, Elia Kazan, and James Cagney in *City for Conquest,* 1940; Natalie Wood and Kazan on the set of *Splendor in the Grass,* 1961; Mildred Dunnock, Arthur Kennedy, Cameron Mitchell, and Lee J. Cobb on Broadway in *Death of a Salesman,* 1949; Kazan with Tennessee Williams at a book party for Kazan's novel *The Arrangement,* 1967; Kazan (center) with Marlon Brando and crew members on the set of *On the Waterfront,* 1954; Geraldine Page and Paul Newman in Kazan's Broadway production of Williams's *Sweet Bird of Youth,* 1959; Kazan directing Andy Griffith and Lee Remick in *A Face in the Crowd,* 1957; Kazan and Marlon Brando with *East of Eden* co-stars Julie Harris and James Dean, 1955.



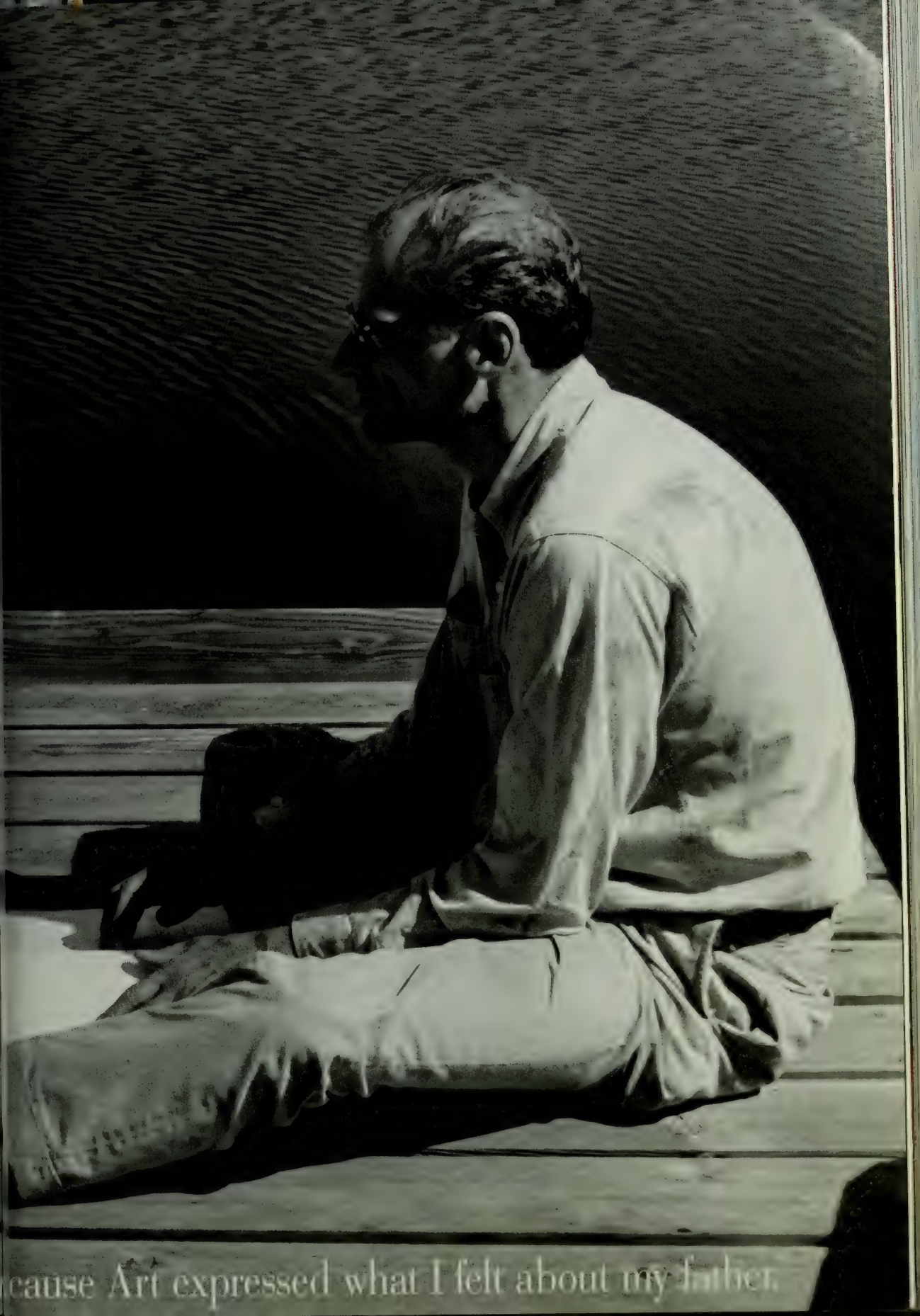


NO SET COORDIALE

Elia Kazan and Arthur Miller at work on *After the Fall* at Miller's home in Roxbury, Connecticut, 1963. They had seen each other only twice in the 11 years since Kazan had named names. The new play, about informing and Miller's disastrous marriage to Marilyn Monroe, brought them together again. Kazan cast his mistress and future wife, Barbara Loden, in the Monroe role.



"My best experience in the theater was directing *Sales*



cause Art expressed what I felt about my father.

especially Russian immigrants, telling him that he had been right to expose the evils of Communism and of Stalin back in the 1950s.

The conversation shifted to a trip he and Frances had recently taken to the Caribbean. We also discussed a wonderful juggler we'd seen at the Kitchen, an avant-garde theater we occasionally attend together. Frances is on its board.

At one point Kazan lapsed into his customary silence, and I was reminded of my first sessions at the Actors Studio, in the 1960s, when he seemed to distance himself from almost everyone. He has never talked very much. He once told me, "If you can't say what's on your mind in the time it takes to soft-boil an egg, it isn't worth saying."

Back then, I remember, he was filled with an angry energy, and his fierce gaze went through you like an X ray. He never seemed to stop moving. He had just directed Tennessee Williams's *Sweet Bird of Youth* almost back-to-back with Archibald MacLeish's *J.B.,* which won a Pulitzer Prize, and he was starting to make notes for his book *America, America,* about his uncle's coming to this country from Turkey as an immigrant, which he would later turn into a film. He rarely slept, but he could catnap anywhere. I would sometimes pass him, after a session at the Studio, curled up backstage dozing. There was always a frown on his face.

At dinner that evening, he sat mostly in silence as talk swirled around him. The frown was still there, and the lines in his face cut deeper whenever anyone brought up the protests being made about his Oscar. I asked him if he knew about the criticism, and he said he hadn't been following it very closely. "Do they hate me?" he wondered aloud. I assured him that he had many supporters, including Warren Beatty, who had said during various television appearances that it was difficult to make judgments about Kazan and the other informers, given the pressures they had faced when they testified in front of the committee.

He had apparently chosen to ignore a fax the actor Jon Voight had sent him, insisting that before he accept the Oscar he at least apologize. "Apologize for what?" Frances demanded indignantly. "Elia did what he did on principle."

Listening to her, I couldn't help but feel torn. I remembered Kazan's testimony in front of HUAC and what had led up to it. He has always maintained that he was



ROYAL FLUSH

The card-party scene in the Broadway production of *A Streetcar Named Desire,* one of Kazan's greatest triumphs, 1947. From left, Marlon Brando, Nick Dennis, Kim Hunter, Rudy Bond, Jessica Tandy, and Karl Malden.


Jessica Tandy gave
a superb performance
as Blanche,
says Kazan, but
Marlon "lived" onstage
as Stanley.

conflicted about naming names. I assumed he had been responding to the political imperatives of the time, and perhaps to his fear, as an immigrant, of being deported, but I still wished he hadn't done it. I felt he had underestimated his own power.

I had heard rumors that secret pressures were brought to bear which forced him to testify, that he hadn't planned to give names. An actor who worked with him in 1952 remembers, "Kazan absolutely panicked. He phoned a friend the night before he went to Washington and said, 'I have to testify or else.'"

Or else what? Did the committee have something on him? Did the F.B.I.?

"I wouldn't put anything past the committee or the F.B.I.," says Victor Navasky. I remembered what Ring Lardner Jr., one of the Hollywood 10 and later the author of *M*A*S*H* and co-author of *Woman of the Year,* had said: "We had to choose either to be heroes or shits." Lardner, who spent almost a year in prison for refusing to name names and was subsequently blacklisted, said wearily of the Kazan controversy, "For God's sake, it's just an award. Give him the award, and then let's forget about it."

Still, there is something so American about what finally betrayed Kazan. He had wanted everything.

Before I left the dinner that evening, I said, "I'm going to write about what's been happening to you."

Kazan shrugged and said, "Go ahead." Then he paused and gave me his old X-ray look. "But, Pat, please reread my book. It's all in there."

I had been reading and rereading his monumental autobiography, *A Life,* for years, making notes in the margins, underlining passages which described his unique insights into acting, directing, and producing, and his friendships with such prodigious talents as directors Orson Welles and Jean Renoir and playwrights Thornton Wilder and William Inge. The book gives the reader a vivid sense of the spirit and pathos of an era, and what it's like to be an outsider. He was an immigrant rug merchant's son who went on to stage the original productions of Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman* and Tennessee Williams's *A Streetcar Named Desire,* co-found the Actors Studio, discover Marlon Brando, James Dean, and Warren Beatty, among others, and redefine the craft of film acting.

In the book, Kazan paints himself as a vengeful, passionate, deeply conflicted man. "Work was my drug. It held me together," he writes. He longed for a devoted wife and family and got both, but at the same time he was a compulsive seducer of women. "I led a double life and became a double person. It marked me."

At one point, he compares himself to a black snake, which sheds its outer skin each spring for a "glistening new skin" as it grows "bigger and more confident—or so it seems—but no more friendly. . . . I've shed several skins in my time, lived several lives, and known violent and cruel changes. Generally I've understood what happened only after it happened."

Elia Kazan was born on September 7, 1909, to Anatolian Greek parents living in Istanbul, which was then called Constantinople. His father's family had fled the Anatolian province of Kayseri, where Turks had been brutalizing Armenian and Greek minorities for 500 years. Kazan attributes much of his character to his origins, especially his need to ingratiate, his capacity to dissemble with "the Anatolian smile" he so disliked in his father, "the smile that covers resentment."

Before Kazan was five, his father, Yiorgos Kazanjioglou, had moved the family from Istanbul to Berlin and back to Istanbul and then to New York, where he started selling rugs. Eventually, Yiorgos (who renamed himself George) made enough money to relocate his family, which consisted of his wife and their four sons, to a small house in New Rochelle. They spoke Greek and Turkish at home and didn't associate freely with Americans. The French film scholar Michel Ciment wrote in his book *Kazan on Kazan* that the first thing Kazan's father taught him was to "shut up . . . say nothing . . . don't mix in, don't mix in other people's business, stay out of trouble."

Kazan was then nine, a small, sullen boy with soulful brown eyes who was cared for by his mother, Athena. "I was her favorite child." ("Elia's mother was the most important person in his life," says Frances Kazan. "He still talks about her.") When his eighth-grade teacher told him that he should go to college rather than into the rug business, as his father expected his oldest son to do, Athena agreed. Elia studied extra hard but in secret so that his father wouldn't know.

He moved his belongings to the attic, read books late into the night, and escaped to the movies. "Movies became my passion—my dreams." He made few friends in high school; in his senior yearbook his name is listed, but there is no photograph, no list of activities. "I was known for not being knowable, for not revealing anything."

One summer he did work in his father's showroom, hating the dust, hating the rugs. Often, his father called him "a hopeh-less case." In 1926 he was accepted at Williams College. He was afraid to tell his father, so Athena did. When George heard the news, he struck his wife across the face and knocked her to the floor.

At Williams, Kazan waited on ta
tended bar in frat houses which
fused him membership. He covere
sentment and anger with his "A
smile." Small and taut and coile
wire, he became a champ at touch
and basketball. "At my weight, I c
60 minutes without stopping." In
graduated in English with A's, but
no idea what he wanted to do.
friend, Alan Baxter, was going o
Yale Drama School, so Kazan follo
there, working as a dishwasher to
tuition.

He wasn't especially interested i
but he soon discovered that he had
for building stage sets, hanging lig
even designing costumes. He cou
with any crisis, resolve any eme
Someone nicknamed him "Gadget,
was later shortened to "Gadg," a n
loathed.

Years later his good friend Joh
beck, the Nobel Prize–winnin
ist, told him, "That goddamn nam
you. . . . You're not—or weren't—a
friendly, adaptable little gadget. Yo
yourself that way to get along with
to be accepted, to become invis
Gadget! What a neuter nickname!
for everyone, except yourself!" E
ly, Kazan made people stop calli
Gadg.

Leaving Yale in 1932, Kazan app
at the Group Theatre in New Yo
best thing professionally that ever ha
to me." The Group was the most
rable of the Great Depression expe
in radical theater, producing plays
ford Odets, Irwin Shaw, William S
and Sidney Kingsley that dramati
idealism, the tumult, and the tor
the 1930s.

Led by the tight-lipped, stern
Lee Strasberg and the voluble, erudit
tor and critic Harold Clurman, the
attracted some of the most gifted
around New York—Luther and Stell
Sanford "Sandy" Meisner, Robert
John Garfield, Franchot Tone, F
Farmer. Together with producer
Crawford, they spent summers in C
cut and upstate New York, where St
instructed them in "the Method,"
was based on the acting technique
oped by the Russian director Kon
Stanislavski.

"The Method is really just horse
Kazan once told me. "You have
yourself the questions: Who am I?
am I? What am I? What was I do
fore I made my entrance? And *wh
want?*" He repeated that litany ov
over at the Actors Studio. I never fo

Back with the Group, he says, h

ıse memories and body work every
kept copious notes in his journal
r observed, "Directing is turning
›gy into behavior."

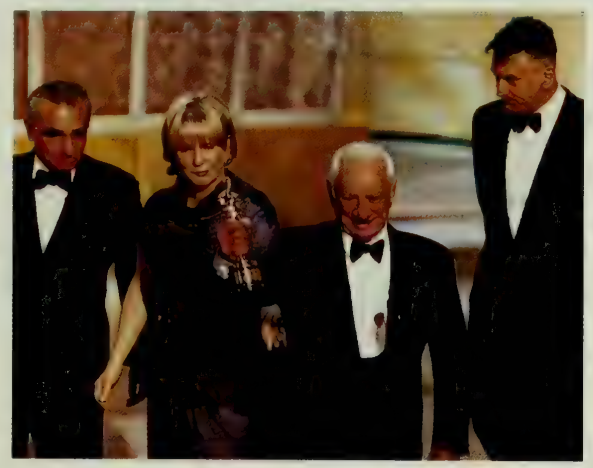
cial friendship evolved between Ka-
and the wild-eyed, wild-haired Clif-
ets, who would become the revolu-
playwright of the 1930s with such
; *Golden Boy* and *Awake and Sing.*
dmired Kazan's brilliant turn of
is fierce repudiation of his father,
itless ambition. Odets wrote a six-
ort story called "My Friend, the
inspired by Kazan, but he was nev-
ed with it, never felt it captured the
›mplexities and mysteries.
n acted in many of Odets's plays
robably best remembered for play-
ittle guy who yells "Strike!" in *Wait-
Lefty,* a one-act propaganda piece
axi drivers at a meeting to decide
or not to stop working.
n recalls that the open-
t of *Waiting for Lefty,* at
Civic Repertory Theater
ı Street on January 6,
ıs more exciting than the
; of *A Streetcar Named*
There were 28 curtain
›dets remembered that
ience identified with the
so strongly that he saw
first time theater as a
l and political force.
ıg the performance, he
caught up in it that he
shouting "Bravo!" right
vith the audience, mo-
ily forgetting that he
itten the play.
934, Kazan joined the
ınist Party, believing that it was alert-
world to the evils of Fascism. Mem-
ve speeches on street corners and
ned at union meetings, and Kazan
go down to party headquarters on
reet in Greenwich Village to get or-
d then go back like a good "lefty"
to carry them out. Every Tuesday he
ets would join other actors from the
at a secret cell meeting of fellow
ınists held in the dressing room of
Edward Bromberg, who was in *Gold-
e Guy* at the Belasco Theater.
Group was starting to be successful,
e Communist Party wanted the ac-
ake it over and turn it into a collec-
hen Kazan was asked to help insti-
e change, he balked. Clurman and
rg weren't members of the party, he
and besides, the Group was an
organization. It had to remain inde-
t to create; the company couldn't be
ed by a secretive political party that
narching orders from Moscow. Ka-

zan brought the idea up at a cell meeting, but he explained that he was against it.

A week or so later he found himself literally put on trial by a labor organizer who had traveled all the way from Detroit to confront him. "He'd never seen me before that meeting," Kazan writes. The meeting was held in Lee and Paula Strasberg's apartment. Paula was a member, but since her husband wasn't, she sent Lee out to the movies before the meeting began.

The organizer denounced Kazan as "the foreman type." Everyone had to vote against him, and he was supposed to apologize and ask for their forgiveness, which he wouldn't do. Instead he went home, and that night wrote an angry letter resigning from the party.

He said later that in 18 months he had learned all he needed to about the American Communist Party, that the man from Detroit had been sent to stop them from thinking for themselves and force them to become part of a "police state."



TENSE MOMENT

Elia Kazan, with his wife, Frances, Martin Scorsese, and Robert De Niro, holds up his 1999 Oscar for lifetime achievement. Kazan was later heard to say, "I was afraid I might get booed."

Other Communist attempts to discipline artists—successfully in the case of playwrights John Howard Lawson and Albert Maltz, two outspoken party members; unsuccessfully in the case of writer Budd Schulberg, who resisted the party's demands to turn *What Makes Sammy Run?* into a proletarian novel—confirmed in Kazan his contempt for the party. He says he remained left-wing but not especially political.

In 1932, Kazan had married Molly Day Thacher, a loving, intelligent, rather inflexible young woman with a passion for political theater (she'd written an anti-war play at Vassar that had created quite a stir). Her father was a corporate lawyer; her great-grandfather had been president of Yale. "Molly represented America to Elia," says Karl Malden, who met Kazan in the 1930s. "Molly made him feel accepted. She was utterly dedicated to helping him achieve what he wanted in the theater." Molly read all the plays sent to her husband, and they discussed everything to do with his career. She also championed many playwrights, including Tennessee Williams. She read *A Streetcar Named Desire* first and urged Kazan to direct it, even though he originally wavered.

"She was to become more than a wife to me," Kazan writes. "She was for many years my talisman for success.... I felt I owed her everything." He eventually came to love and resent her simultaneously because of her powerful influence on him.

"Elia always needed her approval," Malden says.

They had four children together as Kazan moved rapidly up the ladder of success. After the Group folded in 1940, he played gangster roles in the movies *City for Conquest* and *Blues in the Night,* and he started directing on Broadway. Along with a string of forgettable flops, he had some critical successes, for instance *Deep Are the Roots,* by Arnaud d'Usseau and James Gow, about the love affair of a black man and a white woman, which highlighted the shameful status of blacks in the South. He directed Kurt Weill's musical *One Touch of Venus,* starring Mary Martin, and *Harriet,* a play about Harriet Beecher Stowe, with Helen Hayes. His big break came in 1943, with Thornton Wilder's impressionistic history of mankind, *The Skin of Our Teeth.* Kazan concocted a dazzling production with Tallulah Bankhead, Florence Eldridge, Frederic March, and the young Montgomery Clift. The play was a huge hit and won the Pulitzer Prize.

For the next 15 years Kazan remained the fair-haired boy of Broadway, especially through his collaborations with the two greatest playwrights of the postwar American theater, Tennessee Williams and Arthur Miller.

He met Miller in 1945. The tall, gaunt man, born in Harlem and bred in Brooklyn, wrote play after play in an attempt to reflect society and the family. He gave Kazan his latest play, *All My Sons,* to direct. It was about a manufacturer who knowingly sells the U.S. government faulty airplane parts which result in the deaths of 21 pilots. One of his sons informs on him, and the manufacturer kills himself.

"Part of Kazan's genius was the way he

always matched the character in the play with the emotional core of the individual actor," says Karl Malden, who played one of the manufacturer's sons in *All My Sons.* Miller agrees. In his memoir, *Timebends,* he writes, "Kazan cast Ed Begley as the manufacturer, not because he was such a good actor but because he was an alcoholic and had the reformed drunk's sense of guilt."

Miller remembers Kazan during the rehearsals "as a small, compact man ... he had the devil's energy." He recalls that Kazan would go over and over certain sections of the play, working scenes like pieces of music. To keep the cast on their toes, "he would stimulate arguments among them by seeming to favor one over the other.... That made them compete all over again for his affection."

All My Sons opened to rave reviews in 1947 and won the New York Drama Critics' Circle Award over Eugene O'Neill's *The Iceman Cometh.* By then Miller and Kazan were inseparable. Kazan writes that he felt close to "Art" Miller, because "he'd been inspired by the Group Theatre to write plays. We were both out of the Depression.... We both had problems with our fathers. We both thought their business worlds anti-human."

Molly Kazan liked Miller, too; he dropped by the Kazans' house almost nightly. "Art was like a member of my family," Kazan writes.

Kazan followed *All My Sons* with another blockbuster, Tennessee Williams's *A Streetcar Named Desire,* which he thought was a masterpiece, a moral fable about the brutalization of a sensitive soul by a sadistic bully. In order to fulfill Williams's dark, poetic vision of life, Kazan fought for complete artistic control, from the sets and costumes to the lighting. After intense negotiations with producer Irene Selznick, he got it along with 20 percent of the profits and an unprecedented production credit: "Irene Selznick presents an Elia Kazan production." (Later every big Broadway director would demand the same.)

Kazan believed Williams was a theatrical genius who had the courage to reveal the depths of his personal pain. Kazan related to this pudgy little man with the southern drawl and the dazed, sleepy eyes who, after a meeting, would disappear into the gay world, which Kazan knew nothing about. Still, he felt a special affinity for Williams, remarking, "Maybe because we're both outsiders." (They would eventually work on five projects together.)

Kazan secretly felt an affinity for the bully, Stanley Kowalski, too. In one of his *Streetcar* notebooks, Kazan wrote, "Stanley (like E.K.) deeply indifferent, completely self-absorbed to the point of fascination." He added, "The only way to understand a character is through yourself."

He was awestruck by 23-year-old Marlon Brando, who played Stanley, and the untutored sensitivity he brought to the role. Kazan did many improvisations in order to infuse the actors with the quality they needed to bring to a scene. But Kazan didn't have to improvise with Brando. He recalls, "His own personality, armament, memories and desires were so deep that there was very little you had to do, except tell him what the scene was about." Slow in rehearsals, mumbling, inaudible, Brando eventually became a veritable powerhouse of emotion and sexuality. When the play opened in New Haven it was a huge hit, and Brando became a great new star. Kazan says that Jessica Tandy gave a superb performance as Blanche, but Marlon "lived" onstage as Stanley.

Opening night of *A Streetcar Named Desire* at the Ethel Barrymore Theater was a Broadway milestone. John Steinbeck's wife, Elaine, remembers sitting "with Tennessee, who kept chuckling thickly throughout the show. When the curtain came down, the audience stood and applauded for half an hour straight. It was a time of giants then. We lived with giants."

Incredibly, Kazan followed *A Streetcar Named Desire,* which won a Pulitzer Prize, with Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman,* which also won a Pulitzer. Audiences were transfixed watching Lee J. Cobb and Mildred Dunnock as Willie Loman and his fiercely protective wife, Linda. Dunnock, who died in 1991, recalled in *On Broadway* how Kazan helped her with the "attention must be paid" speech. "He took an old stick, I think it was the piece of an old broomstick, and he began to use it like a baton. And as I did the scene, he kept beating it and saying, 'More! More! More! More!' Finally I was screaming at the top of my lungs, and I burst into tears and I said, 'I can't! I *won't* do it that way,' and he said, 'That's *exactly* the way you'll do it.' ... 'But what about the nuances?' And he said, 'Nuances? We'll come to those in a couple of months.'"

Kazan had now reached the pinnacle on Broadway. At the same time, he'd been directing movies with equal success—*A Tree Grows in Brooklyn,* with Dorothy McGuire, James Dunn, and Peggy Ann Garner, and *Gentlemen's Agreement,* about anti-Semitism, which starred Gregory Peck, Dorothy McGuire, John Garfield, and Celeste Holm and for which Kazan won his first my Award. By 1950 he was the mo erful and influential stage director a maker in America. He admits to ha "a bit puffed up."

He would ground himself by sp time at the Actors Studio, which co-founded with Cheryl Crawford a ert Lewis in 1947 as a professiona shop. "I want to create a whole ge of actors," he said, and he did. members included Marlon Bran Wallach, Anne Jackson, Karl M Shelley Winters, Julie Harris, and gomery Clift.

Kazan gave his classes all sorts o memory exercises and improvisation velop their spontaneity and self-awa He once oversaw three different rations of the first act of Ibsen's *Gabler.* Kim Stanley was in one Brando directed another, in a south vironment, and helped build and pa set himself.

Kazan also spent six months hav tors sing songs to make a dramatic He directed Karl Malden belting out Enchanted Evening" as a janitor in an theater, and June Havoc warbling " Two" as a frustrated, lonely housewif

Kazan would literally leap in room before he started teachin was like a primal creature," says d Frank Corsaro. He never auditione ple; he'd take them out for coffe walk. He'd watch them when they noticing, and he'd pull their life stor of them.

The late actress Geraldine Pag told me, "Everybody got keyed up he was around. His comments were short and to the point. He could op up and psych you out." He seemed spond especially well to such actre Julie Harris, Carroll Baker, and Eva Saint, "women with gentle faces sensed would kill for their men," he

"We all adored him," says the Vivian Nathan, and in those early y cult developed around him. Actors d as he did in rough work clothe boots, and they emulated his gruff talking—when he talked. Much of th he was silent, and a mystique gr around him. What is he thinking? ev wondered.

In 1948 he directed *Sundown Bea* Bessie Breuer, on Broadway with made up entirely of young Studio bers. It was the first public demonst of Actors Studio technique. Critics w high on the show, but they praised t tense ensemble feel of it. Breuer n "When Gadg is away, the perfor falls to pieces and is like children re

eld no more regular classes at the fter 1951, because he was so busy. niddle of that year, Lee Strasberg en over the classes, and soon he umed the position of artistic direc- ie Studio. Within a few years, he the most renowned drama coach vorld. Strasberg was much more ing and severe with actors than who was essentially a benevolent gure. The relationship between the was edgy, at times even duplic- "Machiavellian" is the way Stras- iographer, Cindy Adams, puts it.

, Kazan completed filming *A Street- umed Desire* with Brando en Leigh. Advance word th was sensational, but remained in Hollywood enge the censors and try the overtly carnal scenes Brando and Kim Hun- was repeating her stage ance as Stella, intact. The Church's Legion of De- nd the Breen Office in ood, which often sup- adult themes in films, l to several close-ups of responding to Brando in a sensual manner. In the studio, without consult- an, cut the shots from the l even tampered with the re. Nevertheless, Kazan e to preserve the overall of Williams's drama.

e he completed postpro- work on the movie, he stayed at er Charles Feldman's luxurious n Beverly Hills. Arthur Miller was n, working on a screenplay called *ok,* about union corruption on the nt. Kazan was trying to get Miller te and urging him to draw on mate- was familiar with.

day, Kazan was introduced to an vn blonde starlet named Marilyn e. Soon, Monroe was spending with Kazan at Feldman's, while slept down the hall in another guest Miller was extremely attracted to e, but he was shy, and he was mar- Kazan noted that Monroe, for her lso developed a huge crush on

evening Feldman threw a party to ebrate Miller's winning the Pulitzer or *Death of a Salesman.* The hand- lanky playwright sat down next to e on a couch. She kicked off her and the two began talking intensely. Evelyn Keyes told a biographer iller was gazing at Monroe with to- tal absorption, as though he were "study- ing this phenomenon." He then took her big toe between his fingers and squeezed it gently.

Later they danced together, and Kazan, watching them, realized they had eyes only for each other. He suggested Miller take Monroe home, which he did, in a cab, but he did not go to bed with her, and Monroe was impressed with his politeness. He treat- ed her with respect, she told Kazan.

For the next couple of days, Kazan and Miller and Monroe went everywhere to- gether. They drove around Hollywood visiting friends and having a good time. At one point they went to see Harry Cohn,



TWILIGHT YEARS

Frances and Elia Kazan, photographed at home in June of this year. "I never dreamed we'd have such a fantastic life," she says of their 18-year marriage.

the head of Columbia Pictures, and Ka- zan passed Monroe off as his secretary, "Miss Bauer." When the meeting was over, Kazan asked Cohn if he realized who Miss Bauer was. Cohn said no, and Kazan informed him that she was under contract to him and he didn't even recog- nize her.

Ultimately, Miller withdrew his screen- play of *The Hook,* unwilling to meet Cohn's demand that he make the union crooks in it Communists. Miller flew back to New York. Monroe and Kazan drove him to the airport. That summer, Kazan be- gan filming *Viva Zapata!* with Marlon Brando and Anthony Quinn in Roma, Texas. Monroe begged to play Zapata's wife, but Kazan cast Jean Peters instead.

He was still the hottest director in Hol- lywood. He and Tennessee Williams began working on another screenplay, entitled *Baby Doll,* based primarily on Williams's one-act play *27 Wagons Full of Cotton.* Monroe tried desperately to capture the title role—a child bride—but Kazan cast Carroll Baker, with whom he had worked on improvisations at the Actors Studio.

Monroe was disappointed, but she con- tinued to spend time with Kazan because she felt he could be of use to her. Eventu- ally he arranged for her to audit classes at the Studio, and he set up a meeting for her with Lee Strasberg. Meanwhile she and Arthur Miller had started correspond- ing. When Kazan visited her in California, he saw a photograph of Miller and a stack of his letters on a shelf.

After finishing *Viva Zapata!,* Kazan returned to New York to rehearse scenes from the new Tennessee Williams play, *Camino Real,* with Eli Wallach in his dressing room at the Alvin The- atre, where he was appearing in *Mr. Roberts.* "Sometimes we'd work till one A.M.," Wallach says. Kazan never told him that he was worried sick about his po- litical past.

Senator Joe McCarthy had sud- denly become the country's most controversial figure and J. Edgar Hoover of the F.B.I. its most feared. The newly passed Internal Security Act required the registration of all Communists and Communist organizations. And HUAC had launched its investiga- tion into alleged Communist sub- version in the movie industry. Kazan feared it was only a matter of time before he would be called to testify. He was celebrat- ed, he was famous, and the committee liked nothing better than publicity.

"If they wanted him to give names, [Kazan said,] he'd tell them where to get off," producer Kermit Bloomgarten later said in an interview. "He told me that as late as six weeks before he testified."

He had already turned his back on the Screen Directors Guild when the mem- bership voted in an open ballot to adopt the loyalty oath—which meant that in or- der to direct a film in America one had to sign a pledge of patriotism or risk be- ing blacklisted. Kazan refused to go along with that, but he also refused to attend a Directors Guild meeting in the Beverly Hills Hotel ballroom with John Huston, John Ford, and others in 1950 to fight the oath. Guild president Joseph Mankiewicz pleaded with him to attend, but Kazan felt his left-wing reputation would be used against them.

The meeting turned out to be an angry battle; the very right-wing Cecil B. DeMille

accused another director, left-leaning William Wyler, of treason. John Ford demanded that the entire board of the Guild resign, which they did. However, the loyalty oath had already been made mandatory by the earlier vote, and four days later Mankiewicz sent a letter to all Guild members asking for their signatures.

In January 1952, Kazan went to Washington and met with the committee in secret session. He said yes, he had been a Communist, but no, he would not inform on his friends.

Kazan feared that he would be called back to Washington, but he tried to get on with his life. He arranged to direct *Flight into Egypt,* a play by George Tabori. But he couldn't sleep, and he started getting chest pains.

In February he was called into the office of Spyros Skouras, head of Twentieth Century Fox, for which Kazan had made six films. Skouras tried to get Kazan to change his testimony. He even offered to accompany him to Washington to talk to Hoover. Kazan refused.

In March 1952, he flew to Los Angeles for the 24th annual Academy Awards. On his way in from the airport, Kazan was handed a copy of *The Hollywood Reporter,* which contained his HUAC testimony. The lead item in the gossip column read, "Elia Kazan ... confesses to Commie membership but refuses to supply any new evidence on his old pals from Group Theatre days." "So much for confidentiality," Kazan writes in *A Life.*

Distraught and lonely, he phoned Marilyn Monroe to cheer himself up. She sounded very happy and excited. She had something to tell him, she said, and she had to tell him in person. That evening she visited him at the Bel Air Hotel and announced that she was getting married to a wonderful man. Kazan assumed she meant Arthur Miller, but she was talking about Joe DiMaggio. "He's not like these movie people," she said. "He's dignified."

The next day he met with Darryl Zanuck at Twentieth Century Fox, and Zanuck said that he'd read the story in the *Reporter* and that Kazan should name names. "For Christ sake, who the hell are you going to jail for?" he demanded. "Who are you saving?"

Kazan felt that the people he would have to name had been his friends. Zanuck seemed unimpressed. He told Kazan that he had spent time in Washington, and the idea was not to be right but to win.

That evening, *A Streetcar Named Desire* won four Oscars, but Kazan lost out as best director to George Stevens for *A Place in the Sun.* Brando lost out to Humphrey Bogart for *The African Queen,* and the award for best picture went to the musical *An American in Paris.*

Kazan returned to New York and started wavering. He made lots of phone calls to people who might "talk him out of any wrongdoing."

He saw playwright Lillian Hellman at the Oak Bar in the Plaza Hotel and told her that if he didn't testify he might never work again. "Lillian was silent as a coiled snake." Suddenly she left the table and didn't come back. Kazan found out later that she had phoned *Death of a Salesman* producer Kermit Bloomgarten and asked what she should do. Kazan feels he must have told her to leave immediately. She never spoke to Kazan again, and Bloomgarten didn't speak to him until he was on his deathbed.

Next, Kazan talked with Clifford Odets, who had remained one of his best friends from the Group Theatre days. They met at Odets's favorite restaurant, the Lobster, just off Broadway. Kazan told the playwright he was thinking of naming names, including his, and Odets told him to go ahead. He said that he in turn would name Kazan when he testified.

Kazan had tea with Paula Strasberg, who had also been in his cell, and told her he was going to have to name names, including hers. She told him she understood. Lee Strasberg, who was with them, said, "There's nothing else you can do." Kazan asked him, "What would you do?" Strasberg replied, "No one knows what he'd do, until he's in it."

When Kazan phoned Arthur Miller, Miller writes, he "began to suspect something terrible had come to him and that it must be the committee." The two men met at Kazan's rustic country place in Newtown, Connecticut, and walked in the woods behind the house. Miller remembers the smell of rotting leaves; it was damp and cold. (In *Timebends,* Miller recalls that his conversation with Kazan occurred after Kazan had testified. Kazan, quoting from his journal, says it took place before. But they agree on the substance of their talk.)

Kazan told Miller he had hated the Communists for many years and didn't feel right about giving up his career to defend them. Since he had decided to name names, Miller recalls him saying, he actually felt better.

Miller writes, "[Kazan] wanted my advice. Confirmation was what he needed." But as he listened to Kazan, he grew frightened. "There was a certain gloomy logic in what he was saying: unless he came clean he could never hope, at the height of his creative powers, to make another film in America, and he probably would not be given a passport to work abroad." He believed that Kazan "was a genius of the theater. To be barred from his medium, kicked into the street, would be for him like a nightmarish overturning of the world itself."

Miller continues, "He had always known he came from survivors and that the point was to survive.... I felt my sympathy flowing toward him and at the same time I was afraid of him. Had I been of his generation, he would have had to sacrifice me as well." (Miller was never a member of the Communist Party, but he had attended meetings in 1947. In 1956 he was called before HUAC, but he would not cooperate with the investigation, so he was cited for contempt.)

Miller concludes, "I was experiencing a bitterness with the country that I had never imagined before, a hatred of its stupidity and its throwing away of its freedom."

In *A Life,* Kazan writes, "[Art] looked terribly worried. Walking back to the car ... he stopped and put his arm around me and said, 'Don't worry about what they think. Whatever you do will be okay with me, because I know your heart's in the right place.' I was surprised at the phrase and as soon as I could I wrote it down. It was like the truth in a pop song title. There was no doubt Art meant it.... We parted on affectionate terms."

As Miller got into his car, Molly Kazan ran out of the house. When they spoke about HUAC, she gestured to the hills nearby and said that everybody around there approved of what the committee was doing. Then she asked Miller where he was going, and he told her he was going back to Salem, Massachusetts. Molly Kazan cried, "You're not going to equate what we do with this!"

On April 10, 1952, Kazan testified in front of the committee, naming eight of his colleagues: Clifford Odets, Paula Strasberg, and actors Phoebe Brand, Howard Bromberg, Morris Carnovsky, Art Kraber, Lewis Leverett, and Art Smith. He also described every movie and play he had directed in great detail to show that none of them had a Communist taint.

The reaction to Kazan's testimony in New York and Hollywood was immediate. There were irate phone calls and angry letters. "I was sickened," says one actor. "Kazan was one of the leaders of our cultural community. He was revered, looked up to by everybody. No one believed he would ever do such a thing." Playwright Arthur Laurents, who wrote the book for *West Side Story* and this year cam

ay called *Jolson Sings Again,* about
g, says, "What Kazan did was de-
given who he was. He wanted to
working in Hollywood, so greed
ition triumphed over a sense of
id a sense of morality."
while, Kazan's wife urged him to
tatement explaining his position.
refused, she wrote it herself. On
they published an ad in *The New*
ies encouraging Kazan's colleagues
the secrecy of the Communist Party.
ly depressed, Kazan didn't leave
for the next couple of days. When
ned to the Actors Studio, Mae
is secretary, told him she would
uit. He said he understood. Studio
s were up in arms and called a
to decide how to deal with the sit-
should they take a public stand on
er? Kazan's position was that he
r judged any of *them* politically; so
uld they judge *him?* Ultimately the
Studio chose to remain apolitical
nothing, but Kazan did not return
ng.
riends turned away from him on
t. Group Theatre intimates such as
Clurman and Bobby Lewis vowed
would never speak to him again.
id.) Arthur Miller cut off all con-
him, and the two didn't speak for
ght years.
re were days when I longed to be
," Kazan writes. "Other days I be-
mbunctious, and what I longed for
ght." Eventually he began to snub
before they could snub him: "I
em to the punch. I would bond
ogether, friends or foes, nothing in
."
52 an article by Murray Kempton
d in the *New York Post* indicating
hur Miller had sent Kazan his new
View from the Bridge, about inform-
that Kazan had written back say-
be delighted to direct it, and that
ad replied that he didn't want him
t it, he just wanted him to read
thought about stool pigeons.
r angrily refuted the story in a let-
ne newspaper. "It would have been
Art, at this moment, had acknowl-
ome past friendship or even written
w words, however condemnatory,"
writes.
only feedback Kazan got came indi-
om Arthur Kennedy, who had played
Death of a Salesman and who played
in Miller's next play, *The Crucible,*
he Salem witchcraft trials of 1692.
o, John Proctor, prefers to die rather
ve a false confession. On opening
January 22, 1953, Kennedy told
Miller raised his glass and an-
d, "This one's for Gadg."

Meanwhile, the rampant fear of Communism let loose a wave of political repression in America that seems incomprehensible in today's post–Cold War atmosphere.

It all boiled down to: Which side are you on? The committee's? Joe McCarthy's? Are you an anti-Commie liberal? A former Communist? A believer in Americans for Democratic Action? Are you loyal to your friends first, or your country? "[Such questions] became the shorthand for a generation," says Victor Navasky.

He was including me in that statement, since my father, Bartley Crum, after defending the Hollywood 10, later named two colleagues, known Communists, in order to get his passport back. He furnished no new information; the committee had the names already. Therefore, my father's informing, like Kazan's, was essentially symbolic.

The McCarthy period changed the way political sides were drawn. As Kazan himself tells me, "I hated being linked to McCarthy. He was a terrible, terrible human being."

Although there was virtually no blacklisting in the theater, the caricaturist Al Hirschfeld, who is 96, remembers that the political tension in the Broadway community during the 50s was unbelievable. "There were so many factions you couldn't keep them straight. I remember having an argument with Lillian Hellman about Kazan every time I saw her. She'd say he had been wrong to testify. By that time she thought of herself as a kind of Joan of Arc because of her HUAC statement, 'I won't cut my conscience to fit this year's fashion,' or some such thing. I'd tell her, 'Lillian, you're all wet—Gadg was right to testify about the evils of Communism and the vileness of Stalin.' And now look what's happened. He's been proven correct. I supported him back then and now—all the way."

Karl Malden adds, "A lot of people stopped speaking to me for years because I remained a friend of Elia's. [The actor] Zero Mostel, for instance. When it first happened, I wrote Gadg a letter and told him no matter what, I'd always be his friend. As you get older [Malden is 87], you realize one of the greatest things a person can have is a strong friendship, and my friendship with Elia is the most important thing I have."

Malden joined the Group Theatre in the 1930s. His first stage role was the fight manager in Odets's *Golden Boy.* Malden says he signed lots of petitions while he was in the Group, and once went to a dinner to meet a man named Paul. "The guy wouldn't tell me his last name. My instinct told me I wanted no more part of this." Later, when many of Malden's friends were called up before HUAC, he was afraid that he might be called, too. "My real name is Mladen Sekulovich—how Bolshevik can you get? I was terrified and sure I might be next. It was a terrible time. Every friend you kept or dropped carried enormous moral implications in those days. Everything you did meant loyalty or betrayal."

In 1957, out of friendship for the Kazans, Malden agreed to star in Molly's play *The Egghead,* which many people believed was an attack on softheaded liberals and a defense of Kazan's HUAC testimony. (Paradoxically, Anne Jackson remained a friend of Kazan's even though she refused to play the wife in *The Egghead* because she passionately disagreed with Molly's point of view.) The show, directed by another Kazan loyalist, Hume Cronyn, lasted only nine performances on Broadway. Malden maintains it was "a worthy effort." He adds that he and Kazan have never discussed Kazan's informing.

Kazan claims that when he started developing *On the Waterfront* he was unbankable. He told the filmmaker Jeff Young: "I had had a series of box office failures. I was also a controversial figure and an embarrassment to Fox. . . . But I respond very well to difficulty. If someone makes trouble for me, I come out flailing around in every direction. One of my happiest moments was when I got the Academy Award for *On the Waterfront.* Schulberg got one [for the screenplay], the cameraman, Boris Kaufman, got one. Brando got one, Eva Marie Saint got one and the film was named Best Picture. . . . That was a triumphant moment."

He scoffs at the idea that the movie was an apologia for informing or that it made informing honorable. Kazan adds, "All of a sudden nobody cared what my politics were, that I was controversial or difficult. After *On the Waterfront* I could do anything I wanted. That's Hollywood."

Brando almost didn't do the movie. He had been so upset about Kazan's politics that he kept turning down the script, even though he knew there was a terrific role for him. In the end he agreed to work with Kazan one more time, "because he is good for me." The searing emotional nakedness he expresses on the screen as Terry Malloy, the ex-boxer longshoreman who slowly develops a conscience, remains one of the finest cinematic performances of all time. But after that he and Kazan didn't meet again until 1963, when they both visited playwright Clifford Odets in a Los Angeles hospital, where he was dying of cancer. Brando confided to Kazan, "Here I am, a balding middle-aged failure. . . . I feel a fraud when I act. . . . I've tried everything . . . fucking, drinking,

work. None of them mean anything. Why can't we be just like—like the Tahitians?"

Kazan maintains that he did his best work in the years after he informed. "I'd been defeated, yes, but only so I could come back stronger," he writes. "I would be what I had to be—tougher than my enemies—and work harder." On Broadway he directed *Camino Real* and *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, by Tennessee Williams; *Tea and Sympathy*, by Robert Anderson; *The Dark at the Top of the Stairs*, by William Inge; and *J.B.*, by Archibald MacLeish.

In Hollywood he made the black comedy *Baby Doll*, with Eli Wallach and Karl Malden; *A Face in the Crowd*, with Andy Griffith and Patricia Neal, about the connection between the media and celebrity; and *East of Eden*, with James Dean and Julie Harris, which examined the tortured relations between fathers and sons. Natalie Wood and Warren Beatty played teenage sexual rebels in his film *Splendor in the Grass*. Kazan's reputation as an innovator in cinema grew steadily. Martin Scorsese believes that Kazan forged a new acting style, which had the appearance of reality but actually exposed something very deep about human psychology which had never before been seen on the screen.

"I also learned that the camera is not only a recording device, but a penetrating instrument. It looks into a face, not at a face," Kazan writes. "A camera can even be a microscope."

Directors such as Scorsese, Arthur Penn, Stanley Kubrick, John Cassevetes, and Nicholas Ray were all influenced by Kazan's probing techniques, especially by the gritty newsreel quality of *On the Waterfront* and an early film, *Panic in the Streets*, a suspense thriller shot on location in New Orleans almost like a documentary (it's one of Kazan's favorites).

"[Elia Kazan's movies] shaped the conscience and the sensibility of a generation far more powerfully than any purely political act or ideological expression ever could," *Time* magazine film critic Richard Schickel wrote two weeks before the Oscar ceremonies.

I began to really know Kazan in the 1960s, when he was at his peak and his triumphs, such as *On the Waterfront* and *East of Eden*, overshadowed his past. He surrounded himself with supportive friends—Robert Anderson, Budd Schulberg, John Steinbeck, and the actors Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy and Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson. Few of them excused him for what he had done, but his true friends believed that he had been caught in a tragic, no-win situation, so they didn't condemn him. "He was—is—such an inspiration to anybody in theater and film," Eli Wallach says.

In the fall of 1960 I appeared Off Broadway with Jo Van Fleet and Piper Laurie in a play called *Rosemary and the Alligators*, by Kazan's wife, Molly. When it closed, she had a little get-together for the cast. I remember Kazan greeting us at the door of their brownstone on East 72nd Street and bounding up the stairs in front of us. He seemed terribly proud of the house, which had just been renovated.

He took some of us down to the darkroom he had built in his basement and showed us enlargements he had been making of photographs of his mother and his relatives in Turkey. He confided that he was thinking of writing about his family and that family pictures triggered his memory. He said that director John Ford had once told him that making a movie was telling a story with pictures.

Later that evening we discussed the recently formed Playwright Unit at the Actors Studio, which Molly Kazan was heading. Robert Anderson was part of the unit, as were William Inge, Edward Albee, and a young black writer named James Baldwin. Baldwin had been Kazan's assistant on *J.B.*, and now he was writing a play called *Blues for Mr. Charlie*, about the brutal, racist murder of a young black named Emmett Till in Mississippi in 1955, which Kazan was helping him shape and edit.

I just sat there, absorbing the energy in the room, fascinated to see how Kazan's mere presence served as the catalyst. All he did was pose the occasional question and then sit back and examine us with his penetrating stare until everyone was talking wildly. Subjects were tossed back and forth: Norman Mailer's play *The Deer Park* might be done, with Anne Bancroft, and Frank Corsaro directing; a reading of Tennessee Williams's *Night of the Iguana* was being planned; and June Havoc had sketched out a musical based on her experience dancing in marathons during the Depression. Geraldine Page once told me, "Gadg can talk for five minutes about something and you're all fired up to go to work."

In 1963, Kazan completed what he calls his favorite movie, *America, America*, based on his uncle Joe Kazan's journey to the New World. "It really happened," Kazan tells me. "My uncle did ride a donkey all the way to Constantinople with the family's money in a sack, and the money did get lost, but my uncle managed to get to America somehow." He cast the film with many unknown actors and did not use a single star.

In December, just before the movie opened, Molly Kazan died. Kazan had her buried on the grounds of their ho Connecticut, and Karl Malden sto side him at the grave.

The tragedy came at a difficult ti Kazan. He and producer Robert head had just founded the Lincoln Repertory Theatre and had begun re als of a new play by Arthur Miller *the Fall*.

The protagonist, Quentin, played son Robards, is a former Communis breaks with a friend who becomes former and testifies in front of a co sional committee. The play also see echo Miller's disastrous life with M Monroe, who married him in 1956, her divorce from DiMaggio. Kazan "Although Arthur denied it and still why I can't understand—the second his play is about one thing: his marri Marilyn."

Miller had been trying to write Monroe ever since Kazan introduce to her in Hollywood in 1951. Only aft died, in 1962, was he able to incor his memories of her into a play.

Many people were surprised that could be a reconciliation between and Miller. Producer Robert Whiteh calls that Kazan was "tickled" that had finally had to make a compromis let him direct another of his plays. was also pleased, according to White because he was finally able to write after seven years.

Kazan writes in *A Life* that he oft tense during rehearsals, because he Miller had never discussed what eit them had done in front of HUAC.

Everyone assumed that the two ha seen each other in a decade. In fact, had once both appeared at an Actors dio session—at the urging of Marilyn roe—and every member in the place watched them as they milled around consciously and talked in turns to Strasberg.

Kazan confides that he and Mille saw each other once in 1960. Monro then carrying on a very public affair the French actor Yves Montand, he star in her most recent picture, and K worried about whether Miller "could the punishment." He impulsively ph him in Los Angeles, and they went o dinner together. He could tell that M was hurting badly, but they never spo Monroe. After the divorce, Kazan say spoke to Marilyn on the phone, and vented her anger at Miller's attitud moral superiority toward her and e body else.

During rehearsals of *After the Fall*, zan says, they discovered serious prob with the second act. He told Miller t away and rewrite. He didn't tell him

e had said about him, but he knew
playwright, with some perspective,
draw honestly on his experience.
Miller came back with the rewritten
act, the character of Maggie, the
as true. Kazan writes, "She has an
ing development from adoration to
pt, and Art is rough on himself, giv-
all that Marilyn said about him, in
appointment and resentment."

r the Fall opened in 1964 and was a
success. Kazan had cast his mis-
arbara Loden, as Maggie, and she
d great reviews, although some crit-
plained that the play was an inva-
Marilyn Monroe's privacy and that
Miller was feeding off her fame.
an and Whitehead worked valiantly
e the Repertory Theatre viable com-
ly and artistically. Subsequent plays
t so successful, however, and White-
arned via the grapevine that the
was going to replace him at the end
season. He promptly resigned, and
Kazan and Miller.
that, Kazan decided that he would
irect in the theater again. He had al-
cretly wanted to work alone. In the
of lengthy psychoanalysis he had
red that he was happiest when he
iting. He'd been keeping copious
n stories and characters for years.
decided to write full-time.
began to travel too. He married
a Loden, by whom he already had
Leo. In 1967 he published *The*
ement, an autobiographical novel
n his marriage to Molly and his af-
h Barbara, which became a best-
He later directed it as a movie with
ouglas. He followed that with an-
novel, called *The Assassins,* about
nterculture and assassinations in
a. In 1972 he directed *The Visitors,*
screenplay by his son Chris Kazan.
not the movie on Kazan's property
necticut for $175,000. The story
ns two soldiers who rape a Viet-
girl and are observed by a fellow
o informs on them. They are sent
on, and when they are released,
turn to America to terrorize the
soldier for turning them in. Kazan
t seem to get away from the subject
mers.

g in his seedy Times Square office,
an began to make notes for his au-
aphy. His secretary, Eileen Shana-
orked with him day and night, and
icated the book to her. In the early
gave two major interviews, the only
which he ever spoke at length
himself. The first was with Michel
t for the book *Kazan on Kazan,*
about the man and his work. Over a period of 18 months, he also talked off and on with Jeff Young. The resulting *Kazan: The Master Director Discusses His Films* was published this year.

In both books, Kazan seems alternately torn and defiant about his decision to inform. "Anybody who informs on other people is doing something disturbing and even disgusting. It doesn't sit well on anyone's conscience. I think it has to be judged from the perspective of 1952.... Communists were in a lot of organizations ... unbeknownst to anybody. I thought if I don't talk, nobody will know about it. And although, as I said, it was disturbing to inform on my colleagues ... if I'd lied and said I had no idea about what was going on, it would have been worse.... People say I did it for money, but I never did anything for money in my life."

Kazan also spoke to Victor Navasky, when he was researching *Naming Names.* "We talked about everything but informing," Navasky says. "He was charming and funny, but he kept telling me that he was saving all the material about HUAC for his own book."

Young also felt that Kazan had agreed to talk to him because their conversations would trigger memories he could use in writing his autobiography.

Occasionally, during the early 1970s, I'd drop by Kazan's office and we'd discuss the Actors Studio. Kazan was curious about what was going on, having resigned from the place when he took over the Lincoln Center Repertory Theatre, citing conflict of interest. Lee Strasberg had wanted the Studio to be part of the Repertory Theatre, and he was bitter when that didn't happen. He and Kazan had a complicated relationship: Strasberg had been his teacher when they were both members of the Group Theatre; then Kazan surpassed him as a director. Kazan told me he had mixed feelings about Strasberg and his teaching: "Too much stress on emotion." Kazan always stressed the objectives of the character. After Strasberg died, in 1982, Kazan returned to the Studio and ran the Playwright/Directors Unit with Joe Mankiewicz. He also wrote and directed a modern version of Aeschylus's *The Oresteia,* which he called *The Chain,* about vengeance and bloodletting down through the ages.

In the mid-70s, I interviewed Kazan for my biography of Montgomery Clift, and he told me stories about Broadway during World War II and about directing Monty in *The Skin of Our Teeth,* "when he was a young and beautiful boy." Later, after a car accident destroyed Clift's face, Kazan directed him in *Wild River,* in which Clift played a federal agent who finds humanity and love in rural Tennessee during the Depression. Lee Remick co-starred. Kazan told me, "Monty was so worried about looking old, he kept touching up his bald spot with black shoe polish."

In 1976, Kazan's mother died while he was directing Robert De Niro in an adaptation of F. Scott Fitzgerald's *The Last Tycoon,* based on the life of producer Irving Thalberg. It was Kazan's last Hollywood movie. It did not do well at the box office; neither had *Wild River* or *The Arrangement.* In September 1980, Barbara Loden died of cancer.

We kept in touch. I had sent him my Clift biography when it was published in 1978, and he liked it. I moved my office and so did he, and I visited him a couple of times in his new place on Seventh Avenue, where he would lie on a dilapidated couch, smoking a cigar and frowning. He seemed depressed. Above him an oil painting of his first wife, Molly, looked down on him.

I told Kazan I was thinking of writing a memoir about my father, and he said he thought that he had met him. I confessed that I was having a hard time writing because I hadn't known my father all that well. He had been away so much of the time representing clients and crusading for two-time presidential candidate Wendell Willkie. Kazan got very excited and said, "The paradox is you may finally get to know him, now that he's gone."

He told me that he had discovered in writing his autobiography that we all live on three levels at once. The future is part of the present and the past, and our past always affects our present and future. By juggling the three, you find the tension in a story.

One afternoon I confided that my father had named names, too, and that he had always avoided talking about it. I said I was ashamed and hated the fact that he had informed. I added that, even though I was beginning to research the subject, I still couldn't understand why so many important people had behaved as they did in that shameful era.

Kazan was silent, and looked at me as if to say, "If you think you're going to get me to give you any kind of answer, you're crazy." All he did say was "My favorite quote is Jean Renoir's: 'Everyone has his reasons.'" That afternoon, I found myself telling him more about my father than I'd ever told anyone, and Kazan, puffing on his cigar, listened.

In 1982, Kazan married Frances Rudge. We began seeing each other at parties at Anne Jackson and Eli Wallach's and at the Actors Studio. We also corresponded. I sent him my second book, about the pho-

tographer Diane Arbus. He dropped me a note: "Now write the book about your father. Print the picture you once painted for me." Then he told me on the phone, "Be honest. Don't be afraid to tell the truth."

The next time we saw each other was by chance, in 1986 at New York Hospital. I was there because my husband was dying. I bumped into Kazan in the lobby. He was on his way to visit a close friend, who was also dying. We rode up in the elevator together without speaking.

In 1987, Kazan sent me the manuscript of his autobiography and asked me for my response. I wrote, on December 6, 1987:

Dear Kazan—

First impressions: I am the perfect audience for your book, which is shattering, fascinating, infuriating—important. When I first met you, I was a kid (literally). Do you remember yelling at me, "You've passed!"—passed my final audition at the Actors Studio, & I kept on crying until you leapt out of the darkness & I recognized it was you—Elia Kazan. And I practically fainted, & you repeated, "Stop crying and get out of here. You passed!" Jesus God! It meant so much to me ... & hearing you speak at the Studio & being in Molly's play & ... much later, when you read my books and liked them. I guess there is this peculiar connection between our lives, a dynamic which is personally very meaningful to me. Your book stirs up so many memories for me of times past & times that will never be again, & your life & the way you led it is of such richness & complexity it boggles the mind & sets you apart ... You have accomplished so much ... I am jealous.... And as for your sexuality, I am glad you dealt with it so completely. It is as important in your story as your duplicity.

And speaking of your duplicity, your endless betrayals, being honest doesn't let you off the hook. I don't believe you had to inform, because you were so successful & powerful you would not have been destroyed. I think your position was that secure. But your choice was revealing. You have been plagued & fueled by the ambiguity in your character. I haven't finished absorbing everything. I am reading the book again. But at the end of my first read, I ask the question you asked so often in class, "What did you want (out of life)?" Answer: "Everything."

Kazan told me he treasured my letter. He'd read it over and over again in Paris while he was trying unsuccessfully to raise money for a new film.

His autobiography, published in 1988, received superlative reviews. In a jacket blurb, Norman Mailer called it "the best autobiography I've read by a prominent American in I don't know how many years. It is endlessly absorbing and I believe this is because it concerns a man who is looking to find a coherent philosophy that will be tough enough to contain all that is ugly in his person and his experience, yet shall prove sufficiently compassionate to give honest judgment on himself and others." Christopher Lehmann-Haupt in *The New York Times* said it was "utterly riveting," but he concluded, "The happiest [Kazan] claims to have been is working completely alone, while writing the five novels he published after his film career had come to a close. Yet ... he all but dismisses those novels. This reveals a paradox that is evident throughout the book, but that he never examines or identifies—that it was while working with and for others that he did the best work of his career, and that the closer he came to achieving his longed-for independence, the closer he came to terminating the most productive part of his career."

"But I always wanted to be a writer," Kazan explains gruffly. "From the time I was five years old. I fell into the theater, and into directing. My ambition was always to be a writer."

We are sitting in the sun-filled garden of his brownstone. It is late afternoon, two weeks after he received his Oscar in Los Angeles. The excitement and protests are over, the phone is no longer ringing off the hook, and there are no more irate faxes fluttering to the carpet.

Kazan is busy writing on two subjects, but he won't say what they are. "That's bad luck, isn't it?"

The biggest drama he has to contend with at the moment is a mother cat and her five kittens, which Frances has just brought back from the A.S.P.C.A. They are mewing piteously upstairs in her daughter's bedroom. Kazan says he won't let his cat, Mittens, in to see them, because she'd be jealous.

In the past few days, Kazan has had dinner with Woody Allen and Mike Nichols, and Scorsese has dropped by. They've all been paying him homage.

Did he enjoy California?

"Hated it. Have always hated that place. Liked seeing my children. Liked seeing Karl. Glad I got the Oscar.... I deserved it. I've directed films nobody else ever has, different kinds of films. *America, America; Streetcar; On the Waterfront; Baby Doll; Face in the Crowd.* You know 'em. The closer they came to my own experience and my own life, the better they were and the better I felt, the truer they were to me. I could never direct the classics, or musicals, although I directed musicals. I remember once Larry Olivier said to me backstage at *J.B.*, 'This is a terrible play, old boy. How'd you do it?' It had just won the Pulitzer. I'd done it with a lot of tricks. But in my heart I knew it was lousy. You have to be true to yourself, Pat, and your talent."

What about the Oscar ceremo ask him.

"Something of a circus, wasn't it? and Bobby were terrific. Marty is gre solutely great."

"Do you ever think about back th blacklist and HUAC? You had to mak tough choices."

"I'm almost 90 years old," he say I think he can't hear me, so I s repeat something about McCarthyis the committee. I ask if the com wasn't the villain. Did he see the com as evil?

Kazan interrupts. "It was hard," h simply. "It was hard for me, and ha everyone, wasn't it?"

Was he bitter or angry about anyb Arthur Miller, for example?

"Why?" he says. "The best experi ever had in the theater was directing *of a Salesman,* because Art expressed I felt about my father." He adds, "H Clurman was the most important per my creative life. Lee was a wonderful t but something of a monster. I love anyway."

Then he falls into a silence, and F comes out with his cocktail, and watching the birds swoop and twitter trees. "I'm a happy man, Pat," he "Finally."

After a while we wander into the and dining room. There on a table a three Academy Awards, side by side. one up. It is as heavy as lead. "Ho you do that?" I ask Kazan. "You li up so high."

We walk further into the lovely, spa room, filled with piles of books an tures, overstuffed couches, the battered safe Kazan's father kept in his rug close to a century ago.

Frances talks to me in her cli brisk, cultivated manner. She is goi produce a play Off Broadway in th she says, and she's planning a trip to and in the meantime she and Elia w making short trips to various places " we can both work and read. We h fantastic life together," she says. "I dreamed we'd have such a fantastic l

She says that the first thing she did they got married was to move out darkness of the big brownstone he'd living in on the West Side. "I thou was depressing, and it took four ye move because Elia likes to stay put." tually they bought this house on the Side, and Frances sent for painters England, "really marvelous men who exactly what I wanted them to do. painted the entire place from top to b in light, clean, glowing colors. Light That's what I wanted our life to be with—everything suffused with light."

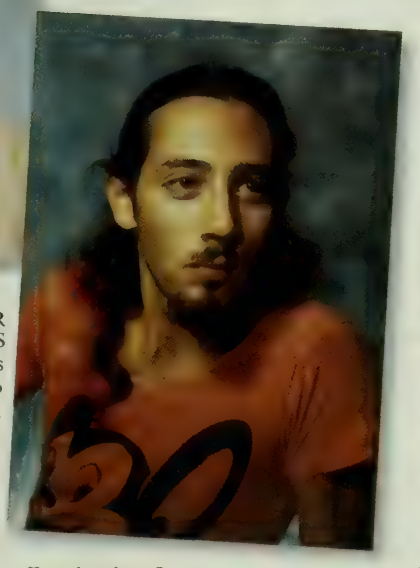
ubens

UED FROM PAGE 319 numerous friends lleagues of his, I quickly gather that ns is indeed the subject of deep af-. Adjectives like "brilliant," "gener-'sensitive," "playful," and "pure" are ly used to describe him. "He's sweet," ran Lebowitz, a friend of Reubens's years, "and 'sweet' is a word I almost ave occasion to use not in connection ssert. And never in connection with ormer. [But where] erformers are wildly tic, Paul is not.... ence he's not intol- He's like the son ways wanted." ould note that when ll up friends of a pro- ject you tend to hear ings, just as you would would be the case with wn friends. But rarely hear nice things with nity and genuineness; eople who have beefs ubens seem to have great for him. Crew members orked on *Pee-wee's Play-* talk about the unusual eubens would extend him- ding after sick parents, making every- ar nametags so that he could learn w's names, entertaining dying chil- om the Make-a-Wish Foundation who the set on a regular basis. He is said omeone who delights in sharing his nthusiasms—3-D photography, land-, Korean barbecue, an old fishing n the Adirondacks, an antique mall ersfield to which he likes to drag on field trips. An unusually prolific thusiastic sender of Christmas cards, nown for his lavish gift giving and ob- shopping. He lives in the Hollywood n a toy-and-kitsch-clogged home— an barely navigate it," says Lebowitz, 's a big house"—surrounded by a cac- den most of which he himself plant- parently at no small peril to his own There, he is said to commune with the deer, raccoons, skunks, and coyotes nder onto his property, a Saint Fran- he canyons.

hese descriptions of his private life, nses currents of both the gentleness stalgia that underlie his work. One bout contradictions too: that he can h painfully vulnerable and "sledge- r hard"; that he is a workaholic who o drive collaborators to distraction reative ways of procrastinating, like ng impromptu games of office hide- k. He declines my offer to discuss his romantic life, except to say that he is single and "looking." He allows that he would like to have children someday, but worries that, at 46, he is getting too old.

He was born Paul Reubenfeld in Peekskill, New York, in 1952, the eldest of three children—two boys and a girl. His father, Milton Reubenfeld, owned a Lincoln-Mercury dealership, later a lighting store; his mom, Judy, was an elementary-school teacher. Although his parents weren't wild about his becoming a performer, Reubens credits them with being formative influences: "My parents are hilarious. They're like





THE WONDER YEARS
Paul Reubens in a school photo from 1962, *above,* and in Sarasota, Florida, 1974.

a team. They work off each other. I never realized that they were that funny for a long time, and then in the last 10 years, I look at them and go, No wonder I turned out to be a comedian. They need, like, a rim shot."

Other early influences included the television shows he says he watched most zealously: *Captain Kangaroo, Howdy Doody, The Mickey Mouse Club,* and *I Love Lucy* (for some reason of long-forgotten Eisenhower-era developmental theory, his passion for the last show was the cause of great concern at his grammar school). In what you might call his own version of the myth-charged day when a teenage Bill Clinton met President Kennedy, Reubens once appeared on *Howdy Doody* as part of the show's studio audience, the Peanut Gallery. Alas, there are no photographs of the future kiddie-show host shaking hands with host Buffalo Bob or grinning next to Howdy, the star marionette, and in any case the event proved less than inspirational. "I remember sitting there thinking, Well, where the hell *is* Howdy Doody? You couldn't see anything. It was all cameras and lights and junk in the way. Nobody looked like they looked on TV. And it was all really very frightening." *Howdy Doody* was the cause of further trauma in the Reubenfeld household when it went off the air in 1960: "I remember sitting on the floor of our living room watching the last episode just in tears, crying, sitting there as a really little kid and thinking, *What kind of world is this?*" You'd like to imagine Reubens vowing then and there to right this wrong when he grew up—somehow, someday—but that didn't happen.

In any event, his world proved to be a more exotic one a year later when the Reubenfelds moved to Sarasota, Florida—winter headquarters for the Ringling Bros. circus. Paul was then nine. His new neighbors included the Great Wallendas, the famous family of high-wire artists, and another family that shot one another out of cannons. He remembers his first Halloween in Sarasota, when he and his sister knocked on the Doll Family's door. "They were midgets," he explains, "and we didn't even know what that was—I didn't even know how to *process* that. I mean, I was looking at someone smaller than me but who was obviously old. They said, 'Come on in,' and we went inside their house. It was like being on acid when you were a kid. Everything was tiny, all the cabinets were down to *here.* The whole house was small." Again, you'd like to imagine Reubens deciding then and there to build a wacky, cockeyed Playhouse when he grew up, but that didn't happen, either.

Pee-wee Herman was born in 1978 at the Groundlings, the Los Angeles improv group that has over the years produced alumni such as Phil Hartman, Lisa Kudrow, Jon Lovitz, Julia Sweeney, Laraine Newman, and nearly half the current cast of *Saturday Night Live* (Cheri Oteri, Will Ferrell, Chris Kattan, Chris Parnell, and Ana Gasteyer). Reubens joined in 1977 after having moved to Southern California to attend college at the California Institute of the Arts, where he studied acting. People who knew him then often say they regret that the success of the Pee-wee character has kept the public from seeing Reubens's versatility as a comic actor. (One of the other fondly remembered characters he created at the Groundlings was a

Reubens

Native American lounge singer, Chief Jay Longtoe, the political incorrectness of whom he drank and danced on point in big white sneakers—Reubens still frets about.) Pee-wee was first intended to be "a really bad comic, somebody you would look at and go, 'This guy's never going to make it.'" The name Pee-wee came from the brand of a harmonica Reubens owned. Herman was the surname of a "crazy, high-powered" kid he knew growing up in Florida ("I like that it didn't sound like a made-up name, that it was just kind of cruddy"). The voice was the one he had developed years earlier as the "resident juvenile" at a Sarasota repertory theater company. As to how it all came together, "I just sort of flipped a switch and the character came out," Reubens says. He admits, "You'd think in 20 years I'd have a better story."

Certainly he wasn't the first adult to be rewarded for having a puerile sense of humor or to gain fame playing a freakish, overgrown child. As seen on a 1981 HBO special, the character was originally far more manic and grating than he would be in the subsequent films and television series, although even in this cruder incarnation Pee-wee has more depth—this is relative—and far more ironic self-awareness than such precursors as Harry Langdon, Lou Costello, Pinky Lee, Soupy Sales, and Jerry Lewis, performers who never had much appeal to the hip adult audiences of their eras. Pee-wee was something more akin to Lily Tomlin's Edith Ann, but ruder and less precious. From the beginning, observers were struck by how Reubens had managed to capture the conflicted nature of childhood, its twin poles of anarchy and shame, which gave the character an appealing reality even amid the antic grotesquerie; with his shoe mirrors and naughty jokes, the Pee-wee character also acknowledged that young children are sexually inquisitive—not a particularly novel observation, but one that is rare on Saturday mornings, where it eventually landed.

"Pee-wee Herman certainly had a nice dark mean streak that I never tried to hide," says Reubens. "I mean, I always thought that was funny. But he was basically good-hearted, and there is a sweetness, I think, to what I do." Reubens noticed that Groundlings audiences responded to Pee-wee more readily than they did to his angrier or more depressive characters. "There was a higher likability factor to Pee-wee Herman.... And I made a decision to—I became Pee-wee for a while. Because I couldn't figure out how to make it in Hollywood. I didn't feel like I had anything to separate me from anyone else in town. This sounds really weird, but I was actually thinking of that musical number in *Gypsy,* 'You Gotta Have a Gimmick.' There's these three strippers singing that song, and I was sort of thinking of that and going, A gimmick? Yes. That's good."

He was helped in all this, perversely, by being rejected for *Saturday Night Live* in 1980, losing out to Gilbert Gottfried for the "nutty, dorky guy" slot in the first season after the original cast retired. Angry and haunted by the fear that he had missed his one shot at the big time, Reubens borrowed money from his parents to finance a stage show at the Roxy Theatre on the Sunset Strip. While *S.N.L.* went on to enjoy the most disastrously unfunny season in its long history, *The Pee-wee Herman Show,* a parody of the kiddie TV shows Reubens had loved as a child, became a hit, playing for five months and launching Reubens as a headliner and "I know you are, but what am I?" as a catchphrase. The 1985 film *Pee-wee's Big Adventure,* directed by a then novice named Tim Burton, was a sleeper hit that summer, grossing $45 million on a budget of about $7.5 million, which in turn inspired CBS to offer Reubens an actual Saturday-morning children's show.

Pee-wee's Playhouse debuted in the fall of 1986 and was an instant sensation, drawing a substantial audience of adults, who found it worth getting up on Saturday mornings to see what Reubens had persuaded CBS to air on a program ostensibly for kids. On one episode, Pee-wee returned from a shopping trip and began coyly to unpack his groceries for the camera: "Milk ... milk ... lemonade ... " (in homage to the beloved playground verse that also explains, as did Pee-wee, where "fudge is made"). On another episode he was clearly more interested in dancing with Tito, the hunky Latin lifeguard, than he was with busty Miss Yvonne. Despite such goofy if genuine envelope-pushing, Reubens says he never had much trouble with CBS's standards-and-practices department, although on his first episode, for reasons he never understood, the network tried to keep him from sticking pencils in a potato.

The real genius of *Pee-wee's Playhouse* lay in the larger world Pee-wee inhabited. There was the vibrant, kitschy production design by artist and underground cartoonist Gary Panter, the stream-of-consciousness-like pacing, the inventive animation, and a small village's worth of animate objects, which included a talking chair (Chairry), a talking globe (Globey), a talking window (Mr. Window), a talking chandelier (Chandelier)—everything talked on *Pee-wee's Playhouse,* including, by the second season, the floor (Floory). Pee-wee had human friends as well, like Miss Yvonne, Captain Karl (played by the late Phil Hartman, who also co the script for *Pee-wee's Big Adventure* boy Curtis (Laurence Fishburne), an bi the Genie (John Paragon, who, with Hartman, was one of Reubens's friends and collaborators at the G lings). At its best, *Pee-wee's Playhou* up classic children's television—not jus *dy Doody* and *Captain Kangaroo* b hundreds of other local programs on middle-aged men talked to sock p and unspooled old, scratchy cartoons a delightful, skewed logic all its own. a show that was both gently subversi full of positive messages (share, be nice your teeth), a show that evinced amus at the conventions of its genre but als spect for them. It was to children's tel what *Late Night with David Letterma* to talk shows, but without the curdle and naked self-loathing—which techni suppose, would make it the *Late Nig Conan O'Brien* of children's television. a total of 22 Emmys, including 2 fo bens himself.

The show wasn't much of a m maker, however. With each episode c $425,000 to $535,000, high for a time sitcom let alone the normally c realm of Saturday morning, Reubens duction company was losing money o *wee's Playhouse,* the idea being that would come later with syndication s common formula in television. On that, Reubens says he paid himself s a performer. He did do pretty well fo self through merchandising deals, thou limited his returns by insisting that Pe products be well made. He also refu endorse candy bars and other kinds o food, though a Ralston Purina Pe Chow cereal nearly made it to superm shelves. "The commercial," Reubens r "was going to be a 50s mom shakin cereal into a bowl and then putting it floor—the kids were gonna come up fours and eat it like dogs. It tasted ju Trix, which was my favorite cereal w was a kid, and it had more of every good in it than any cereal on the mar the time. No sugar, sweetened with juice, had all kinds of extra vitamins. really good for you, and everything w ing fine—until at the last minute they blind taste test and kids hated it." In a er blow, Reubens was never able to in manufacturers in bringing out a line of Yvonne wigs for little girls.

Though never much of a premiere or one to vacation in Aspen or the H tons, Reubens did enjoy the celebrity of meeting other famous and successfu ple. He got to know the late heiress Duke and her adopted adult daug Chandi Heffner, whom he had m Hawaii through Jim Nabors (whom h

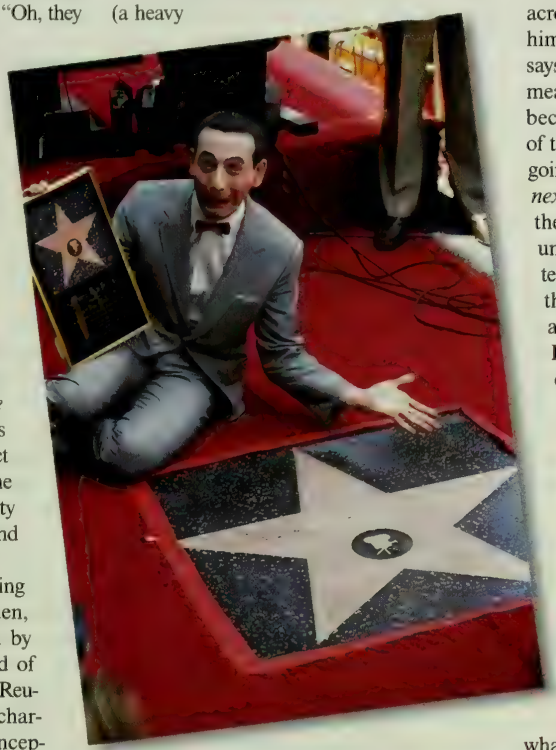
ɔugh Charo). Though some in Duke's ɔoked down their noses at Reubens—s singing for his supper," says one—ɔyed his company. There was a semi-ɹs dinner party in 1989 at Shangri-la, faux-Persian Diamond Head estate, which Reubens and Heffner ex-l vows in an impromptu mock wed-remony. Nabors serenaded the cou-., Reubens says, "I still have the tem-marriage license signed by Imelda " (whom Duke had recently bailed ɔrison). I wonder: what do you talk t a dinner party with Doris Duke, ɔors, and Imelda Marcos? "Oh, they lking about everything. ere talking about the hey were talking about, ɔw, gold and prices. It the gamut."

our years after the pre-re of *Pee-wee's Playhouse,* ; was burned out, exhaust-riting, producing, starring , essentially, co-directing ies while also doing the bs on a second film, 1988's *Pee-wee.* After shooting a ɹson of *Pee-wee's Playhouse* ɔack with its fourth, Reubens d a clause in his contract)S and closed up shop in the 990. In his words "an empty e took a year off to travel and : his creative batteries.

ays he never found playing : to be a particular burden, ers say he was suffocated by racter, unsure of what kind of ıe could have as just Paul Reu-.e had hidden behind the char-eing himself more as a concep-ist than a comedian and hoping w Pee-wee with a celebrity and real-is own. It was Pee-wee, for instance, t a star on the Hollywood Walk of Reubens rarely gave interviews to ss, and when he did, it was almost in character; he also tried to avoid hotographed out of character. As Wolcott wrote in these pages in Paul Reubens must be one of the ıaining performance artists who still in secrets, distance, mystique.... contained dynamo; he isn't out to innards." Indeed, for Reubens, one nost painful aspects of his arrest—the ones we'd all agree on—was the t it thrust him into the public eye ıs not his own.

e months into his sabbatical, while his parents in Sarasota, he was on to meet some friends for dinner the July 26, 1991, when he stopped off run-down, sparsely attended South Trail XXX adult-movie theater to take in a triple feature of *Catalina Five-O: Tiger Shark, Nurse Nancy,* and *Turn Up the Heat.* He thinks he "might have been at the theater before," but says he wasn't a "serial pornography person." On the night in question, "I didn't give it any thought or place any importance on it. I didn't feel like, This is the wrong thing to do. I didn't feel like, Someone is going to photograph me coming out of here and kids are—" He drops the thought.

He had always taken the responsibility of being a children's performer seriously, even in terms of his private life (a heavy



ONCE UPON A STAR
Paul Reubens, in character, at Pee-wee Herman's induction into the Hollywood Walk of Fame, July 20, 1988.

smoker, he had gone to great lengths never to be photographed with a cigarette in his mouth). But at the time of the arrest, he says, the show "was so over in my mind." Later in our interview he returns more adamantly to the same point: "In my mind, I wasn't sitting in the theater in my bow tie and suit." Says Gary Panter, his friend and colleague, "At some point you get tired. This is just me talking, but if you work so hard and accomplish so much, you might think, I deserve a break. You might think, I can be anonymous and go where everybody goes—or at least where a lot of people go."

Four members of the Sarasota County Sheriff's Office were deployed that night in the theater in plain clothes. Reubens was arrested in the lobby as he was leaving the men's room. After he was processed at the Sheriff's Office, a high-school friend who, as it happened, was then working as a deputy sheriff helped him make the bail of $219. The arresting officers hadn't realized who he was (though Reubens reportedly identified himself as Pee-wee's creator and offered to put on a benefit for the Sheriff's Office in exchange for the charges' being dropped). A beat reporter for the *Sarasota Herald-Tribune* recognized his name on the police blotter, however, and two days later the story broke nationwide, Reubens's mug shot splashed across the nation's papers. The photo pains him to this day. "I was really angry," he says, "that I didn't smile in that picture. I mean, I still can't really look at the picture, because it's so real to me. It's so reflective of the moment it was taken, where I was just going, *Oh my God! What is going to happen next?*" With the long hair, the beard, and the desolate expression, the image was so un-Pee-wee-like, such a perfect visual counterpart to the surprise of Reubens's arrest, that it drove the story the way good visuals always do, whether a snapshot of Donna Rice on Gary Hart's lap or photos of Balkan atrocities.

That night, realizing what would soon be coming his way, Reubens fled. "I didn't know it would be as huge as it was," he says, "but I knew it would be a big deal." He remembers calling his parents from the local airport. "I was getting ready to leave and my mother was going, 'This is all going to blow over. Just come, you know, come on out to the house.' And I can remember just saying, 'I don't think you have any idea what's about to happen.'"

He flew to Nashville, where his sister, an attorney, lived. From there he called Doris Duke and asked her permission to hide out on her estate in New Jersey. "The first day I woke up there, the staff had done what they do for any guest, which is put out all the daily publications." It happened to be the day his mug shot first graced the covers of the New York tabloids. OH, PEE-WEE! remarked the *Post.* CBS XXX-RATES PEE-WEE, noted the *Daily News,* reporting the network's intention to drop the last five weeks of scheduled *Pee-wee's Playhouse* reruns. Disney World announced it was pulling a film featuring Pee-wee at one of its attractions. The nation's newspapers, when not having fun with the story, ran articles quoting concerned child psychiatrists on how to break the awful news to youngsters.

For Reubens, the perception that he was now a national bad influence, the Eddie Haskell of sex, was the scandal's most dismaying

Reubens

aspect. "That even one parent would say, 'Well, I'm not going to let my kid watch that show anymore,' that was really painful because I just took it so seriously, the show. I took my responsibility [to kids] really seriously." The notion that masturbating in a porno theater could become the signal event of his public life, the first thing you think about when you think about Pee-wee Herman—like "Albert Einstein: smart" or "Princess Diana: dead"—infuriated him. "I became one of *People* magazine's 25 Most Intriguing People of 1991. And I thought, God, the amount of time and energy and work that I put into entertaining kids, fighting the good fight, and I've become an intriguing person for *this?*"

Reubens passed a month or so at Duke's estate taking long walks through the pastoral grounds. He received a few friends, including Cyndi Lauper, and huddled with his lawyers. Some who saw him then remember him as still able to joke around and enjoy a good time—and as irritating Duke's staff. As Reubens recalls those days, "I was a wreck. I was convinced people were listening on the phone, that I was getting photographed through the bushes." That first month, he says, was the hardest. "I was so in shock, and I didn't realize that's what was going on with me. About a month after [the arrest] somebody said, 'Well, you realize you're still in shock.' I went, '*Ohhhhhh.* O.K.' That made a lot of things that were happening at the time clearer to me." He adds, "I never contemplated anything like suicide. But I see how one could."

Back in Los Angeles, he was persuaded he should make some kind of public showing. He chose the MTV Video Music Awards, on which he made an unannounced appearance as Pee-wee, famously asking, "Heard any good jokes lately?" Just putting on the old suit, he recalls, was a frightening experience, so spooked was he by circumstances. He was also persuaded to submit to a clever bit of flackery: "I was told, 'People have got to see you out somewhere enjoying your life because people are really worried about you.' This is such a stupid—well, it's a very Hollywood kind of story. Anyway, I was supposed to go to a restaurant, and the idea was that after the meal was over, when we were leaving the restaurant, someone was going to tip off the paparazzi that I was there." Thus the public would see a blithe and fun-loving Reubens even though, at the time, he says, he could barely leave his house. Still, he ended up in a restaurant on Beverly Boulevard, eating at a table next to a husband-and-wife team of bodyguards who had been sent along because of ugly threats he had been receiving. "I wasn't having a great time," Reubens notes. Eventually the restaurant emptied out. He was preparing to leave when suddenly the lights in front of the restaurant went out and the owner came up and told him, "I just wanted you to know there's a photographer outside, and so we turned everything off to make it seem like we're closed. You can go out the back way." Reubens couldn't let on that the whole thing was a setup, so he struck a mock-fatalistic pose and said, "I've got to deal with this at some point, and this seems like as good a time as any." With Sydney Carton–like brio, he exited out the front.

Reubens then entered a long, professionally dormant period. MTV made an offer to rerun *Pee-wee's Playhouse*—was there a rubbernecking impulse involved?—but Reubens turned it down. "I didn't feel like it was the right time—certainly not right after," he says. "And there wasn't any real money in it. I had worked so hard, I didn't want to put it back on TV just for the sake of putting it on TV." He had a couple of cameos in the 1992 films *Batman Returns* (directed by his friend Tim Burton) and *Buffy the Vampire Slayer,* but his heart wasn't really in performing, a point he is eager to get across: "A perception about me that I feel is incorrect is that I couldn't work after that. I turned down an awful lot of work, a lot of offers. I just didn't want to work. . . . I mean, I didn't feel that funny. But at least I kept my expenses down pretty low."

The Hollywood common wisdom is offered by someone who has collaborated with Reubens: "He didn't really help himself by not being more proactive. There's no reason his career had to suffer. Even if he had to disappear for a year or two, he could have come back if it had been a big, well-orchestrated P.R. push." This person says there was a more insidious effect to Reubens's disappearance: "Because he withdrew, there was a strong sense that he was frozen out by show business—which only fueled itself because people then started thinking other people were blacklisting him. No one ever believes withdrawal is voluntary." Which is one reason why someone like Hugh Grant goes on *The Tonight Show* and jokes about paying for fellatio.

Reubens, meanwhile, continued to take the odd film role, mostly in unsuccessful projects, including two comedies, *Dunston Checks In* and *Buddy,* about an orangutan and a gorilla, respectively. In 1995 he began a recurring part on the television series *Murphy Brown* as the sniveling nephew of the show's fictional network's owner. It was about that time, he says, that he gradually got his appetite for work back. His first big project was a pilot for NBC entitled *Meet the Muckles* about a zany family of performers, loosely modeled on the Vanderhofs from George S. Kaufman and Moss Ha*Can't Take It with You,* who have th network variety show; Reubens was the patriarch and host of the show the show. Unfortunately, developmen span three years and two productio panies as Reubens's ideas grew incr elaborate and expensive (complicat duction numbers, a main set that have had an ornate Victorian house upon the NBC studios). Some w whether Reubens wasn't just drag feet. He himself admits he was un really wanted to return to the grind ing a weekly TV show.

There are differing opinions abo welcoming the Hollywood establ has been to Reubens. Richard Coh head of MGM/UA Home Video, t pany that brought out *Pee-wee's Pl* on tape in 1996, says the arrest was factor in the company's decision. " business point of view," he says, "ou was that there was no real risk on sumer level." Massive market resea portedly bore this out, though Cohen the company even had to plumb th Sales have "exceeded expectations."

NBC ultimately passed on *M Muckles*—which Reubens is now w on adapting into a film—in part bec the expense involved, in part becau long development process sapped one's initial enthusiasm for it, and i Reubens says, because he turned in nal script just as Warren Littlefield, t of programming at NBC, was be placed. (Littlefield was a prominent ter in the script—it opens with Reu character saving him from drowning probably didn't endear the pilot to t work's new management team.) R is adamant that his arrest had not do with the rejection. "Corporate ca," he says, "is out testing the before they would even make an of commission a pilot script. But one collaborators on *Meet the Muckle* Rosenthal (currently the executive pr of *Everybody Loves Raymond,* wh helped create), says of the project, read the piece and it's so funny, wh could [the rejection] be? Is it just t pense? I don't think so. They do exp shows all the time. You'd hear, 'W and-so doesn't want him on the net But it's always very vague. It was li blacklist—but no one would say w blacklist was coming from."

Kinka Usher, the director of *Myster* says it was a "tough peel" getting Un Pictures to sign off on Reubens fo film. "They're a corporation," Ushe "They have their image thing. But Silver [who was then the C.E.O. of U

tures] ultimately acquiesced because so adamant. I was the kicking and ing baby saying, 'I have to have him, to have him.'" Universal vigorously this account—"The studio thought ns] was inspired casting from the says a spokesman—and another source y resistance to Reubens would have lue to his perceived bankability or ereof.

y event, Usher was grateful to have ens. He credits him with stealing a r of scenes, and with being the fun- erson off-camera among a cast of ic heavyweights. On-screen, it's clear enjoying himself, playing the film's utré character—and staging some of re elaborate fart jokes in movie his- with an obvious gusto. The Italian actress Valeria Golino, who played Reubens's love interest in *Big Top Pee-wee,* and who has remained a friend, visited him on the set. As she recalls, "He was in the best mood I've seen him in in a long time."

"He came out of it," says Lynne Stewart. "He is the man now that he was before the arrest. His sense of joy, his sense of fun are intact."

With *Pee-wee's Playhouse* back in circulation, Reubens is now known not only by twentysomething clerks at the Gap—he does a canny imitation of a stoned salesboy asking after Chairry—but also by a new generation of children who now recognize him in public. "My favorite line with kids is 'So, are you married?' And little kids always look at me like 'Are you crazy? What the hell's the matter with you?' Or if there's two of them, I'll go, 'Is that your wife?' And they're like '*What?*' I don't know ... I'm turning into my dad."

As to the future, Reubens has just finished shooting *South of Heaven, West of Hell,* a Western written and directed by Dwight Yoakam, in which Reubens plays a rapist and cold-blooded killer—which will certainly be a departure for him (and doesn't entirely square with his worries about violence in popular culture). He also has a number of starring vehicles for himself in development, including a new Pee-wee movie that he has set up with Disney. *The Pee-wee Herman Story* will be a film about fame, and though Reubens had begun thinking about it long before his arrest, he will, he says, use it as an opportunity to comment on his adventures with the law and media, at least obliquely. It will be a comedy, he insists. □

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UED FROM PAGE 295 not to the top rest but to about 26,000 feet, high n for Everest newcomers to get a el for the mountain. Johnson, realizat this was exactly the altitude at Irvine's body probably lay, phoned son. They agreed to meet at an or-industry trade show in Salt Lake August.

re, at the Stackpole booth at the Salt , Johnson poured out his dream of edition to find Mallory and Irvine. alk to a lot of people, you can tell on't really care," says Johnson. "Eric He knew the history." Simonson to consider leading the expedition, ivately he remained deeply skeptical hnson's ragtag group could raise the l funds; they were, after all, only sevnths from the start of the Himalayan climbing season, in March. "From ginning," he says today, "I just felt it long shot."

to their surprise, Simonson and the amateurs managed to get most of nancing they needed by January. the BBC and the PBS television se- *ova* signed on to film the expedition, of commercial sponsors, including ln-Mercury, joined up. Simonson, ould remain on the North Col while conducted the actual search, handthe five-man climbing team: Dave 37, a lanky mountain guide based os, New Mexico, had led trips to McKinley, Mount Rainier, and the n Massif, Antarctica's highest peak, ad been to Everest three times, sumvia the Northeast Ridge in 1994; a l storyteller, Hahn would write long, entertaining dispatches for the group's Internet site. Andy Politz, 39, of Columbus, Ohio, was a veteran guide who had been to Everest five times, summiting in 1991; chatty and quotable, he would prove to be the most media-savvy of the group. Conrad Anker, a prominent professional climber sponsored by the equipment-maker the North Face, was blond and serene; he had scaled peaks as far afield as Patagonia, Baffin Island, and Pakistan, and held the record for the fastest ascent of the Vinson Massif. The group's junior members were Jake Norton and Tap Richards, 26-year-old guides who worked on Mount Rainier; courteous and deferential, they were the kind of blond, MTV-generation outdoorsmen who used the word "dude" a lot.

Final preparations were chaotic. Expense checks from the BBC ran late, and Simonson had to pay for several of his climbers' airline tickets himself. Despite this, the expedition's fortunes took a turn for the better the moment it reached Kathmandu. Nepal was in the midst of a harsh drought, which meant there had been little snow on Everest for weeks. This greatly improved the chances of finding a body. By the first of April, having endured the long, bumpy caravan-like truck ride across the Chinese border and up a circuitous route into the Himalayas, the expedition erected its tents near the base of Rongbuk Glacier, not far from where Mallory had set up camp 75 years earlier. Simonson and his climbers spent the month of April establishing a series of camps as high as Camp V at 25,600 feet, a five-hour climb beneath their North Face search area—the same area Tom Holzel had first suggested searching 28 years before.

Not everything went as planned. A series of minor disagreements sparked friction between the BBC film crew and Simonson. The situation eased once the senior BBC producer on-site came down with an altitude-related illness and was forced to return to London. Graham Hoyland, whose quest for Somervell's camera had inspired the expedition, was obliged to return as well, after noticing numbness in his lips and left foot that doctors initially feared might be the result of an altitude-induced cerebral hemorrhage. Still, by the end of April, everything was in place. On Friday night, April 30, Simonson's five climbers bedded down at 25,600 feet. The next morning, after the world had waited 75 years, they would go in search of Mallory and Irvine.

A sharp kick in the ribs from his tentmate, Andy Politz, woke Dave Hahn around three in the morning. Half asleep, Hahn rolled over, and a trickle of supercooled condensation inside his oxygen mask dribbled down to his exposed neck, instantly jarring him fully awake. Sitting up, he grabbed his radio microphone and hailed Conrad Anker and the others in their tent, a hundred feet away. It was time to get going.

In the frigid pre-dawn, the five men went through their preparations in slow motion, melting snow for their water bottles, gobbling Pop-Tarts, and finally slipping into their harnesses, lacing on their crampons, and double-checking the oxygen bottles nestled in their backpacks. The oxygen masks sealed each of the climbers in his private world, the only sound his own Darth Vader–like breathing. Not long after leaving camp Hahn saw, to his amazement, that Anker had taken off his mask. When he signed the question "Why?,"

Everest

Anker pointed to his backpack, indicating that he was still carrying the full apparatus just in case. Even without oxygen Anker, the group's strongest climber, soon pulled ahead of the others.

They stuck to the fixed ropes as they ascended the slope toward the North Face, but the lack of snow actually made the going more difficult, as each climber's crampons scraped and slid across the loose rock. After a few hours, as the morning sun rose and the searing winds of the jet stream eased, they reached the North Face. Around 10 they sat down to rest and take long swigs of water on a ledge near Camp VI, close to the point where Hemmleb believed the Chinese had camped in 1975. Hahn radioed down to base camp to make sure Hemmleb was watching them on his telescope; he was.

Hemmleb's voice wasn't the only sound on their airwaves. To the climbers' dismay, their radios were alive with the sounds of dozens of randomly intercepted phone calls bleeding over onto their frequency. It was surreal; here at 27,000 feet, alone at the outer limits of man's exploration of the world's tallest mountain, they were forced to listen as some Nepali husband left a message on his wife's answering machine in far-off Kathmandu. The calls quickly became so annoying that Hahn and Politz turned their radios down.

Soon they fanned out to begin the search. Hahn stayed behind while the other four climbers went over the little rise they called the Chinese Rib and spread out across the vast basin of the North Face. Hahn tried to conjure up the morning in 1975 when Wang had gone for his fateful walk. "I was trying to think in terms of the Chinese climber," he recalls. "He wasn't going out climbing; he was just going out to kill some time, which is a strange thing to do. I always had trouble with that [explanation], that he did it at all. He walked out, and he found the body and came back in 20 minutes, and still had time to bury it in snow. I was looking for the sneaky little ledge that had been overlooked."

Hahn wasn't alone in questioning the Chinese climber's account. Hemmleb and other Everest historians have found reports by Chinese mountaineers maddeningly elusive and often contradictory. But Hemmleb believed Wang's story; he speculated that Wang had left Camp VI that morning in search of another climber who had earlier fallen to his death from the Northeast Ridge. Other members of the Chinese expedition, however, insisted Wang had never mentioned finding a body—"English" or otherwise—and hadn't gone on any 20-minute stroll.

While Hahn wandered nearby, it was Jake Norton who just minutes into the search made the first discovery: a metal oxygen canister speckled with blue paint. He radioed Hemmleb, and the young German jubilantly identified it as the kind and color of canister the Chinese had used in 1975; they were clearly searching the right area. The climbers began to grow excited. Any moment now they expected to spot Irvine's body. It was 10:45.

Tap Richards made the next discovery. "I've found two bodies at the base of the fall line," he radioed Hemmleb.

"Can you determine how old the bodies are?" Hemmleb responded.

"I see red, white, and blue nylon on one and a jumar"—a clamp climbers attach to fixed ropes—"on the other, so I think they're at least 20 years old."

Hemmleb thought for a second. "It sounds like you've found the Chinese climber who died in 1975, who fell from the First Step," he said. "My guess is that the other body is that of a Russian climber who also fell."

Andy Politz had taken the highest search area, up near the towering Yellow Band. Far below and off to the west he spied Anker. "What are you doing down there?" he radioed. "You're too far over." Anker, ignoring Politz's question, was heading off alone to the western edge of the basin, determined to peer over a rocky spur into the adjacent Great Couloir. At one point he detoured down the slope and spotted a body. From its modern climbing gear he could immediately see it was not from Mallory's era.

Anker had just resumed his westward traverse when he spied what he thought might be a second corpse farther down the slope, a dash of faint blue on the slate-gray frozen gravel. Stepping gingerly downward, he soon arrived at a low terrace, just above a cliff edge. What he had thought was a corpse was in fact a corpse, but from its neoprene overboots he could tell that it was clearly from the modern era. Like the first body he had found, it was badly broken, lying facedown, legs splayed at odd angles, the trunk and arms in a fetal position. Goraks, the ravenlike scavenger birds that haunt Everest's upper slopes, had obviously been feasting on it for some time.

Here the slope flattened out to no more than a 20 percent grade. Anker, realizing that the ground formed a natural shelf where falling bodies would come to rest, decided to reverse course. He walked back eastward along the length of the shelf. He could see the others far above. By and by he noticed something flapping in the wind on the above him. It appeared to be a tent.

Walking toward it, shifting his ga and right, he glimpsed something off to his right at two o'clock, about dred feet over. When he got within of it, he could tell it was an ema corpse, facedown, its head and arms ing up the slope. As he neared and t the sight, the first thing that registe Conrad Anker's mind was that the was wearing a single hobnail boot.

Anker stood looking at the corps lence for what seemed like the l time. The outstretched arms formed sin in which 75 years of fallen sno gravel had gathered and then frozen, ing most of the head and right arm cement-hard block of dirty ice. T arm and the hands lay exposed, the clearly digging into the slope, the developed arm muscles flexed. Th could not be seen. The legs were desic and one was fractured in at least two p above the knee and at the ankle. Sha bones poked through what remained skin. Goraks had eaten away the righ tock and used the resulting hole to into the abdominal cavity, where it app they had eaten most of the internal o "From their perspective, that's where goodies were," Anker would say later was sort of hollow."

Anker sat down beside the dead and took a deep breath. His only tho as he later put it, was "Wow, man, pretty heavy."

Earlier the team had decided on names they would use in the event a found anything. The use of the word der" would mean a corpse that cou Irvine; "boulder with a gorak" would the camera had been found. After s moments, Anker grabbed his radio pressed the transmit button.

"Last time I did a boulder proble hobnail boots I fell off," Anker said.

Standing in a lonely snowfield 15 above Anker's position, Jake Norton c only his friend's last few words.

"What?" he said into his radio.

"Uh," Anker said, not wanting t more specific on an open frequenc think we should have a team meetin tea and Snickers down here."

Norton still couldn't make out the w

"Mandatory . . . team . . . meeting," ker said, emphasizing each word.

Norton began descending to Anker' sition, but none of the other three clim having turned down their radios, hear call. At one point, Tap Richards gla down and saw Anker waving to him t him; in turn Richards waved to catch attention of Hahn and Politz. All three

descending to where Anker stood, ɔove the cliff.

dy Politz was the first of the trio to ɔene. Immediately he realized some- was amiss.

ɔnrad, this isn't it," Politz said, point- the corpse. "The guy the Chinese was faceup."

was right. Nothing about the corpse had found jibed with the Chinese re- It wasn't faceup, and there was no vis- ɔle in the cheek, as one report had it. he location was wrong: there was no Vang would have walked this far down p slope just to stretch his legs, if his nt was to be believed. Yet all three ɪssumed the body was Irvine's; since l's tentative identification of the corpse ɣ Wang as Irvine's, no one had spec- they might find Mallory's instead. No lse was known to have died on the Face before 1975, and the body's sin- ɔnail boot placed its owner squarely 1920s. The three climbers puzzled ɪe situation while Hahn and Richards worked their way down. As they l Norton scratched out a makeshift h on a rock: "Irvine, 1902–1924."

hen Hahn and Richards arrived, ev- eryone took off his oxygen mask and filming the scene. Not wanting to a road map that would allow the to be disturbed by future climbers, ɾied to focus only on their immediate ɪndings. When they finished, despite ɜeks of planning that had gone into ɪoment, no one was certain what to ɾt. None of the five climbers was ea- disturb a dead body. It just seemed houlish, and there was something the corpse, something pristine and no- ɪat none of the men wanted to spoil. guy looked pretty at peace there," remembers. "And pretty frozen. It l difficult."

a time they played amateur detec- debating various scenarios based on looking at the corpse. Romantics ways argued that Mallory and Irvine robably curled up and died of expo- perhaps after being forced into an ght bivouac, while pragmatists, eyeing fficulties of the Second Step and the Band, posited a fall as the most like- ɪse of death. The pragmatists were correct. This body, as was evident he multiple fractures, died after a fall. tellingly, not a fall from a great height, ɾom the Northeast Ridge, nearly a ɪnd feet above. All the other bodies ɪad seen that day, maybe a total of ad been grotesquely smashed and d into pretzel-like contortions, dam- ɔviously caused by titanic falls. This however, lay flat and composed, as if taking a nap; compared with the other corpses it was unscathed. The way the fingers seemed to clutch the ground, the way the muscles in the forearms and shoulders bulged, above all the way the man had crossed his ankles as if to ward off the pain of his fractured leg—it all led to one inescapable conclusion: He had been alive, if only for minutes, after tumbling down the slope. The fall, all the climbers agreed, had almost certainly come when the man was just above the North Face, on the Yellow Band.

By and by the men reluctantly returned to the subject of what to do with the corpse. "None of us wanted to disturb [it]," remembers Hahn, "but there was a feeling we had to do something. We had come this far." All that could be glimpsed of the head was a single tuft of blondish hair sticking out of the leather-flapped climbing helmet. There was a fast debate about whether to try to remove the helmet.

> "It's been speculated Mallory didn't have time to get to the top. But if he was still downclimbing after dark, then that kills that argument."

Over lunch at the Hotel Manaslu, the climbers all remember the moment and begin to shake their heads vigorously.

"None of us wanted to go there," says Hahn, picking through a plate of Chinese dumplings.

"To the face," seconds Norton.

"No way," recalls Richards.

"We didn't want his head to break off," says Politz. "Can you imagine that?"

"What a freak show," says Simonson, shaking his head.

Instinctively the five climbers began to follow the path of least resistance. That meant first examining the body's clothing. What little remained lay in strips across the back. The pockets were all in front, beneath the body. Jake Norton knelt, placed his hands around the neck, and began turning the layers of clothing inside out. He thought perhaps he might find a manufacturer's label that would allow a museum to duplicate Irvine's gear. After a minute he managed to turn up a white label.

It read, "G. Mallory."

Norton turned to the others, confused. "This says George Mallory," he said.

"What's Irvine doing wearing Mallory's shirt?" someone asked.

Norton fumbled at the neckline several more minutes and came up with a second label. It, too, bore Mallory's name. Everyone began exchanging glances. It took several seconds before anyone put into words the realization slowly dawning on all five men.

"Holy shit," Dave Hahn finally said, "this *is* George Mallory."

"Oh, my God," someone said.

The realization left all five men speechless. Nothing in all their weeks of planning and beery debates had remotely prepared them for the possibility of finding anything other than Irvine or the camera.

They needed to make sure it was Mallory. Nowhere was there any sign of the camera or other artifacts. Whatever possessions he had were clearly buried beneath the body, in what remained of his clothing. All five men now took their ice axes and began chipping away at the cementlike ice at Mallory's sides, trying to get beneath the body. "You're knocking out chunks the size of lima beans with each chop," recalls Politz. "It was rough going."

Norton discovered a small bag beneath Mallory's right shoulder. It took almost an hour to free it. Inside they found the red handkerchief. Wrapped in it was a clutch of letters from family members. Politz, meanwhile, managed to free up a couple of pockets in Mallory's vest. From inside he wrenched the pair of goggles and a handheld altimeter.

By midafternoon Dave Hahn was checking his watch. They needed to leave soon in order to make Camp V by nightfall. It took an hour to find enough rocks to pile atop the corpse and bury it. When they were done, Politz read aloud Psalm 103—"The Lord is merciful and gracious. . . . For as the heavens are high above the earth, so great is his steadfast love toward those who fear him"—as members of the Mallory family had requested in the event they found the body. They maintained radio silence about the find as they left, although Hahn managed one cryptic comment to Hemmleb.

"Jochen," Hahn said, "you are going to be a happy man."

News of the macabre find, released that Sunday night on the expedition's Web site, caused a sensation, rekindling the debate over whether Mallory or Hillary had

been the first to conquer Everest. For the moment, Simonson and his team took no part in it. After a week of rest, the climbers returned up the mountain, now focused on two goals: scanning for signs of Mallory and Irvine all the way to the summit, and making a second trip to Mallory's body for a final search for the camera.

But here the team's luck began to run out. Snow had begun to fall the day after they found Mallory, and much of the North Face now lay under a blanket of new powder, which all but ruled out the chance of finding additional artifacts. (This underscored the needle-in-a-haystack odds they had faced in the first place; had there been much snow on the mountain on May 1, they almost certainly would not have stumbled upon Mallory's body.) Then, on Sunday, May 9, as the team prepared to begin its summit attempt, news reached Simonson that a group of Ukrainian climbers was in trouble high on Everest. The next day four of the Americans—Anker, Politz, Richards, and Norton—scrambled up the mountain and led a team that dramatically rescued one of the incapacitated Ukrainians, lowering him with ropes more than 3,000 feet in five separate stages. Another of the Ukrainians was lost and presumed dead.

Two days later, despite the rigors of the rescue, the American climbers again scaled the North Col, setting off for Camp V the next morning. They ascended to Camp VI three days later to find the North Face covered in snow. While the others headed off on a summit attempt—Anker was keen to see whether Mallory could have free-climbed the Second Step—Andy Politz and a cameraman crisscrossed the North Face attempting to rediscover where they had hidden Mallory. They passed the spot four times before finding it. Politz had brought along a metal detector, a Surfmaster PI donated by an Oregon electronics store. Believing that the camera might be buried in the ice around Mallory's head, he waved the device all around the corpse for 10 minutes. It buzzed once, and Politz leaned down to find Mallory's wristwatch, which they had somehow managed to overlook. But there was nothing else. There was no camera on the body.

Despite all the clamor, the discovery of Mallory's body does not solve the mystery of whether he or Irvine reached the summit. It does paint a clearer picture of what may have happened, however, and based on this picture, few experts believe either man made it to the top. "It's unimaginable that they made the summit," argues David Breashears. "As Carl Sagan said, 'Great claims require great evidence.' . . . To solve this you don't need to be a romantic and a dreamer. You need to be a detective. You need to look for evidence. And the evidence says they didn't make it."

Not everyone is ready to write off Mallory's chances, however. "He could've gotten to the top and fallen during his descent," speculates Liz Hawley, the grande dame of Himalayan climbing, who from her home in Kathmandu has debriefed every Everest expedition since 1962. "It's been speculated he didn't have time to get to the top. But if he was still downclimbing after dark, then that kills that argument. A lot of people even to this day climb well past the safe time, because they are so intent on getting to the top. And this for Mallory was his third attempt. He wasn't getting any younger. He was 38. He might just as well have gone on and gotten to the top and then fallen in the dark."

On this much the experts now agree: Mallory almost certainly met his fate by falling during a night descent of the Yellow Band. This conclusion rests on three pieces of evidence: the placement of Mallory's goggles in his jacket indicates darkness, the body's position and damage suggest a fall from the Yellow Band, and since Odell saw Mallory and Irvine on that final ridge, they must have been returning to Camp VI.

But a night descent does not, as Hawley points out, rule out a successful summiting. It is the presence of the rope wrapped around Mallory's waist that, to many veteran Everest climbers at least, indicates Mallory never made it. "It surprised the hell out of me he was roped," admits Tom Holzel. "It was something no modern climber would have done. I mean, if you have a 50 percent chance of one climber dying in a fall, if you're roped you have a 100 percent chance that both will die."

For more than 20 years Holzel championed a theory that Mallory had left behind Irvine, the weaker climber, in order to attack the summit alone. This, after all, was the easiest way for the romantics, who argued that Mallory had made the summit, to explain the location of Irvine's ice ax so far below the peak; almost everyone agrees there wasn't enough oxygen for both men to gain the summit. Holzel argued that Mallory had probably died alone, in an icy bivouac near the summit, while Irvine had met his fate while descending alone, leaving his ice ax behind.

But if Mallory remained roped to Irvine, it almost certainly means neither man made it to the top. "It demolishes my major theory," Holzel acknowledges. "It shows that they stayed together. It suggests that, because Irvine was not a good climber, they didn't get very far, because Mallory couldn't shake him loose. On the other hand, if Odell's sighting of them on the Second Step is true, it meant they got very high to and were descending in triumph."

How far did they get? Odell's sight the "two dots" on the Northeast R at or above the Second Step, he sai long been controversial. Odell himself to doubt his own vision, later suggestir perhaps he had seen the two dots surn ing the First Step rather than the S Step, which would place them well dov mountain very late in the day. Holzel has never seen the Second Step, belie could be climbed in as little as five mi But Conrad Anker, who managed t climb it on his way to the top of Ev sees little chance that Mallory, with his ward oxygen apparatus, could have do

"The difficulty of the Second Step r it almost impossible" that Mallory m says Anker. "For them to be at the b the step, with a 2,000-meter drop do the glacier, I really would be amaze they even would have attempted it. It v have been very, very bold. No, I thi fell from the lower part of the Yellow on their way back, having failed to att the Second Step. How that fall happ will forever be a mystery. But I think h alive, maybe just barely, when his body to rest. His synapses were firing, and h last thoughts about his wife and [chil that whole thing. Maybe for a second h like 'I can pull this off [and survive], pull this off.' Sitting there, looking at the that's when I realized that as he died th mensity and the enormity of their loc —it was really new terrain to these pe those must have been his last thoughts.'

Information that should come to lig coming months may fill in the pictu Mallory's last hours. Blood, probably M ry's, was found on the body's clothing. expedition has asked Mallory's son, Joh provide a blood sample so that a labor can confirm this; if the blood turns o be Irvine's, it could lead to a new set o ories. Mallory's wristwatch has been se a clock expert, who may be able to d mine whether its hands stopped as a r of the fall or of the mechanism's run down; if the former, it would give an ap imate time for Mallory's death. In the m time, Simonson is already laying plans trip back to the North Face next sp Irvine's body, almost certainly the co seen by the Chinese climber in 1975, is up there, and Simonson thinks he kn where it is. Exactly where, he won't say.

"We don't really need Irvine's b though it would be interesting," says Hawley. "What we need is the camera. only thing that will end the speculatio developed film which shows whether got to the top. Without that, the mys will never be solved." □

Pont Murder

UED FROM PAGE 312 paid any atten- [his stories]."

that Moseley doesn't really mind n jail. It reminds him of the army.
—Another friend of Lisa Moseley's who wishes to remain anonymous.

91, Dean met Linda Youngstrom ia at a nightclub in Palm Springs, nia. Linda had been a bookkeeper levision production company in Hol- . She had been married previously d a son. Linda and Dean fell in love. a was a hard mother to please when to the women in Dean's life. She iked Linda, and the feeling became "She never spoke to me," says Rags. nd Linda were married at Serendip . The wedding was a preview of the ge ahead. Rags recalls that at the dinner the night before the wedding, ouse where Lisa had grown up, Pe- Guigan, who be the best r Dean, was n alcohol and cough med- e behaved ap- y. His moth- dready banned m staying in use. He went al bar, but he crazed that ender refused e him. After ae had gone , he climbed Dean's room, smashed in the window tire iron, and got into a fistfight with ther. Peter was disinvited to the wed- his mother, and the best-man duties ken over by another guest. Accord- Rags, Dean was unwell at the time marriage, perhaps with AIDS. n's lawyer denies that Dean has nd insists that Pati had been given a ill of health shortly before her death. er, after the murder Pati's son, Eric th, discovered a handwritten letter ean to Pati in which he wrote, "You ver see your Grandchildren because I should have told you I had Aids + ited 6 mos. You have been showing f it.... I've had it for 10 years.... I a murderer."

en Linda walked into the front hall ndip on her wedding day, one and a urs early so that she could change er wedding dress, her about-to-be -in-law said to her, "What the hell are ng here?" Linda and Dean were married by the same female Presbyterian minister who had married Lisa and Moseley. Dean built a house in La Quinta, California, but it soon went into foreclosure. They returned to Delaware and moved into a lovely estate called Louviers, a du Pont house which Lisa rented for them for $2,500 a month. The house is painted ocher and has white pillars. The halls and rooms are graceful in proportion, but it was never a happy house. "We weren't invited to her dinner parties," says Rags. "We weren't introduced to anybody."

In 1995, Dean's brother, Peter, died of a heroin overdose in Boulder, Colorado. At his mother's request, there was no obituary in the papers. Lisa, who doesn't attend funerals, did not attend Peter's, just as she had not attended her husband John MacGuigan's. Dean, increasingly drugged, was discontented at Louviers. Rags claims that he was abusive to her. Previously, she says, he had dragged her by her hair and hit her. (Dean's lawyer vehemently denies that Dean ever abused her.)

Dean reportedly met Pati Margello at a drug rehab, although Linda disputes this. Pati was 42. He was 39. "We fell in love and were soul mates for two years approximately, ending with her death," Dean testified at the Balignasa trial.

Meanwhile, at Louviers, Rags had a call from Moseley, asking if she would allow Lisa to come over and collect some heirlooms she had given Dean. "Christopher always remained the hired help, but with bedroom privileges," says Rags. Lisa arrived, clipboard in hand, with Moseley and Lesley Davis, the new groundskeeper. "She wanted me to go through every room at Louviers," says Rags. "She had Lesley pack up things and put them in the trunk. The rent had been paid to the end of the lease, but she had said, 'I want you out of here as soon as possible. Whatever arrangement you make with Chris is all right with me.' Then she said I could only communicate with the family by fax. I was told not to call."

Rags was fired, like a maid. Adequate provision was not made for her, she says, nor were her possessions ever returned. In a letter she wrote to her lawyer, she said, "In my meeting with Chris [Moseley] at Louviers on 3/26/97, at which Chris requested that my mother be present as witness, he pulled a gun from the waistband of his pants, put it on the kitchen table, and told us he always 'packed heat' and that he 'knew how to get things done.'"

Dean's liaison with Pati was anathema to his mother, particularly during a brief period when Pati moved into Louviers with Dean, after Rags had left. Their drugged behavior was unacceptable to the family, and they abused the house. The feces their dogs left on the floors seemed not to offend them. When they were moving out, Dean reported to the police that $15,000 worth of computer equipment and jewelry had been stolen from the house, but the police found the equipment in the back of the car Pati was driving, and she and Dean were fined for falsely reporting an incident. "My mother didn't

> According to police, the alleged killers folded Pati's body in two, breaking 15 of her ribs in the process, 9 on one side and 6 on the other.





HIGH ROLLERS
Diana Hironaga, *left,* has pleaded guilty to a federal conspiracy charge, claiming that Joseph Balignasa, *center,* and Ricardo Murillo were her accomplices in murdering Pati Margello.

Du Pont Murder

like Pati," Dean said on the stand. Lisa cut Dean's money off, and he moved out of Louviers into Pati's mother's house at 1320 Moore Street in South Philadelphia. It is a low-income neighborhood, but the antics of the addicts were as unpopular there as they had been in château country. Curiously, Dean seemed to prefer low life to high life.

When I went to look at the house in May, it was boarded up and I was not able to enter, but people told me that it was beyond slovenly; it was filthy. Dean and Pati had no money, not even for food. At the Saint Nicholas of Tolentine Church, in South Philadelphia, the poor could obtain food donated by parishioners. Pati, who was a member of the parish and had gone to parochial school there, started appearing every two weeks, and soon every week. She wanted only soup or pasta. "She didn't take vegetables, because of her teeth. She couldn't chew," said Mary De Gregorio, who oversees the program at Saint Nicholas. "One time she called me and said, 'Can my boyfriend pick up the food?' After that, Dean started to come."

"What were they like?" I asked.

"Her arm was wrapped up once. She told me various stories about how it happened. She said her dog bit her. She said she was hit by a car. I felt sorry for her. I was tempted to give her some soap along with the food, they were so dirty," replied De Gregorio.

The pristine nature of the property was preserved to provide members and their guests with an unparalleled golf experience. . . . Most simply put, Fieldstone is pure golf *for the golf enthusiast.*

—From the brochure describing Fieldstone Golf Club.

At the heart of this story is a 184-acre tract of rolling piedmont and woodland only 10 minutes from downtown Wilmington. Lisa inherited the land from her maternal grandmother, and she and Moseley were developing it into the Fieldstone Club, designed to be the finest 18-hole golf course in Delaware. At one time the land was to have gone to Peter and Dean. After Peter's death, it was to have gone to Dean, who had the idea for a top-of-the-line golf course. After Dean became ill, Lisa deeded the land to Moseley. At the family-court hearing in Wilmington in May at which Rags MacGuigan pleaded that she was destitute, Dean told the judge that he had turned over his interest in the land to his stepfather without being paid, "because I love my mother and she requested it. I did what she wanted." In truth, he was very unhappy to have part of his inheritance in the hands of a stepfather he disliked intensely.

Moseley, along with two partners, hired Hurdzan/Fry Golf Design to construct Fieldstone. He was no longer the sergeant, no longer the gardener. The club became his passion, but he had the Pati Margello problem to deal with first.

In July 1998, Dean was sent to Las Vegas to establish a six-week residency so that he could divorce Rags. Christopher Moseley went along to find a lawyer for Dean, get him a job, keep him off drugs, and dole out money to him. In Dean's first days in Las Vegas, according to Moseley, he managed to go through $7,000, mostly on gambling and drugs. He spent part of the money on a plane ticket for Pati so that she could come out and join him. That infuriated Moseley.

> Dean's report began, "There is a missing person, my girlfriend, Pati Margello. She is about 5' 5" tall, Black hair, and is missing half of her middle finger on one hand."

[Pati and I] had a rocky tumultuous relationship, which was one that was just our style. Usually when the police were called to our house, it was to save me. Chris thought she wasn't good enough for me, that, uh, she was a risk. Everything with Chris is missions, operatives. He was in the military many years.

—Dean MacGuigan at his police interrogation in Las Vegas.

When Dean woke up at 11 A.M. in the Las Vegas Hilton on August 2, 1998, Pati wasn't there. Later he told the police he hadn't known what to think about her absence. "Pati is, was, a very compulsive, energetic girl," he said. "She would ... you know, 18 hours, and just be ... fun." At about 11 o'clock that ni... called Diana Hironaga in her roo... said, "What the hell happened to P... night? She never showed up." H... said she had dropped her off in th... that morning. "Don't worry about it ... You know these high rollers. She p... just got a better offer."

Dean said he thought she migh... flown back to Philadelphia. "Her ... was in some danger of getting a city ... on it [indicating that it was a "vaca... lic nuisance"], and her dog had die... she was very upset about things." T... day he made a few calls to his stepfa... Serendip, asking if he knew of Pati's ... abouts. Moseley said he didn't, but ... sured Dean that everything was all r...

Two days later, Dean wrote out a ... which began, "There is a missing pers... girlfriend, Pati Margello. She is abou... tall, Black hair, and is missing half of h... dle finger on one hand." Before he tu... in to the police, he saw on television t... body of an unidentified woman ha... found inside an air-conditioning duct ... Del Mar motel, where Pati had beer... she called him. A maid had complai... an unpleasant odor, and the motel ... man discovered the body. The Del M... to have the room cleaned professiona... eral times in order to get rid of the ... of Pati Margello's decomposing body.

Dean went to the police the foll... day and said that he believed the ... an in his report and the unidentified w... found at the Del Mar motel were the ... If Diana Hironaga had checked in ... Del Mar under her stage name of ... Lee, she might not have been found so ... ly and informed on her alleged accom... By then, Joseph Balignasa had already ... arrested on a drug charge and was i... Dean cooperated with the police a... lowed them to record several convers... he had with Moseley. I do not have ... scripts of those conversations, but ... thing sufficiently incriminating was s... Moseley to cause homicide detective ... Mesinar of the Las Vegas Metropolita... lice and F.B.I. special agent Brett Shie... fly east and interview him.

Moseley didn't know they were co... and they didn't realize that their visit ... coincide with the launch party for the ... stone Club. The golf course, which i... under construction, is spectacular. The ... house will be at the crest of the highe... on the huge property. There, under a y... and-white-striped tent, the party was ... to begin. Waiters were setting up drink ... and carrying out glasses and ice. Mo... had not yet arrived. Mesinar and Sh...

person at the desk of a construction-
fice that they wanted to speak with
nd a call was made to Moseley, who
l up 20 minutes later. He immediate-
:d Lisa and told her to get an attor-
ıt he spoke to the detectives without
he questioning took place in the tem-
office on the Fieldstone grounds.
y began by telling the police, "I was
well drunk most of the time I was in
gas."

u have access to all of your wife's
?" F.B.I. agent Brett Shields asked
pher Moseley.
I don't have access to the money.
'e a very tight marital agreement.
casionally floats me a loan." . . .
l she know Pati?"
? has seen her or met her, I think,
ıd just basically refuses to have
'g to do with her. . . . "
w did you tell your wife? I mean,
l the conversation come up?"
ıst, like, said that Pati was no longer
. . . . "
ıat was her response when you told
t?"
r response was basically a little
f that I would take that drastic a
'e."

inar and Shields questioned Moseley
r an hour and a quarter. It was re-
in the Wilmington paper that some
cried when the police led Moseley
n handcuffs. They took him to the
office in Wilmington, where he was
l. After his arrest, Moseley resigned
ition at the Fieldstone Club, but the
l seems not to have affected busi-
When I visited the club in early June,
ed that the initiation fee is $45,000.
, who had been forewarned by her
d, did not appear at the launch par-
was at Serendip when the call came
Detective Mesinar telling her that her
ıd was in jail, charged with murder.
ır said that he and Shields wanted to
oy and talk with her. "I can hardly
she replied, in what Mesinar says
sarcastic voice.
ndip is a grandly proportioned and
house at the end of a long drive.
ened the door herself. This is a house
ervants, but there were no servants
. She was alone. She led the police
s to a second-floor library, and they
vn. The detectives told her what had
ıed. She listened, but didn't say much,
to tell them that she had no informa-
ıe said that she had not cared for Pati
ıd not approved of her relationship
ean. When Mesinar asked her what
ought of Pati's death, she replied,
I can't honestly tell you I'm sorry."

After they left, Mesinar realized that he had forgotten his briefcase, and he had to go back. Lisa opened the door and let him go upstairs to get it. When I met Detective Mesinar at the Las Vegas courthouse during the Balignasa trial, he recalled that the smell of tobacco smoke from Lisa's and Moseley's chain-smoking permeated the upholstered furniture and cushions of the grand house. As I listened to him, I recalled a story in Ralph Cipriano's article on this case in *Philadelphia Magazine*. Cipriano wrote that once, according to Moseley, when he had quit smoking for three weeks, Lisa insisted that if he didn't start up again she would divorce him. She said she didn't want anyone to kiss her whose breath wasn't as bad as her own.

"The problem I have here is if you're willing to take Dean down with you and you're willing to take your wife down with you,

In hopes of receiving something less than a life sentence, Hironaga claimed that Moseley had hired her to kill Dean as well as Pati.

because this money is going to be traced back to your wife," F.B.I. agent Brett Shields told Christopher Moseley in questioning him.

"I don't want to take either one of them down with me," said Moseley. . . .

"This is the problem I'm having, 'cause Kiane [Diana Hironaga] is telling us there's a voice mail that explicitly says that Pati's no longer a problem, mission complete, Step 5, she's no longer with us. Now, if you didn't pick up that voice message, that means your wife picked up that voice message, 'cause what you've said is that only you and your wife are present here, and that's leading me to believe that maybe you confided some of these things in your wife. . . . "

"She knew after the fact. She had nothin' to do with it. The money was not in any way, shape, manner or form given to me to do what I did," Moseley replied.

When prosecutor William Koot handed Dean MacGuigan a photograph of Pati Margello for identification at the Balignasa trial, Dean responded, with emotion, "That's my Pati." As he left the stand that day he appeared upset. Janet Oddonino followed him out the door of the courtroom. I went out into the corridor in time to see Dean and Janet, arms around each other, running down the long hallway to the stairwell, laughing. They looked, inappropriately, carefree.

The person I most wanted to talk to while I was in Las Vegas for the Balignasa trial was Christopher Moseley, who has been sitting in the North Las Vegas Detention Center for nearly a year waiting for his trial to begin this October. I wrote him a letter and told him I was going to be writing about his case. I told him that I knew one of his stepsiblings and that I used to know his wife, sort of. I said that the kind of people he and Lisa were accustomed to having dinner with were starting to tell stories. I asked him if he would care to make a statement. He didn't reply to my letter, but he gave copies of it to his Las Vegas lawyer, John Fadgen, and to Lisa. I had also written to Lisa, but she had not answered. Casino owner Steve Wynn, one of the major figures in Las Vegas, made a call to an F.B.I. agent to see if he could get me into the jail to meet with Moseley. The next day the F.B.I. agent said, "His lawyer would be a fool to let you in there." I knew that, but it was worth a try.

I did get in to meet John Fadgen, a jovial fellow of 60 or so with snow-white hair. He has a bungalow-type office within walking distance of the courthouse where the Balignasa trial was taking place. The story goes that Moseley got Fadgen's name from a prisoner in the next cell who was doing time for a Mob offense. Fadgen and I had a big laugh over the stupidity of Diana Hironaga's signing in at the Del Mar motel under her own name. "If she'd taken an ad out in the *Las Vegas Sun* it wouldn't have been more obvious," he said. He was then deeply immersed in the murder trial of a Las Vegas Mob figure named Herbert "Fat Herbie" Blitzstein, a lieutenant of slain mobster Anthony "Tony the Ant" Spilatro, which he would later win. He spoke glowingly of Lisa, with whom he was in regular communication. He said that Lisa and Moseley talked on the telephone every day, that they were very close.

The future looks bleak for Christopher Moseley. In all probability he will never set eyes on Serendip again, or play a round of golf at the Fieldstone Club, which he so wanted to manage. The likelihood is that

Du Pont Murder

he will receive at least 25 years. For a man of 60, which he will be on his next birthday, that's the same thing as a life sentence. His case wasn't helped when the lawyer for Diana Hironaga, about whom nobody had given a thought since the murder, except to joke about how stupid she was, provided new information that adds a further twist to this twisted plot. Hironaga pleaded guilty to a federal conspiracy charge, but, in hopes of receiving something less than a life sentence, she claimed that Moseley had hired her to kill Dean MacGuigan as well as Pati—a charge that Fadgen says is "absolutely untrue." Her sentencing is set for December. It was at this point that Lisa made a second bail offer, of $8 million, along with a promise to have Moseley wear a surveillance ankle bracelet and have police live at Serendip in order to ensure that he would not make a run for it. No way, Jose, was the court's response.

After the murder, Dean returned briefly to South Philadelphia. Unknown people had been in Pati's house and ripped open her furniture, looking for drugs. A friend of hers told me, "Pati was adept at hiding drugs." Dean paid a visit to Saint Nicholas of Tolentine Church, where he and Pati used to go for free food. He told Mary De Gregorio that he wanted to have a memorial service for Pati. He didn't tell her that Pati had been murdered; he said she had been killed in a "bad accident." He said that he wanted to leave a donation. De Gregorio, who still thought he was a street person, said he didn't have to leave any money. Dean said he could afford it and, taking out a wad of bills, handed her a 20. De Gregorio told me, "I thought he should keep it. Then I read in the paper that he was a du Pont."

In May, when I went to South Philadelphia to see where Pati and Dean had lived, I dropped in on a man named Bob Santoro, who had been a close friend of Pati Margello's for years. Because of her drug addiction, Santoro once stopped speaking to her for three years, but he remains loyal to her and her memory. "Pati never put a needle in her arm," he insisted. "And the only person Pati ever hurt was herself." Through a fluke of timing, Pati's son from an early marriage, Eric Howarth, happened to be in Santoro's house that day, out of sight upstairs, reluctant to see me. I could hear him say, "I don't want to talk to anybody from the media." Ralph Cipriano, who first wrote about this story in *Philadelphia Magazine,* talked him into coming down. Eric, 30, is a credit to his mother. A guitarist of talent, he is a musician by trade. "When this is all over," he said, "I'm going away with my guitar and my music." He told me how hurtful it had been for him to have his mother portrayed in the press only as a prostitute and a drug addict. His memories of her are filled with affection. "Even when she was bad on drugs, and I went to her, she was always there for me," he said.

Dean wanted to have Pati's body shipped east and buried in Philadelphia. In Moseley's statement to the police, he said he gave Dean money to pay for the funeral of the woman he had paid to have killed. But Eric Howarth would have none of the family's largesse. "I didn't want them to have anything to do with my mother's funeral," he said. "I hate those rich people." In the end, Bob Santoro helped out with Pati's funeral.

I recently heard that Eric is considering filing a civil suit against Lisa Moseley after the criminal trials—of Christopher Moseley, Ricardo Murillo, and Joseph Balignasa, whose first trial ended in a mistrial—are finished. That may depend on two things: at what point Lisa Moseley knew of the alleged plot to murder Pati, and whether it was her money that paid for the disastrous Operation Dean.

Dean MacGuigan has recently filed suit for divorce from Linda "Rags" MacGuigan in Manassas, Virginia, where he is living in the home of Janet Oddonino, who accompanied him to family court in Wilmington and to the Balignasa criminal trial in Las Vegas. Dean will be a witness for the prosecution at his stepfather's trial in Las Vegas. Recently I asked Gary Lance Smith, Dean MacGuigan's lawyer, whether Dean and his mother were still not speaking. He declined to answer. He did say that Dean is astonished that his mother continues to believe in Moseley's lies, and in Moseley. Dean, it seems, is interested in writing a book in order to tell his side of the story.

Meanwhile, Lisa Dean Moseley, the mystery figure of the story, remains secluded at Serendip. She has made no statement. She rarely appears in public. Her friends are worried about her. "Beyond anorexic, weighs zero," said one. "She's very frail," said another, whom I had asked to intercede. "She's being very, very strong about everything, strong in that sense, but frail. She'll never talk to you. She's a very private person. She talks about the case all the time. She's very loyal to Christopher. I suppose they'll move him to a prison in Delaware so that she can visit him." Then the friend said, "What do you suppose was in Christopher's *mind* when he did such a thing? Of course he was drunk." I asked if Lisa would be going to the trial in October. "Oh, yes, Lisa's going to the trial." □

Credits

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Planetarium

Michael Lutin tells Virgos to embrace the chaos

VIRGO AUG. 23–SEPT. 22

Though you're quite capable of getting hysterical over the slightest little thing, you have the enviable ability to carry on calmly when major catastrophes hit and the going gets *really* rough. Even when you are on the brink of exhaustion, you always seem to find a way to stay cool and continue your mission of directing sinners toward the path of repentance. With a planetary grand cross currently occurring in your mutable houses, however, you face a more formidable challenge: can you stay sane when the tables turn and *you're* the one who is all goofed up?

LIBRA SEPT. 23–OCT. 23

If you could just push a button and instantly free yourself from a crippling preoccupation with money, you might finally be able to throw yourself into the arms of humanity and live for the betterment of all sentient beings. The good news is that such a lofty goal is realistically attainable even as you go on scratching and clawing for every last crust of bread. The current planetary grand cross in fixed signs *demands* that you make an attempt. Meanwhile, to make matters more interesting, your "love life" is keeping you up till all hours.

SCORPIO OCT. 24–NOV. 21

It may take lots of self-discipline to restrain that diva within you who can rear up at the most inappropriate moments and demand a limo. In order to pull off your latest professional magic trick, however, you'll need to do more than blow everyone's mind by yanking another rabbit out of the hat. You must also remember that, with fixed signs predominating now, the people fronting the money also want to call the shots. Try to silence the inner brat screaming for Mommy's and Daddy's attention. The wise and successful know that clout is most powerful when it is not used.

SAGITTARIUS NOV. 22–DEC. 21

Raising your consciousness to the highest level possible is the best method for overcoming fear and confusion as the new moon rises through your 9th house. Broadening your intellectual and philosophical horizons—whether through travel, education, or religion—will liberate you from fruitless mental exercises that serve only to twist your thoughts even further. Going over the same tired old issues will never pull you out of the maelstrom, but putting your head in a higher place certainly will. A little denial goes a long way.

CAPRICORN DEC. 22–JAN. 19

For months now, Capricorns with only a smattering of astrological knowledge have been worrying themselves sick that this summer's solar eclipse will do them in. The truly hip members of your sign, however, realized long ago that with a little help from them the universe will unfold exactly as it should. Apart from the death-rebirth experiences you can look forward to during this period of enlightenment, the eclipse will present you with a sharp picture of the complex links connecting love, money, business, friendship, and sex. The split-loyalty thing should be fun, too.

AQUARIUS JAN. 20–FEB. 18

No matter how worn out or needy you may feel inside, it is unlikely that you will cave in, or collapse in a sobbing heap, or allow yourself to be pampered and coddled, even though that is what you are secretly longing for. What the solar eclipse in your 7th house *does* indicate is that the moment has arrived to acknowledge all those on whom you have been pretending not to depend. You've still got the last word, though, so there's no need to be scared. Your loved ones are not expecting you to sell out and become a total vegetable anytime soon.

PISCES FEB. 19–MARCH 20

Life on earth can be either satisfying and enriching or trivial and m ingless. All card-carrying Pisceans know that, just as they know that ple can be either loving and kind or cruel and stupid. In fact, there times—and this is one of them—when the whole thing can become or ant, contradictory mess. With all your mutable houses being activa you can choose to grow up and throw yourself into your work, or can take the low road, start listening to the voices in your head, and e tually get yourself arrested.

ARIES MARCH 21–APRIL 19

You have four great reasons to go on living this month: friendship, sex, and money. And if you have to have an astrological cross to b there's probably none more fun to carry than the fixed planetary gr cross occurring in your 2nd, 5th, 8th, and 11th houses. Socially, yo got to be more *on* than a campaigning politician. Emotionally, you've to satisfy more appetites than there are in all the monkeys in the clamoring for bananas. Everybody wants a piece of the action, and nob wants to budge an inch. That makes negotiating hell.

TAURUS APRIL 20–MAY 20

Only a moron would attempt to predict whether your career will skyr et or fizzle in the months to come. There's more on your mind than y job anyway, because all the activity going on in your 4th house forces to focus on the family too. Meanwhile, partners and managers are h mering away at you, like sculptors chiseling a hunk of stone, in their e to make you into something you're not. Thank God Saturn's positio Taurus gives you the determination to keep going, even if there are when you feel a thousand years old.

GEMINI MAY 21–JUNE 21

The Gemini brain, normally able to project two pictures at the sa time, is now flashing more images than a bank of monitors in a TV dio. The reason: your solar 3rd, 6th, 9th, and 12th houses are all ope ing at once. As a result of this unusual configuration, you are proba running around town and getting advice from four different sources conflicting, naturally. Where should you live? How should you proce Whom should you believe? If all your personalities suddenly find th selves in the hot tub at once, just splash around and enjoy it.

CANCER JUNE 22–JULY 22

If you were living alone on a tropical island, you could sit there all counting your coconut shells and be as happy as a clam. Too bad yo surrounded by hungry people. Although thrift should rule now that solar eclipse has energized your 2nd house, for some reason it is still v important for you not to appear cheap and stingy. Because Mars, Satu and Uranus are simultaneously afflicting the sun and moon, you have spread the wealth around. You may as well do it gladly, since the vultu will eventually get it anyway.

LEO JULY 23–AUG. 22

Was Rudyard Kipling right on the nose or what? Especially now, if y can keep your head when all about you are losing theirs and blaming on you, you'll be in great shape. They'll surely be coming at you from sides this month, what with a solar eclipse in your sign afflicted by Ma Saturn, Uranus, and a moon south node conjunction. Since this celest event is certain to spell the end of one whole era of your life and kick an entirely new one, you've got to be brave, strong, true, and, most i portant, more honest than you've ever been in your life. Lots of luck.

To hear more about what's happening in your horoscope—and everyone else's—listen to Michael Lutin weekly by calling 1-900-28V-FAIR on a Touch-Tone phone. Cost: $1.95 per minute. If you are under 18, you need parental permission.



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Martin Short

For almost two decades, since his early days on *SCTV* and *Saturday Night Live*, where he perfected such characters as the affable neurasthenic Ed Grimley, Marti Short has been stealing the show from Hollywood to Broadway. This month, as Short launches a syndicated talk show, *The Martin Short Show*, he pauses here to share his thoughts on shoplifting and on his hero, Bess Truman

What is your idea of perfect happiness?
A day without chafing.

What is your greatest fear?
Nonspecific urethritis.

Which historical figure do you most identify with?
Bess Truman.

Which living person do you most admire?
My children.

What is the trait you most deplore in yourself?
My uncontrollable urge to shoplift.

What is the trait you most deplore in others?
People who don't treat their agents like family.

What is your greatest extravagance?
Shampoo *and* conditioner.

What is your favorite journey?
That weekend I gave Buddhism a shot.

What do you consider the most overrated virtue?
Fairness.

On what occasion do you lie?
See answers below.

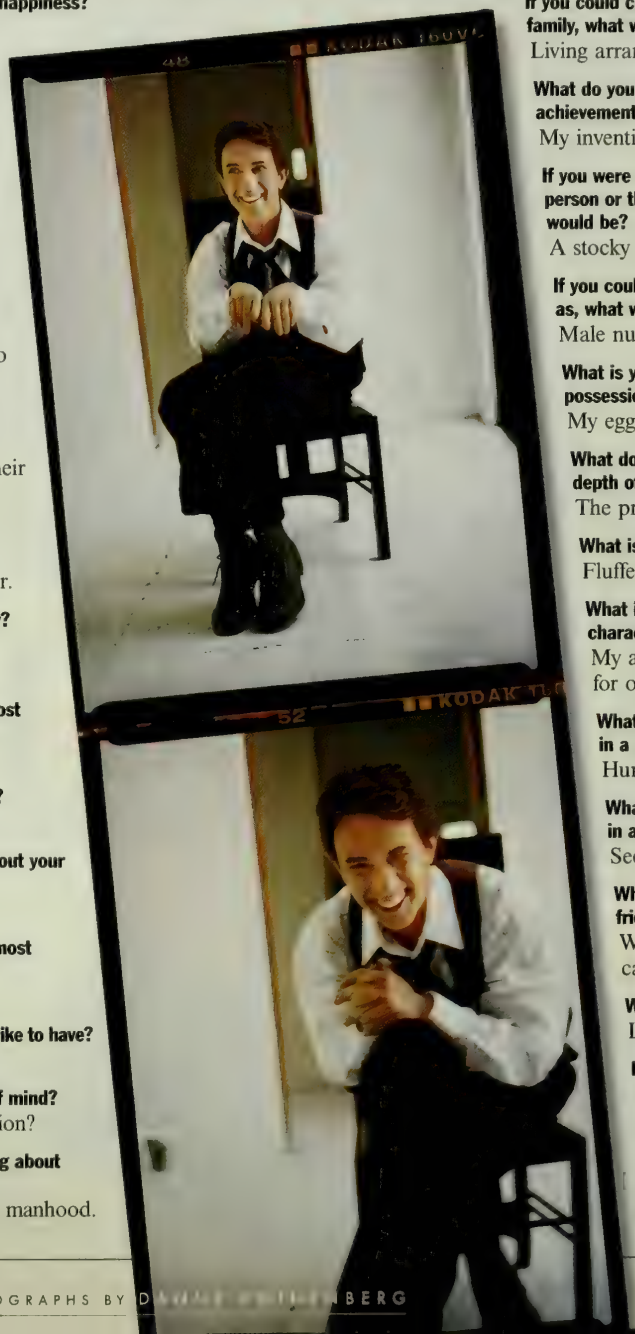
What do you dislike most about your appearance?
People's reaction to it.

Which living person do you most despise?
Richard M. Nixon.

Which talent would you most like to have?
Cure my own ham.

What is your current state of mind?
Is that with the prescription?

If you could change one thing about yourself, what would it be?
The curse of my enormous manhood.



If you could change one thing about your family, what would it be?
Living arrangements.

What do you consider your greatest achievement?
My invention of cold fusion.

If you were to die and come back as a person or thing, what do you think it would be?
A stocky male nurse.

If you could choose what to come back as, what would it be?
Male nurse with swimmer's body.

What is your most treasured possession?
My egg-crate abs.

What do you regard as the lowest depth of misery?
The premiere of *Captain Ron II.*

What is your favorite occupation?
Fluffer.

What is your most marked characteristic?
My ability to fake enthusiasm for others.

What is the quality you most like in a man?
Humor and a hairy chest.

What is the quality you most like in a woman?
See above.

What do you most value in your friends?
What they can do for my career.

What are your favorite names?
Lil and Larry.

How would you like to die?
Naked and bloated.

What is your motto?
It's better to have loved a short than never to have loved a tall.

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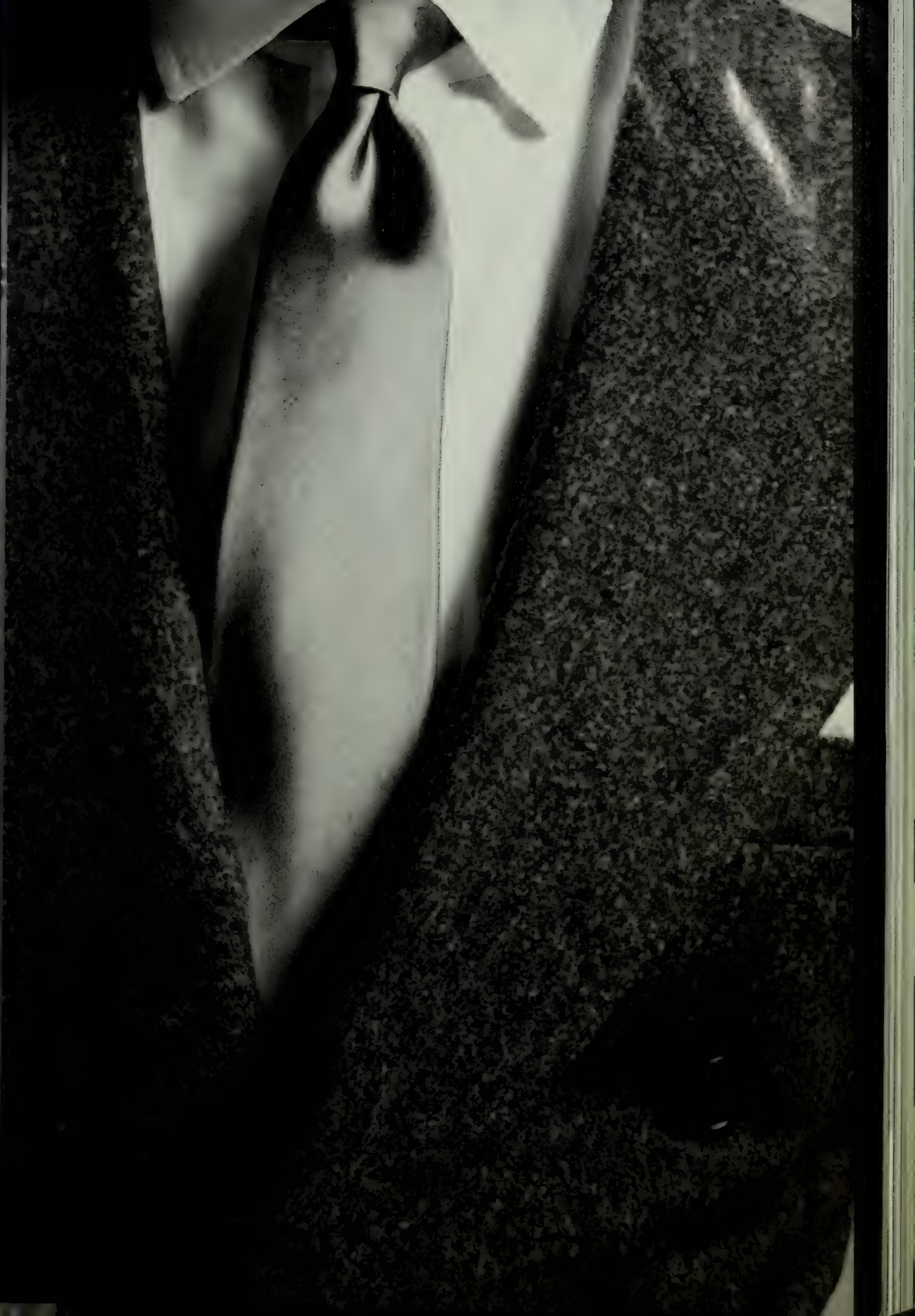
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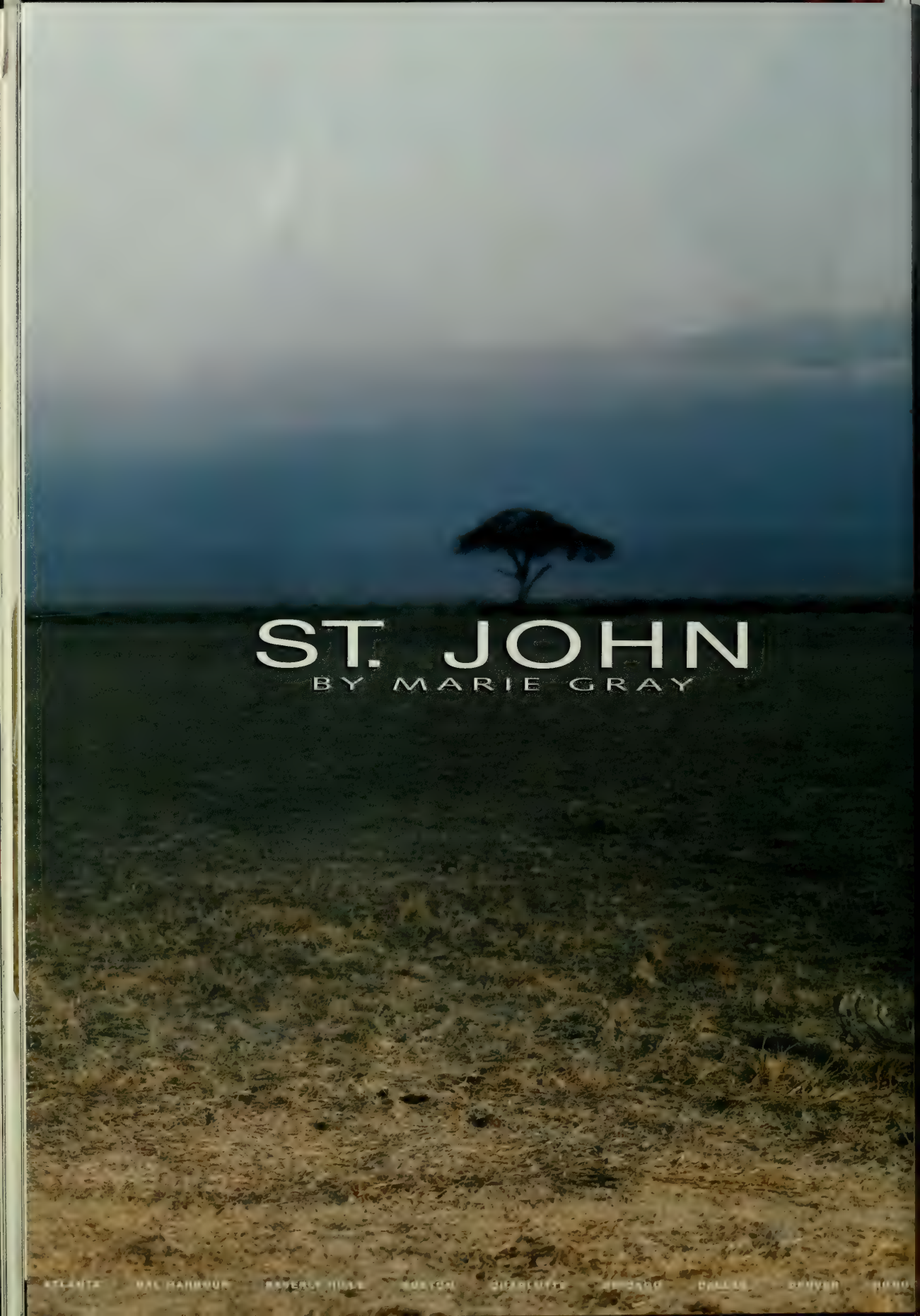

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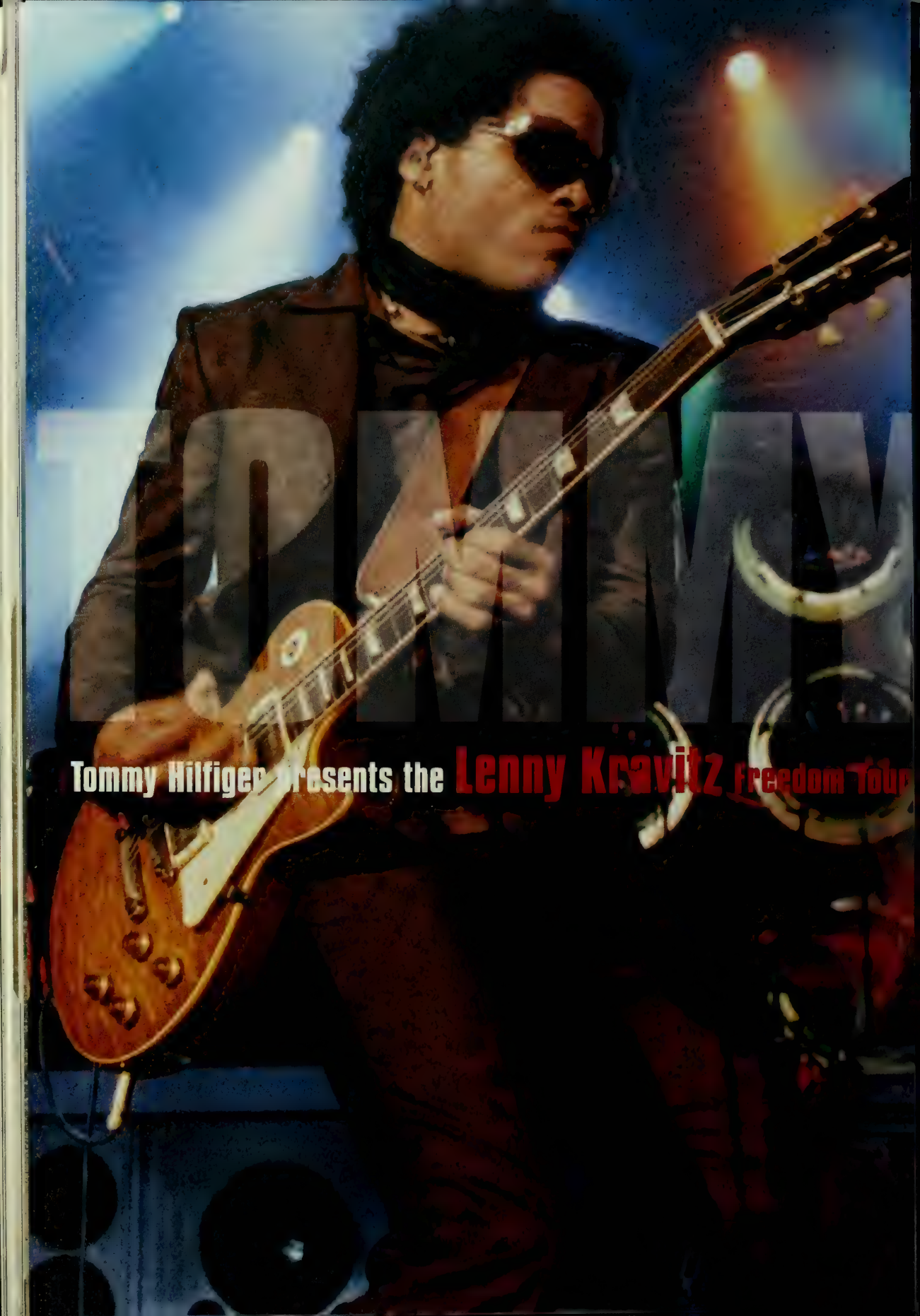

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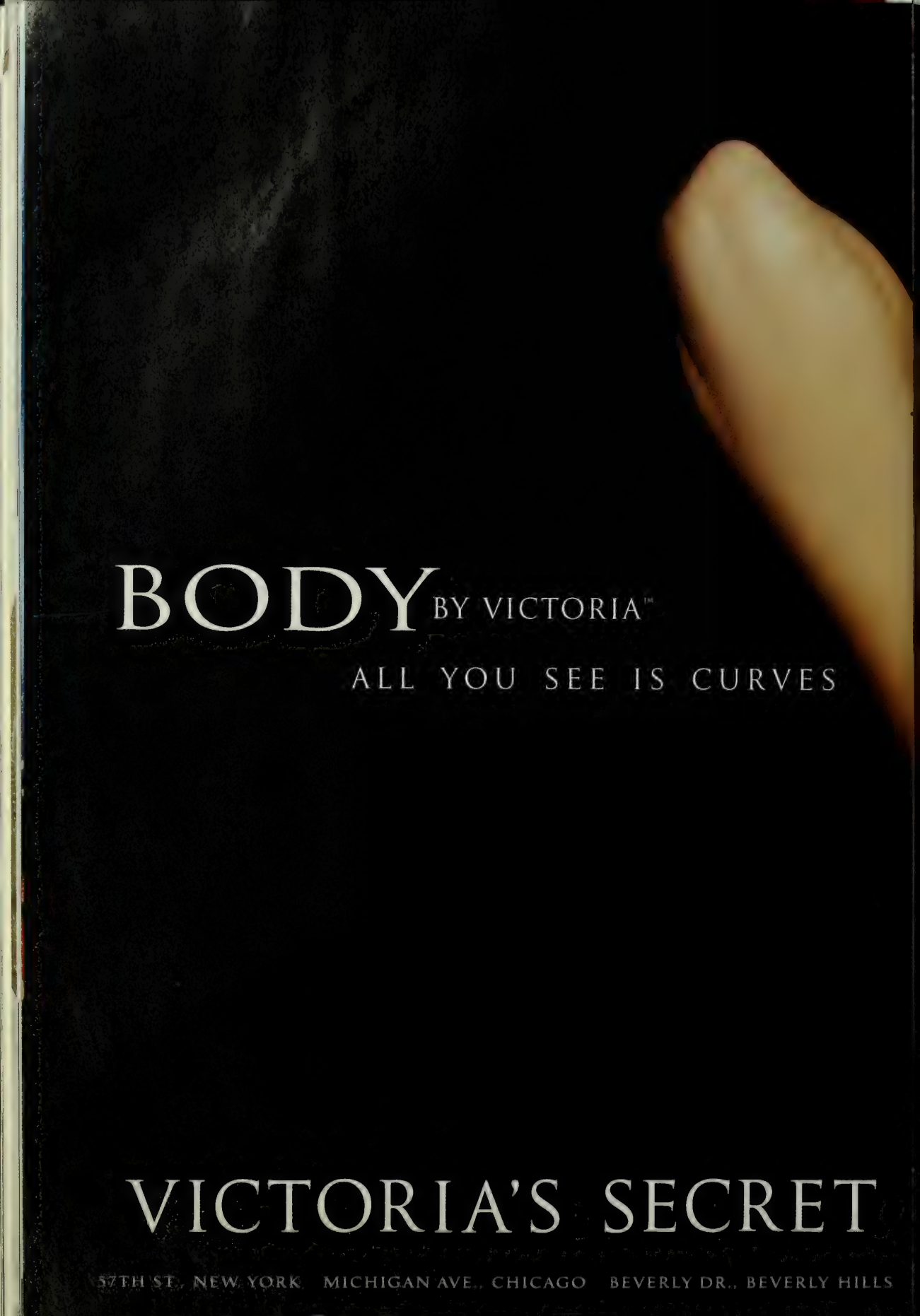

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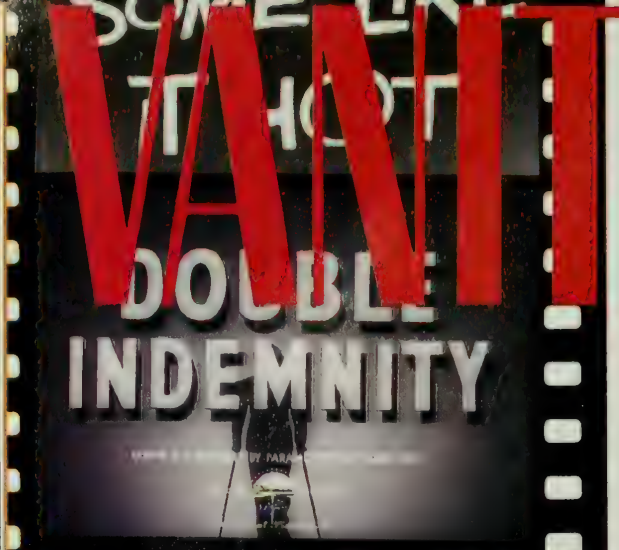
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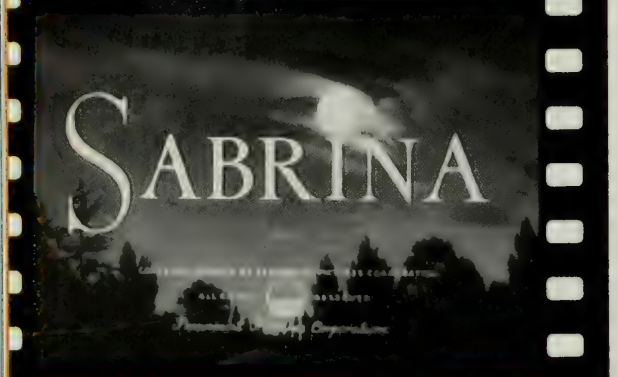
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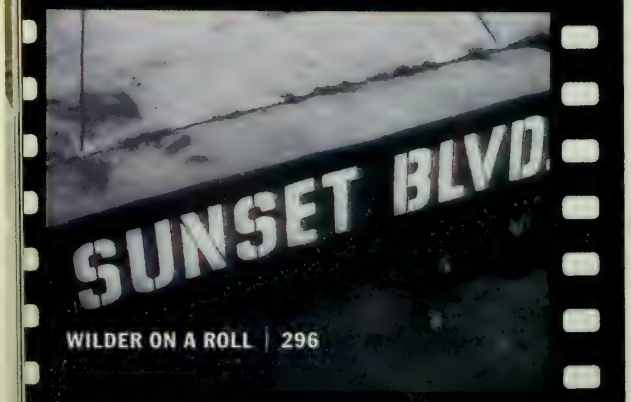

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COLLECTION



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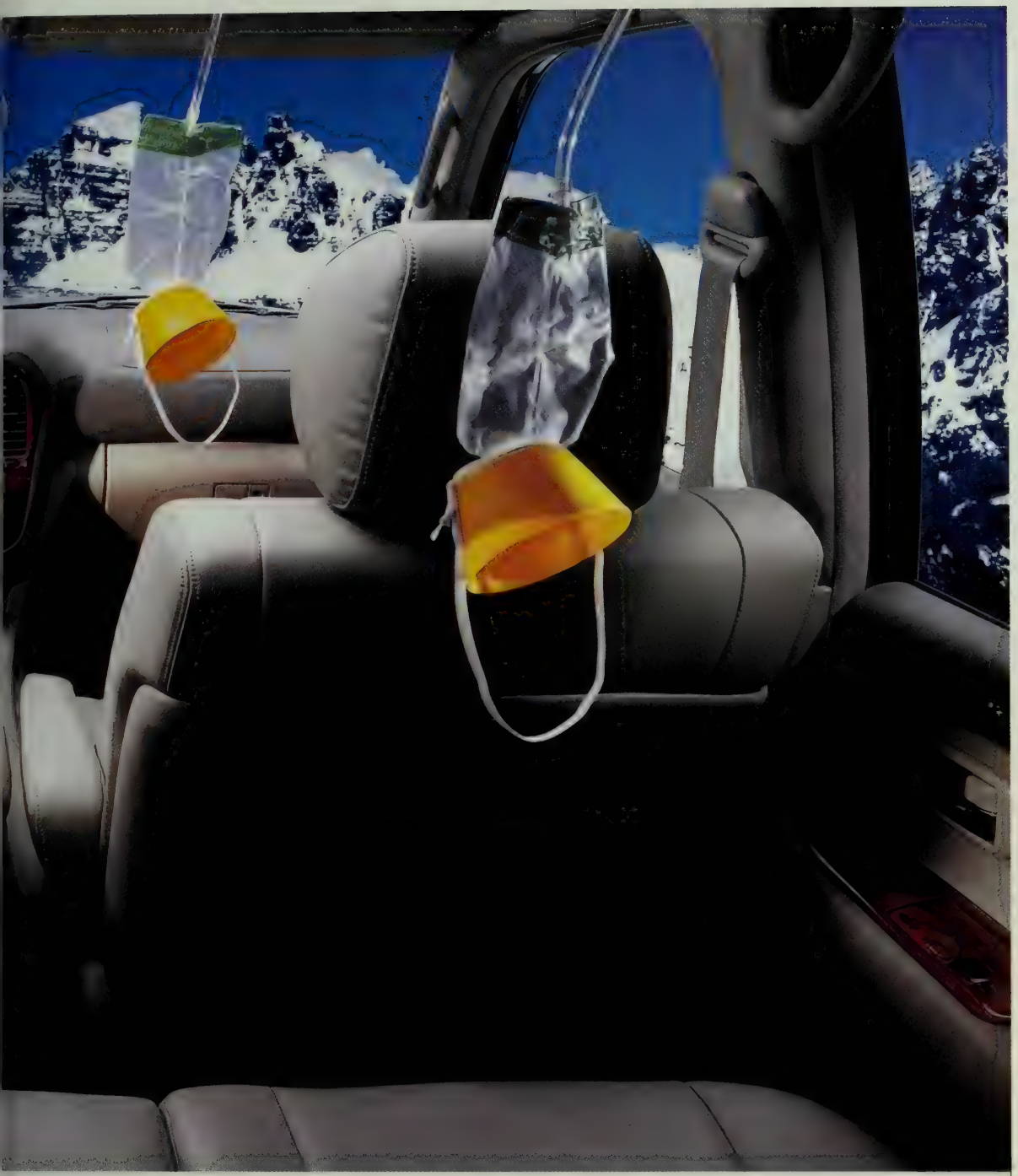


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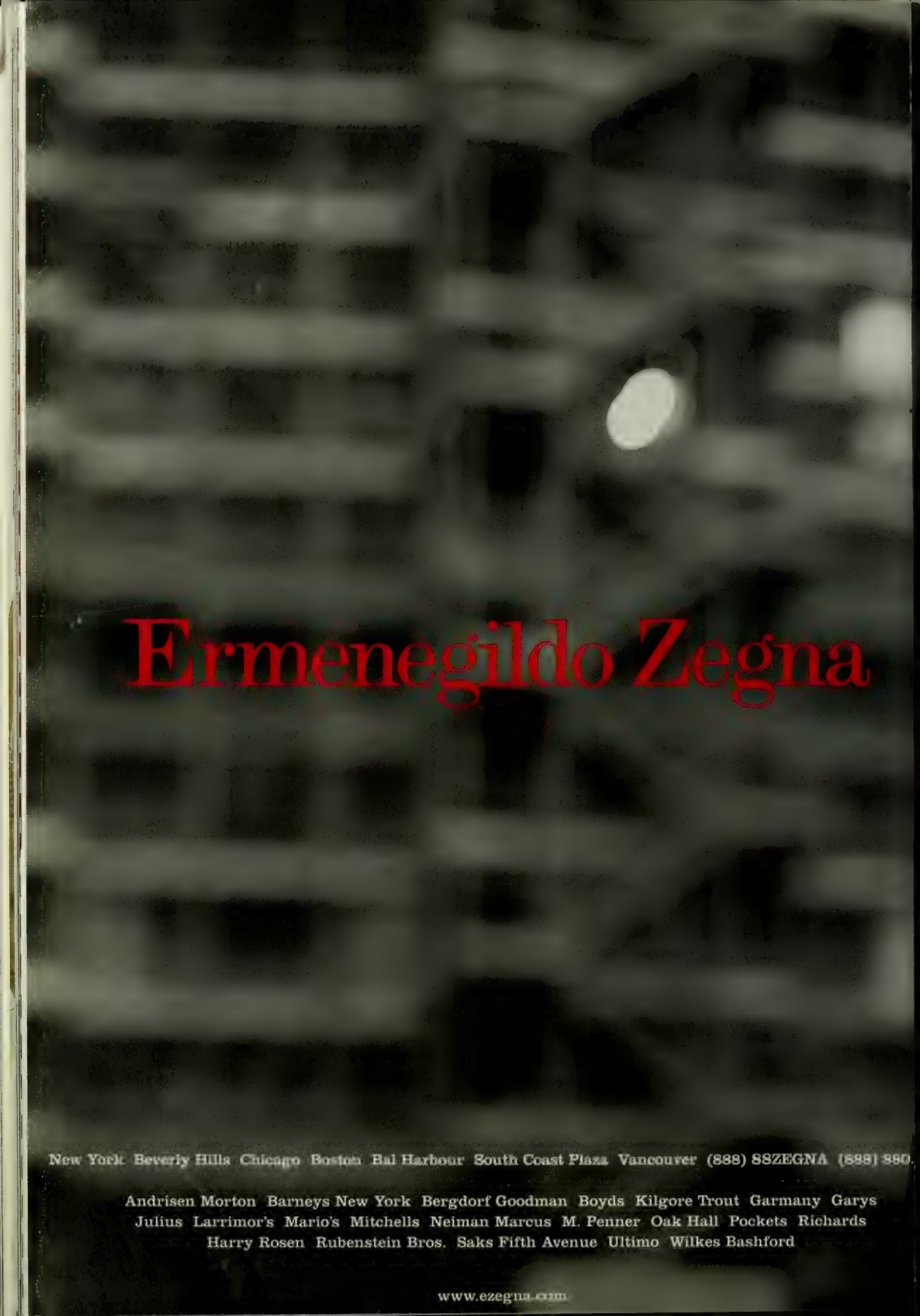
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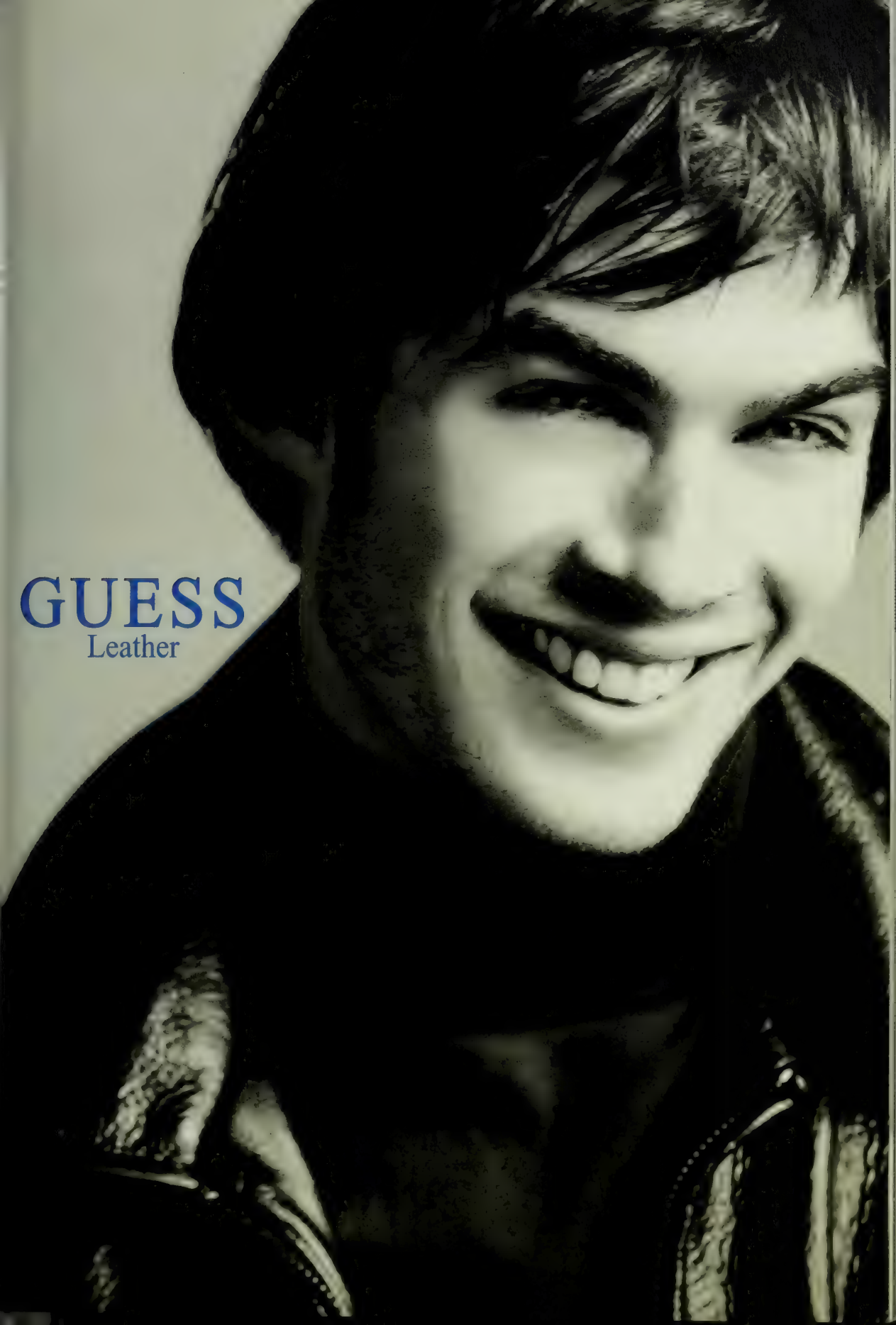
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For six spirited days in June, actors, writers, directors, and film fans converged on the tiny island of Nantucket for the 4th Annual Nantucket Film Festival. With screenings, workshops, panel discussions, a "Morning Coffee With" series, and staged readings with star-studded casts, the festival celebrated the art of storytelling and transformed a quiet seaside village into a vibrant center of the cinematic world.



Weber grilled up a feast at its afternoon barbecue.



SKYY flowed freely throughout the week as the Festival's favorite drink.



Brian Lover of Nautica with Sweepstakes winners Joyce and Julian Jackson.



John Shea shares the camera with Festival Director Jonathan Burkhart.



David Chu of Nautica enjoys the Nautica Filmmakers reception.



Tony Foglio of SKYY Vodka with Jerry Tokofsky, producer, executive TKO Communications.



Marla Maples and Michael Mailer.



SKYY Vodka hosts a mid-festival bash.



Festival celebrations in high gear at the *Vanity Fair* party.



Nautica's VIP lounge at the Point Breeze Registration Center.



Desmond Hall, writer/director of *A Day in Black and White;* Clark Gregg, from *The Adventures of Sebastian Cole;* and director Nancy Savoca open up at the Festival's "Morning Coffee With" series.



As official vehicle of the Festival, Audi introduced its new TT.



Guests gather at the Weber barbecue on the Point Breeze lawn.

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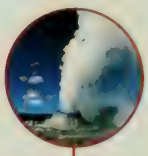
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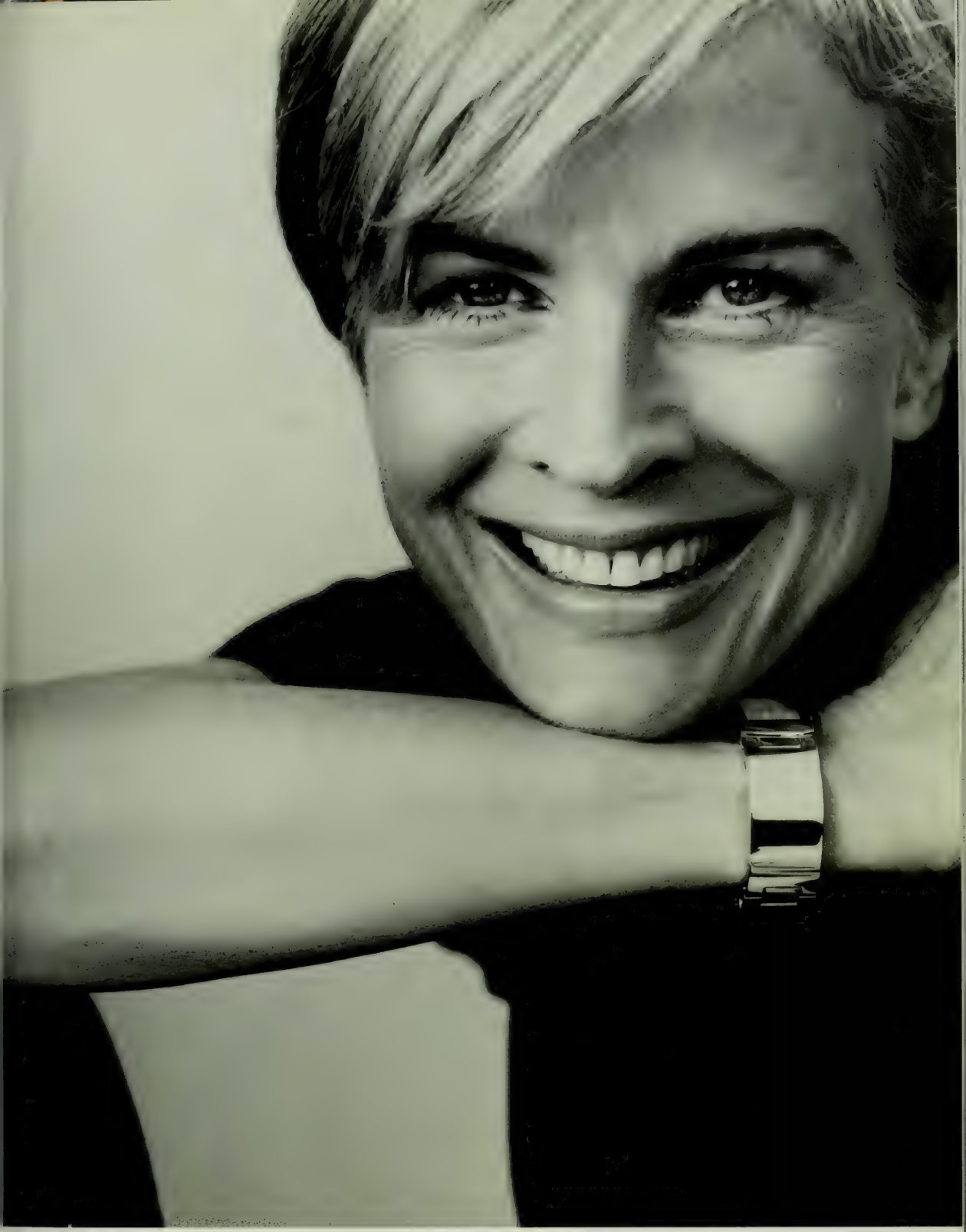
1930
Chrysler Building graces
New York City skyline



1987
Queen Elizabeth
drinks a cup of tea



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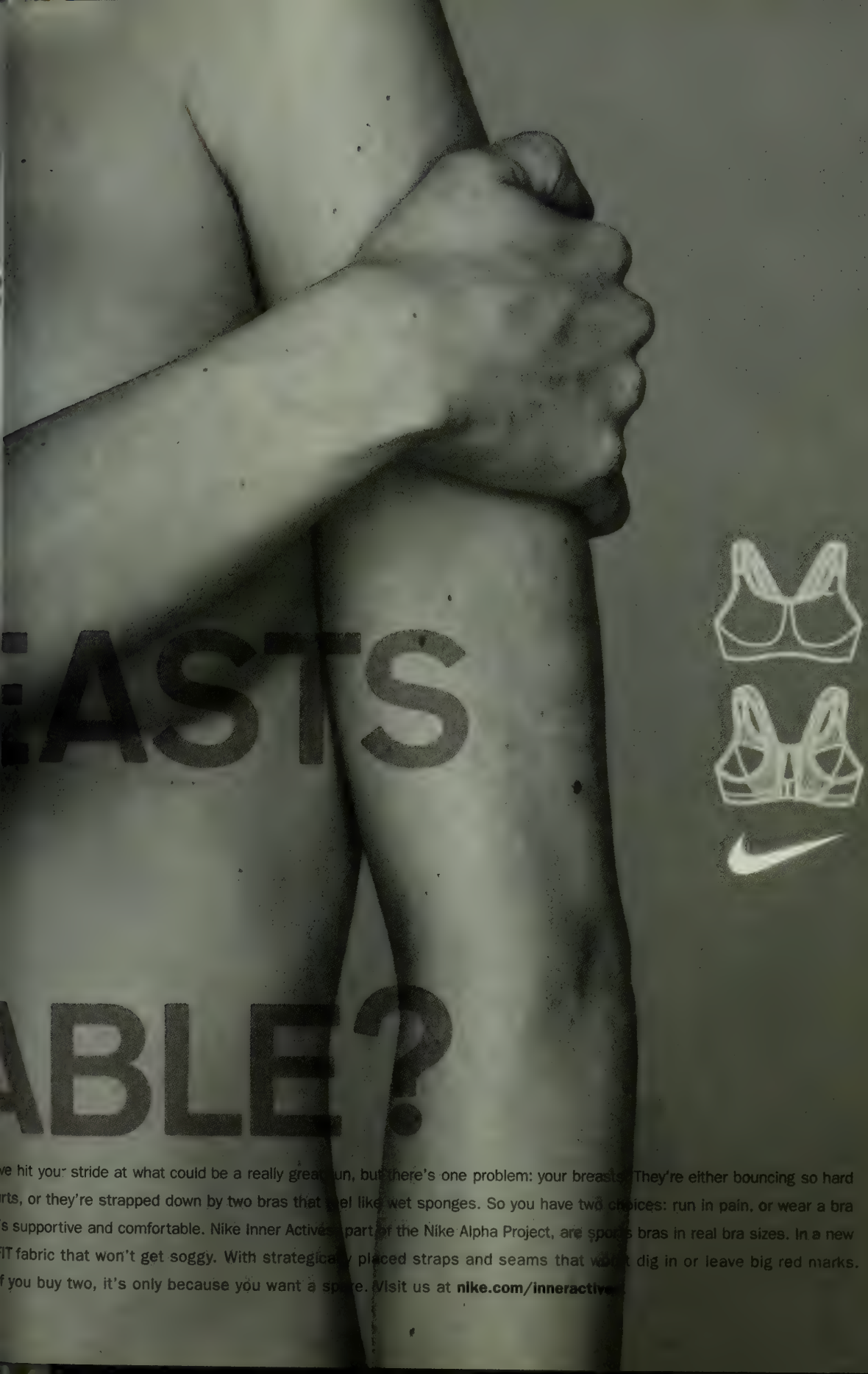




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Editor's Letter

Billionaires' Row



If your taste runs to impossibly rich middle-aged men in pressed, stonewashed jeans and spanking-white cross-trainers, Sun Valley in July is your kind of place. It is here, a faint whiff of Gulfstream fuel mingling with the high mountain air, that the New Establishment—the barons and baronesses of the Information Age—gathers at investment banker Herbert Allen's annual swap meet. (Think of a Bohemian Grove for billionaires with laptops and Palm Pilots.) And it is here that they divvy up the vast spoils of the information-and-technology revolution.

Since 1994, *Vanity Fair,* which first identified and named this new breed of wired capitalist, has dispatched Annie Leibovitz to shoot a group portrait of Allen's campers. A lot has happened since then. There was the Ovitz thing. The fall and rise of Gerald Levin. Yahoo! Amazon.com. The Eisner-Katzenberg fiasco.

And a lot hasn't changed over the years. (For evidence, check out this year's class shot, on page 195.) D Works shaman David Geffen and Universa dios president Ron Meyer still dress like lifeg on their day off. John Malone still looks li high-school science teacher who doubles football coach. As for Bill Gates—well, he s know that the Caesar cut really only looked on George Clooney and on Caesar himself.

Amazingly, every one of those photogr over the past five years is still alive. Like things to do with money, everything's still much in the tight grip of a few white males. And everybo tured is a whole lot richer.

So, as you squint to pick out your favorite billionaire group photos below, cast your mind back to those rosy, s days of 1994, when Michael Ovitz ruled Hollywood, nobody quite figure out what Howard Stringer did for a living, an Gates was worth a paltry $9.3 billion. —GRAYDON CA

ON THE COVER

SHIRT AND PANTS BY ERMENEGILDO ZEG HAIR BY SALLY HERSHBERGER; GROOM BY GIGI HALE; STYLED BY KIM MEEHAN; P STYLED BY RICK FLOYD; PHOTOGRAPH EXCLUSIVELY FOR *V.F.* BY ANNIE LEIBOV FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE

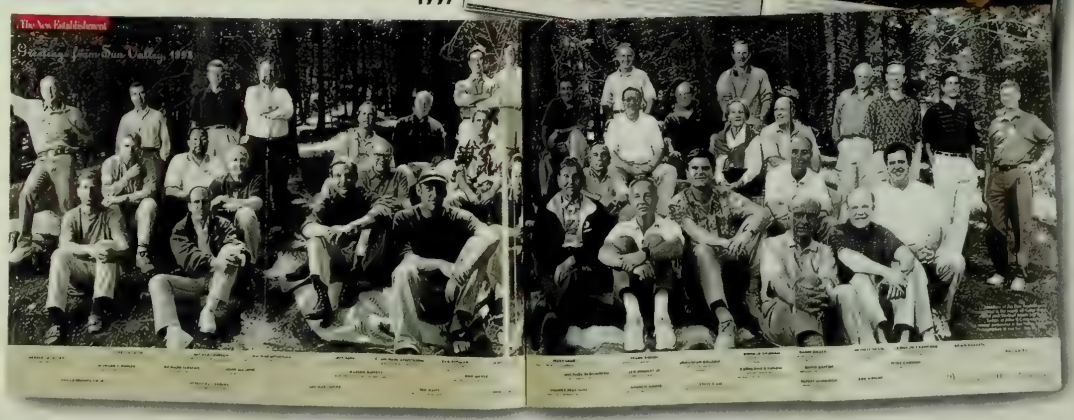
1994





1997

1998



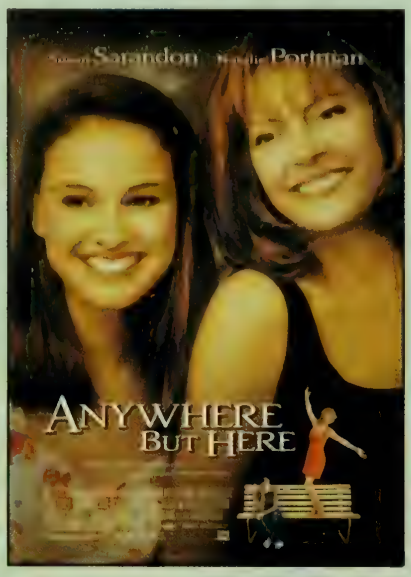
The 10 New Establishment titans who appear in all of the three group portraits on this page—from 1994, 1997, and 1998—have had more reason to smile each year. Since the first photograph, their combined wealth has soared by 471 percent, from approximately $25 billion in 1994 to $142.8 billion, according to the upcoming 1999 Forbe Hundred list, with Bill Gates accounting for 64 percent of the current total. Gates has seen his fortune grow by 921 percent since 1994, from $9.3 billion to $95 billion and has kept his status as the richest of the group. Warren Buffett is not doing badly, though: his worth rose from $9.2 billion to $31 billion over the same period. John M had the second-largest increase (502 percent), from $565 million to $3.4 billion. Herbert Allen went from $600 million to $1.7 billion; Barry Diller, from an estimated $300 million to $1 billion; David Geffen, from $1 billion to $2.7 billion; and Rupert Murdoch, from $4 billion to $7 billion. Gerald Levin and Edgar Bronfman Jr. are n worth roughly $300 million and $40 million, respectively, while Jeffrey Katzenberg's court battle with Disney left him with an estimated net worth of $725 million.


GIORGIO ARMANI




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Offer valid September 20 to October 3 (while supplies last). Screenings will be conducted October 1999.

For additional information on **Anywhere But Here**, log on to **www.foxmovies.com.**

Contributors



When writer-director **Cameron Crowe** asked his hero writer-director Billy Wilder to play a small role in his 1996 film, *Jerry Maguire,* he was flatly turn down. So imagine Crowe's surprise when Wilder, months after the release of *Jerry Maguire,* invited Crowe to interview him for a magazine. Having read Crowe's diary in *Rolling Stone* of the making of *Jerry Maguire,* Wilder assum Crowe had a column. Alas, no column existed, but the interviews still took place, and grew into Crowe's book *Conversations with Wilder* (Knopf), which excerpted on page 296 and due out in November. A former music writer, Crov is currently at work on a rock movie set in the 70s and starring Billy Crudup



While **William Shawcross** admits that "all my liberal friends hate Rupert Murdoch," he himself remains fascinated by "this one guy—with his fantastic energy and drive—who created a vast empire from one newspaper in the once tiny town of Adelaide, Australia." As his conversation with the mogul on page 268 makes clear, Shawcross, who wrote the 1992 biography *Murdoch,* has developed a remarkably open relationship with his subject. "He's a pleasure to interview because he's so forthcoming," says Shawcross. "And I've never known him to lie to me." In addition to *Murdoch,* Shawcross, who lives in London, is the author of seven books, including *Sideshow: Kissinger, Nixon, and the Destruction of Cambodia* and *The Shah's Last Ride.* He is now at work on a book about the United Nations.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 72


RALPH LAUREN
ROMANCE
MEN





B E L K

B E R G N E R ' S

B L O O M I N G D A L E ' S

B O N M A R C H É

B O S T O N S T O R E

B U R D I N E S

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H U D S O N S

M A C Y ' S

M A R S H A L L F I E L D S

P A R I S I A N

P R O F F I T T ' S

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Sean John

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Sean John
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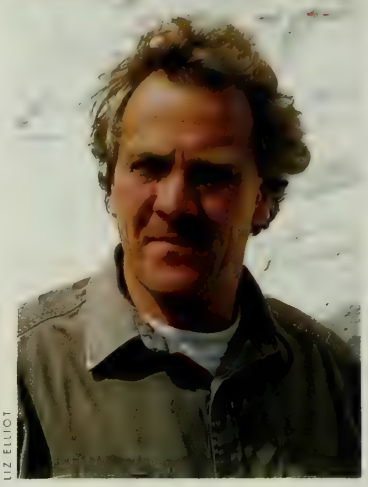
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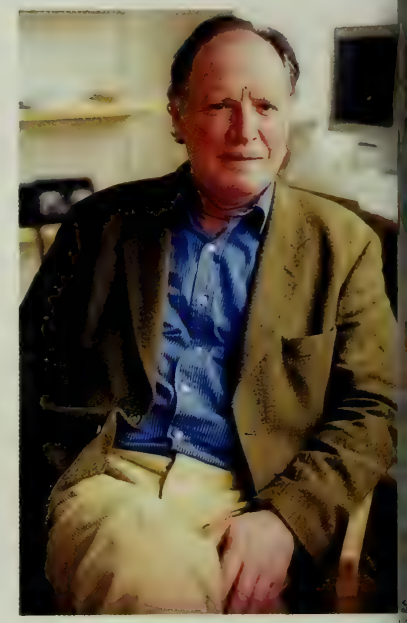
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64



LIZ ELLIOT

This month, London editor **Henry Porter** visits the St. Martins Lane hotel in the West End, the latest creation from the design team of Ian Schrager, Philippe Starck, and Anda Andrei, who are responsible for New York's Royalton and the Mondrian in L.A. Porter's verdict? You "long to go and spend the night. The bedrooms and public spaces are design to bathe their inhabitants in light." From the ceramic gnomes in the lobby the full spectrum of colored lights in the bedrooms, the entire hotel takes its with a sense of humor, thinks Porter. "The whole point," as he puts it, "is to subvert the religion of design."

In his 1989 international best-seller, *A Thief in the Night: The Death of Pope John Paul I,* **John Cornwell** disproved the theory that John Paul I was killed by his own aides. Cornwell has been a close observer of the Vatican since then, and in 1996 he delved into the Vatican's archives intending to defend Pope Pius XII against charges that he had helped the Nazis gain power and failed to help the Jews during World War II. But he discovered that Pius "was much more guilty than I ever could have imagined." The result of his research, *Hitler's Pope,* will be published this month by Viking and is excerpted here on page 170.





TEUN VOETEN

A year after foretelling the war in Kosovo in the July 1998 issue of *Vanity Fair,* **Sebastian Junger** returned to the troubled land. This time it was to accompany forer pathologists in NATO's attempt to identify the victims' bodies and colle evidence for the international war-crimes tribunal. "Many things happened because some guy with a machine gun realized there was n one around to say no," says Junger who learned that "the earlier NATO takes action, the more lives you save." His article begins on page 138.

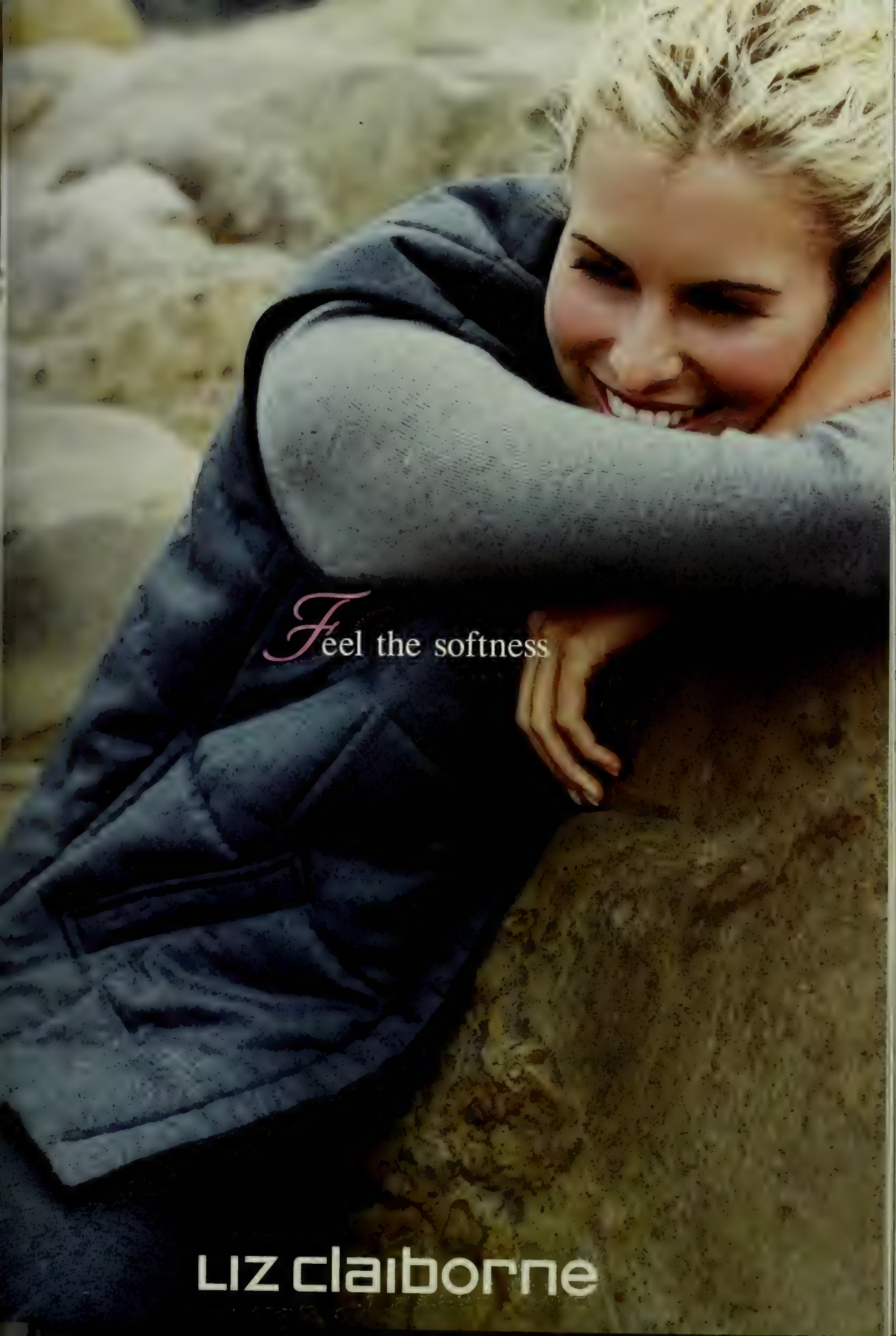
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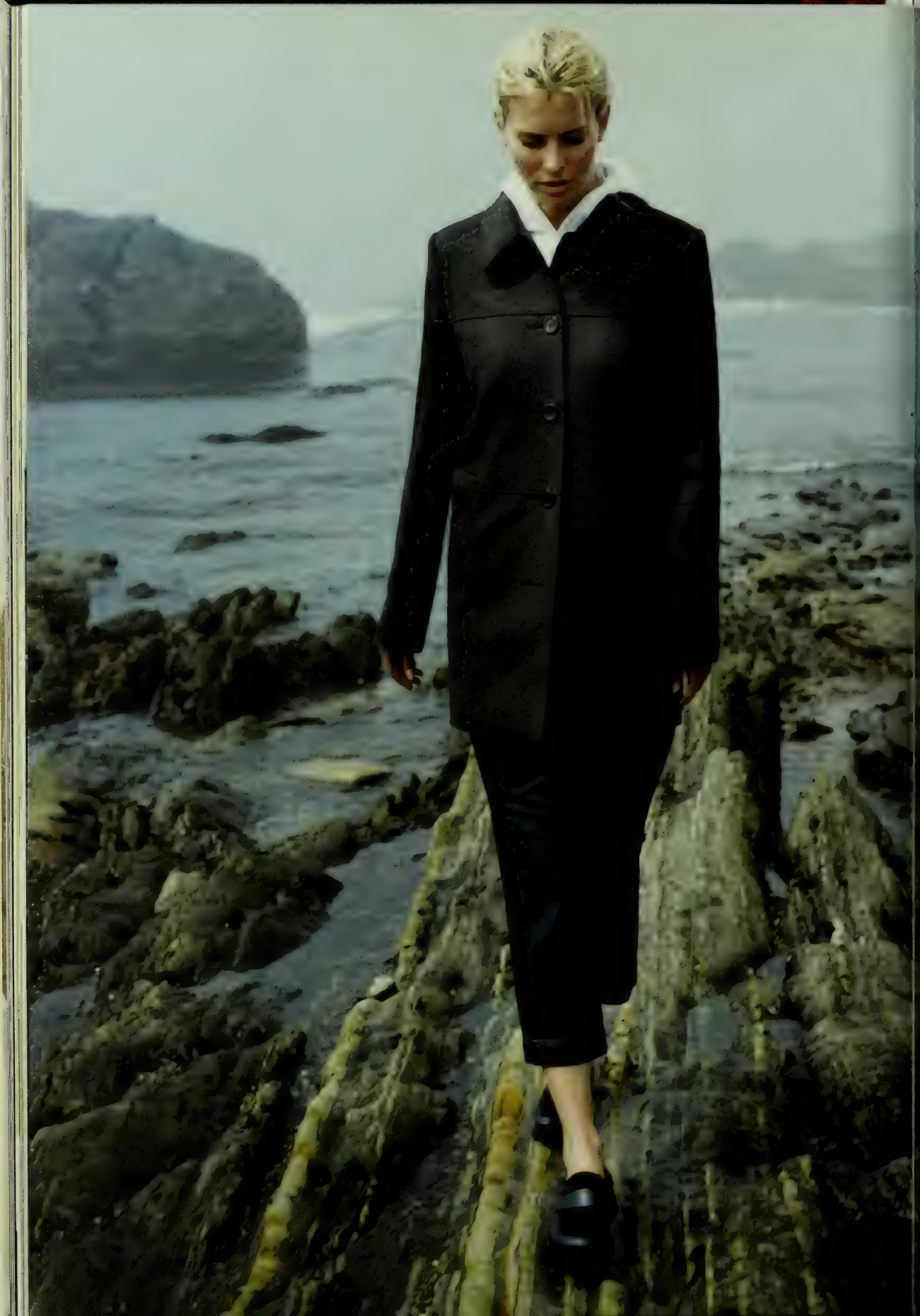

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From left to right:

Mary Kay Bennett,
Victim's Advocate

Sarahrose Snyder, Survivor

Heather Thompson,
Victim's Advocate

Hope House, Independence, MO

"With their help, I survived domestic violence. Now I can dream again."

When Sarahrose Snyder took refuge at Hope House, a domestic violence shelter, she found the support she needed to change her life. With help from victim's advocates like Mary Kay Bennett and Heather Thompson, Sarahrose regained her dignity and discovered a new future.



Hope House is one of the many community-based organizations supported by *Doors of Hope*, an initiative of Philip Morris Companies Inc. in partnership with the National Network to End Domestic Violence Fund. *Doors of Hope* helps to provide emergency shelter, food and clothing to survivors of domestic violence, as well as job training and long-term counseling.

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Contributors

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32



Contributing photographer **Michael O'Neill** and his subject, writer-director Billy Wilder, got a surprise during their shoot in L.A. Who should drive by—calling out, "Hey, Billy!"—but Tony Curtis, star of Wilder's 1959 classic, *Some Like It Hot,* and Curtis's wife, Jill Vanden Berg. "The mathematical possibility of Tony Curtis driving by any street and seeing Billy Wilder sitting in a director's chair, just by coincidence, is amazing," says O'Neill (far right), who captured the moment. Curtis was equally stunned, O'Neill recalls: "Tony was standing there saying to me, 'We did that movie 40 years ago! I've known Billy for 40 years!'"



GASPER TRIGAZ

For contributing editor **Ingrid Sischy,** the sta of her relationship with Francesco Clemente, she met at the 1980 Venice Biennale, might b characterized as "beyond words." "Francesco a watcher," says Sischy, whose profile of the a begins on page 276. "And when he moved to America in 1981, he was a bit awkward about English, so when I first knew him, we commu via looks and gut instinct more than talking." Sischy is editor in chief of *Interview* magazin and she contributed the text to *Robert Mapple Pictures,* published by Arena Editions.

Editing the monthly columns of Christopher Hitchens and James Wolcott can bring a fair amount of controversy, and for senior articles editor **Aimée Bell** it's worth it. "It's just a pleasure to work with such brilliant writers," says Bell, who joined *V.F.* in 1992 after working for *Spy* and *The New York Observer.* Bell has also produced several photography portfolios, including "London Swings! Again!" and David Seidner's take on the work of John Singer Sargent, both of which won Alfred Eisenstaedt Awards for Magazine Photography. "I've had the opportunity to meet such diverse characters as Oasis's Liam Gallagher and a descendant of Henry James," says Bell, "so it's *never* boring."

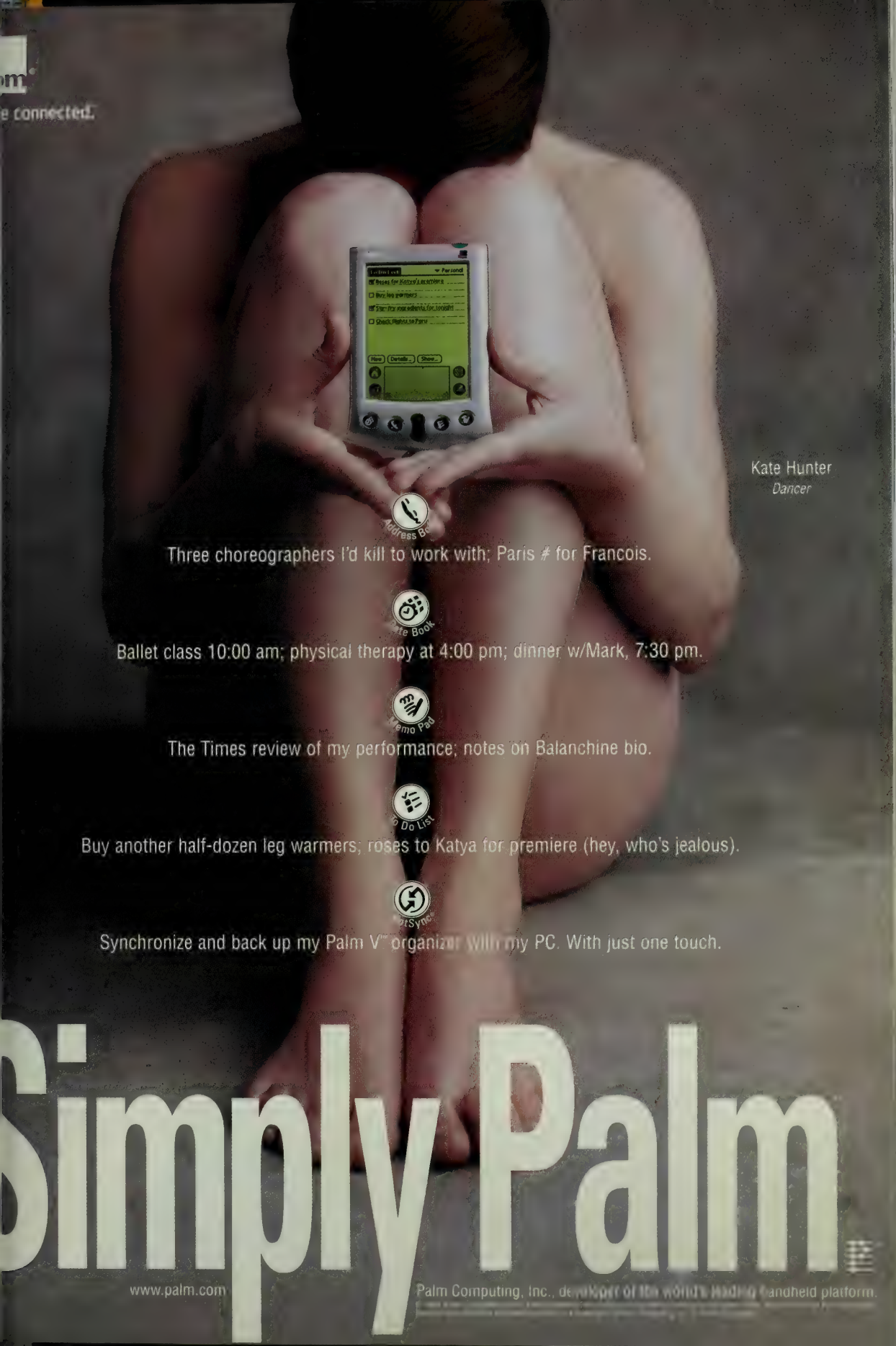




SHARON SUH

Photographer **Walter Chin** was born in Jamaica, was educated in Canada, and cu teeth in Paris. So who would have thought would turn out to be a football fan? "It's intelligent game," says Chin, who shot this month's portfolio of black quarterbacks. "It's not just throwing the ball." Chin (w Pittsburgh Steelers quarterback Kordell Stewart) is compiling a book of his celeb and fashion portraits. "I feel like I've bee around forever," says Chin of his career, " at the same time I feel like I have so far to

CONTINUED ON PAG


e connected.
Kate Hunter
Dancer
Three choreographers I'd kill to work with; Paris # for Francois.
Ballet class 10:00 am; physical therapy at 4:00 pm; dinner w/Mark, 7:30 pm.
The Times review of my performance; notes on Balanchine bio.
Buy another half-dozen leg warmers; roses to Katya for premiere (hey, who's jealous).
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Contributors

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84


Graef Crystal


Judith Newman


Jon Elsen




Matt Tyrnauer


Michael Shnayerson

A Strength in Numbers

After another year of tirelessly interviewing, researching, and generally scrutinizing scores of Old and New Media titans, *Vanity Fair*'s New Establishment team presents its 1999 ranking of the top 50 leaders of the Information Age. From Hollywood, *V.F.* contributing editors Kim Masters and Michael Shnayerson kept track of who's battling whom among corporate and studio heads, while contributing editor David Margolick examined networks and agencies and senior editor Ned Zeman zoned in on the talent. Elsewhere on the West Coast, contributing editor Alan Deutschman assessed the feudal order in Silicon Valley. When special correspondent Bryan Burrough wasn't busy writing *V.F.* stories about disasters at sea and on mountaintops, he caught up with some of the country's most powerful media moguls. Meanwhile, Judith Newman covered the giants of the broadcasting community, and *New York Post* deputy business editor Jon Elsen weighed in on the cable industry. Executive-compensation expert Graef Crystal examined and interpreted New Establishment paychecks. Editor-at-large Matt Tyrnauer oversaw the project, and contributing projects associate Gaby Grekin and contributing projects assistant Heather Fink coordinated research and statistics.

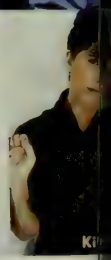

Gaby Grekin




Alan Deutschman


David Margolick





Nordstrom



for him

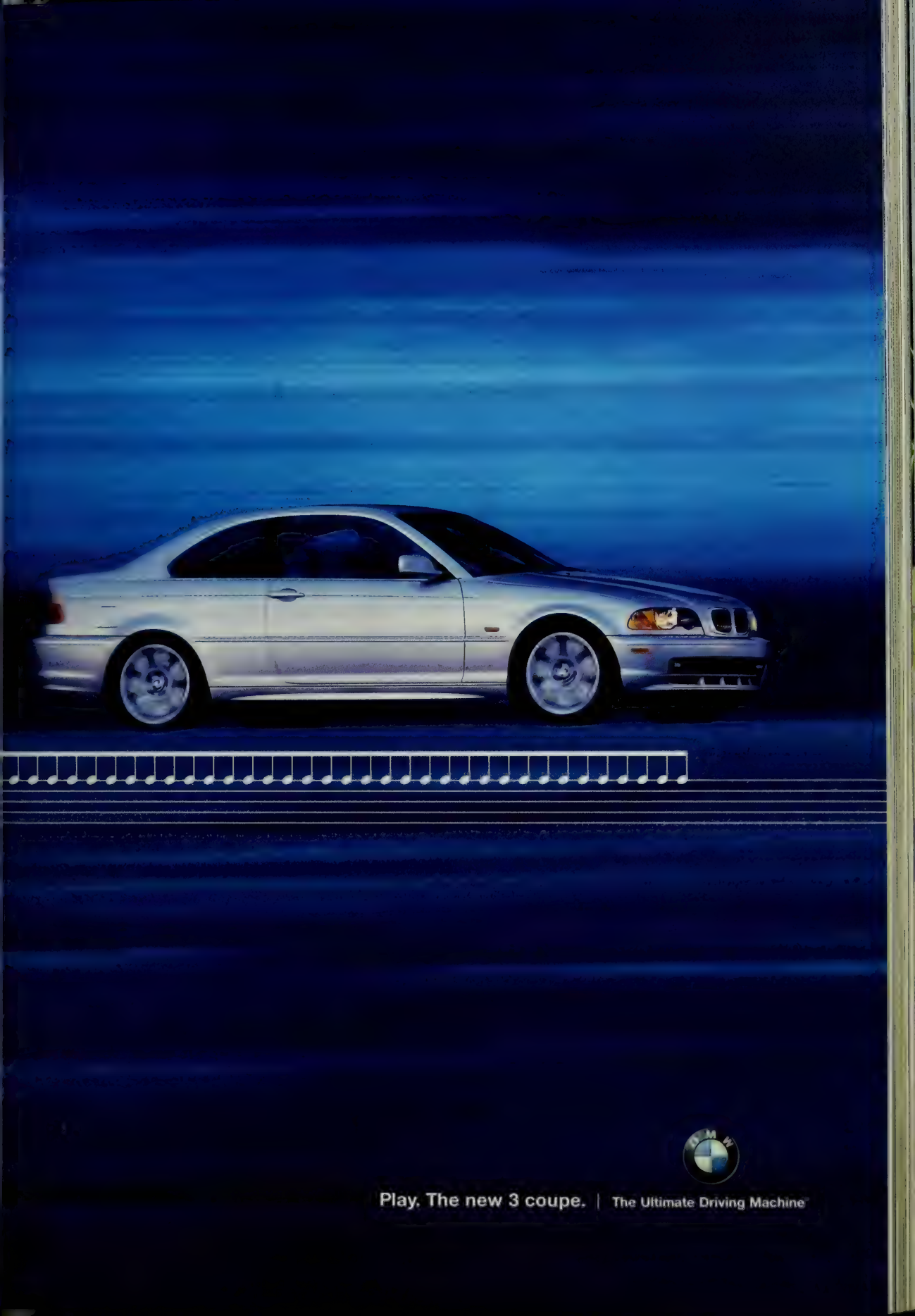
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TO KUBRICK'S CREDIT

A director and his star; Mumia Abu-Jamal confronts Buzz Bissinger; Patricia Duff, according to Dad; defending James Van de Velde; the Brill of it all; Siegfried and Roy and a girl named Levonda

Eyes wide open: Stanley Kubrick on the set of Paths of Glory, *his 1957 World War I melodrama. At one point, Kubrick had wanted to give the film a happy ending in order to make it more commercial.*

Is it really Michael Herr's hypothesis that Stanley Kubrick left the United States because Kirk Douglas was mean to him while making *Spartacus* ["Kubrick," August]?

As producer and star, Douglas was carrying a huge burden on the film. At the same time, he was making the controversial decision to break the blacklist by giving Dalton Trumbo his rightful screen credit. That Kubrick showed a remarkable lack of integrity by volunteering to take the writing credit for himself must have added hugely to Douglas's strain. Kubrick went on to make some great films, and some brave and controversial ones as well. That he acted badly with Douglas and suffered for it shouldn't make either man a villain.

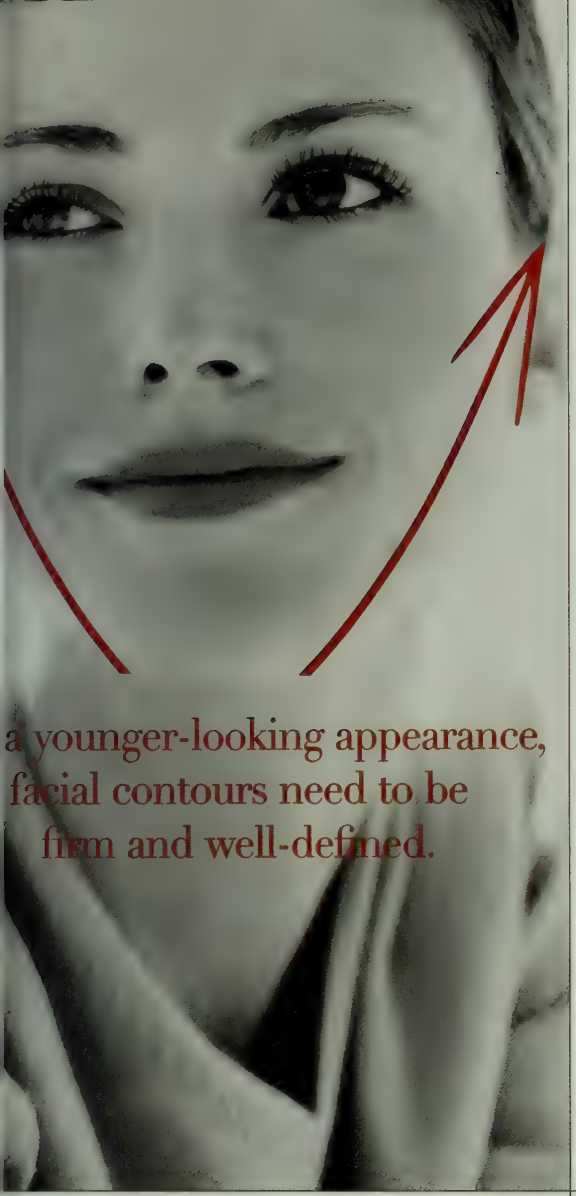
RT CASTLEBERRY
Houston, Texas

I HAVE CAREFULLY clipped Michael Herr's beautiful article on Stanley Kubrick to save and share with my friends and family who haven't had the privilege to read it. I was very touched by Mr. Herr's effort to eulogize his friend so intimately and respectfully.

AMY ECKLUND
New York, New York

I READ WITH GREAT interest Michael Herr's remembrance of Stanley Kubrick. I had a brief but life-changing experience with the director three decades ago. In the spring of 1968, I was 22 and the most junior of publicists in MGM's fabled publicity department. Much to my surprise, MGM executives decided to assign me to be the studio's liaison with Kubrick, the director of the most important film MGM would release that season, *2001: A Space Odyssey*. My job at first was to drive him to and from the studio, run errands for him, and relay messages from the editing room to the executives in the Thalberg Building.

Kubrick was intense, at times demanding, and was not one to suffer fools gladly. As Herr pointed out so well, he always acted as if he knew something you didn't know. From time to time he would give me a list of books he wanted and I would spend hours searching dusty used-book stores and college bookstores to find them. In time he warmed up and began to ask my opinion about books and current films. He became obsessed with getting a copy of a U.C.L.A. student film he'd heard about that was supposed to be slightly pornographic, and he would laugh at my struggles with the academic



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For one extraordinary shopping weekend, Saks Fifth Avenue unites with The Council of Fashion Designers of America in its battle against breast cancer. From September 23 through September 26, visit any of Saks Fifth Avenue's 59 stores for personal appearances by designers and other exciting festivities. Two percent of all sales will be donated to Fashion Targets Breast Cancer and local charity partners. Saks Fifth Avenue joins General Motors Concept: Cure, American Express, Continental Airlines, and The Woolmark Company in this courageous fight.



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bureaucracy, which was determined to keep him from seeing it. In the weeks leading up to the premiere of *2001*, he would invite me to the editing room to see portions of it and to find out what I thought.

After the film opened, he went to New York, and I would receive daily notes written on tissue-thin paper requesting that certain people see the movie and checking on my attempts to get the U.C.L.A. film. Then, early on a Saturday morning, he called me at home and said he was reluctantly cutting 18 minutes out of the movie. He wondered if I would meet his editor, Ray Lovejoy, at the studio and assist with the editing. We made the cuts and I hand-delivered the newly edited film to the theater in Hollywood. He called me the next day to see what the reaction in L.A. was, and seemed pleased. I made him even happier when I was able to send a 16-mm. print of the U.C.L.A. film to him.

There will never be another like him.

DANIEL A. DORAN
Woodland Hills, California

Mumia Dearest

ONCE AGAIN we hear about a so-called confession, but instead of two months later this comes over a decade later ["The Famous and the Dead," by Buzz Bissinger, August]. We don't hear it from a priest, from a lawyer, or from a personal friend, but from an official visitor of the Pennsylvania Prison Society, over 10 years later. A lie is a lie, whether made today or 10 years later. But I suppose Philip Bloch [the prison volunteer who claimed that Abu-Jamal confessed to him] wanted his 15 minutes of fame, in which case I hope he has received it. I find it remarkable that this rumor turned lie was never brought to my attention by the author, by Mr. Bloch himself, or by *Vanity Fair* magazine, which never contacted me. Welcome to snuff journalism.

I look forward to the state's producing this witness, Mr. Bloch, after I am granted a new trial! The only thing worse than "a forgotten confession" is one allegedly born on the "false wings" of harassment. If ever one needed proof of the state's desperation, here it is. I thank *Vanity Fair,* not for its work but for stoking this controversy, because controversy leads to questioning, and one can only question this belated confession.

MUMIA ABU-JAMAL
SCI Greene
Waynesburg, Pennsylvania

BUZZ BISSINGER RESPONDS: In pref
tion for the article, I wrote two letters to Abu-J
requesting an interview. I also sent a letter t
lawyer, Leonard Weinglass, making a sim
request. Several weeks later, when I intervi
Weinglass, he told me that Abu-Jamal "k
who his friends are" in the media. He further
me I was not among them—based on my
affiliation with The Philadelphia Inquire
well as my authorship of a book about the c
Philadelphia and Mayor Ed Rendell. (Re
was the city's district attorney when Abu-Ja
was arrested, convicted, and sentenced to deat
the murder of Police Officer Daniel Faulk
During the interview, I expressed my desire
again to Weinglass to interview Abu-Jamal,
never heard anything back.

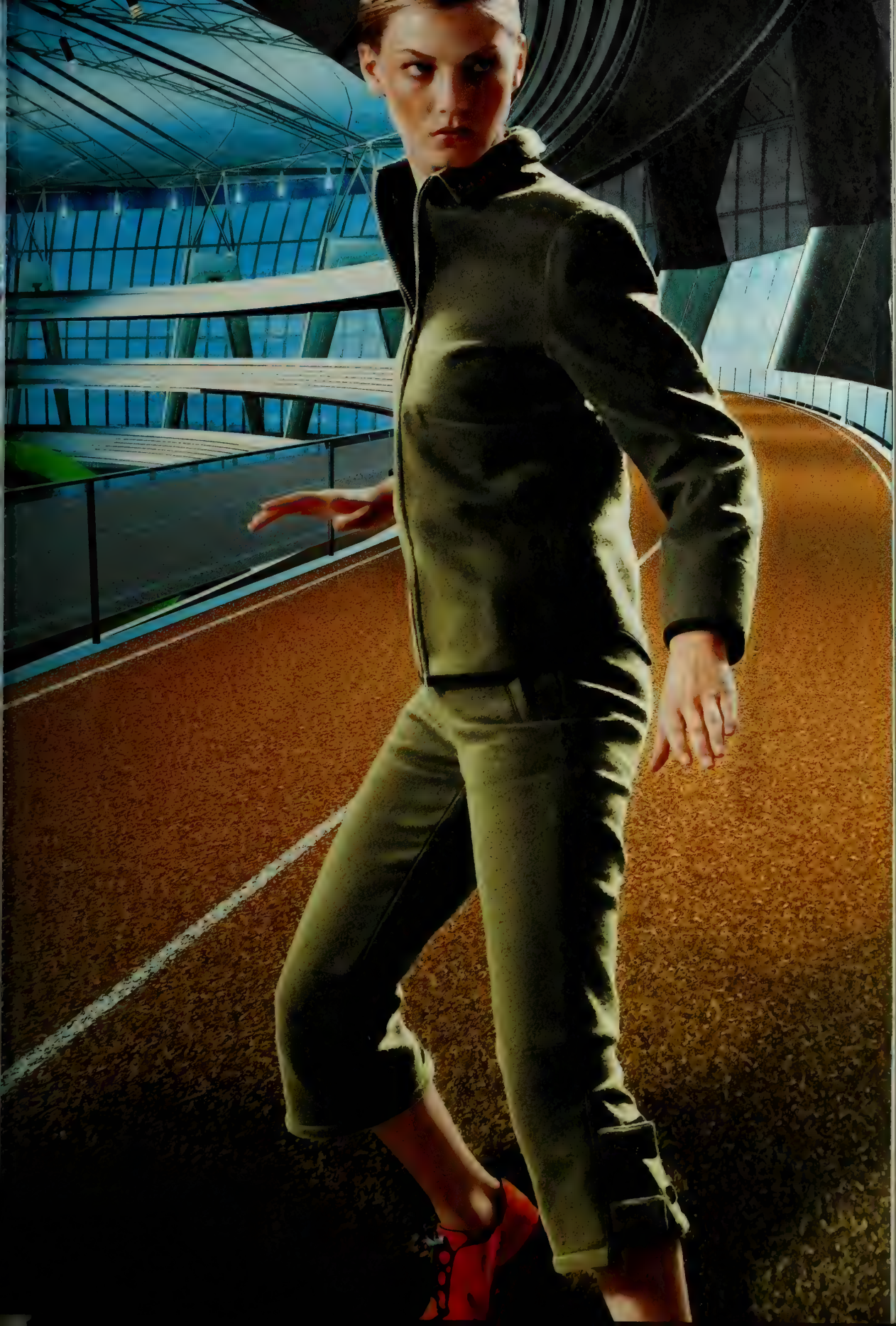
As a reporter with nearly 25 years of experi
I was certainly aware that Abu-Jamal ha
intention of ever talking to me. After I intervi
Philip Bloch, however, I did contact Weingla
phone. I read to him virtually verbatim the po
of the article dealing with Bloch's assertion
Abu-Jamal had admitted killing Officer Fa
ner. I knew that Weinglass was in regular co
with Abu-Jamal, and I asked him to relay
information to Abu-Jamal to see if he had
comment. Once again, I heard nothing ba
stand by the credibility of Bloch, based not si
on the interview he gave but also on separate
fication of numerous details he told me.

NORMALLY THE MOST offensive par
each month's *Vanity Fair* is the perfu
inserts, which we despise due to
wretched smell. But this month, we
deeply offended by Buzz Bissinger's
tempt to "prove" that Mumia Abu-Ja
is guilty of murdering Officer Faulk
Ironically, a perfume advertisement
inserted right in the middle of this arti
Perhaps this was an unconscious atter
to hide the foul odor of the incred
lies, misrepresentations, and slander
not only of Mr. Abu-Jamal but also
such defenders of civil liberties as
great writers Alice Walker, E. L. D
torow, and actors such as Ossie Da
Ed Asner, and Mike Farrell.

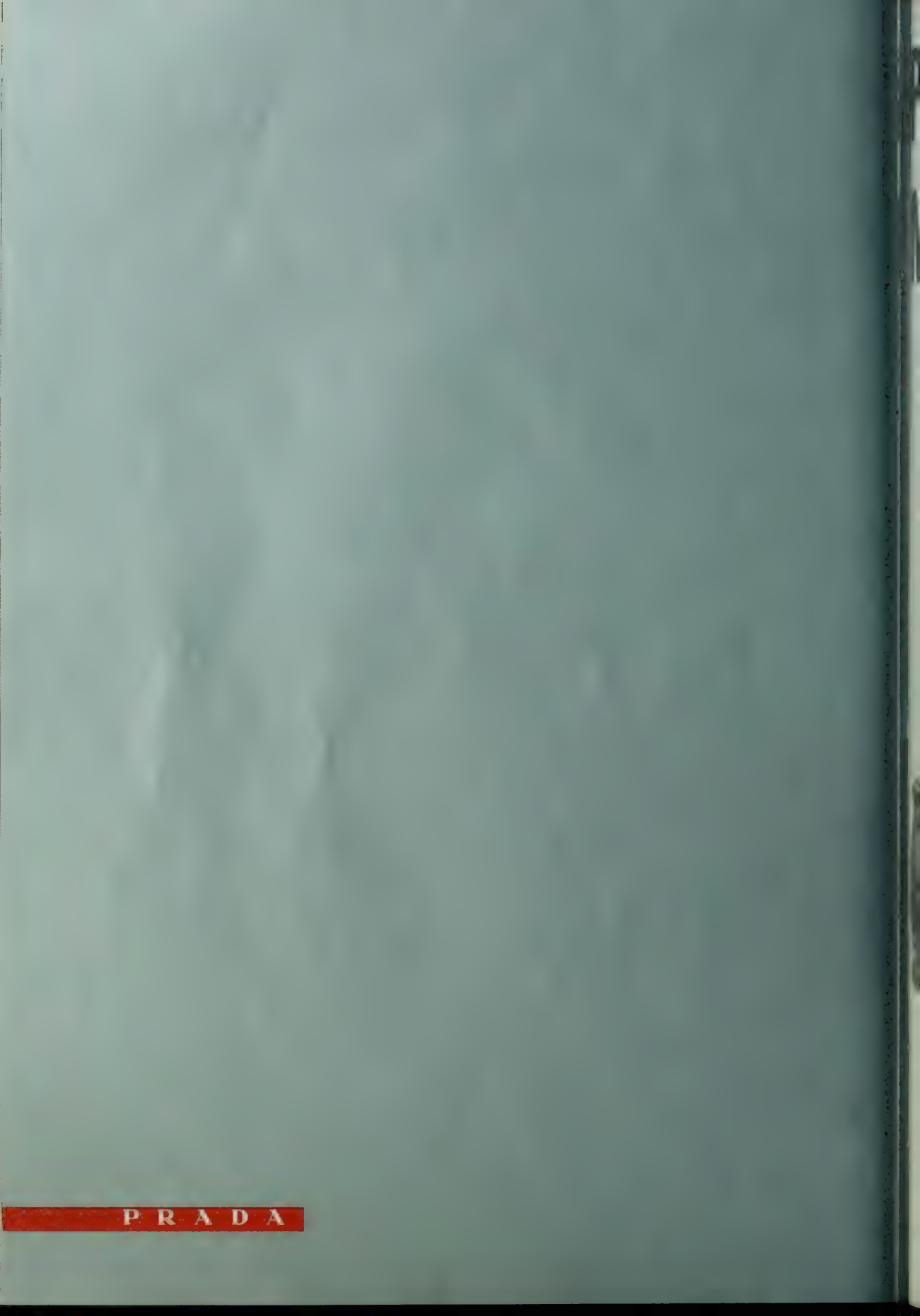
Our wishes for a new trial for Mr. A
Jamal are stronger than ever.

HELENE AND JERRY R
Los Angeles, Califo

WE WHO SUPPORT Mumia are accu
of being used by him. I believe it is M
Faulkner, Daniel Faulkner's widow, w
is being used—by the racist, Christi
fundamentalist, pro-death crowd. Ev
one should wander around the Justic
Daniel Faulkner Web site. It is quite an
ucation. Bible quotes justifying the de
penalty abound. Apparently these peo
are not familiar CONTINUED ON PAGE






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Letters

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96 with Jesus' injunction to turn the other cheek. They even attack Sister Helen Prejean for her life-affirming stand. No, this is an Old Testament Yahweh crowd reveling in bloodlust. An eye for an eye, by golly. As the great Mahatma Gandhi and others have pointed out, an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth will leave the whole world toothless and blind. We who support Mumia are accused of being dupes, ignorant, or a bunch of left-wing crazies or Hollywood flakes. People like Sister Helen Prejean, Howard Zinn, Manning Marable, Whoopi Goldberg, Ed Asner, Mike Farrell, Alice Walker, and Pam Africa. I am humbled at being associated with such people.

THE REVEREND DEBORAH C. ANDERSON
McDonough, New York

I FOUND IT IRONIC that Alice Walker compared Abu-Jamal to Nelson Mandela. In the days before his imprisonment, Mandela held firmly to the belief that violent, armed struggle would be necessary to end apartheid. Apply Walker's comparison to Abu-Jamal and then consider whether he was truly supporting a greater good when he pumped five bullets into Dan Faulkner.

JEREMY LOOME
Edmonton, Alberta

BUZZ BISSINGER'S article on convicted cop-murderer Mumia Abu-Jamal was a stirring example of how, amid the cacophony of quasi-informed sloganeers, truth, in its simple elegance, can still rise.

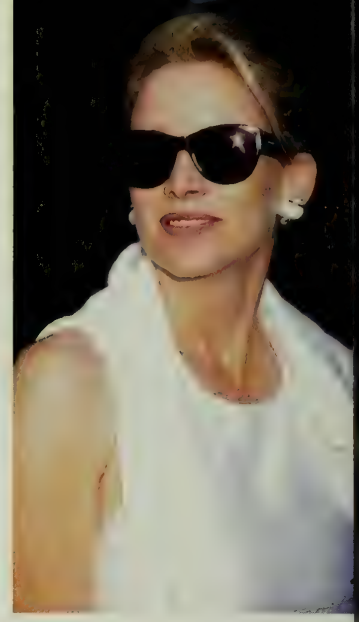
CHRIS ORROCK
Salt Lake City, Utah

OVER THE PAST few months, *Vanity Fair* has covered the death penalty. As an opponent of this archaic tool of our legal system, I appreciate this. An irony strikes me immediately: how odd that Christopher Hitchens appears to stand alone in his outrage for the 73 children sentenced to death in this country, while Mr. Abu-Jamal is a hero to countless Hollywood types, writers, politicians, and big-name do-gooders. Where are the rallies, fund-raisers, Web sites, and full-page ads for the 73 children? Where is the "glittering array of individuals"? The visits from foreign dignitaries, the radio spots, the walkouts?

JUDITH CROSBY
Orlando, Florida

How to Divorce a Billionaire

MARJORIE WILLIAMS asked me for some of my thoughts concerning my daughter Patricia Duff, and I wish she had included them in her recent art[icle] ["Dangerous Beauty," August]. Unfo[rtu]nately one of the most distorted conc[lu]sions is the belief that Patricia is so[mew]hat paranoid. Mr. Perelman proba[bly] would like everyone to harbor t[his] thought, and he appears to have wor[ked] very hard at creating that impression [over] the last two years or more. He certa[inly] has utilized every technique available [to] him to discredit Patricia as a wife, a mother, and as a normal human bein[g].



Shades of Patricia: Patricia Duff, on a break from her three-year custody bat[tle] with ex-husband Ronald Perelman.

Mr. Perelman threatened to destroy [Pa]tricia some time ago, and it appears h[e is] trying to keep on schedule. A major c[us]tody hearing commenced on August [1] and Mr. Perelman is doing his best to [follow] through on his earlier threat.

Ronald is known as a control freak a[nd] demonstrated this when his ex-wife C[la]udia was given an ultimatum to drop [her] interest in Senator D'Amato. And w[hen] he boycotted his son Josh's wedding w[hen] Josh refused to insist that his prospec[tive] bride sign a pre-nuptial agreement. R[o]nald's reputation as a businessman certa[in]ly leaves a whole lot to be desired—just [ask] many of his stockholders or some of [the] guys on the Street. He isn't Mr. Nice G[uy] to his employees either. A typical exam[ple] of the stress he has placed on Patricia [is] the requirement that a bodyguard acco[m]pany Caleigh 24 hours a day. It has b[een] a huge burden on Caleigh as well as [her] mother. It has meant that wherever [Ca]leigh resides, there must be space by [the] entrance of the house for guards' quart[ers] 24 hours a day. Would you want a bo[dy]guard in *your* home 24 hours a day? Th[at]



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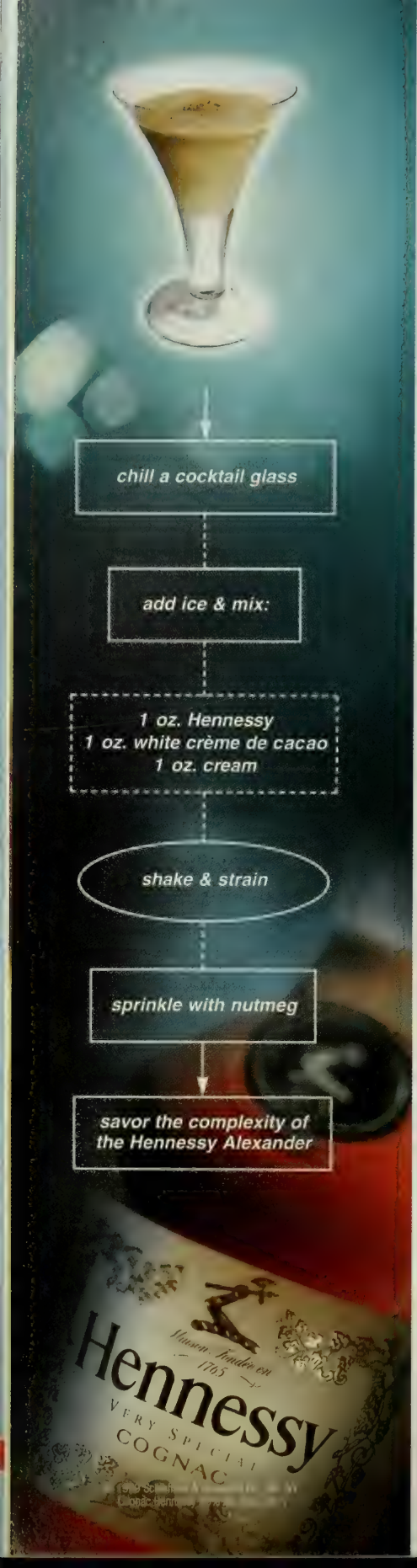
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What's in style for fall?

Here's the long answer.





been Patricia's life. Just recently the appellate court overturned the order requiring these security arrangements.

You might think that as a mother Patricia would have the latitude most mothers have in raising a child. Think again. Ronald is at it again. He succeeded in stipulating as to where and, for that matter, *if* Caleigh is allowed to go to pre-school to meet new little friends. He controls the religion she is to follow. He controls what she is taught in school. He controls what athletic activities she is allowed to participate in. Not too much left for Patricia.

Patricia has been a superdedicated mom. Caleigh is the light of her life. Ask the people who have seen her with her child. She is intelligent and well informed as a parent. She has good sense and has provided a beautiful, loving environment for her child. She is deeply committed to Caleigh's welfare and to her development as a well-rounded member of society. It would be a horrible travesty to separate Caleigh from her mother simply to satisfy Mr. Perelman's outrageous and unrelenting desire to *get* Patricia. To have Caleigh relegated to a life of nannies and maids without a mother is certainly *not* a desirable way to go.

Why doesn't someone focus on what Patricia stands for, what she has done with her life, what her hopes are for the country, what her hopes are for Caleigh? Maybe people will then realize that she isn't at all paranoid, and that all she wants is her child and to go on with her life in a sane, sensible way.

ROBERT ORR
Vista, California

HAS IT OCCURRED to anyone involved in this utterly ridiculous, pompous, and nauseating scenario that *neither* Duff nor Perelman deserves custody of that poor child? They're fighting over whether a four-year-old needs a screening room, $36,000 a year for clothes, and $15,000 a month for vacations? I'm surprised they haven't tried to put a dollar amount on love she is not receiving. She belongs in a home where $36,000 a year buys her a house full of love and two parents who know what *real* priorities are.

STEPHANIE CROMBIE
Chicago, Illinois

NOT IN RECENT MEMORY have I read about two grown people in greater need of a good spanking and a long, *long* "time-out" in opposite corners than Patricia Duff and Ronald Perelman.

MARY ANN BASHAW
Phoenix, Arizona

Guilty by Suspicion

I WAS EXTREMELY disturbed to r
"Murder Most Yale" [August], Suza
Andrews's sensational account of
events surrounding the murder of Yale
dent Suzanne Jovin. The article fails to
cus on the conduct, or misconduct, of
New Haven police department and
stead fuels the self-serving media scru
of my brother, Dr. James Van de Velde

Immediately following the murder,
New Haven police blindly pursued th
misplaced suspicions and publicly nam
Jim Van de Velde, a popular teacher,
a suspect. The police intentionally lea
their sensational theory to the local p
without a single piece of evidence to s
port their allegation. They then initia
an aggressive media campaign to bol
their premise. The article neglects to m
tion the manipulative police tactic of
ing this case in the court of public op
ion. Instead, it perpetuates the malici
campaign to discredit Dr. Van de Vel
using anonymous innuendo and rum

Dr. Van de Velde has led an exe
plary life; his conduct and ethics are
yond reproach. Not only has he b
falsely accused of this crime, but the e
less speculation has severely damaged
career and reputation.

MEG KROEG
Antelope, Califo

SHAME ON *Vanity Fair* for the hurtful
ticle about my friend James Van de Vel
Just as the local New Haven media h
done, you have unfairly characteriz
James as a murderer, without any r
evidence. You would not have told t
cutting story if Jim had had an "avera
education and background and were
low-level instructor at an unknown c
lege. You wrote this story because
James's remarkable talents and posit
at a vaunted institution, which made t
story sensational. The price has been
destruction of this good man's name.

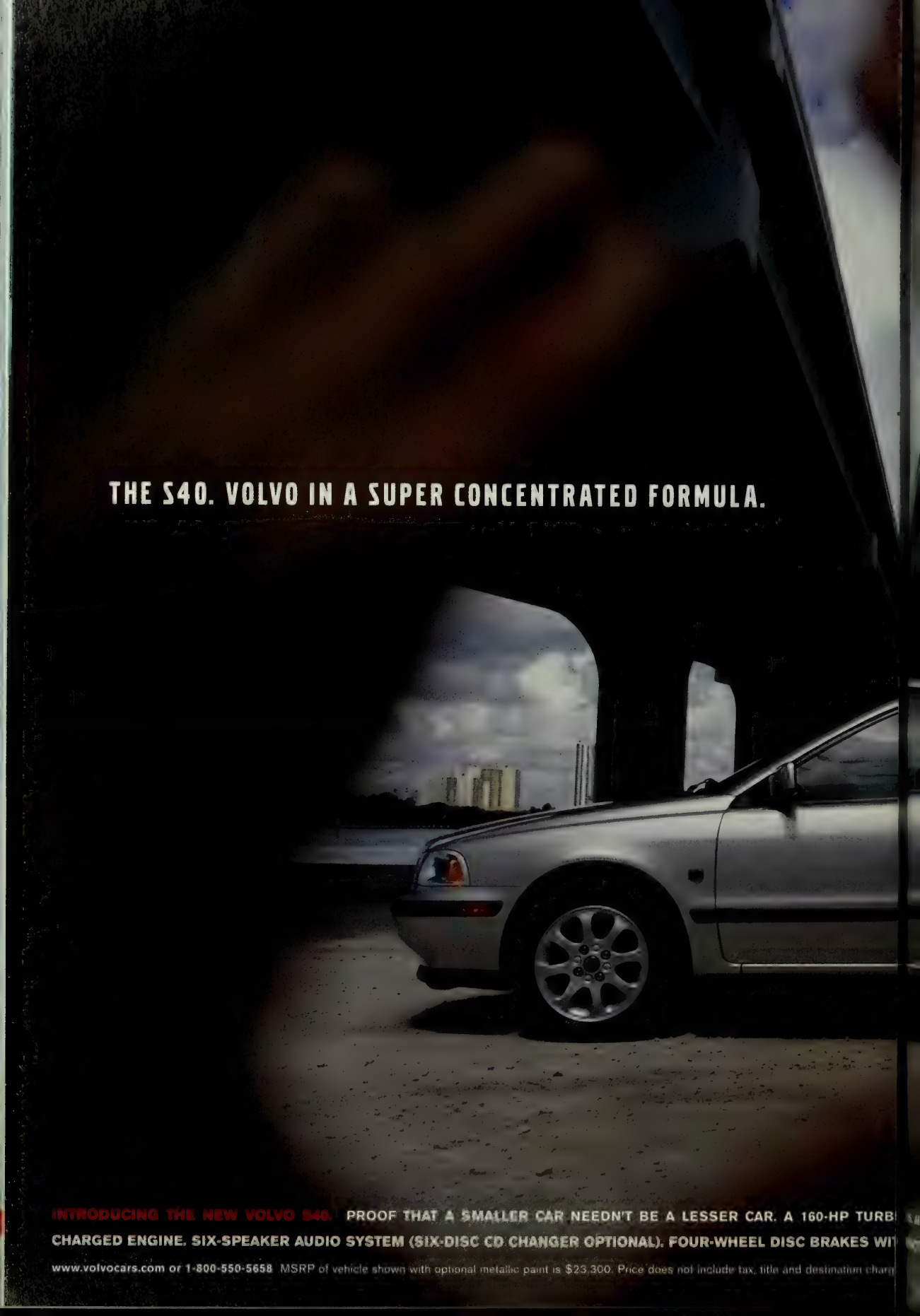
JOHN DeF
Orange, Connect

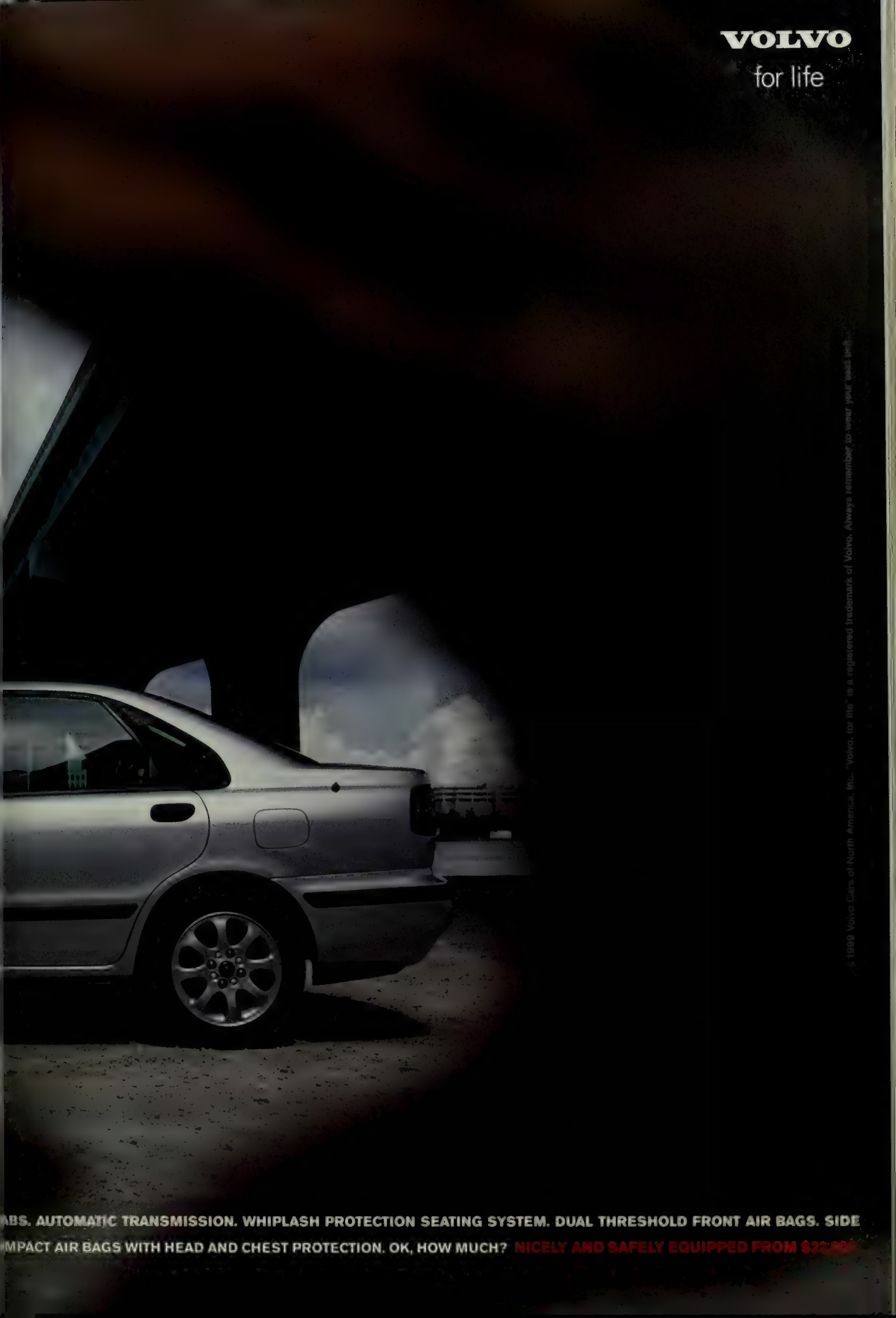
Brill on the Grill

CONGRATULATIONS TO James Wolc
for his article on *Brill's Content* ["Bri
Bully Pulpit," August]. The magaz
emerged at a time when much of Am
ica was disgusted with the media, an
promised to hold the media accou
able. But after its first issue, the ma
zine drifted in its purpose.

I became a former *Brill's Content* s


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Cat fanciers: Roy and Siegfried, photographed at their 100-acre "country estate," Little Bavaria, near Las Vegas.

scriber when it violated its own mission statement. I was appalled at Steven Brill's effort to cozy up to John F. Kennedy Jr. and then hypocritically sneer at the kinds of covers *George* runs.

Unfortunately, *Brill's Content* will not get the message and will likely add yet another holier-than-thou rebuttal in next month's issue.

SELBY JESSUP
Los Angeles, California

THE FIRST AMENDMENT guarantees freedom of the press to everyone, but few Americans exercise this right. Instead, most people whine about the existing media on the assumption that nothing else can be done. Brill is the rare exception who has created a new publication that seeks to influence media behavior. Nobody is required to invest in his magazine, to buy it, to read it, or to agree with it. It's simply one more option for the public to choose from. And if Brill ultimately demonstrates that media criticism can be profitable, he may encourage other entrepreneurs to jump into this game as well.

DAN ROTTENBERG
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

WOLCOTT'S ARTICLE aggressively articulates the shortcomings of Brill's "concept" publication, but midway through, his defensive digression took things right back into the sandbox. Even if the concept of an entire magazine devoted to journalistic watchdogging is ill-fated in Wolcott's vi... his article certainly lends credibility to ... inevitable fallibility of all journalists.

ERIN LO...
New Orleans, Louisi...

I AM ONE OF *George* magazine's faith... readers, and was also actually one of ... people that *Brill's Content* contacted to g... my opinion of *George*. I declined. H... I given my opinion, however, I would ... have minded if Mr. Wolcott made fun ... it. Mr. Wolcott is a world-class bub... burster, and it is my loss that I did ... get a chance to be poked fun at by hi...

CARINA F. FLO...
Silicon Valley, Califo...

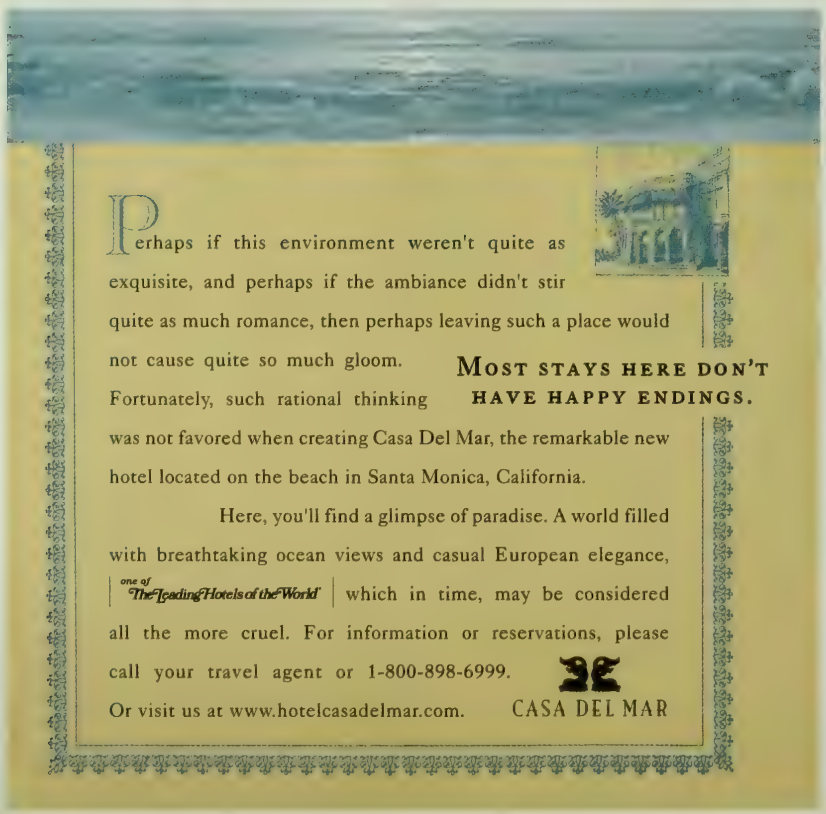
Into the Wild

TEN POINTS for Matt Tyrnauer's au... cious, awe-inspiring article "Married, w... Tigers" [August]. I was hesitant to read ... article, presuming (narrow-mindedly) t... it would reek of testosterone. To my s... prise, the article proved to be an in-dep... look at the private lives of the two ma... cians. Unlike the miscellaneous "bits a... pieces" articles about Siegfried and R... I've read, "Married, with Tigers" w... "Let's get down and dirty," reveali... some things I would never have knov... And the photographs (10½ points ... Michel Comte!) were so yummy, enou... to turn a young girl like me into a wom...

LEVONDA NORM...
Asheville, North Caro...

I LOVED the article on Siegfried and Roy... your August issue until I reached the p... regarding the photo with Bill Clinto... What in the world would possess Siegfri... and Roy to feel that a Clinton photo op w... so important that they should allow t... Secret Service to point rifles at the tiger...

JOANNA FISH...
Marietta, Geo...



Letters to the editor should be sent with ... writer's name, address, and daytime pho... number to: *Vanity Fair,* 4 Times Square, N... York, New York 10036. Address electronic m... to vfmail@vf.com. The magazine reserves ... right to edit submissions, which may be p... lished or otherwise used in any medium. ... submissions become the property of *Vanity F...*

Those submitting manuscripts, photograp... artwork, or other material to *Vanity Fair* ... consideration should *not* send originals unl... requested in writing to do so by *Vanity Fair.* ... unsolicited materials must be accompanied ... a self-addressed overnight-delivery envelo... postage paid. However, *Vanity Fair* is not ... sponsible for unsolicited submissions.



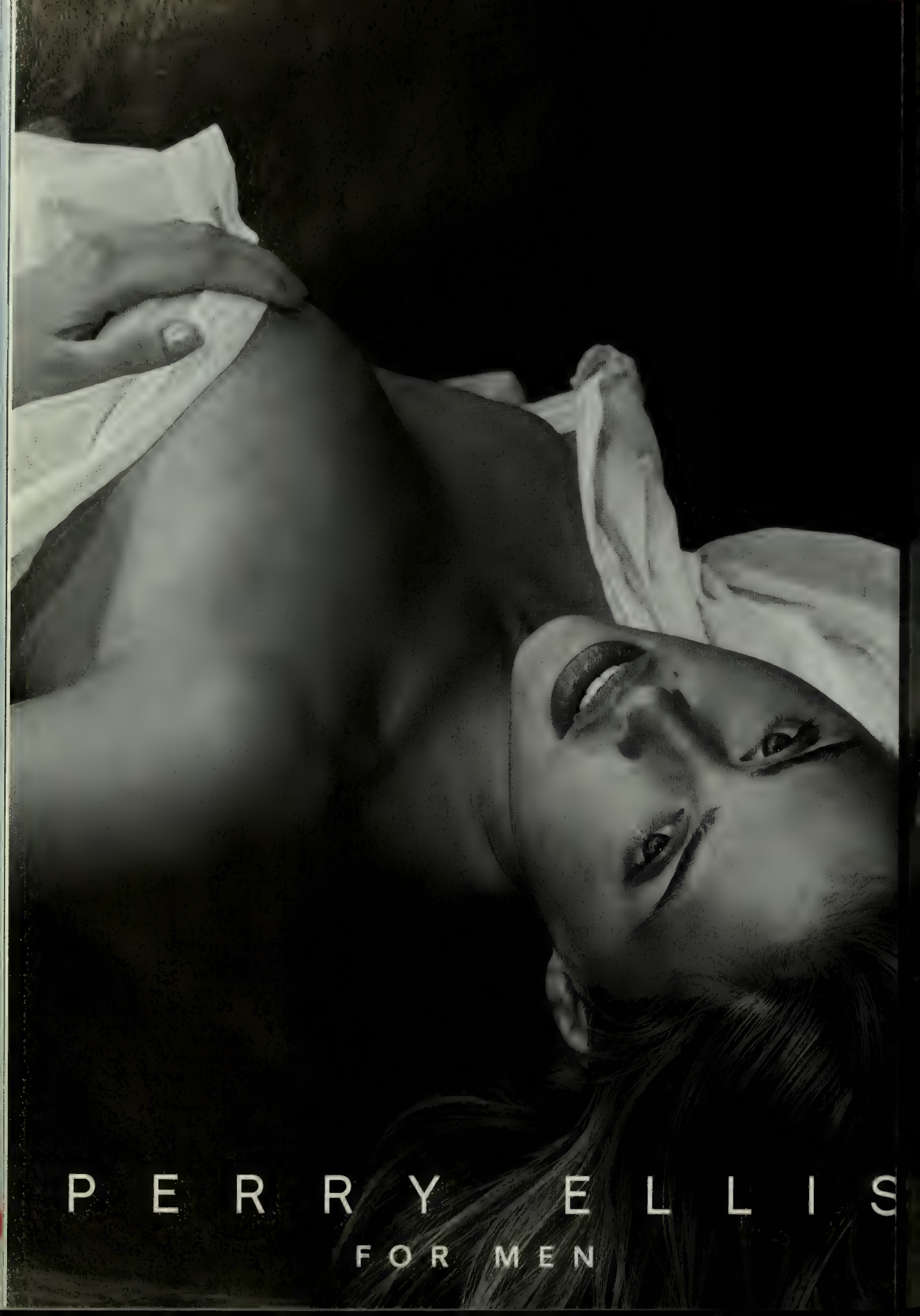
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PERRY ELLIS
FOR MEN



Christopher Hitchens

REBEL IN EVENING CLOTHES

Immortalized for her cocktail-swilling Algonquin reign, *Vanity Fair* writer Dorothy Parker also used her wit to skewer prejudice in pre-civil-rights America. And despite the original objections of Lillian Hellman, her onetime literary executor, Parker's final legacy–to Martin Luther King and the N.A.A.C.P.–is still being affirmed

In the fall of 1914, as Europe was marching over the precipice, Miss Dorothy Rothschild of New York wrote a poem entitled "Any Porch," and sent it off to *Vanity Fair* editor Frank Crowninshield. It was a nine-stanza lampoon, satirizing the hotel-porch babble of spoiled upper-crust ladies in Connecticut, and its acceptance, for an emolument of $12, marked the first time that the future Dorothy Parker got anything into print:

"My husband says, often, 'Elise,
You feel things too deeply, you do–'"
"Yes, forty a month, if you please,
Oh, servants impose on me, too."

"I don't want the vote for myself,
But women with property, dear–"
"I think the poor girl's on the shelf,
She's talking about her 'career.'"



LAST ANGRY WOMAN Dorothy Parker, seen here circa 1936, once described her life as "wild with the knowledge of injustice and brutality and misrepresentation."

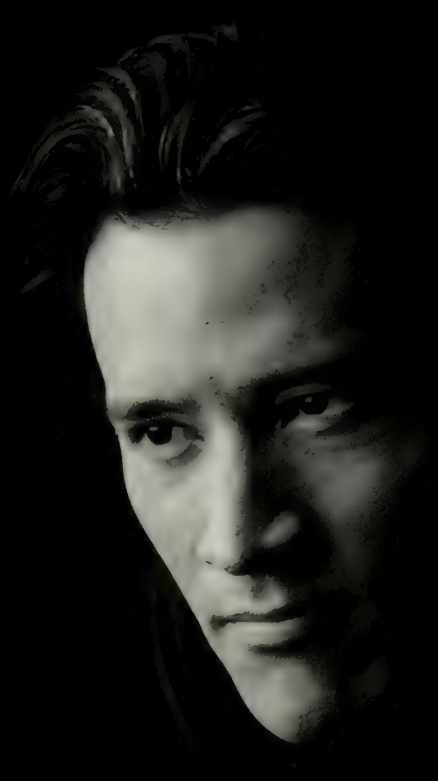
Crowninshield–the granduncle of Benjamin Crowninshield Bradlee, late of *The Washington Post*–soon after hired Miss Rothschild for Condé Nast and thereby enabled her to quit her day job as a pianist at a Manhattan dance school. This was an odd alliance, between the cultivated and immaculate super-Wasp Crowninshield, who combined fashion-plate tastes with an interest in Picasso, and the daughter of an ambitious sweatshop artist in the New York Garment District. From then on, young Dorothy divided her time agreeably enough between writing suggestive fashion captions for *Vogue* and incendiary verses for *Vanity Fair.* The fashion lines had an edge to them–"Brevity is the soul of lingerie," she wrote, and also: "There was a little girl who had a little curl, right in the middle of her forehead. When she was good she was very very good, and when she was bad she wore this divine nightdress of rose-colored mousseline de soie, trimmed with frothy Valenciennes lace."

This sort of thing was a revenge for the detested convent school to which her upwardly mobile parents had insisted upon sending her. The poetry, though, was sometimes so subversive that Mr. Crowninshield had to publish it under the pseudonym "Henriette Rousseau." Composed in free verse rather than conventional stanzas, they included "Women: A Hate Song" ("I hate Women. They get on my Nerves"). There was also a pungent prose article, "Why I Haven't Married," in which it was the turn of the male sex to get the treatment. There was another poem with the "Hate Song" title, from 1919, subtitled "An Intimate Glimpse of *Vanity Fair*–En Famille." It began and ended with the italicized cry "*I hate the office, / It cuts in on my social life.*" Here one encountered such figures as:

... the Boss;
The Great White Chief.
He made us what we are to-day,–
I hope he's satisfied.
He has some bizarre ideas
About his employees getting to work
At nine o'clock in the morning,–
As if they were a lot of milkmen.
He has never been known to see you
When you arrive at 8:45,
But try to come in at a quarter past ten
And he will always go up in the elevator with you.
He goes to Paris on the slightest provocation
And nobody knows why he has to stay there so long.

(To this, one can only add, How different, how very different, is the style of our own dear *rédacteur en chef.*) Crowninshield was a stuffy man in some ways, but we owe him a debt of gratitude because it was he who kept Mrs. Parker–she married in 1917–in work, he who introduced her to Robert Benchley and

al men. Real allure.



Journalist
New York City



ALLURE

FOR MEN

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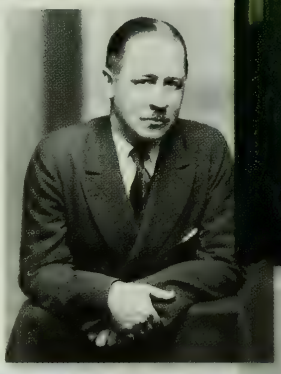
Robert Sherwood and caused them to become friends and colleagues, and he who had the inspired idea of giving her P. G. Wodehouse's old job as *Vanity Fair*'s theater critic, when "Plum" took himself off to write musical comedies in collaboration with Jerome Kern and Guy Bolton. Mr. Benchley once observed that the joy of being a *Vanity Fair* contributor was this: you could write about any subject you liked, no matter how outrageous, as long as you said it in evening clothes. I have devoted my professional life to the emulation of this fine line.





"I shall stay the way I am," Parker wrote. "Because I do not give a damn."







***FAIR* GAME**
***From top:* P. G. Wodehouse, whom Parker replaced in 1917 as *Vanity Fair*'s theater critic, in London, 1928; Dorothy Parker, late 1920s; *V.F.* editor Frank Crowninshield; *V.F.* colleagues Robert Benchley and Robert Sherwood.**

I never knew Mrs. Parker, but I did know Jessica Mitford, whose life in some ways reminds me of Parker's: refugee from a perfectly ghastly family; champion of the oppressed; implacable foe of the bores. Once, during Mitford's days in the Deep South as a partisan of civil rights, "Decca" was taken to an all-white garden party by her friend Virginia Durr. Introduced to the head of the local board of education, she sweetly confided that in Oakland, California, where she lived, the student honor roll was led by blacks. "It don't seem to make no sense, do it?" said the sturdy segregationist. "To me it do," retorted Decca, sweeping away as the education boss wilted like a salted snail. The crisp one-line comeback is among the least ephemeral things in the world.

People revere and remember Mrs. Parker's work to this day, for its epigrams and multiple entendres and for its terse, brittle approach to the long littleness of life. There's a tendency to forget, though, that the "edge" and the acuity came from an acidulated approach to stupidity and bigotry and cruelty. Much of this awareness originated in her family life; as the youngest of two brothers and two sisters she was the keenest in observing the difference between their uptown life and the dismal condition of those who toiled in the apparel industry. As, in 1939, she was to tell the readers of *New Masses*—arguably the least brittle and witty magazine ever to be published on American soil:

> I think I knew first what side I was on when I was about five years old, at which time nobody was safe from buffaloes. It was in a brownstone house in New York, and there was a blizzard, and my rich aunt—a horrible woman then and now—had come to visit. I remember going to the window and seeing the street with the men shovelling snow; their hands were purple on their shovels, and their feet were wrapped with burlap. And my aunt, looking over my shoulder, said, "Now isn't it nice there's this blizzard. All those men have work." And I knew then that it was not nice that men could work for their lives only in desperate weather, that there was no work for them when it was fair.

The word "fair" is beautifully deployed there, I think. Even when she was writing for *New Masses* (the Communist-dominated mutation of the old Greenwich Village *The Masses*, which had been associated with John Reed and Max Eastman), Mrs. Parker did not forsake her habit of stretching like a feline and then whipping out with a murderous paw. (Of some superior-minded socialists she used to know, she wrote: "Some of them are dead. And the rest are liberals, too.")

So that a life apparently consecrated to Broadway and the speakeasy and (oh God, not all that again) the Algonquin Hotel, with its celebrated Round Table and matching circle of wits—George S. Kaufman and Alexander Woollcott predominating—was also a life, as she phrased it, "wild with the knowledge of injustice and brutality and misrepresentation." And in 1927 she married her two styles—deadly perfect-pitch eavesdropping and cold contempt for prejudice—in a story entitled "Arrangement in Black and White." It opens like this: "The woman with the pink velvet poppies wreathed round the assisted gold of her hair traversed the crowded room at an interesting gait combining a skip with a sidle . . . "

Rather like her first poem, "Any Porch," much of Mrs. Parker's story is overheard dialogue, made up of mingled inanity and condescension. The vapid woman of "assisted gold" hair is bent on meeting the "colored" singer who is the social lion of the evening. Yet she worries what her husband may think:

> But I must say for Burton, he's heaps broader-minded than lots of these Southerners. He's really awfully fond of colored people. Well, he says himself, he wouldn't have white servants. And you know, he had this old colored nurse, this regular old nigger mammy, and he just simply loves her. Why, every time he goes home, he goes out in the kitchen to see her. He does, really, to this day.

There are some moments of superb dryness to offset the electrifying embarrassment, as when the woman gushingly asks her host, "Aren't I terrible?," and he replies


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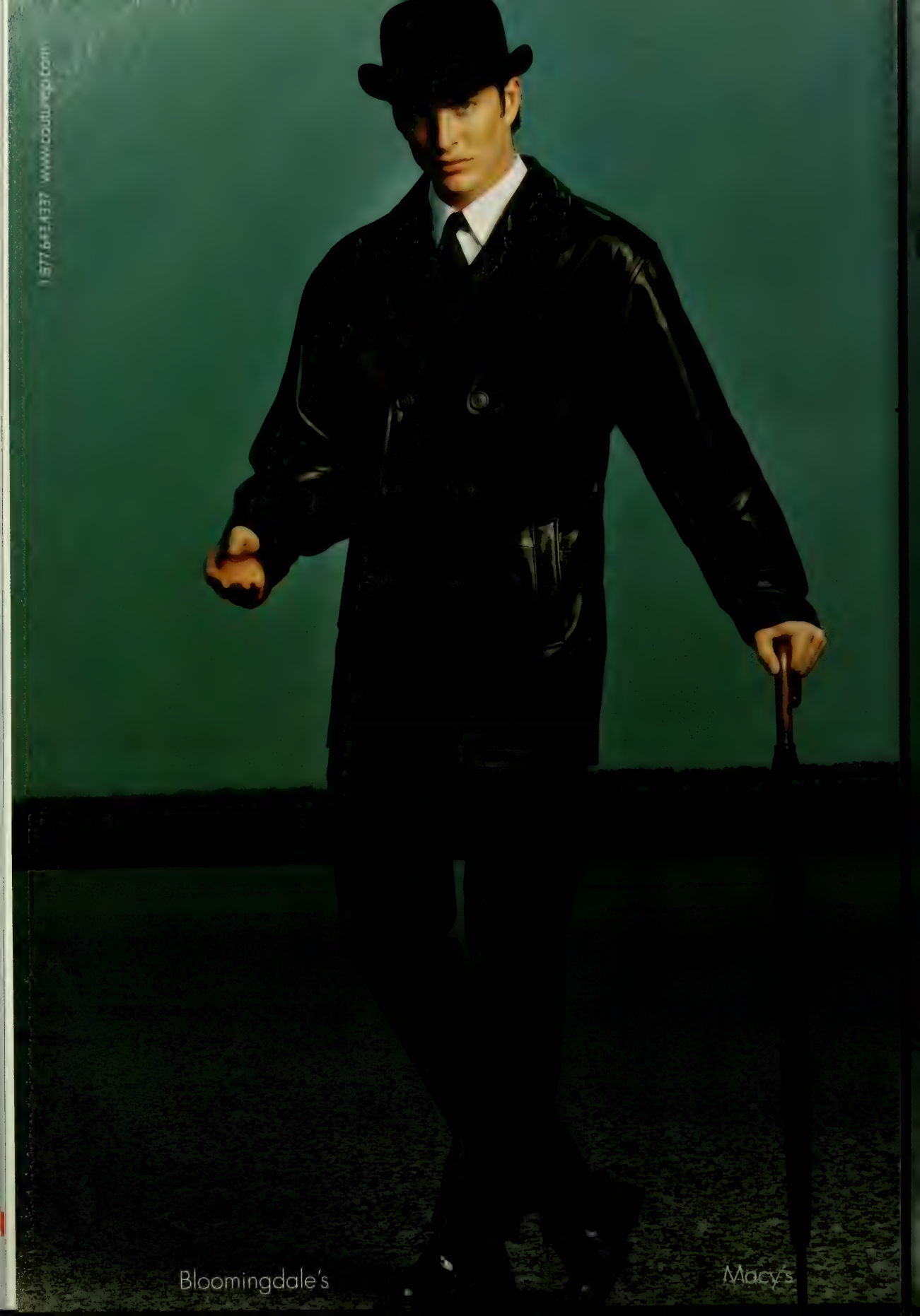
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by J. PARK

"Oh, no, no, no. No, no." Or when she asks:

"There are some bad white people, too, in this world. Aren't there?"

"I guess there are," said her host.

It's a fairly short story, but it seems longer—as moments of gross social bêtise always do—because the female character just cannot put a foot right. (When she eventually meets the black singer, she speaks "with great distinctness, moving her lips meticulously, as if in parlance with the deaf.") Viewed from more than seven decades later, it seems at moments a little obvious, until one remembers those seven decades and their passage, and the fact that Jim Crow—legally enforced segregation in everything from trains to the armed forces—was the unchallenged rule in 1927, and until one appreciates that Mrs. Parker had anticipated every agonized, patronizing person who was ever to speak of the African-American and his divine sense of rhythm. Indeed, she was four decades ahead of *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner.*





WRITES OF PASSAGE
Below, **Dorothy Parker and a playful Harpo Marx, circa 1933.** ***Bottom,*** **Lillian Hellman and Parker at the Hotel Astor, 1945; after Parker's death in 1967, Hellman was furious that she had bequeathed her entire estate to the N.A.A.C.P.**

She was also four decades away from her own death. "But I shall stay the way I am," she wrote in 1925. "Because I do not give a damn." In consequence, partly, of her non-damn donation policy, her end wasn't as sweet as it might have been. Lonely, except for her dog, Troy, and a bit sour, and a touch too fond of the pre-noon cocktail, she hung on in the Volney residential hotel in New York—within dog-walking distance of Central Park and full of the sort of idle women she had always despised—and continued to make biting remarks to a diminishing audience. She was habitually hopeless about money, and her friends were surprised, after her demise, to find that she had bothered to make a will at all. But in 1965, feeling herself wasting away, she had summoned a lawyer named Oscar Bernstien and drawn up a very simple document. Her shares of common stock in *The New Yorker* (given to her by editor Harold Ross), her savings accounts, and her copyrights and royalties, she instructed him, were to go to the Reverend Martin Luther King. In the event of his death, they would be bequeathed to the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (N.A.A.C.P.). Oscar Bernstien's widow, Rebecca, later said, "He understood completely what she had in mind. It seemed natural because she had no heirs, and racial injustice had always affected her very deeply." Having made these simple provisions—and meanwhile appointing Lillian Hellman as her literary executor—she told Zero Mostel that the least she could do now was die.

But this she didn't do until June 7, 1967. The Reverend Dr. King was chairing a meeting of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, in an Atlanta restaurant called B. B. Beamon's, when he received the news of the bequest. It didn't amount to all that much—$20,448.39 after deductions—but at 1967 prices it caused him to tell his executive that it "verifies what I have always said, that the Lord will provide." At that moment, he had less than a year to live himself.

Mrs. Parker had stipulated that she be cremated, with no funeral service of any kind, and she nearly got her wish. Lillian Hellman organized a memorial at which she herself was the star attraction, and seems to have lost or destroyed all of her friend's remaining papers. The cremation, though, did take place.

"Excuse my dust" had been Mrs. Parker's jokey all-purpose epitaph. But the laugh was on her. Lillian Hellman sent her ashes to the law firm of Oscar Bernstien and Paul O'Dwyer, and Mr. O'Dwyer, one of New York's greatest people's attorneys and labor defenders, receiving no instructions about their disposal or their disposition, kept them in a filing cabinet in his office for two decades. There is only one plausible explanation for this amazingly unaesthetic outcome, and that is the vindictiveness of Lillian Hellman—surely one of the least attractive women produced by the American "progressive" culture in this century. Furious at not having been named owner of the estate, she contested the transfer of the rights from Dr. King to the N.A.A.C.P. A court ruled in favor of the organization, causing Ms. Hellman to explode with irritation and to speak with almost as much condescension as the frothy lady in "Arrangement in Black and White." "It's one thing to have real feeling for black people," she expostulated, "but to have the kind of blind sentimentality about the N.A.A.C.P., a group so conservative that even many blacks now don't have any respect for it, is something else." To her playwright friend Howard Teichmann, according to Marion Meade's surpassingly good Parker biography, *What Fresh Hell Is This?,* Hellman raged about Mrs. Parker's alleged promise that "when she died, she would leave me the rights to her writing. At my death, they would pass directly to the N.A.A.C.P. But what did she do? She left them to the N.A.A.C.P. Damn her!" (To the present day, those who want to reprint Mrs. Parker have to go to the N.A.A.C.P. and discuss royalties: a perfect posthumous revenge from two points of view.)

Parker's "edge" came from an acidulated approach to stupidity and bigotry.

That period of spitefulness and neglect came to its close in October 1988, when Benjamin Hooks of the N.A.A.C.P. became aware that Mrs. Parker's remains had no resting-place except for a dank filing cabinet. A small memorial garden was prepared on the grounds of the organization's national headquarters in Baltimore, and a brief ceremony was held at which Mr. Hooks improved somewhat on the terse line about "excuse my dust." It might


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be better, he said, to recall her lines from "Epitaph for a Darling Lady":

> Leave for her a red young rose
> Go your way, and save your pity.
> She is happy, for she knows
> That her dust is very pretty.

Mrs. Parker had never been very affirmatively Jewish—she disliked her father's piety and always insisted that her hatred of Hitler and Fascism was, so to say, secular—but Mr. Hooks took the opportunity to stress the historic comradeship between blacks and Jews. The inscription at the little memorial reads:

> Here lie the ashes of Dorothy Parker (1893–1967) Humorist, writer, critic, defender of human and civil rights. For her epitaph she suggested "Excuse My Dust". This memorial garden is dedicated to her noble spirit which celebrated the oneness of humankind, and to the bonds of everlasting friendship between black and Jewish people.

This rather affecting gesture drew little publicity at the time. And black-Jewish relations were not exactly flourishing in the late 1980s. A few years ago, when I was in Baltimore to visit the H. L. Mencken Library, I heard about the Parker monument and made a brief detour-cum-pilgrimage. I was sad to find the garden slightly neglected, and some of the staff unaware that it was even there. But the N.A.A.C.P. was undergoing a dismal interlude then, with its executive director, the Reverend Ben Chavis, accused of diverting its hard-won funds to pay off his mistress. (He has since changed names and identities and sought relief in the "ministry" of Louis Farrakhan.)



PARKER POSE Dorothy Parker, at age 38, and her beloved dachshund Robinson, photographed by Edward Steichen for *Vanity Fair*, 1932.

"Excuse my dust" had been Parker's jokey epitaph. But the laugh was on her.

On my most recent visit, in June of this year, things were already looking up. I was greeted by Ms. Chris Mencken, one of the N.A.A.C.P.'s staffers, whose grandfather's second cousin was the sage of Baltimore himself. (H. L. Mencken, indeed, published several of Mrs. Parker's early stories in *The Smart Set*, the middlebrow-baiting review that he edited with George Jean Nathan. But that didn't prevent her, when they met in Baltimore in 1924, from walking out when he took too many drinks and began to give off slurring jokes about black people.) Ms. Mencken, whose presence seemed like a sort of ideal recompense for that spoiled evening, had just finished sweeping up around the memorial. It stands in a small grove of pines, which could be mistaken for a circle of listeners. The plaque with the above inscription sits on a cylindrical urn which contains the ashes. The whole is set in three circular courses of brown brickwork. Harry G. Robinson, then dean of the School of Architecture at Howard University, was given the commission for the memorial and wrote that it was intended to symbolize the center of a Round Table.

With America's most venerable civil-rights organization until recently facing bankruptcy and other sorts of discredit, it has been a time for volunteers. Mrs. Myrlie Evers-Williams, widow of the civil-rights martyr Medgar Evers, first stepped forward to assume responsibility. So did former congressman Kweisi Mfume, and so did Julian Bond, the brilliant Georgian activist and orator who was a student of Dr. King's. As the N.A.A.C.P. itself "came back" from an interval of decline, and as Bond and others began to speak back boldly against the black separatist demagogues (and the mealymouthed senators and congressmen who would not disown the so-called Council of Conservative Citizens), I had a tiny idea. I wrote to Julian Bond, proposing that Mrs. Parker's memorial garden be refurbished and re-dedicated. (One hopes that she, who so despised the church, would "excuse" the fact that the N.A.A.C.P. building is a converted nunnery.) By this means I thought we could do honor to one of *Vanity Fair*'s founding minxes, and also to the brave causes that she upheld so tenaciously. Julian Bond right away agreed it was a sound scheme, so we're going to have a little party to celebrate said scheme. I would modestly propose adding a line of Mrs. Parker's from 1939, about the misery and bigotry she saw around her: "I knew it need not be so; I think I knew even then that it would eventually not be so." These are only words, and this is only a gesture, but as Mrs. Parker proved somewhat to her own surprise, there is power in words and in gestures too. □



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KEROUAC'S LONESOME ROAD

King of the Beats, Jack Kerouac wrote the bible for their cult of vagabond freedom, then fled, reeling, from the fame it had brought him. But 30 years after his slow alcoholic suicide, Kerouac's *On the Road* is still being discovered, stolen, and loved



BEAUTY AND THE B
Jack Ker
stands outside a b
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Jack Kerouac, who died 30 years ago this October at the age of 47, committed suicide on the installment plan. He took his time on the checkout line, drinking himself numb. As a young man Kerouac was blessed with a handsome jaw, a dark, virile Superman forelock, an athletic build (he played football for Horace Mann), and a raft of life experience which set him apart from the baby owls in academe trying to emulate T. S. Eliot's dry-sherry manner. (Such as Allen Ginsberg, whom he met in 1944 at Columbia University, where Ginsberg was a student of the distinguished literary critic Lionel Trilling, the J. Alfred Prufrock of the English department. Kerouac met the other member of the Beat trinity, William Burroughs, later that year.) Kerouac's most famous achievement as a writer—*On the Road,* one version of which was typed on a 120-foot scroll of wire-service paper during a three-week Benzedrine-and-caffeine binge—was as much a physical feat as a creative splurge, the work of a powerful locomotive. Add to this a movie-star name (it even rhymed!) and a tough, wounded masculinity reminiscent of Marlon Brando, and it was no wonder fame found Kerouac a natural. But far more swiftly than

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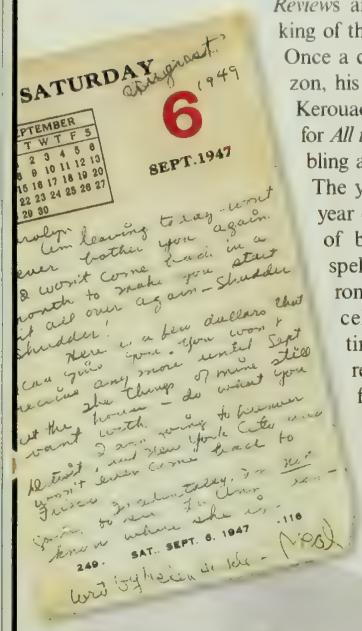
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Brando. Kerouac turned to bloat. As he wrote in a ditty called "Rose Pome," "I'd rather be thin than famous . . . / But I'm fat. Paste that in yr. Broadway Show."

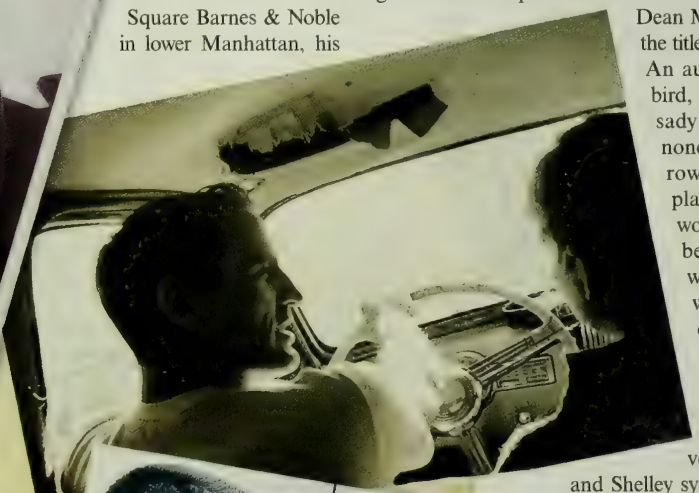
When Kerouac died on October 21, 1969, of massive abdominal hemorrhaging in St. Petersburg, Florida, where he was visiting his mother, he was fat and mostly forgotten. "He was a very lonely man," his third wife, Stella, told the Associated Press. The portrait of Kerouac's last days was captured in an illustration for *Esquire* magazine (March 1970) which showed a beer-gut hasbeen slumped in an armchair surrounded by a stack of *National Reviews* and a scatter of empty bottles: the king of the Beats on his crumb-bum throne. Once a charioteer hurtling toward the horizon, his car radio tuned in to the cosmos, Kerouac had degenerated into a test model for *All in the Family*'s Archie Bunker, grumbling about hippies, Commies, and Jews. The year 1969, remember, was also the year of *Easy Rider,* whose shock climax of bikers bushwhacked by rednecks spelled the end of the wind-whistling romance of freedom and acceptance celebrated in *On the Road.* At the time, it seemed plausible that his rebel yell would fade into a historical footnote, but 30 years after his death, Jack Kerouac still broods over the landscape, larger than ever. Kerouac lives.



Not only does he live in the minds of readers, he remains a wanted man, one of the few writers worth stealing. Like a saint's relics, his books attract thieves. At the St. Marks Bookstore and the Union Square Barnes & Noble in lower Manhattan, his paperbacks are so prey to shoplifting that they're kept behind the counter. Skyline Books, a secondhand store in Manhattan's photo district, offers a section of Beat memorabilia, a humble shrine which occasionally stocks back issues of *Holiday, Evergreen Review,* and *Escapade* containing articles by Kerouac. The Kerouac cult is part of the larger unquenchable fascination with all things Beat. For a group of writers who exalted and peddled drug highs, jazz sensations, spontaneous kicks, transient moods, Oriental-rug visions, and other wordless transports, it's ironic that they not only amassed mountains of their own pesky words but also inspired a beaver community of hangers-on, historians, critics, former lovers, and idolaters whose output threatens to dwarf the original peaks. Hundreds of titles have been published on the Beats from every personal-critical-psychosexual angle. A larger irony, given how heavily the Beats stressed the Zen Now, is the persistent backwash of nostalgia they left behind, a beckoning piano concerto of typewriter keys striking the page rivaled only by Hemingway's Paris in the 20s. The Beats have proved such an enduring beacon and monument on the pop-culture scene that even those who might be called children of the Beats, such as Patti Smith and Bob Dylan, have become sacred elders presiding over their own flock of crows. The permanent Beat cult isn't strictly a literary phenomenon, even though the reading of *Howl, Naked Lunch,* and *On the Road* has become a classic rite of passage for every restless kid staring out the window at school. It's an initiation into a mythic tribe.

Kerouac was the heart and soul of the Beat operation. He coined the term "Beat"—beat as in worn, beat-down; beat as in beatific—and was its true apostle. William Burroughs, with his banker's suits and vampire demeanor, was the surrealist of the group, dishing up pristine cuts of rotting carcasses in *Naked Lunch.* Allen Ginsberg was the chief propagandist, a Jewish Buddhist huggy-bear devoted to good works and street theater (the attempt to levitate the Pentagon in the 1967 anti-war march, a quixotic magic act immortalized in Norman Mailer's *The Armies of the Night,* had Ginsberg written all over it). The great outlaw inspiration was Neal Cassady, Kerouac's model for Dean Moriarty in *On the Road* and the title character of *Visions of Cody.* An autodidact, pool shark, jailbird, satyr, and roustabout, Cassady bulleted through life with none of the inhibitions or sorrows of Young Werther that plagued undergraduate bookworms like Kerouac and Ginsberg. (Burroughs, an old soul with no illusions to rend, always plotted his own pirate course.) Without the example of Cassady goosing them into action, the Beats might have remained a Romantic offshoot, a homegrown version of Rimbaud, Blake and Shelley syncopated to the incantatory







The reading of *On the Road* has become a classic rite of passage—it's an initiation into a mythic tribe.

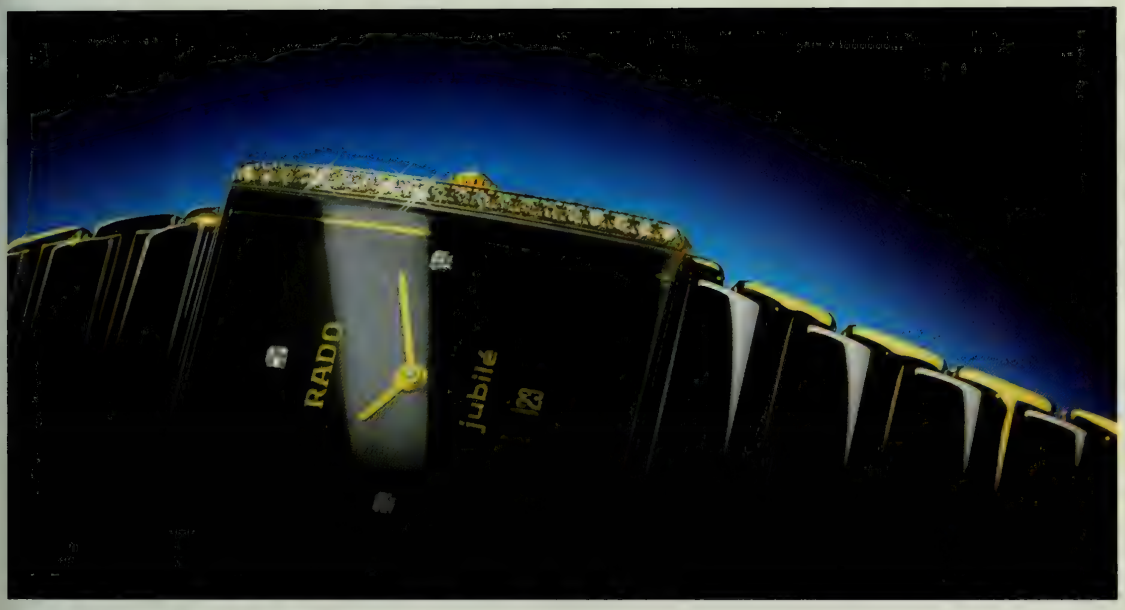
PARTNERS IN TIME

Kerouac's escapades with Neal Cassady are immortalized in *On the Road. From to* a note from Cassady to his second wife, C Cassady and Kerouac in San Francisco, 1952; Cassady with girlfriend Anne Murphy in the early 1960s; a mug shot of Cassady in Denver, Colorado, after his third arrest for car theft, 1944.

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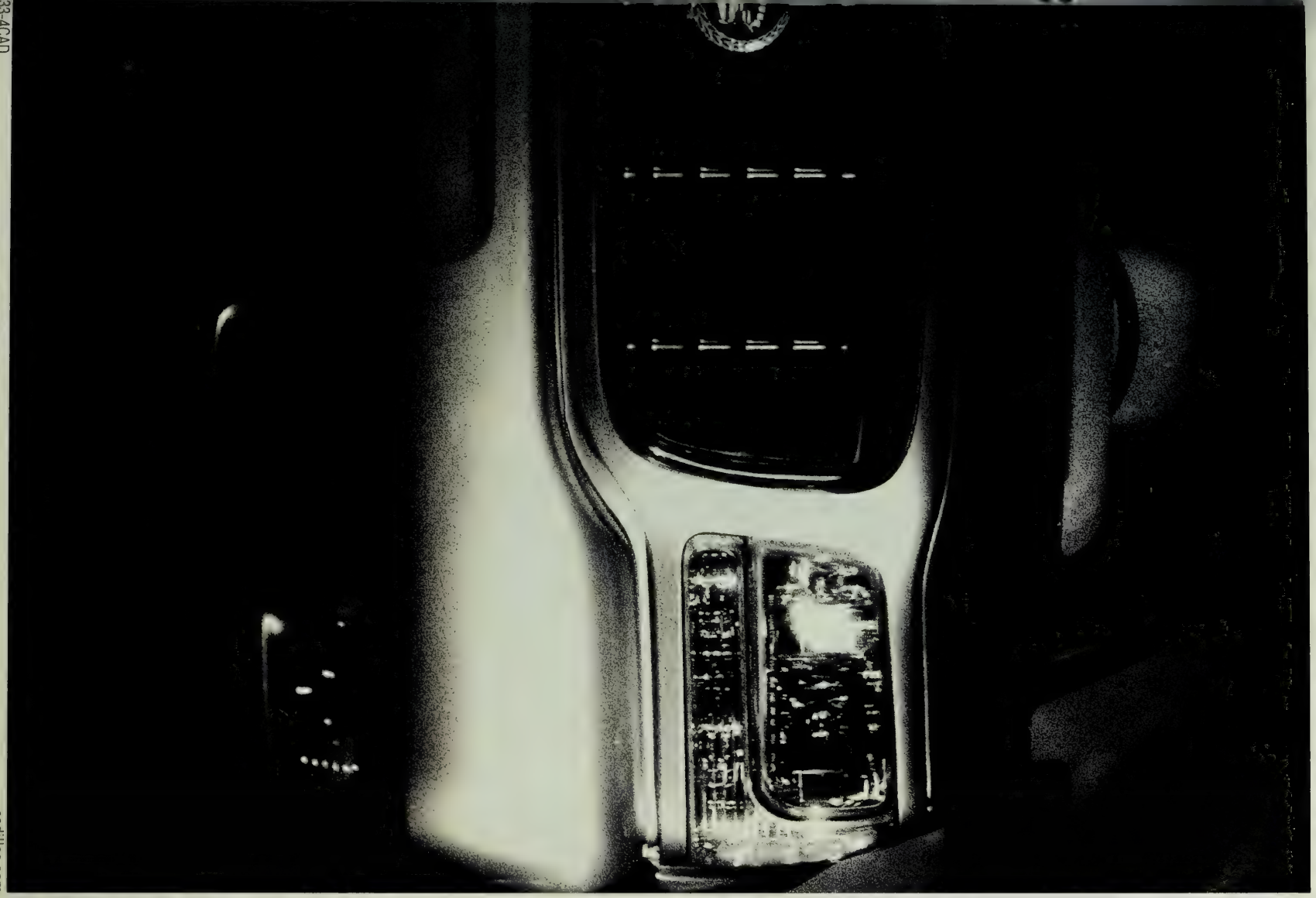
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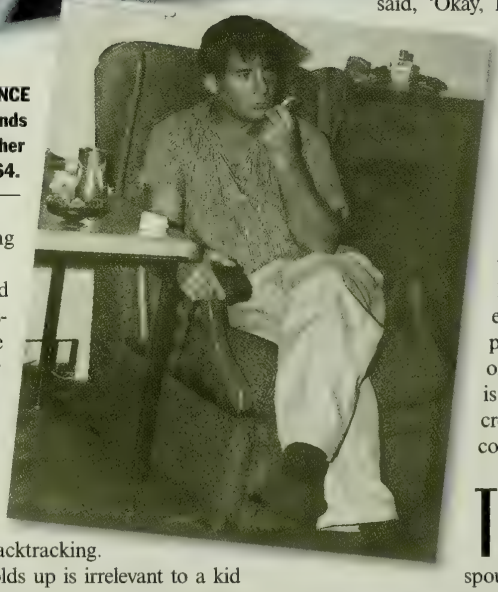


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The fame that most writers chase like an ice-cream truck sent Kerouac reeling in the other direction.





BARD OF THE DANCE
***Above* and *right:* Kerouac entertains friends in a summer house he rented with his mother in Northport, New York, August 1964.**

lines of Walt Whitman, never getting beyond the chatterbox stage.

Kerouac led the way out. He did what Cassady was unable to do—translate fugitive experience into what the critic and Beat-scene maker Seymour Krim dubbed Action Writing. In *On the Road* (1957), Kerouac piped the license and movement he found in Cassady through his own tenor-sax prose. It's become fashionable to say that *On the Road* doesn't "hold up," that it's dated and sentimental and backtracking. The issue of whether *On the Road* holds up is irrelevant to a kid cracking it open for the first time; to him (and it's usually a him, Kerouac's disciples being overwhelmingly male, in my experience), the novel isn't a literary artifact to be judged against the inner gold of other artifacts, but a personal saga and broadcast that bypass normal communication. To newbies, Kerouac's exploits aren't filtered through layers of critical analysis but come at them point-blank, just as Ginsberg's haranguing lines in *Howl* manage to hit new generations of readers full blast. Kerouac writes as if he's right there with you, a fellow passenger. (Kerouac himself seldom drove.)

"Everything in life is foreign territory. Kerouac—he's my teacher. The open road, my school."

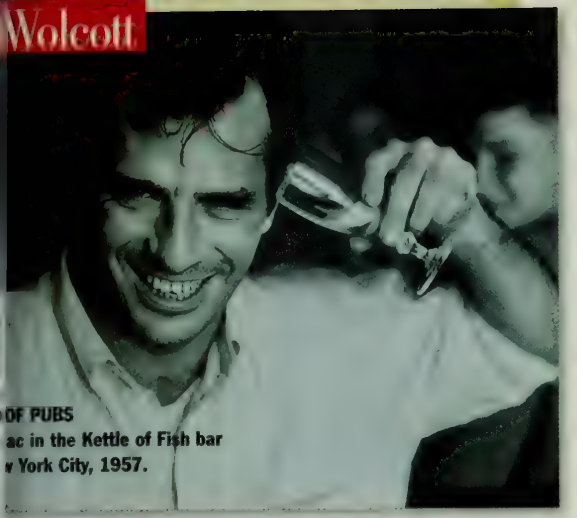
—Xander (Nicholas Brendon), brandishing a copy of *On the Road* in an episode of *Buffy the Vampire Slayer.*

It would be unfair to leave the patronizing impression that *On the Road* appeals only to untapped minds. I recently reread it, not having dipped into it since high school, and was bowled over by its superabundance of incidents, energy, open-pored passion, and canine devotion. Like his literary hero Thomas Wolfe, whose cathedral detailing and rhetorical swollen glands provided the model for Kerouac's first novel, *The Town and the City* (1950), Kerouac had America mapped in the palm of his hand. (Together, Wolfe and Kerouac helped father Bob Dylan, who rattles off place names in his lyrics like a train conductor.) The lifeline in this palm is the Mississippi River, "the great brown father of waters rolling down from mid-America like the torrent of broken souls." As Kerouac's Sal Paradise caroms like a pinball from one bank of city lights to another ("with the radio on to a mystery program, and as I looked out the window and saw a sign that said USE COOPER'S PAINT and I said, 'Okay, I will,' we rolled across the hoodwink night of the Louisiana plains . . . "), the novel flickers with snapshots of the poor and neglected in an ongoing montage which evokes not only Wolfe's night-watchman reveries but also the photographs of Robert Frank. (Kerouac did the foreword for Frank's *The Americans,* the most evocatively shrouded book of postwar photography.) Although *On the Road* was published in 1957, its action takes place 10 years earlier, tinged with a sepia-toned longing for a pre-TV America which retained vestiges of vagabond individuality. *On the Road* is a paradise-lost elegy but—here's its secret—a buoyant one, not some limp flag of commemoration.

The energy is rooted in misfit comedy. Often forgotten today is what a funny writer Kerouac was. The humor doesn't spout from dyspeptic one-liners (Burroughs's specialty) or facile absurdism, but finds release through the sheer collision force of all these human cannonballs smacking together. The section in *On the Road* where we're introduced to Bull Lee, the William Burroughs character, is a comic lithograph of Tristram Shandy–like eccentricity, from the pet ferret Lee used to keep in his "well-appointed rooms" to his drug tinkering ("He also experimented in boiling codeine cough syrup down to a black mash—that didn't work so well") to the following psychological checklist:

He had a set of chains in his room that he said he used with his psychoanalyst; they were experimenting with narcoanalysis and found that Old Bull had seven separate personalities, each growing worse and worse on the way down, till finally he was a raving idiot and had to be restrained with chains. The top personality was an English lord.

Wolcott



OF PUBS
ac in the Kettle of Fish bar
v York City, 1957.

ıe bottom an idiot. Halfway he was an old Negro who stood in line, aiting with everyone else, and said, "Some's bastards, some's ain't, ıat's the score."

Driving fast and fighting sleep, Kerouac's road warriors are ·ying to out-race their own nervous breakdowns and demons ; they gulp the scented night air. The novel eventually veers ff to Mexico, as all salvation tours must, because that's where ıe madonna-whores are, tiny crosses dangling between the ıwny bosoms on which our heroes can rest their mangy heads ntil it's tequila time.

Despite that legendary scroll, *On the Road* wasn't published hot out of the typewriter. The novel took years to gel; draft after draft was rejected by various houses, the standard edi- on trimmed and massaged into shape by the editor and critic Malcolm Cowley over Kerouac's foot-dragging objections. For ears afterward, Kerouac and Ginsberg complained that Cow- ·y's commonsensical Yankee approach took the snap out of the ovel's serpentine spirit, taming its pulsating swing for a more traight-ahead story line. Instead, they should have shown some ratitude, for *On the Road* prospers and endures precisely be- ause Cowley found a way to bottle the lightning. It's the one Kerouac book that seems fully assembled and guided. In a letter ɔ John Clellon Holmes, the author of the Beat novel *Go,* Ker- ıuac championed "*wild form,* man, *wild form*"—but without an uthorial design or editorial oversight Kerouac's writing tended ɔ taper off into wispy formlessness. Even novels graced with ·piphanies of pencil-sketch portraiture (*The Subterraneans*) or na- ure worship (*The Dharma Bums*) suffer from a noodling-doodling ack of dramatic emphasis. It's like listening to a musician tune ıp, only words are more than notes and sounds: they signify and ·onvey meaning. Without somewhere useful to go, they lie there ɔrphaned, mere jottings, providing evidence for Truman Ca- ɔote's famous gibe, "It's not writing, it's typing." For all its hoots ınd yelps, *On the Road* is undeniably writing.

With the publication of *On the Road,* Kerouac awoke one ıorning to find he had won the literary lottery. After a rave re- ·iew by Gilbert Millstein appeared in *The New York Times,* Ker- ɔuac's publisher arrived bearing champagne, and the phone be- ɡan ringing with congratulations. Kerouac, however, wasn't ready ɔr his screen test. Where Burroughs and Ginsberg knew how to oust with the press and were foxy enough to create brand-name ɔersonae (Burroughs was doing jeans commercials shortly before ıe died), Kerouac stumbled into traffic like a tourist, lost in the ɔncoming lights. His radio and television appearances took mum- ɔling beyond Method acting (he sat and moped), his public read- ıgs were amateur hour (he never developed Ginsberg's bardic howmanship), and a famous panel discussion featuring Kingsley



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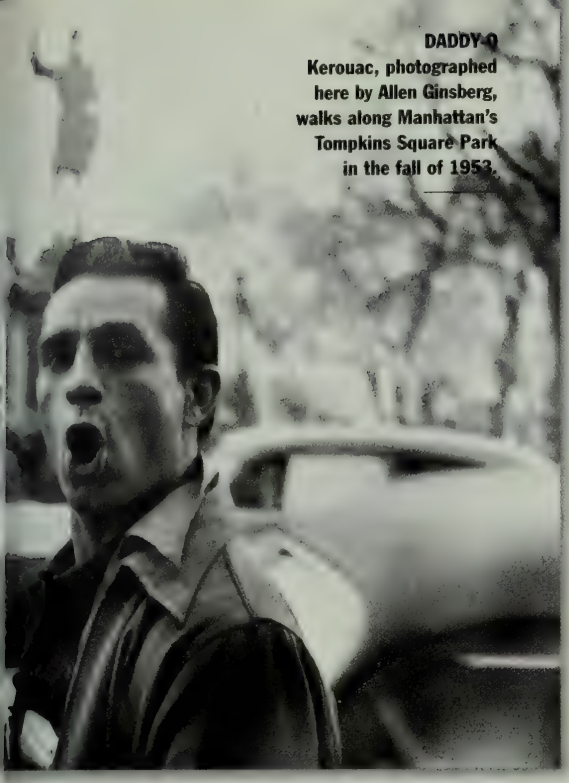
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Amis, Ashley Montagu, and James Wechsler, among others, reduced him to clown antics. He seemed to regard tabloid ink as if it were his own spilled blood. The fame and all its goodies that most writers chase like an ice-cream truck sent Kerouac literally reeling in the other direction. His drinking intensified, turning Superman into Stuporman, his blackouts a foolhardy way of blotting out the world's now insatiable demands. At the height of the *On the Road* hullabaloo, Kerouac told Jerry Tallmer of *The Village Voice* that he was splitting this crazy scene. "I'm going down to my mother's in Orlando. Always go back to my mother. Always."

A grown man living with Mom, what could be squarer? Who did he think he was, Liberace? (Kerouac's mother was no sweetheart, either—Mémère read her son's mail like a prison snoop, refused to let Ginsberg into her house because he was a drug user and homosexual, and was so nasty that even the unflappable Burroughs considered her a minor form of evil.) Kerouac wasn't kidding, though. He unplugged himself like a neon sign. The drastic U-turn Kerouac made in his life—from gypsy preacher of Beat prophecy ("a White Storefront Church Built Like a Man, on wheels yet," in Seymour Krim's majestic estimation) to stay-at-home hermit—has a pathos and rotting integrity worthy of a Eugene O'Neill play set in a dim interior. One of the reasons Kerouac is such an unresolvable case three decades after his death is that by chucking it all he turned his hunched back not only on fame but on the entire notion of a literary career. Even writers who have shrouded themselves in secrecy (J. D. Salinger) or move among us like the Invisible Man (Thomas Pynchon) have produced a recognizable body of work which they zealously safeguard. Kerouac, however, seemed to tear up the books he had within him into many pigeon scraps. Alcohol may have so hollowed him out that all he could hear were echoes of what he had done before and of those he had left behind. Jack McClintock, a newspaper reporter who visited Kerouac in St. Petersburg in his last few months, speculated in *Esquire:* "It was almost as if Kerouac, in the last years, had burrowed farther and farther back into his personality, back into the dense-packed delights and detritus of a life, and then turned around, and was peering out at the thronged world through the tunnel he made going in. Perhaps being back there clarified his sight in some ways, focused it more clearly on the things he could see. Perhaps it just gave him tunnel vision. I don't know."

After Kerouac died, his body was shipped to Lowell, Massachusetts, for burial. Vivian Gornick covered the funeral in an affecting piece for *The Village Voice,* recording the dignity of Allen Ginsberg and his lover Peter Orlovsky, the generous heft of the townspeople, and the sight of Kerouac in his open casket, waxy and remote, "stripped of all his ravaging joy." Kerouac seemed roadkill from a bygone era when he was put to rest, but over the succeeding years he rose to the stature of Hank Williams and James Dean and other saints of the celestial highway. Ginsberg and Dylan made a pilgrimage to his grave site during the Rolling Thunder tour of 1975, providing one of the few grace notes to the film *Renaldo and Clara.*

In 1988 the city of Lowell erected an elaborate memorial for Kerouac, an event which had the neoconservative commentator Norman Podhoretz shaking his fist at the temerity of officials honoring this hooligan. As a climbing young critic, Podhoretz had written a much-reprinted essay 30 years before called "The Know-Nothing Bohemians," which accused the Beats of being storm troopers in sandals (their marching orders: "Kill the intellectuals who can talk coherently, kill the people who can sit still for five minutes at a time, kill those incomprehensible characters who are capable of getting seriously involved with a woman, a job, a cause"—kill, kill, kill!). So he at least had the virtue of being a consistent crab. To Podhoretz and other cultural declinists, the Beats



DADDY-O
Kerouac, photographed here by Allen Ginsberg, walks along Manhattan's Tompkins Square Park in the fall of 1953.

ere nihilists responsible for the hedonistic disarray of the 60s, ever mind that Kerouac himself repudiated Abbie Hoffman and is Yippie followers. He once removed an American flag Allen insberg had wrapped around his, Kerouac's, shoulders like a awl, folding it properly, and explaining, "The flag is not a rag." Which didn't deter Podhoretz from fuming in the *New York Post,* Dropping out, hitting the road, taking drugs, hopping from bed bed with partners of either sex or both—all in the name of lib-ration from the death-dealing embrace of middle-class conven-ons.... This, then, is what the City of Lowell is inescapably hon-ring in building a monument to Kerouac," those heathens.

What really bothers Kerouac's killjoy detractors is that a memorial for the Beat King is a victory for reckless creativity over critical rigor. In Podhoretz's Manichaean mind, it's eason, coherence, tradition, Judeo-Christian ethics, and monog-mous maturity versus risk, itchy impulses, immediacy, Eastern nysticism, and dirty feet on a bare mattress, and guess what?—*is side lost.* O, the inequity of it all, mastering the nuances of nodernism only to be shunted aside by this bony army of hairy rmpits! Deeper than the Culture War or an Alamo defense of teracy and even more vexing to those suffering from Beat an-ipathy is the knowledge that replenishing waves of readers love Kerouac—no other word will do—love him despite himself, de-pite his drunkenness, racist insults, and unreliability (he's the leadbeat dad everyone's decided to forgive). Kerouac is loved nd mourned for the loneliness that penalized him most of his ife and for the rugged reflection he left in the hard surface of American life. "America is where you're not even allowed to cry or yourself," Kerouac observed in *Visions of Cody,* and he may ave been the last American writer without a trace of cynicism r protective guile. (Of those who came after, only Raymond Carver tiptoed around similar heartbreak.) It was a tragedy for im and for American fiction once he was no longer able to ar-iculate the tempests he felt. He withdrew, suffered like a saint, nd prematurely aged, yet some part of him stayed rockabilly to he end. "The only time I saw him with his hair combed," Jack McClintock wrote in *Esquire,* "was in his casket." □



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THE FORENSICS OF WAR

Under NATO control, Kosovo has become a vast crime scene, containing evidence of thousands of killings. With mass graves around almost every corner, teams from the F.B.I., the R.C.M.P., and Scotland Yard are trying to find the strongest cases to bring before the international war-crimes tribunal

BY SEBASTIAN JUNGER

Homo homini lupus. *(Man is a wolf to man.)*

—Plautus, *Asinaria.*

No one knows who he was, but he almost got away. He broke and ran when the Serbs started shooting, and he made it to a thicket before the first bullet hit him in the left leg. It must have missed the bone, because he was able to keep going—along the edge of a hayfield and then into another swath of scrub oak and locust. There was a dry streambed in there, and he probably crouched in the shadows, listening to the bursts of machine-gun fire and trying to figure out a way to escape. The thicket stretched uphill, along the hayfield, to a stand of pine trees, and from there it was all woods and fields leading to the Albanian border. It didn't offer much of a chance, and he must have known that.

He tied a sweater around the wound in his thigh and waited. Maybe he was too badly hurt to keep moving, or maybe he didn't dare because the Serbs were already along the edge of the field. Either way, they eventually spotted him and shot him in the chest, and he fell backward into the streambed. His killers took his shoes, and—months later, after the war ended—a fellow Albanian took his belt buckle and brought it to the authorities in Gjakovë. It was the only distinctive thing on him, and there was a chance that someone might recognize it.

I saw the dead man in late June, two weeks after NATO had taken Kosovo from the Serbs. It was a hot day, and my photographer and I stood peering at his corpse, in the same mottled shade that the man had tried to hide in. His skull was broken open and his jawbone was a short distance away. The sweater was still tied around his leg. I had walked into the thicket braced for the worst, but he wasn't particularly hard to look at. He'd been killed two months earlier—on April 27 around midday—and he looked less like a

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person than a tipped-over hat rack draped in blue jeans and a cheap parka. The young man who had led us there leaned on a shepherd's crook and told us that the dead man was in his early 20s and had probably come from a nearby village. The Serbs had swept the valley from Junik to Gjakovë in retaliation for an attack by the Kosovo Liberation Army, which for two years has fought for independence for Kosovo. They'd taken the men from more than half a dozen little villages and gunned them down in a field outside of Meja. Then they came back in the middle of the night to bury them. They missed a few.

The shepherd identified himself as Bashkim; he was a handsome blond kid with a wispy goatee and a shy smile that never left his face. "They came at five A.M.—not shooting, just yelling," Bashkim said. "They made 200 people lie down against a compost heap, piled cornhusks on them, and then machine-gunned them. Then they set them on fire.... It was local militia from Gjakovë. They were wearing green camouflage and black ski masks. One of them was called Stari; all the women saw him. They recognized him from Gypsy Road, about five kilometers from here."

Meja was just a scattering of tile-roofed farmhouses along a dirt road in the middle of a broad agricultural valley. Wheat and hay fields gave way to brush-covered hills and then the Koritnik Mountains, which run along the Albanian border. Bashkim escaped the roundup of men in the valley because he was in an isolated house that the Serbs missed. While telling the story, he seemed undisturbed by the massacres, his own close call, or even the body at his feet. He just kept smiling and smoking the American cigarettes we offered him. After 20 minutes or so, he led us back into the hot sun of the hayfield and past the compost heap where the men had been shot. There was a human leg in the grass, and then another leg, and then more remains in a ditch. They were harder to identify. Stuck into the compost heap was an old umbrella. "Why is that there?" I asked.

"It was found near one of the bodies," Bashkim said. "Maybe someone will recognize it and know who he was."

The worst of the violence didn't come to southwestern Kosovo until the evening of March 24, when NATO jets streaked overhead on their way to bomb command-and-control targets in Serbia. Within hours, Serb special police, soldiers, and hastily deputized militia units were walking through the streets of nearby Gjakovë, pumping incendiary rounds—known locally as "butterflies"—into houses and storefronts in the Albanian part of town. When the buildings finished burning, the Serbs knocked the walls over with bulldozers and then used Gypsies to clear the rubble from the streets so that they were passable for tanks. Anyone who stood around and watched was shot.

There was little the K.L.A. could do but hide in the hills and wait for it to be over. In two years of fighting, the K.L.A. never won a battle or held a town for long, but it did know how to ambush. And in mid-April, just outside of Meja, it pulled off an ambush that would bring the full wrath of the Serbs down on the valley.

Their target was a Serb commander named Milotin Prasović, who was particularly loathed by the local Albanians. A week or so earlier, Prasović had driven through Meja warning the residents that he was going to return to collect all the weapons in town, and if there weren't any for him, he'd burn their houses down. True to his word, he came back in a brick-red Audi filled with police. They drove through town, shot into the air, turned around, and drove straight into a K.L.A. ambush. The first rocket-propelled grenade blew the right rear door off. That was followed by another round and sheets of automatic-weapon fire. Everyone in the car was killed except for Prasović, who managed to dive out of his seat and start shooting back from the edge of the road. It was over within seconds; the K.L.A. shot him down from their hiding place and then retreated into the hills above town.

The retaliation, when it came, was swift and implacable. Shortly before dawn on April 27, according to locals, a large contingent of Yugoslav army troops garrisoned in Junik started moving eastward through the valley, dragging men from their houses and pushing them into trucks. "Go to Albania!" they screamed at the women before driving on to the next town with their prisoners. By the time they got to Meja they had collected as many as 300 men. The regular army took up positions around the town while the militia and paramilitaries went through the houses grabbing the last few villagers and shoving them out into the road. The men were surrounded by fields most of them had worked in their whole lives, and they could look up and see mountains they'd admired since they were children. Around noon the first group was led to the compost heap, gunned down, and burned under piles of cornhusks. A few minutes later a group of about 70 were forced to lie down in three neat rows and were machine-gunned in the back. The rest—about 35 men—were taken to a farmhouse along the Gjakovë road, pushed into one of the rooms, and then shot through the windows at point-blank range. The militiamen who did this then stepped inside, finished them off with shots to the head, and burned the house down. They walked away singing.

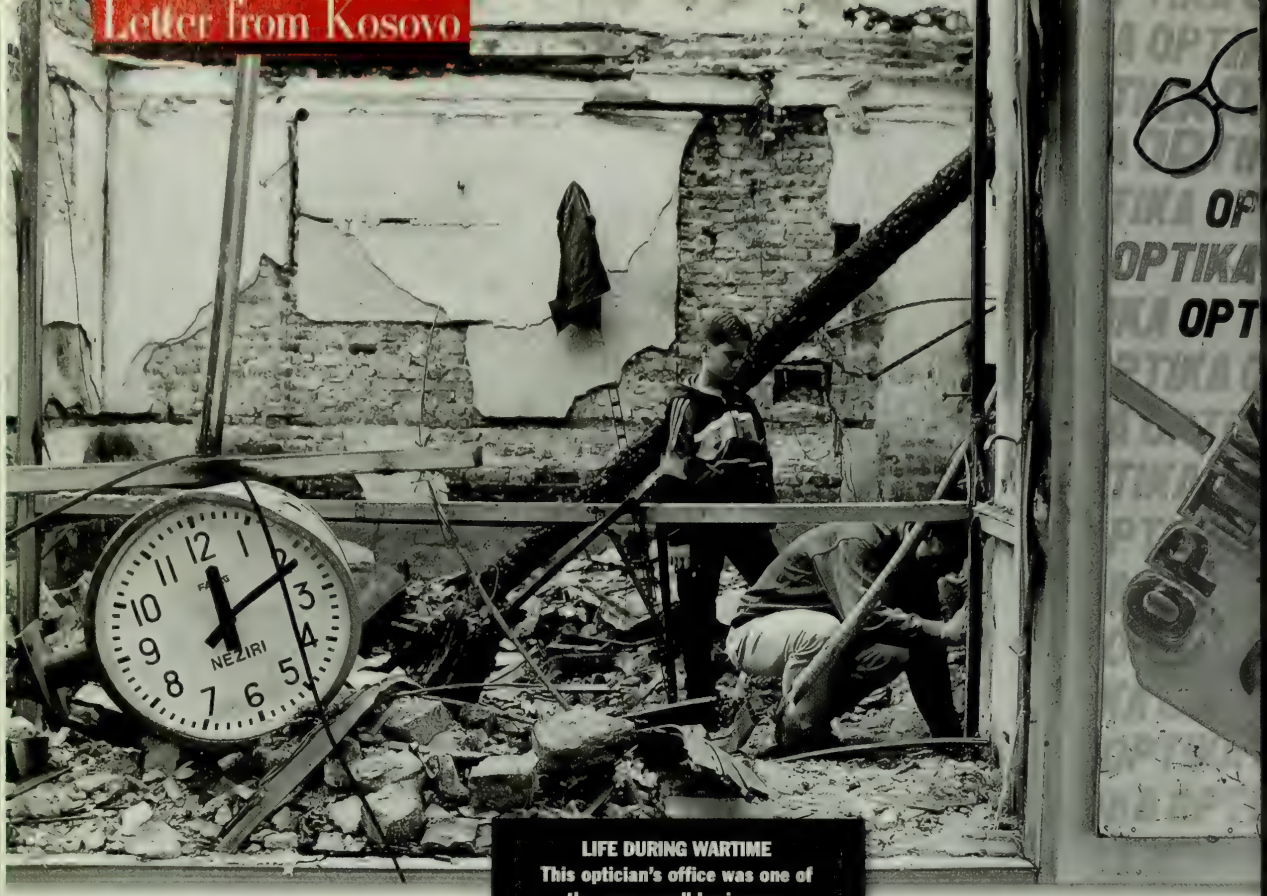
The militiamen finished them off with shots to the head. They walked away singing.

By conservative estimates, the Serbs killed at least 10,000 people in Kosovo. There are so many bodies—both human and animal—lying around the countryside that much of the rural water supply is contaminated. There are parts of Kosovo where not one village has been spared, and there are villages where not one house has been left standing. In the Decani district, bodies have been dumped in the wells of 39 of 44 villages surveyed. When NATO tanks rumbled into Kosovo on June 12, they found a level of destruction that hadn't been seen in Europe since World War II.

The first big massacre occurred in March 1998, when Serb forces surrounded the village of Prekaz and wiped out 58 civilians, many of them women and children. The attack was in retaliation for a shoot-out between K.L.A. and Serb police a couple of weeks earlier, and it was the beginning of a horrible symbiosis between the two forces. Every time the K.L.A. carried out a guerrilla attack, Serb forces would destroy the nearest village and massacre as many of the inhabitants as they could. And every time the Serbs massacred people in a village, more grief-stricken survivors joined the K.L.A. "For every massacre Serbs commit, we get 20 more recruits," one K.L.A. commander told a journalist friend of mine a few weeks before the NATO bombings started.

Ethically speaking, there's an extremely thin line between ambushing Serb forces and deliberately provoking Serbs into massacring civilians, but the strategy worked. Around eight P.M. on March 24, the first NATO warplanes struck targets deep within Serbia. And two months later, on May


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LIFE DURING WARTIME
This optician's office was one of the many small businesses and homes burned down by the Serbs in Gjakovë last spring. Killing noncombatants, say war-crimes investigators, was in clear violation of international law.

24—just as the first sketchy peace agreements were being explored with Belgrade—the Hague war-crimes tribunal indicted Slobodan Milošević and four other government and military leaders. The indictment was based on eyewitness accounts of massacres which took place between January and April of 1999 in the villages of Racak, Krushe e Mahde, Krushe e Vogel, Bellacerka, Izbica, and Padalishte; the indictment listed, by name, more than 340 ethnic Albanians who had been killed. Within days of NATO's arrival in Priština, war-crimes investigators donated by many NATO countries were sifting through the mass graves named in the indictments, gathering evidence.

The crimes that Milošević and his compatriots were charged with fall under the Geneva Conventions of 1949, which were a direct outgrowth of the post–World War II Nuremberg trials. When the Germans surrendered on May 7, 1945, the Allies were suddenly faced with an unprecedented problem: they had in their custody Nazi officials who had started a war in which nearly 50 million people had been killed. Many of the dead were exterminated in concentration camps, and the question was: What kind of justice should be brought to bear on the men who carried out such slaughter? The British initially suggested that the hundred or so main German culprits simply be taken out into the woods and shot (an idea embraced by Joseph Stalin, who jokingly—or maybe not—proposed upping the number to 50,000). Ultimately, though, due process prevailed. The accused would be given trials, which "they, in the days of their pomp and power, never gave to any man," as the chief American prosecutor, Robert Jackson, put it. The trial would be open and fair, conducted in both English and German, and the accused would be represented by lawyers who would call their own witnesses and cross-examine others.

As idealistic as it was, the idea had inherent flaws. First, it was, by definition, a victor's justice, and there was no suggestion that the victors would ever face the same scrutiny as the vanquished. The Soviets, for example, had invaded and occupied eastern Poland in 1939, in close cooperation with the Nazis; they massacred thousands of Polish officers and buried their bodies in the Katyn Forest. The Allies had firebombed Dresden, kil ing several hundred thousand civilian and the Americans had firebombed To kyo and then dropped nuclear bombs o Hiroshima and Nagasaki. These were a direct attacks on civilians—and therefor clear violations of international law—bu they would never make it to the docke at Nuremberg.

Second, the Nazis were charged with among other things, crimes against hu manity, which includes crimes commi ted by a government against its own pe ple. At the start of World War II the la didn't exist, and because the Holocaust wa completely legal under German law, th perpetrators had technically never commi ted a crime. To charge them ex post fact was illegal and would never have stood u in a regular judicial proceeding.

These objections amounted to lega parlor games, however; the reality wa that the Nuremberg trials were about a fair as things ever get in wartime. Out o the 22 Nazi leaders who were tried, 1 were sentenced to hang—including Reichs marschall Hermann Göring, who swa lowed a cyanide pill shortly before his exe cution; 7 were sentenced to long priso terms; and 3 were acquitted. Three year later, the legal principles used in the trial were codified as the four Geneva Con


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ventions and the Genocide Convention. Along with the Additional Protocols of 1977, they form the basis today of international war-crimes trials. Because they are rooted in something called "customary international law"—which flows from norms evolved over centuries, rather than from treaties—the conventions are binding even on nations which have not signed them. A state, in other words, cannot exclude itself from the constraints of customary law any more than an individual can.

The indictments announced in The Hague on May 27 charged Yugoslav president Slobodan Milošević, Serb president Milan Milutinović, Deputy Prime Minister Nikola Sainović, Chief of Staff Dragoljub Ojdanić, and Serb minister of internal affairs Vlajko Stojilković with three counts each of crimes against humanity, and one count each of violation of the laws and customs of war. Copies of the arrest warrants were sent to all member states of the United Nations and the Yugoslav minister of justice; U.N. member states were asked to freeze the assets of the accused. The announcement of the indictments was delayed until representatives from international agencies could safely leave the former Yugoslavia, and eyewitnesses wouldn't be identified until the accused were arrested. They could then be properly sheltered from threat and intimidation.

Of the two charges, violations of the laws and customs of war is the older and more traditional. It attempts to reconcile human suffering with the need of an army to defeat its enemy. Although constraints on wartime behavior date back to ancient Hindu and Greek law, the first European wasn't tried in a civilian court until the late 15th century, when an Austrian nobleman named Peter von Hagenbach was sentenced to death for atrocities committed under his command. A hundred and fifty years later, a Dutch lawyer named Hugo Grotius wrote *The Law of War and Peace,* which is considered the foundation of modern humanitarian law. "Throughout the Christian world . . . I observed a lack of restraint in relation to war, such as even barbarous races would be ashamed of," Grotius wrote. "[A] remedy must be found . . . that men may not believe either that nothing is allowable, or that everything is."

Modern laws and customs of war are direct descendants of Grotius's work. In essence, these laws acknowledge that death and suffering are inevitable in armed conflict, but that deliberately inflicting unnecessary suffering is a criminal act for which individuals can be held accountable. If you shell a military base and happen to kill civilians, you have not committed a war crime; if you deliberately target cities and towns, you have. Killing prisoners, civilians, or hostages is a war crime, as is enslavement of civilians, deportation, plunder, wanton destruction, and "extensive destruction not justified by military necessity."

What is and isn't justified by military necessity is, naturally, open to interpretation. One of the key concepts, though, is the law of proportionality. A military attack that results in civilian casualties—"collateral damage"—is acceptable as long as the military benefits outweigh the price that is paid by humanity. A similar concept is applied to weapons. No matter how many people you kill, using a machine gun in battle is not a war crime because it does not cause unnecessary suffering; it simply performs its job horrifyingly well. Exploding bullets, on the other hand—which were banned in the St. Petersburg Declaration of 1868—mutilate and maim foot soldiers without conferring any additional advantage to the other side. A wounded soldier is usually put out of commission when he is hit. There is no reason to maximize his suffering by using an exploding bullet.

Despite the graceful logic of these principles, warfare remains a chaotic business which will always resist governments' efforts to legislate it. Still, it is all too clear that Serb forces in Kosovo violated just about every law in the book. Furthermore, the violations were carried out on such a massive scale that they also qualified as crimes against humanity—that is, they represented a widespread and systematic campaign against a particular population. Massacring noncombatants—as countless armies have done, including our own—is simply a war crime; trying to drive an entire group of people from your country is a crime against humanity. One could reasonably argue that the Turkish pogrom against the Armenians during World War I qualifies as a crime against humanity, as does the United States' ethnic cleansing of Native Americans.

The novel thing about the 1949 humanitarian law was that it protected the citizens of an offending state as well as those of foreign states, and it applied to peacetime as well as war. Until then, governments could do pretty much what they wanted with their own citizens; the most that another nation could do was express its "concern" over the situation. After 1949, in theory a government's conduct at home would be subject to the same standards as its conduct abroad, and human-rights abuses could no longer be dismissed as simply an "internal matter." National sovereignty, in other words, would never again protect a government from the bite of the law.

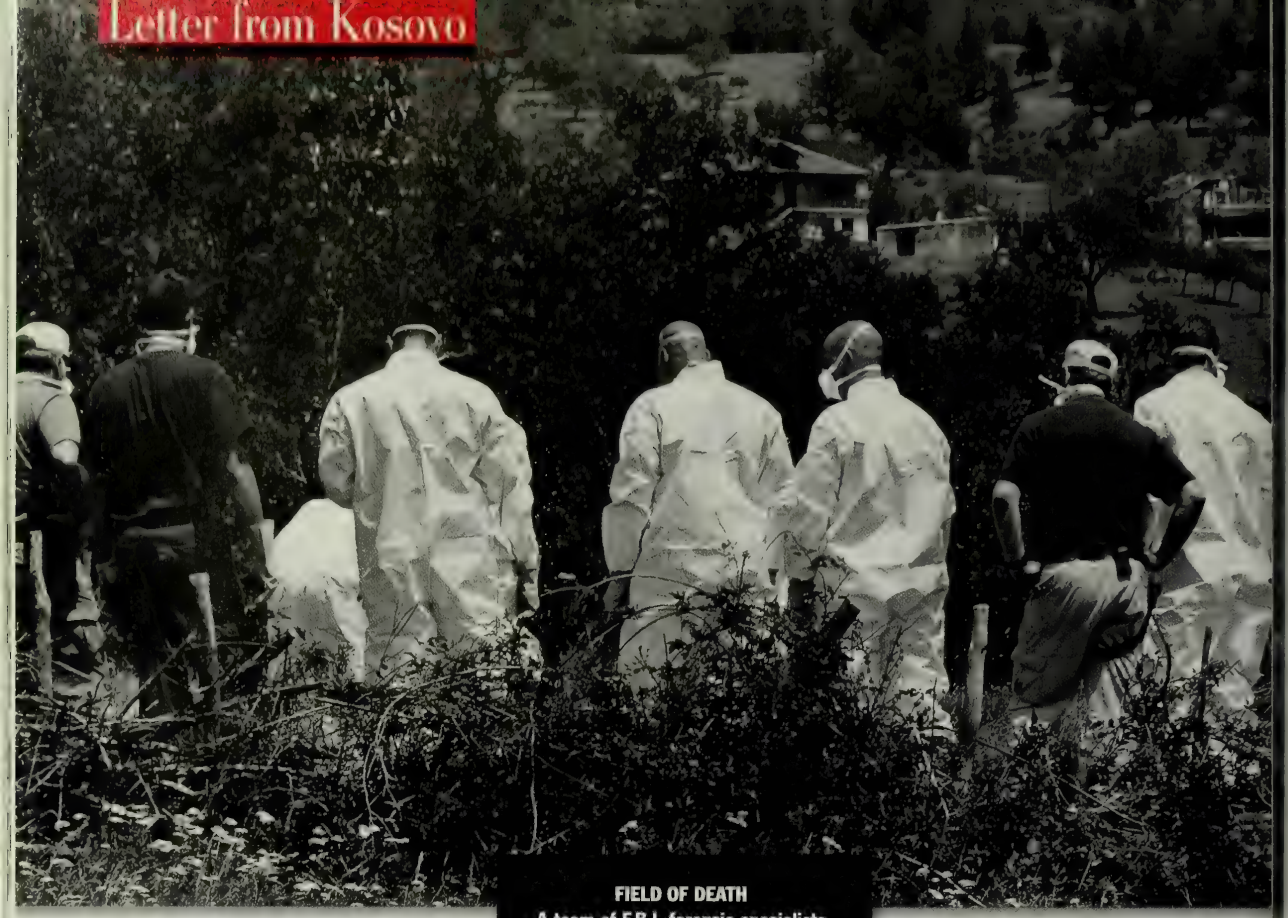
The Hague's press spokesman in Kosovo after NATO's takeover was a young Englishman named Jim Landale. Dressed in jeans and a fleece jacket, with a backpack over his shoulder, he looked more than anything like a college student striding around the streets of Priština. After returning from Meja, I found him in the new U.N. headquarters, a concrete office building behind the huge, ghastly Grand Hotel at the center of town. A nearby apartment block was smoking slowly from an arson fire, and a lot of young ethnic Albanians were hanging out in front of the hotel, looking for work with the foreign journalists. Landale and I crossed the street to one of the cafés that had just opened and ordered the last two beers that they had in stock.

The tribunal's full name is the International Criminal Tribunal for the Former Yugoslavia—or I.C.T.Y., as it's commonly known. It was created in May 1993 to prosecute Bosnian war crimes, and it was later joined by another tribunal for Rwanda. The I.C.T.Y. has successfully prosecuted several cases from the Bosnian war, mostly against Serbs, despite being hampered by evidence that was in some cases several years old. But it has never before investigated war crimes that were committed so recently, and they have never indicted a head of state during an ongoing armed conflict. Landale, between interruptions by cell phone, explained to me the I.C.T.Y. strategy in Kosovo.

"Most villages have a crime scene—every one's got their massacre site just around the corn

"This is our biggest undertaking by far," he said. "We're still trying to assess and prioritize all the sites. The murder of civilians is a war crime . . . what we'd try to assess would be: How do the various factors relate to our investigations for indictments against certain individuals? . . . Most villages have some sort of crime scene—every one's got their massacre site


RENA LANGE
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE



FIELD OF DEATH
A team of F.B.I. forensic specialists perform an on-site autopsy on a victim of a Serb massacre in the town of Studenica, June 1999.

just around the corner. To be realistic, we are not going to be able to visit every site in Kosovo."

The criteria for prioritizing sites are unflinchingly pragmatic. One would think that Meja—where several hundred men were machine-gunned in a field—would make a better investigation site than, say, a house where just one family was wiped out. Or that the murder of 20 women and children in a basement would be easier to prosecute than the summary execution of 20 K.L.A. soldiers after a battle. Not so; for the most part, sites are chosen simply for the quality of corroborating evidence that can be gathered. During the NATO bombing campaign, investigators in the refugee camps systematically recorded hundreds of eyewitness accounts of massacres; it was information from those interviews that led to the original indictment handed down in May. A small site with excellent eyewitness accounts, in the eyes of a war-crimes prosecutor, is far more valuable than a large site with none.

Similarly, a massacre in an area where a certain military or paramilitary group—such as Arkan's "Tigers," who allegedly committed numerous massacres around Gjakovë—was known to have been working is higher priority than a massacre site where the killers are unknown. And a site that presents any sort of access problem is quickly superseded by one that can be worked on immediately. Land mines are considered an access problem, as are remote areas and sites with too many bodies. The amount of labor required to dig up even one body is considerable, so a mass grave like the one in Meja requires backhoes and bulldozers. The first crime teams flown into Kosovo didn't think to bring any.

"One of our hopes is that the tribunal will work as a deterrent," said Landale when I asked him—given the chance that Milošević will never be brought to trial—what the point of all this is. "And it will also help to relieve a collective sense of guilt. Not all people on one side are guilty—just certain individuals. The investigations should make that clear."

There are more than a dozen crime teams in Kosovo, totaling some 300 people. Scotland Yard, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, and the F.B.I. have all sent teams, as have police agencies from Germany, Denmark, France, Holland, and Switzerland. Their job is to photograph and diagram massacre sites named in the I.C.T.Y. indictments and to gather evidence such as shell casings, bullets, bloody clothing, and anything else that might identify the killers and the method of death. Then the teams attempt to identify human remains—at least to the extent of knowing the age and sex—and conduct autopsies to determine the cause of death. The large mass graves with hundreds of bodies will be investigated months later, after the delicate surface evidence has all been gathered. Buried corpses change very slowly. Most of the evidence they contain is still there a year later.

The F.B.I. team, consisting of 64 people and 107,000 pounds of equipment, arrived in Skopje on June 22 in an air-force C-5. The team was completely self-sufficient, and it included, on loan from the Armed Forces Institute of Pathology, a forensic anthropologist, two forensic pathologists, and a criminalist, as well as F.B.I. evidence-collection experts, two caseworkers from Physicians for Human Rights, a trauma surgeon, and heavily armed Hostage Response Team agents. From Skopje, the team continued by Marine helicopter and truck convoy to



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LAS VEGAS MEXICO CITY MONTERREY NASSAU NEW YORK SHORT HILLS STAMFORD
VANCOUVER WAIKIKI WASHINGTON D.C. AND OTHER FINE SELECTED STORES

FENDI

Gjakovë, where they set up their tents and field morgue under some shade trees inside the Italian-army field base. On the flight over, they got their first glimpse of Kosovo's devastation: entire villages burned to the ground and cows lying in fields, their hindquarters blown off by land mines. Early the next morning in Gjakovë, they got to work.

They had to go no farther than across the street to investigate one of their first crime scenes, a house where Serb special police had executed six men in the middle of the night. A seventh man was wounded but didn't die. He managed to crawl out of the house as it burned and—with the help of female relatives—eventually make it to Albania before dying from loss of blood.

The F.B.I. quickly moved through three more sites in Gjakovë, including one where Serbs had taken 25 men at gunpoint and mowed them down with machine-gun fire. There were no survivors, but there were eyewitnesses, and, again, their accounts were recorded by I.C.T.Y. investigators. The I.C.T.Y. was running into a problem, though: there were so many bodies in Kosovo that every time they investigated a site, locals would tell them about several more, and the list was growing almost exponentially. The F.B.I. team, which had originally been charged with investigating only two sites, worked so quickly that the I.C.T.Y. tacked seven more on. Most were in and around Gjakovë and two were outside Peja, in the northwestern corner of the province.

The more remote of the two sites near Peja was known as "the Well," outside a little village named Studenica. Around midday on April 12, Serb paramilitaries identifying themselves as Arkan's Tigers executed nine people at a farmhouse and then dumped the bodies down the well. They then smashed the stone-and-mortar wall surrounding it and dropped the rubble down the hole. Two months later, villagers returning to the area dug the well out and pulled up nine badly decomposed bodies. Eight of them were buried at some distance, but one—that of 86-year-old Sali Zeqiraj—was buried in the yard in front of the farm.

I drove up to Studenica early in the morning with the F.B.I. convoy. It was a beautiful spot, smack up against the Koritnik Mountains, with all of Kosovo spread out below us. Plumes of smoke rose over the valley from Serb houses that had been set on fire by the K.L.A. The field had not been de-mined, so the F.B.I. investigators climbed carefully out of their army vehicles and approached the farmhouse along the tire ruts that had been left by previous cars. Roger Nisley, leader of the mission, went ahead to scout the house out and then gathered the investigators in front of the lead Humvee. "It looks like shots were fired through the window," he said. "So get a sketch of that. And we have a body here, apparently it's the grandfather, but we only have permission to dig up one body. There is a total of nine."

"We only have permission to dig up one body," said the F.B.I. agent. "There is a total of nine."

While evidence-collection people photographed the house and picked through it for shell casings and bullet holes, four diggers started opening up the grave. Family members stood in the field, anxiously stripping grass stems—just far enough away that they didn't have to see anything they didn't want to see. Only one of them—a young man named Xhevat Gashi, who lived in Germany and had come back only the day before—stood close by. The body came up swaddled in clear plastic sheeting, tied with rope at both ends. The investigators, dressed in white Tyvex jumpsuits with face masks that pinched their nostrils closed, untied the rope and carefully unwrapped the body. The dead man was dressed in pants and socks and a plaid shirt; the investigators cut the clothes off him and laid him out on a blue tarp. He'd been in water for two months, and his flesh had a doughy look, as if he were a mannequin made out of bread. It was very hard to make a connection between the body on the tarp and a human being. Out in the field, one of the family members started to cry. Xhevat, the grandson, shifted on his feet and kept watching.

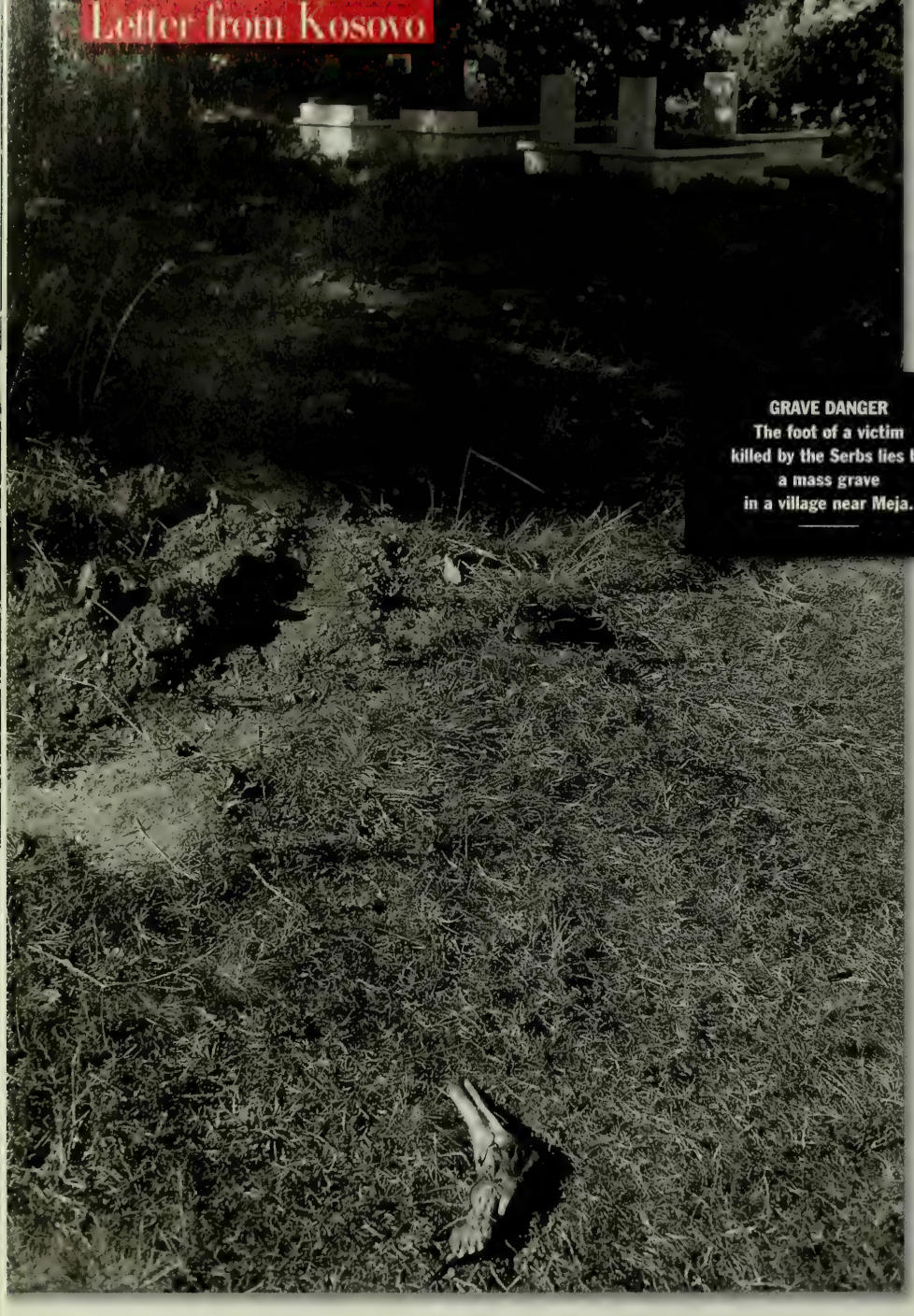
The investigators quickly found something of interest. "We have an entrance gunshot wound in the back of the head," said Dr. Andrew Baker, one of the pathologists on loan from the Armed Forces Institute of Pathology. "You've got a sharp edge on the outside, blunt edge on the inside. I don't see an exit wound so far."

The fact that there was no exit wound was important because it meant that the bullet—a crucial piece of evidence—might still be in the skull. Baker made an incision in the back of the scalp and pulled the skin forward until he had peeled the face down like a thick rubber mask. Then he opened the skull and probed inside the cavity. It took 15 minutes to search the skull and the countless folds of the brain; Baker found neither the bullet nor an exit wound. He pulled the face back up, reassembled the head and re-wrapped the dead man in plastic. Then the four diggers lowered him back into the grave.

One of the advantages to investigating a shooting murder (as opposed to a knifing or a bludgeoning) is that ballistics is a precise science and bullets act in fairly predictable ways. By reconstructing the path of a bullet—through a room or through a body—it is possible to know a lot about where it was fired from. For example, a round from an AK-47 assault rifle leaves the muzzle of the gun at 2,300 feet per second, twice the speed of sound. When it hits a person, the density of the tissue forces the round to yaw to one side until it is traveling sideways or even backward. Shock waves ripple through the tissue and create a cavity that can be as much as 11 times the size of the bullet. The cavity lasts only a few thousandths of a second, but the shock waves that created it can shred organs that the bullet never even touches. In head wounds, the temporary cavity is particularly devastating because the skull—being rigid—can respond to the sudden deformation only by bursting. If the gun barrel is actually touching the victim, rapidly expanding gases inside the barrel get trapped in the wound and blow blood and tissue back out. It is safe to assume that some of the killers in Studenica walked away literally covered in the people they killed.

Even if the bodies are not recovered, though, a very good idea of what went on at the moment of death can be had by something called "bloodstain pattern analysis." Drops of blood splash differently depending on the angle at which they strike a hard surface, and arcsine equations can be used to reconstruct the path that the blood took through the air. If there are more than two bloodstains, something like triangulation can be used to figure out—down to an area about the size of a grapefruit—where in space they all originated. "That's useful in saying, 'Well, the person was standing up when they were shot,'"


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GRAVE DANGER
The foot of a victim killed by the Serbs lies by a mass grave in a village near Meja.

says Grant Graham, a criminalist with the Armed Forces Institute of Pathology. "'The person was on their knees. The person was lying down.' ... There are all different types of bloodstain patterns—swipes, wipes, drips, arterial spurts, gushes—and you can reconstruct what happens in the crime scene as things move along.... It's a moving, flowing event."

Unfortunately, many of the dead in Kosovo were burned beyond recognition. The report for 157 Millosh Gillic Street states that F.B.I. investigators went to a burned-out residence and found "the skeletal remains of an indeterminate number of victims." But even a charred pile of bones can contain enough evidence to identify the dead and the method of death.

"The human skeleton is a dynamic part of the body," says Dr. Bill Rodriguez, the forensic anthropologist attached to the F.B.I. team. "It is constantly altered by activity. In a runner, changes occur in the bones of the leg; in a dockworker, changes occur in the upper torso. Bones are just like fingerprints ... their structures are so unique that you can make a positive identification."

To identify the remains, th investigators need somethin to compare them with. Deter mining that you have a dea male in his mid-30s who prob ably did a lot of heavy liftin doesn't do much good unles you also have descriptions o missing people to pick from X-rays provide the most ac curate matches, as do denta work and injuries, but absen those kinds of record forensic anthropologist can still provide a hug amount of informatio about who was kille and how. There is onl one right femur in body, for example; th number of right femur in a pile of bones tells yo how many people there were Not only that, but bones di fer enough between sexes races, and age groups that is often possible to define quit narrowly who these peopl must have been.

In 1948, an anthropologis working for the army's Of fice of the Quartermaste General—using war dead fro Guadalcanal, Iwo Jima, an other Pacific battlegrounds improved upon an alread strong statistical connectio between body height and fe mur length. If you multipl the length of the femur b 2.38 and then add 61.41 cen timeters, you get the height o a person to within a fractio of a centimeter. Further mi itary studies found that th shafts of the long bones o the body—known as the di aphyses—gradually form soli bonds with the caps of th bones throughout a person teens. Different bones solidif at different times, providing a good ind cation of the dead person's age. Hun dreds of dead American soldiers wer identified using medical records and suc statistical techniques; the same technique can be applied to determine whether th dead in Kosovo's mass graves match ac counts given by people who witnesse the killings.

"From a war-crimes standpoint, w document the number of individuals, de termine the sex ratio, and then determin the ratio of adults to children," says Ro driguez. "From there, we can move on t


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identifying the dead individually. We can also find evidence of blunt-force trauma, stab wounds, gunshot wounds, malnutrition, and torture.... We deal with death on a daily basis. We're scientists of death."

The F.B.I. convoy rolled out of Studenica in midafternoon. The family had reconvened in front of the house and was going through a pile of clothes that had been pulled up from the well along with the bodies. There were ski parkas, blankets, sweaters, a fake-fur coat. One man spotted the fake fur, knelt on it, and started sobbing. Xhevat, the grandson who had just returned from Germany, stood around a little uncomfortably, unsure what to do.

"Tell me about him," I said to Xhevat, pointing to the grave where the old man was now reburied.

"He was a farmer—he saw World War I and World War II," Xhevat said. "He was a soldier for the Germans in World War II. He always lived right here; he never considered leaving—everybody fled, but he didn't. 'You are on my land.... No one will come and throw us out of here,' he would say."

"How long are you staying?" I asked him.

"Oh," Xhevat said, glancing at the rotting clothes in his front yard. "I go back to Germany on Friday."

In February 1994, German police took into custody a Bosnian Serb named Dusko Tadić, who had been hiding in his brother's apartment in Munich. Tadić had been recognized by Bosnian Muslims who had survived the infamous Serb death camp of Omarska, near the city of Prijedor. Tadić wasn't officially in the Bosnian Serb army—he was a local café owner and karate teacher—but he would show up in the evenings to personally direct the torture of chosen prisoners. An I.C.T.Y. indictment one year later accused him of rape, torture, 13 murders, and—in his most infamous act—forcing a prisoner to bite the testicle off another, who subsequently died. Two years later, after a trial that lasted from May to November 1996, he was convicted of violating the laws and customs of war and of crimes against humanity and was sentenced to 20 years in prison.

The Tadić case was the first successful prosecution of a war crime by the I.C.T.Y. It has indicted 90 people for crimes committed in the former Yugoslavia, and has an unknown number of secret indictments. Thirty of the accused are now in custody, including 10 Bosnian Croats who surrendered in 1997 and three Bosnian Serbs who surrendered in 1998. One was killed resisting arrest. On July 25, 1995, South African judge Richard Goldstone, acting as the tribunal's chief prosecutor, indicted Bosnian Serb president Radovan Karadžić and his chief of staff, General Ratko Mladić, with genocide, war crimes, and crimes against humanity. Four years later, neither one has been caught; Mladić is said to spend his days on a Bosnian Serb military base, tending beehives and a herd of goats. Each goat has been named after a Western leader or U.N. commander.

Considering the time and effort that it takes to indict someone for war crimes, the question of whether the investigations serve a purpose—in the absence of arrests—is a hard one to avoid. Judge Goldstone, who now heads an independent commission on NATO's use of force in Kosovo, is adamant that they do. "To turn people for the rest of their lives into international pariahs is not something that any rational person would like," he says. "Karadžić was no longer able to continue in office and had to disappear from the international scene.... The quality of their life is diminished considerably.... One is looking over one's shoulder every day of one's life."

Slobodan Milošević, as president of Yugoslavia, is not looking over his shoulder in quite the same way, but his is a precarious existence nonetheless. There is widespread discontent in the army, the country's infrastructure and economy are in ruins, and Montenegro wants to abolish the Yugoslav Federation. Because of the international arrest warrants, Milošević cannot flee to another country, and the United States is withholding economic aid to Serbia until he has been removed from power. "It is in the interest of the peoples of Serbia that [he] be transferred to The Hague," maintains David Scheffer, United States ambassador-at-large for war-crimes issues. "It will remain a very difficult proposition to bring Serbia into the international community and into, frankly, the New Europe if Serbia remains a de facto sanctuary for indicted war criminals.... We think the odds are with us."

Because of the turmoil in Yugoslavia, there is a good chance that Milošević will one day stand trial. (Indeed, he has reportedly started making inquiries about hiring an English lawyer.) He has already been charged with crimes against humanity and violations of the laws and customs of war, and may be charged with genocide as well, the most serious breach of humanitarian law. To convict him, the I.C.T.Y. would have to show that he intended to destroy, "in whole or in part," the Albanian population of Kosovo. The fact that his forces generally spared women and children does not disqualify him from charges of genocide; theoretically even one murder could be considered genocide if there was intent to harm the rest of the group. By that standard, the policies of the Milošević government easily qualify.

The atrocities in Kosovo are so well documented that Milošević will probably not bother to challenge them in court; instead, he may try to claim that he was unaware they were happening. He may already have had an eye toward that kind of defense when he encouraged paramilitary and militia forces to carry out many of the actual massacres in Kosovo. NATO has been eavesdropping on Serbian forces in the field since the beginning of the air war, though, and that will make an ignorance defense difficult. "To prove chain of command we are relying to a great extent on intelligence agencies in the Western countries," says Landale, spokesman for the I.C.T.Y. "They are obliged to give it to us. We will try to show knowledge of crimes and failure to prevent them or to punish them."

When one hears accounts of the massacres in Kosovo, one is struck by both their terrible efficiency and their even more terrible savagery. Many of those responsible were hastily deputized militiamen who—judging by the sheer creativity they showed in killing people—must have been quite intoxicated by their sudden power. They shot people one by one and they mowed them down in groups; they burned them alive and they cut their throats; they tortured them and they just walked up and shot them in the back of the head. They briefly wielded absolute power in their brutal little lives and must have never stopped to think that they might one day be held accountable for it. □

"You are on my land," said the grandfather. "No one will come and throw us out of here."

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Seth MacFarla
with a self-port
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Inset, a st
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Journal in J

Headmaster Schell No 'Family Guy' Fan, Challenges Kent Native's TV Program

By JENNIFER E. COOPER
Staff Reporter

KENT — Seth MacFarlane, who grew up here, became a millionaire overnight when he signed a contract with Fox for two animated series. The Family Guy Seven of the first 15 episodes made have aired so far.

His success story being taken lightly by the Rev. Richardson Schell, who finds the program of Spensers. Using the name Privat headmaster wrote to several Fox

noon to 9 p.m. Thursday time slot. The remaining original episodes have been held over for next season when 22 new episodes will be created. Besides Mr. Schell's concern with the immoral nature of the show, he apparently takes issue with Mr. MacFarlane's decision to name his lovable, long-time assistant Mr. Schell. Long time assistant to Mr. MacFarlane Eliane Garrin Hegarland Mr. MacFarlane to change the name and the creator refused, saying the name was too late and the show was about to premier.

Fox representatives said no comment on who, but only advertisers had pulled sponsorship from the show. Mr. Schell was quoted in the statement of a lawsuit against Fox rumored to have been filed by the Griffin family.

Also residing in Seth MacFarlane's mother, Perry MacFarlane, when her son refused to change the family's name, Mr. Schell appealed to her. MacFarlane had scheduled at least [illegible] for 22 [illegible] with Mrs.

THE KENT SCHOOL MYSTERY

When Fox's animated sitcom *Family Guy* was targeted in a letter-writing campaign to sponsors, the show's young creator, Seth MacFarlane, was stunned to learn the attacks had come from a single man: the headmaster of his former prep school. Indeed, Father Richardson Schell's behavior has become increasingly controversial on Kent's red-brick campus

BY MICHAEL SHNAYERSON

PHOTOGRAPH BY SAM JONES

It would have made a perfe
story line for his show, both
abolical and hilarious, but n
even Seth MacFarlane, the t
ented 26-year-old creator
Fox's animated sitcom *Fam*
Guy, could have imagined it b
fore it occurred.

First came the press hyp
last winter for a show judg
promising enough to debut
ter the Super Bowl. Like *T*
Simpsons but raunchier, *Family Guy* fe
tured a household of dysfunctional chara
ters, including baby Stewie, who, in a R
Harrison–inspired British accent, conjur
plots to kill his mother. Along with drawi

CLOTHING

the characters and writing the first episode, MacFarlane did many of the voice-overs. The *Washington Post* television critic, Tom Shales, called it "utterly excremental . . . another tiny drop of toxic waste in the festering Love Canal of the Air," but *Family Guy* immediately became Fox's most popular program among teenage viewers and fourth most popular among adults aged 18–49, with an average 7.7 rating that translated into 12.8 million viewers a week. The show's sponsors seemed happy, too, before the start of a curious letter-writing campaign to 20 advertisers by a group called ProudSponsorsUSA.

"I've never heard of a headmaster who would make it a mission to bring down one of his alumni," says MacFarlane's mother.

The letters alluded to some of the show's more flagrant exercises in gleefully offensive humor, such as the episode in which a boy shoots the head off a "John F. Kennedy Pez dispenser," then remarks, "At least I have my Bobby Kennedy Pez dispenser to back him up." Along with gibes at blacks, Jews, women, the handicapped, the deaf, and other politically incorrect targets, *Family Guy* had its share of mere gross-out jokes about flatulence and urination, which ProudSponsorsUSA also deplored. No fewer than 14 sponsors were reported to be unhappy with the content of the mid-season replacement show, which some claim not to have seen before they bought advertising time, and chose not to back the show. (Among them: Coca-Cola, Sprint, and Philip Morris USA, which decided that *Family Guy* was "not consistent with our values.")

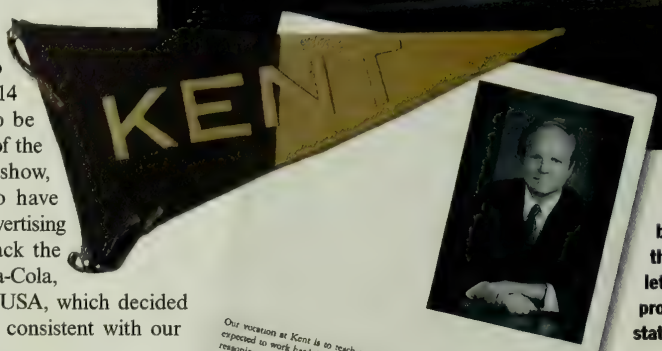
When MacFarlane learned of the campaign, he was disconcerted. Especially so when it turned out that ProudSponsorsUSA was not a group but a single irate viewer. And that viewer was MacFarlane's old headmaster, 48-year-old Father Richardson (Dick) W. Schell, at the Kent School in Kent, Connecticut.

The story was bizarre enough, when it broke last summer, to stir a wave of national interest. As MacFarlane's 52-year-old mother, Perry, remarked dryly, "I've never heard of a headmaster who would make it a mission to bring down one of his alumni." But when Schell did little more to explain himself than reiterate in print his ProudSponsorsUSA stance, and MacFarlane kept mum, the feud vanished from the news as a mystery.

There was, in fact, more to it. What lies beneath is a complex story of small-town passions and prep-school politics, as resonant as a Hawthorne novel, with a woman's honor at its core.

Despite Schell's best efforts, *Family Guy* has survived into th fall season, and Fox is bullish enough about it to be expan ing the staff, refurbishing the show's North Hollywood office and even adding a state-of-the-art digital recording studio. Ami the hubbub, MacFarlane looks more like a lost intern than a se ous young executive producer and creator who has a $2–2 million three-year deal from Fox Television to do *Family Guy* an develop new series. Rangy and handsome, he's also a bit of geek, with thick round glasses, a perpetual blink, and a shy, e pectant grin. But at a run-through of the latest episode's scrip he's the obvious star, reading half the parts with a outsize gift for mimicry, getting laughs from dubiou lines that do poke fun at every minority group imagi able, even singing his own new, loopy lyrics to an o Hope-Crosby *On the Road* number as the episode's final





Our vocation at Kent is to teach and learn things that matter. Kent boys and girls are expected to work hard developing useful intellectual skills—for understanding, practical reasoning and creative expression just as important as the discovery of those moral and spiritual resources that help young people and indeed everyone, live happily and responsibly in a community. At its best, Kent is a community of teachers and students who share a genuine love of learning, respect for individuals, and a caring attitude toward others. At the least, we aspire to these ancient values. C Daily life at Kent School also involves sharing such work as cleaning classrooms, corridors, yards, waiting on tables at meal time, and maintaining the dormitories. Everyone takes part in team sports. We worship together in the Chapel. C Kent is a school for capable students from all economic, social and geographic backgrounds. The men and women who make up the faculty are well prepared by education and experience to make the most of such diversity. C Prospective students and their parents are invited to reflect on the way of life presented in this catalog. The best way to learn about Kent is to come for a visit. You will be most welcome

Richardson W. Schell

Richardson W. Schell
Headmaster and Rector

SCHOOL DAZE

From above: **The Kent chapel. A 1 banner—blue and gray are for boy the North and the South, and white letters denote peace. The 1988–89 promotional booklet with Schell's statement of purpose.**

Throughout, a network "suit" fron the "standards and practices" depar ment makes notes in the margin of he copy of the script whenever a joke o obscenity seems too crass. At a writers meeting later that day, the other executiv producer, David Zuckerman, 37, report gloomily that there seem to be more note requesting changes than there were for pr vious episodes. "A chilling effect?" MacFa lane says, trying to joke about it.

Stewie the baby, Zuckerman reports, can't say "whore" o "bitch" anymore. MacFarlane slouches lower in his chair, doo dling the show's characters on his notepad. Brian, the alcoholi dog, can't indicate intercourse with a to-and-fro motion. "Can w have a pelvic thrust at least?" MacFarlane asks. Then there's th takeoff on *This Old House,* called *This Old Woman,* which fea tures the old woman nailed to two-by-fours. "Maybe if she's no


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strapped to two-by-fours?" MacFarlane ventures sweetly. And the gag where Peter, the dopey father, brings home a short, fat black man and announces, "Look who I found at the train station! Will Smith!," may have to be omitted. "It's funny," MacFarlane says to his writers—mostly young, male, and white—"but is it racist?" MacFarlane wants to get away with as much as he can: "For me," he says, "it's always 'How can this gag be funnier, and fuck everything else.'" To the writers assigned to revise the script, he has only one edict of his own. "Just be sure there's nothing in these episodes about Kent!"

Over dinner at a nearby Italian restaurant, MacFarlane explains that the first he heard of his former headmaster's ire was the call he got from him, out of the blue, a week before the show's debut. Having grown up in the town of Kent and attended the boarding school as one of a handful of day students, MacFarlane was better known to Schell than many of his peers. His mother had worked at the school for 22 years. "There was that familiarity, in that he knew my parents," MacFarlane says. "We would occasionally exchange a few words. But I never had any extensive dealings with him."

If Schell had found no fault in young Seth as a student, he felt no less indignant for that at learning MacFarlane planned to name his animated family "the Griffins." Schell's secretary is named Elaine Griffin. Surely, Schell insisted over the phone, Seth could see that that was unacceptable: Elaine Griffin was devastated by the prospect. In fact, the whole Griffin family—Elaine, James, and their children, Lauren and Jamie—were baffled and hurt.

Surprised, MacFarlane told Schell he'd had no intention of parodying the Griffins of Kent. He'd chosen Griffin because it was a common Irish name; he might as well have picked O'Leary or Callahan. "I said I wasn't going to change the name," MacFarlane recalls. "It was a civil conversation.

"What I had expected," he adds, "was that after they called me ... that [would] be the end of it. Because they'd see [the show is] too out there for these characters to resemble anyone. It's so removed from the real world." Nor did he have any desire to upset the Griffins. "I know them well; they were friends of the family; it wouldn't make any sense to bash them. I don't know what motive they think I'd have for this. It just doesn't make any sense."

"The Griffins were friends of the family," says MacFarlane. "It wouldn't make any sense to bash them."

MacFarlane says he didn't hear from Schell again until he read in the newspaper of the headmaster's campaign. But his mother did.

When Perry MacFarlane learned from a faculty member that Schell was upset, she called him. She says he declared, to her astonishment, that she and her husband, Ron, a history and English teacher at another private school, were irresponsible parents. "I said to Ron, 'I work in the admissions office judging character, and here he was questioning mine?' So I wrote him to resign. He called me to say, 'This is ridiculous; I've washed my hands of it.'" MacFarlane resigned anyway. "Then I began hearing rumors: he was doing a lot of xeroxing."

The Kent School, with its campus of Georgian red-brick buildings backed by the forested green hills of northwestern Connecticut, lies along the Housatonic River. Founded in 1906 by Father Frederick Herbert Sill, an Episcopal monk, as a haven for boys of moderate means to study and spend their free hours doing farm chores, it evolved into one of the pack of New England prep schools that draw most of their students from more mon-

eyed circles and graduate them into Ivy League colleges. Cu
rently, it counts among its alumni trustees a partner at Goldma
Sachs and one at J. H. Whitney, though its best-known alums
recent times are, as it happens, actors Ted Danson and Tre
Williams. If not quite in the top tier with Groton, St. Paul's, an
Exeter, Kent occupies a secure niche just below, and many in i
extended community like it just as it is: more modest than thos
others, perhaps more nurturing and more intimate and, until r
cently, more private.

On a midsummer day with school out of session, the campu
lies somnolent, deserted but for a crew team practicing on th
river: students row in one boat as their coach calls out pointe
through a megaphone in a small outboard beside them. In th
weeks since the story broke, Schell has gone from boasting of h
success in the press—even reporting a new letter to Pottery Barn
chiding the company for a catalogue cover showing the Amer
can flag draped carelessly over a dock—to ducking all inquiries
Accordingly, I bypass the front office, park by the river, and stro
directly into the headmaster's lair. The secretary's post, whe
Elaine Griffin usually sits, is, by chance, vacant, and Schell is
his desk doing paperwork.

A tall, heavyset man with longish sandy hair and a round freck
led face, Schell greets me with a headmaster's practiced charm
but also, clearly, the desire to usher me immediately out of h
office. "I just don't want to talk about this anymore," he says. Be
hind us appears Elaine Griffin, an attractive woman with straigh
brown hair, who looks alarmed. "You're late for your meeting,
she tells her boss a bit desperately. "They're waiting for you ... "

Yet when he walks me outside, Schell seems driven to clarif
a version of events that almost no one, to his surprise and hur
has chosen to accept. "It started out as an objection to the us
of a name, in this small town, of some family friends," he says
standing under a covered walkway that looks across a green t
a white-columned building and the river beyond. "We're talk
ing about a town with 2,500, 3,00
people. After 25 years, thes
families have all been friend
together." Was there no doub
in Schell's mind, I ask, tha
Seth MacFarlane chose tha
name to parody the Griffin
he knew? Schell rolls his eye
at the thought. "I don't eve
want to get into that."

In response to the notio
that only one call was mad
to Seth MacFarlane to get the nam
changed, Schell gives me another look. "
don't want to make them out to be telling you things that aren
so," he confides, "but numerous efforts were made to get them t
change the name. That's a serious problem." Later, Perry Mac
Farlane insists that "Dick only did make that one call; ther
weren't other efforts."

Because of the name dispute, Schell says, he watched th
show when it aired, and realized it had a bigger problem. "I sa
the content! I said to myself, The corporations, if they knew
what they were sponsoring, they would be concerned." In his le
ters of complaint, Schell chose not to mention that he knew th
show's creator, or to make any reference to the local famil
whose name he felt had been impugned. The show's content, h
suggests, now outweighed those factors. "The show is so bad,
he says, "that I can't [see any] correlation between the family o
that show and the wonderful family I'm talking about."

Schell says he created the ProudSponsorsUSA letterhead not t
misrepresent himself or to foster the appearance of a large, estab



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lished lobbying group, but rather to avoid associating the Kent School with his campaign. "I didn't want to use Kent School," he says. "I wanted to convey a clear message: this is about being a proud sponsor.

"I don't wish anyone ill," Schell adds as he sends me on my way. "I don't even know what the implications of [this] are for this show. I was just pointing out to the sponsors that they should look at what they're responsible for."



CLASS CLOWN
***Left,* MacFarlane, center, during his sophomore year (1988–89) at Kent. *Below,* MacFarlane (in glasses) and Schell, far right, at the 1995 wedding of Lauren Griffin and Colin Hamilton, who are to MacFarlane's right. Jamie Griffin and Rachael MacFarlane are to Schell's right.**

"I don't wish anyone ill. I don't eve know what the implications of [this] are f this show," says Sche

To the Kent faculty, Schell's campaign embodies a number of dizzying contradictions. For one, he's a proud liberal on most social and political issues—proud enough to have written letters to the editors of newspapers over the last four or five years taking strong stands on, for example, President Clinton's right to prevaricate about his affair with Monica Lewinsky. "Most Americans have no doubt the President lied," Schell wrote to *The Lakeville Journal.* "But they also know he was responding to a crisis, protecting his family and friends, answering questions that were an affront to his personal dignity." The letters, which Schell took to pinning proudly on the school's bulletin boards, hardly square with his moral stance on crass television humor, free speech, and the role of commercial sponsors in determining the content of shows they buy into. Curiously, too, earlier letters to newspapers were signed by Schell as a rector and headmaster of the Kent School.



As roughly a dozen current and former faculty members and close observers see it, Schell's campaign is not so much a moral stand as an inexplicable act of revenge against MacFarlane for using the Griffin name. "He finds high moral justification for immoral acts," scoffs one. Morality is simply a cloak, they feel, for his vindictiveness. But on a deeper level, suggest his colleagues, Schell's campaign is the misjudgment of a man whose 18-year rule at Kent has been marked by growing isolation and authoritarianism, to the point where he seems cut off, his instincts blunted. They say he has one confidante, and that her own judgment sometimes seems marred by volatile emotion: his secretary, Elaine Griffin.

As the teachers observe, a New England prep school is, in a sense, like a feudal fiefdom, with the headmaster its duke. Because the institution is private, he has the power to expel students and dismiss faculty virtually as he pleases. The trustees are, in theory, his overseers, but they're busy people who live elsewhere; complaints, if they arise at all, tend to be given short shrift if the headmaster is doing his most important job well—fund-raising. And, again like dukes, the longer headmasters rule, the more unassailable they become.

Schell first came to Kent as a student in the mid-1960s. "He was the golden boy," recalls one disenchanted observer. "He was brilliant, he was an athlete, and he was senior prefect, which means he was the No. 1 boy as a senior." In his last year at Harvard, he was made Kent's youngest-ever trustee—a sop to student protesters demanding more of a say in how Kent was run. After Yale Divinity School, he took a job as a cleric at a church in Lake Forest, Illinois, where he had been raised as an upper-middle-class son of a Quaker Oats executive—and where, along with his Episcopal duties, he played a minister in a walk-on part in the movie *Ordinary People.* Soon, though, he was brought back to Kent as its chaplain and heir apparent. When the then headmaster succumbed prematurely to a brain tumor, Schell was given the job. He was 30 years old. By then he had married Jennifer Almquist and had twin daughters.

For more than a decade, Schell impressed most of his colleagues as an administrator, charmed wealthy alumni into making generous gifts, and did a particularly good job expanding the campus in 1992 to fully integrate Kent's girls' school, which had begun in 1960 on separate grounds four and a half miles away. By this time, however, more than a few observers had begun to feel that Schell was getting heavy-handed in his dealings with the faculty, and increasingly remote.

"He has talked at great length to me personally about his management beliefs," says one insider. "He's used the word 'Machiavellian': keep your groups separate, pit them against each other. As far back as 1986, I remember saying, 'Dick, that's so old-fashioned!' To him, it has no negative connotation."

More than one faculty member believes that Schell's manner began to change after his divorce in the mid-80s from Almquist. In an insular world of faculty couples, they suggest, a divorced headmaster has a harder time being the host he needs to be. And emotionally, without a partner's judgment, Schell seemed to suffer, in the eyes of one faculty member, "a steady deterioration."

"He started using people he could control," says another faculty member, "rather than people who could give him sound advice." Says another observer, more bluntly, "Anyone who may question his actions or motives is categorically and irredeemably an enemy."

Originally, Schell convened faculty meetings twice a month. But when faculty began posing serious policy questions, the meetings stopped, says one observer. Last year, there were just two such meetings, the first of which was the inevitable opening-


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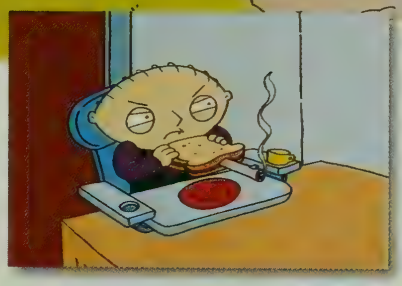
day introduction of new faculty members, without any give-and-ake. "He even discouraged the faculty from going into the din-ng room for coffee," the observer adds. "It allowed for faculty to say hello to each other. He no longer allows this."

Over time, older faculty found themselves eased out, their places taken by teachers half their age—or just out of college. The older faculty were more likely to challenge their headmaster, the young replacements to be compliant. Also, as one close source says, the young ones were cheaper. "That makes it easier for him to contain the budget [and] impress the trustees." But something was lost. "Some of them are oddballs," says one observer of the older teachers, "but the unusual one may be the one that inspires your child." The young ones, less idiosyncratic, also tend to leave more quickly, having sacrificed a year or two to put Kent on their résumés. A decade ago, one faculty member recalls, two or three teachers left each year. "Now it's 16 or 18. And they're all under 30 or 31."

"Schell started using people he could control," says a faculty member, "rather than people who could give him sound advice."







FAMILY VALUES ***From above:*** ***Family Guy*****'s alcoholic dian; the Griffins in front of their use in "Quahog, e Island"; Stewie ie baby, the most violent member of the Griffin family.**

Almquist takes issue with all this. "The school was in dire financial straits," she says. "What they needed was a masterful fund-raiser, and that's what they got. Dick was also instrumental in getting the school to return to its roots as a church school. It's been said of prep-school faculties that individually they are fine, but as a group they would eat their headmasters alive if they could."

Paradoxically, as older faculty came to feel restricted, they saw Schell grow more lenient with students. "The things he attacks in *Family Guy* he allows in the school," exclaims one. "There is no code of morality on paper. If someone is caught cheating, the attitude is: 'We don't know if they actually read the notes on their arm or not.'" The school has a tough drug policy. Yet, as the mother of one former student observes, "They didn't want anyone to investigate where the kids were getting those drugs. I thought it would have made more sense to do that." More important, the policy may not be effective. "If my daughter's stories are true," says the mother of another former student, "virtually everyone in the dorms was on drugs. They were doing angel dust, cocaine, and grinding up Adderall, a prescription drug for attention deficit disorder, in order to snort it." In fairness, one of Schell's faculty critics thinks that may be overstating the case. "I'm not sure Kent has more drugs than any other prep school," he says.

In light of his moral stance on *Family Guy,* Schell took a surprisingly lax position when it came to social issues for the faculty as well. Last year a messy extramarital affair involving three faculty members shocked the entire school but drew no public censure from the headmaster.

And Schell's unwanted romantic interest in at least one unmarried female faculty member created another problem. After she rebuffed him, she felt a chill descend on her professional prospects at the school. "It became extremely clear that there was no room for advancement with him being in charge after [that]," she says. She has since left the school.

As for Schell's relationship with Elaine Griffin, it too has stirred debate—if for no other reason than that the defender of her honor and good name might more logically be her husband.

In a small town like Kent, people often work in the same job a long, long time. Elaine Griffin has sat outside the headmaster's office nearly as long as Schell has been there. He brought her over from the admissions office, where she had found her first job at the school with the help of her best friend, Perry MacFarlane. Ever since, the lives of both families, and of the headmaster, have been closely linked.

"The MacFarlanes were the Griffins' only friends [in Kent], to my knowledge," says one rather biased observer. "Jimmy Griffin, who works for Metro-North [the commuter rail line], plays guitar, as does Ron. They could hack around and sing folk songs. Elaine was in the same workplace with Perry. And the two Griffin children, Lauren and Jamie, were around the same age as Seth and Rachael."

If the Griffins were not quite typical of Kent, which consists mostly of writers, artists, and weekend people from Manhattan, the MacFarlanes, says this same observer, "were the most popular people in town." Though hardly wealthy—for a while, Ron supplemented his teacher's income as a butcher—they were charming and funny and enormously talented. Both Seth and Rachael inherited fine singing voices, and from an early age Seth's artistic talent was unmistakable. "He was brilliantly creative," says one of his former teachers, who, like every faculty member interviewed for this story, is reluctant to speak on the record. "Good in the theater department, contributed cartoons to the newspaper, and was generally seen as the kid who was going places." In his most memorable cartoon, a boy kneeling at the Communion rail says to his priest, "Can I get some fries with that?" A local Catholic priest was scandalized.

The two families vacationed together more than once on Cape


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God, and, while over time the children were less willing to be thrown together, Elaine Griffin seemed to become more and more dependent on Perry as a confidante. "Elaine is very good at playing the victim, and Perry was endlessly sympathetic," says a MacFarlane friend. At one point in the last few years, Elaine came to live with the MacFarlanes for three months, staying in a basement apartment of the house. While she was there, Schell often came to take her to school concerts and plays and do what he could to cheer her up.

As an Episcopal minister, Schell had officiated at the 1997 wedding of Lauren Griffin, now a schoolteacher. Schell seems to have become Elaine's other confidant. More and more, the two seemed to protect each other. As Schell grew more withdrawn from the faculty, Elaine became a stricter gatekeeper. "She controls access," says one former employee. "It's a bunkerlike situation," says a faculty member. "She's very careful about whom she allows in." At the same time, says the former employee, "he will protect her. If she reacts emotionally, he will weigh in on her behalf. She has her little blowups; we keep our heads down. Most of us have learned to keep our distance from her."

"Elaine controls access," says one former employee. "It's a bunkerlike situation," says a faculty member. "She's very careful about whom she allows in."

In the small, insular world of a New England prep school, such closeness stirred inevitable gossip. "Elaine does show up at receptions, not exactly on his arm," adds the former employee. "But she's at dinner parties at his home, often checking up in the kitchen. She's not a surrogate spouse [however]."

Clearly, Schell reacted to *Family Guy* as a deeply personal affront to his closest ally. Along with preparing his ProudSponsorsUSA campaign, he combed the Internet in search of negative reviews of the show and put copies of them in faculty mailboxes. At least one packet was mailed anonymously: "A colleague in the town of Kent received one of these xeroxed things, mailed anonymously from Chicago," Perry MacFarlane recalls. "It was when Dick was in Chicago. We recognized the handwriting!"

To one faculty member, says Perry, Schell described his campaign as a war with the odds in his favor. "My aim is to get this show pulled off the air," he allegedly told another faculty member in a restaurant. To yet another he declared he had a "mole" at Fox television, and warned that Seth MacFarlane was preparing a character based on that teacher. Still another teacher came in for a formal review, only to be subjected to 20 minutes of fevered talk from Schell on the horrors of *Family Guy.*

Elaine Griffin was striking back, too. On the MacFarlanes' answering machine, she left a long rant so bitter it led the MacFarlanes to call the police. "I feel like I never knew any of you, that you have absolutely no morals.... You have absolutely destroyed me, and I can't believe you have connected our names to such a horrible cartoon that belittles everything.... Enjoy your fame! I am so ashamed I have such poor judgment on choosing you to be my friend.... I think you are the most horrible people I have ever met. And I just hope you enjoy Hollywood, because you belong there because you are garbage."

By summer, the MacFarlanes had moved to Southern California, partly to be closer to Seth and Rachael, a singer and songwriter who also lives on the West Coast, partly to get away from Kent's headmaster and his secretary. "The whole town," says one friend of the MacFarlanes', "is devastated that they're gone."

Jennifer Almquist is sorry the MacFarlanes left, too. "I've known [Seth] since he was a small boy, and the whole town, including Dick, has admired him and cheered his success." But she feels Schell's campaign was justified. "Dick is getting a lot of publishment for being able to stand up and take a high moral ground. In his job as a headmaster and Episcopal priest, it's essential that he be willing to take a moral stand. I'm sure that most Episcopal priests would back him up."

Finding a faculty member to defend the headmaster's campaign is somewhat more difficult. Finally, one senior faculty member close to the headmaster and his secretary volunteers. "We all love Elaine," says this teacher, "so I can see why he felt obligated to intervene by talking to the MacFarlanes, then picking up the spear."

As for the form Schell's campaign took, this faculty member views it as merely the most recent example of Schell's long-standing interest in public issues. "Clearly, though opinions can vary, it is a legitimate issue to talk about—the politics and ethics of broadcasting 'edgy' material, especially on open-air television. I think it's also a legitimate issue to talk about the possible linkage between the characters and the person of [Schell's] secretary." The sympathizer pauses. "I'm actually not in agreement with him on either one, but I think they're both legitimate."

The sympathizer, however, declines to go on the record.

As angry mutterings have spread among faculty and alumni, the Kent administration has clamped down. Word has gone out to the faculty ordering them to say "No comment" to any and all press queries. And when one influential alum strode into the development office to demand a list of the trustees and their addresses in order to write them a letter decrying Schell's campaign, he claims he was told by a female staff member to wait. Upon his return an hour later, the request was denied. "Who told you you couldn't give it to me?" the alum demanded. The headmaster, admitted the woman. "But I guess I have to give it to you," she went on, "because under the bylaws it's public."

In Burbank, Seth MacFarlane has just moved to a new house—a sign of his growing success. He has stopped worrying about his old headmaster; the greater threat now is that Fox has moved *Family Guy* from Sunday to Thursday nights. "They said it was strong enough to anchor a new night for them, that it could launch a couple of new shows," he says with a sigh. "I wish I had the same confidence—that after only six episodes we can carry new shows. It seems to me that it's too soon."

Schell, meanwhile, repaired to Nova Scotia for the end of the summer, possibly hoping that the storm would blow over. Several calls to Schell and Elaine Griffin at the headmaster's office went unreturned. At least there will be no more letters to sponsors of *Family Guy.* "I could, if I wanted to, become ... I could go on talk shows, I could talk to magazines, I could be out there hammering this program," Schell told me from his doorway during our truncated visit. But he's not going to, because "I have a job to do, which is running this school." Which means that a powerful top job at ProudSponsorsUSA is available even now. No pay, no benefits, but lots of publicity, and influence over dozens of major U.S. corporations.

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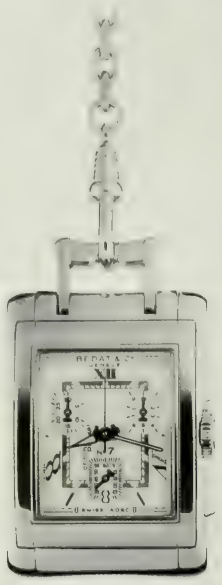
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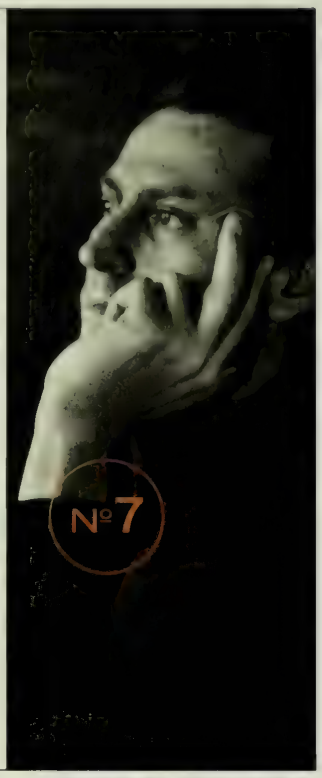
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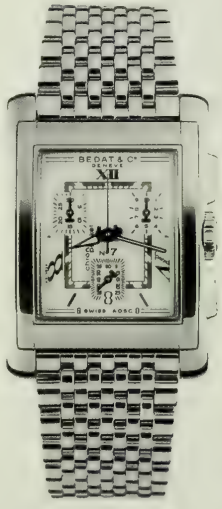


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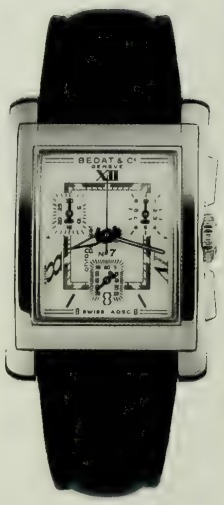


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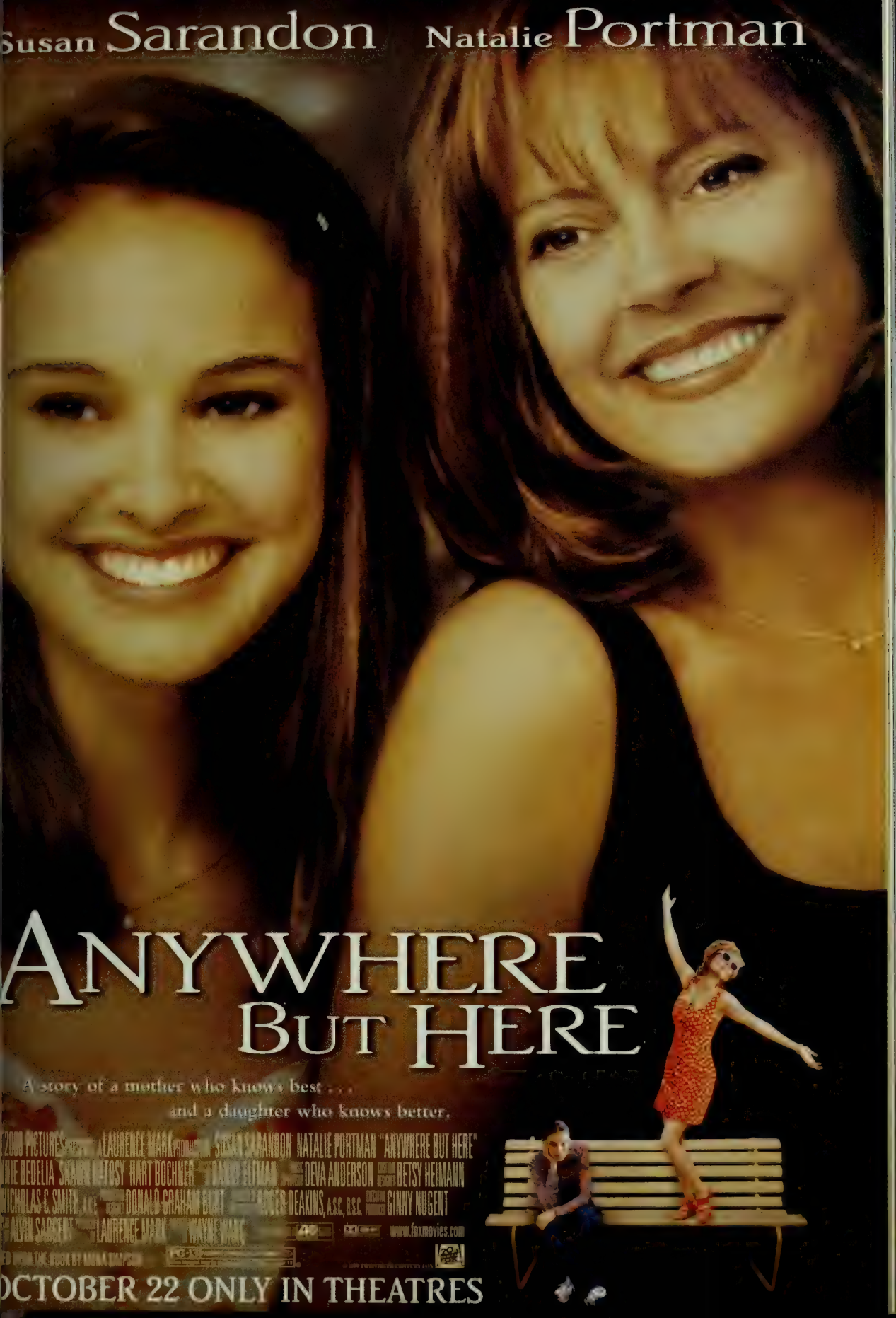




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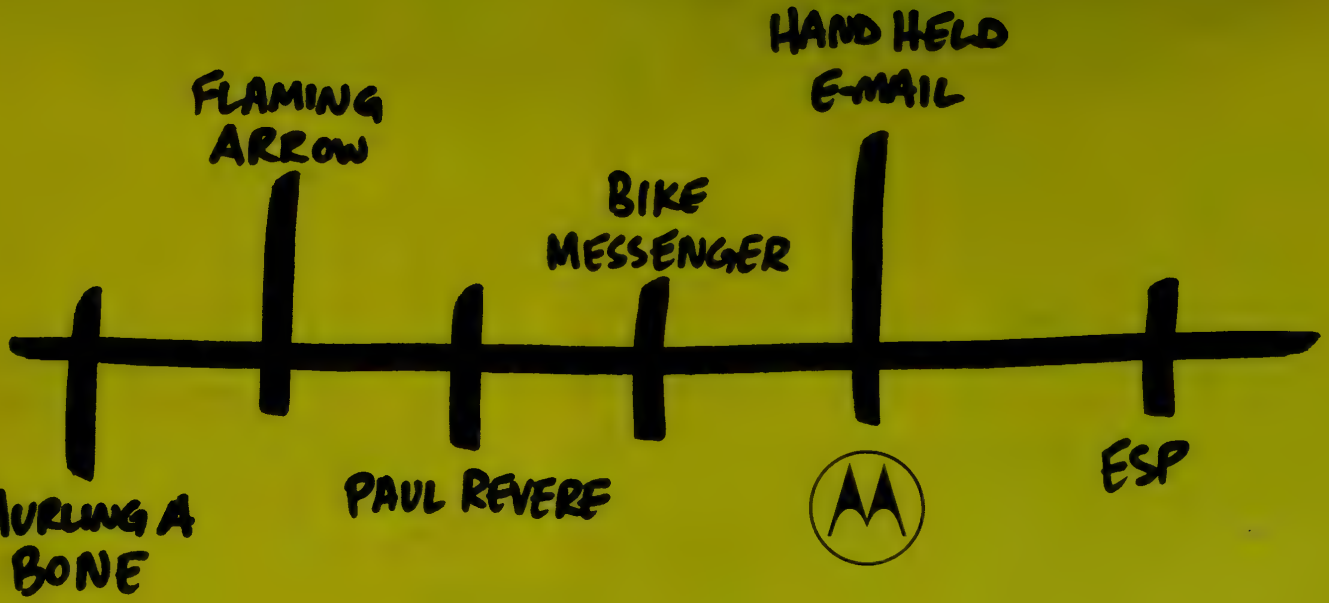
Long-buried Vatican files reveal a new and shocking indictment of World War II's Pope Pius XII: that in pursuit of absolute power he helped Adolf Hitler destroy Ger Catholic political opposition, betrayed the Jews of Europe, and sealed a deeply cyni pact with a 20th-century devil

BY JOHN CORNWELL

One evening several years ago when I was having dinner with a group of students, the topic of the papacy was broached, and the discussion quickly boiled over. A young woman asserted that Eugenio Pacelli, Pope Pius XII, the Pope during World War II, had brought lasting shame on the Catholic Church by failing to denounce the Final Solution. A young man, a practicing Catholic, insisted that the case had never been proved.

Raised as a Catholic during the papacy of Pius XII—his picture gazed down from the wall of every classroom during my childhood—I was only too familiar with the allegation. It started in 1963 with a play by a young German named Rolf Hochhuth. *Der Stellvertreter* (The Deputy), which was staged on Broadway in 1964, depic ed Pacelli as a ruthless cynic, intereste more in the Vatican's stockholdings tha in the fate of the Jews. Most Catholics di missed Hochhuth's thesis as implausibl but the play sparked a controversy whic

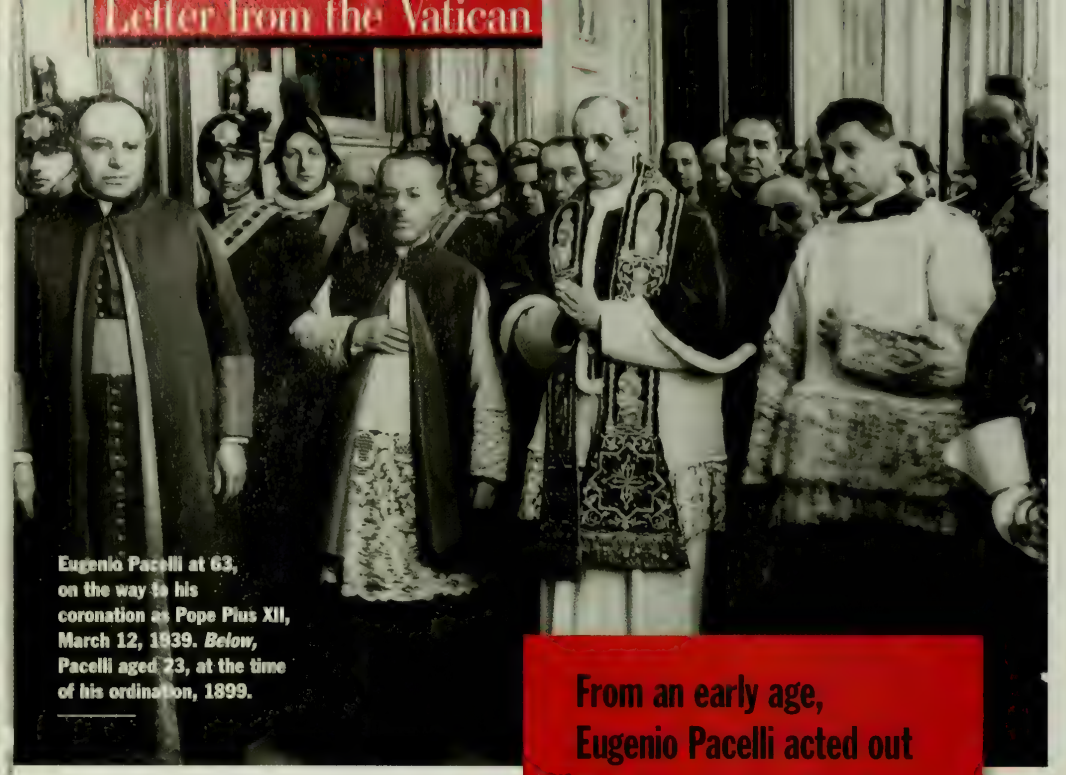
Excerpted from *Hitler's Pope: The Secret History of Pius XII,* by John Cornwell, to be published this month by Viking; © 1999 by the author.





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Eugenio Pacelli at 63, on the way to his coronation as Pope Pius XII, March 12, 1939. *Below,* Pacelli aged 23, at the time of his ordination, 1899.

From an early age, Eugenio Pacelli acted out the ritual of the Mass, dressed in robes supplied by his mother.



has raged to this day.

Disturbed by the anger brought out in that dinner altercation, and convinced, as I had always been, of Pius XII's innocence, I decided to write a new defense of his reputation for a younger generation. I believed that Pacelli's evident holiness was proof of his good faith. How could such a saintly pope have betrayed the Jews? But was it possible to find a new and conclusive approach to the issue? The arguments had so far focused mainly on his wartime conduct; however, Pacelli's Vatican career had started 40 years earlier. It seemed to me that a proper investigation into Pacelli's record would require a more extensive chronicle than any attempted in the past.

So I applied for access to archival material in the Vatican, reassuring those who had charge of crucial documents that I was on the side of my subject. Six years earlier, in a book entitled *A Thief in the Night,* I had defended the Vatican against charges that Pope John Paul I had been murdered by his own aides.

Two key officials granted me access to secret material: depositions under oath gathered 30 years ago to support the process for Pacelli's canonization, and the archive of the Vatican Secretariat of State, the foreign office of the Holy See. I also drew on German sources relating to Pacelli's activities in Germany during the 1920s and 1930s, including his dealings with Adolf Hitler in 1933. For months on end I ransacked Pacelli's files, which dated back to 1912, in a windowless dungeon beneath the Borgia Tower in Vatican City. Later I sat for several weeks in a dusty office in the Jesuit headquarters, close to St. Peter's Square in Rome, mulling over a thousand pages of transcribed testimony given under oath by those who had known Pacelli well during his lifetime, including his critics.

By the middle of 1997, I was in a state of moral shock. The material I had gathered amounted not to an exoneration but to an indictment more scandalous than Hochhuth's. The evidence was explosive. It showed for the first time that Pacelli was patently, and by the proof of his own words, anti-Jewish. It revealed that he had helped Hitler to power and at the same time undermined potential Catholic resistance in Germany. It showed that he had implicitly denied and trivialized the Holocaust, despite having reliable knowledge of its true extent. And, worse, that he was a hypocrite, for after the war he had retrospectively taken undue credit for speaking out boldly against the Nazis' persecution of the Jews.

In the "Holy Year" of 1950, a year in which many millions of pilgrims flocked to Rome to catch a glimpse of Pacelli, he was at the zenith of his papacy. This was the Pius that people now in their mid-50s and older remember from newsreels and newspaper photographs. He was 74 years old and still vigorous. Six feet tall, stick thin at 125 pounds, light on his feet, regular in his habits, he had hardly altered physically from the day of his coronation 11 years earlier. He had beautiful tapering hands, a plaintive voice, large dark eyes, and an aura of holiness. It was his extreme pallor that first arrested those who met him. His skin "had a surprisingly transparent effect," observed the writer Conrado Pallenberg, "as if reflecting from the inside a cold, white flame." His charisma was stunning. "His presence radiated a benignity, calm and sanctity that I have certainly never before sensed in any human being," recorded the English writer James Lees-Milne. "I immediately fell head over heels in love with him. I was so affected I could scarcely speak without tears and was conscious that my legs were trembling."

But there was another side to his character, little known to the faithful. Although he was a man of selfless, monk-like habits of prayer and simplicity, he was a believer in the absolute-leadership principle. More than any other Vatican official of the century, he had promoted the modern ideology of autocratic papal control, the highly centralized, dictatorial authority he himself assumed on March 2, 1939, and maintained until his death in October 1958.

There was a time before the advent of modern communications when Catholic authority was widely distributed, in the collective decisions of the church's councils and in collegial power-sharing between the Pope and the bishops. The absolutism



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of the modern papacy is largely an invention of the late 19th century. It developed rapidly in the first decades of this century in response to the perception of the centrifugal breakup of the church under an array of contemporary pressures: materialism, increasing sexual freedom, religious skepticism, and social and political liberties. From his young manhood on, Pacelli played a leading role in shaping the conditions and scope of modern papal power.

Eugenio Pacelli was born in Rome in 1876, into a family of church lawyers who served the Vatican. He had an older sister and brother and a younger sister. His parents, devout Catholics, shared an apartment in central Rome with his grandfather, who had been a legal adviser to Pius IX, the longest-serving Pope in history. There was only one small brazier to supply heat for the whole family, even in the depths of winter. Eugenio was a modest youth, who never appeared before his siblings unless he was fully dressed in a jacket and tie. He would always come to the table with a book, which he would read after having asked the family's permission. From an early age he acted out the ritual of the Mass, dressed in robes supplied by his mother. He had a gift for languages and a prodigious memory. He was spindly and suffered from a "fastidious stomach." He retained a youthful piety all his life. Politically and legally, however, he was capable of great subtlety and cunning.

The Pacellis were fiercely loyal to the injured merit of the papacy. From 1848, the Popes had progressively lost to the emerging nation-state of Italy their dominions, which had formed, since time immemorial, the midriff of the Italian peninsula. Six years before Eugenio's birth, the city of Rome itself had been seized, leaving the papacy in crisis. How could the Popes regard themselves as independent now that they were mere citizens of an upstart kingdom? Eugenio's grandfather and father believed passionately that the Popes could once again exert a powerful unifying authority over the church by the application of ecclesiastical and international law. In 1870, at a gathering in Rome of a preponderance of the world's bishops, known as the First Vatican Council, the Pope was dogmatically declared infallible in matters of faith and morals. He was also declared the unchallenged primate of the faithful. The Pope may have lost his temporal dominions, but spiritually he was solely in charge of his universal church.

During the first two decades of this century, papal primacy and infallibility began to creep even beyond the ample boundaries set by the First Vatican Council. A powerful legal instrument transformed the 1870 primacy dogma into an unprecedented principle of papal power. Eugenio Pacelli, by then a brilliant young Vatican lawyer, had a major part in the drafting of that instrument, which was known as the Code of Canon Law.

Pacelli had been recruited into the Vatican in 1901, at the age of 24, to specialize in international affairs and church law. Pious, slender, with dark luminous eyes, he was an instant favorite. He was invited to collaborate on the reformulation of church law with his immediate superior, Pietro Gasparri, a world-famous canon lawyer. Packaged in a single manual, the Code of Canon Law was distributed in 1917 to Catholic bishops and clergy throughout the world. According to this code, in the future all bishops would be nominated by the Pope; doctrinal error would be tantamount to heresy; priests would be subjected to strict censorship in their writings; papal letters to the faithful would be regarded as infallible (in practice if not in principle); and an oath would be taken by all candidates for the priesthood to submit to the sense as well as the strict wording of doctrine as laid down by the Pope.

But there was a problem. The church had historically granted the dioceses in the provincial states of Germany a large measure of local discretion and independence from Rome. Germany had one of the largest Catholic populations in the world, and its congregation was well educated and sophisticated, with hundreds of Catholic associations and newspapers and many Catholic universities and publishing houses. The historic autonomy of Germany's Catholic Church was enshrined in ancient church-state treaties known as concordats.

Aged 41 and already an archbishop, Pacelli was dispatched to Munich as papal nuncio, or ambassador, to start the process of eliminating all existing legal challenges to the new papal autocracy. At the same time, he was to pursue a Reich Concordat, a treaty between the papacy and Germany as a whole which would supersede all local agreements and become a model of Catholic church-state relations. A Reich Concordat would mean formal recognition by the German government of the Pope's right to impose the new Code of Canon Law on Germany's Catholics. Such an arrangement was fraught with significance for a largely Protestant Germany. Nearly 400 years earlier, in Wittenberg, Martin Luther had publicly burned a copy of Canon Law in defiance of the centralized authority of the church. It wa one of the defining moments of the Refo mation, which was to divide Western Chri tendom into Catholics and Protestants.

In May 1917, Pacelli set off for Germar via Switzerland in a private railway com partment, with an additional wagon co taining 60 cases of special foods for h delicate stomach. The Pope at that tim Benedict XV, was shocked at this extrava gance, but Pacelli had favored status as th Vatican's best diplomat. Shortly after he se tled in Munich, he acquired a reputation a a vigorous relief worker. He traveled throug war-weary Germany extending charity t people of all religions and none. In an earl letter to the Vatican, however, he revealed himself to be less than enamored of Ge many's Jews. On September 4, 1917, Pacel informed Pietro Gasparri, who had becom cardinal secretary of state in the Vatican– the equivalent of foreign minister and prim minister—that a Dr. Werner, the chief rabb of Munich, had approached the nunciatur begging a favor. In order to celebrate th Festival of Tabernacles, beginning on Octo ber 1, the Jews needed palm fronds, whic normally came from Italy. But the Italian government had forbidden the exportation via Switzerland, of a stock of palms which the Jews had purchased and which were being held up in Como. "The Israelitic Community," continued Pacelli, "are seek ing the intervention of the Pope in the hope that he will plead on behalf of the thousands of German Jews." The favor in question was no more problematic than the transportation of Pacelli's 60 cases of food stuffs had been a few months earlier.

Pacelli's contempt of Judaism was based on his belief that the Jews were behind the Bolshevik plot to destroy Christendom.

Pacelli informed Gasparri that he had warned the rabbi that "wartime delays in communication" would make things diffi cult. He also told Gasparri that he did not think it appropriate for the Vatican "to as sist them in the exercise of their Jewish cult." His letter went by the slow route overland in the diplomatic bag. Gasparri replied by telegram on September 18 that he entirely trusted Pacelli's "shrewdness," agreeing that it would not be appropriate to help Rabbi Werner. Pacelli wrote back

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on September 28, 1917, informing Gasparri that he had again seen the rabbi, who "was perfectly convinced of the reasons I had given him and thanked me warmly for all that I had done on his behalf." Pacelli had done nothing except thwart the rabbi's request. The episode, small in itself, belies subsequent claims that Pacelli had a great love of the Jewish religion and was always motivated by its best interests.

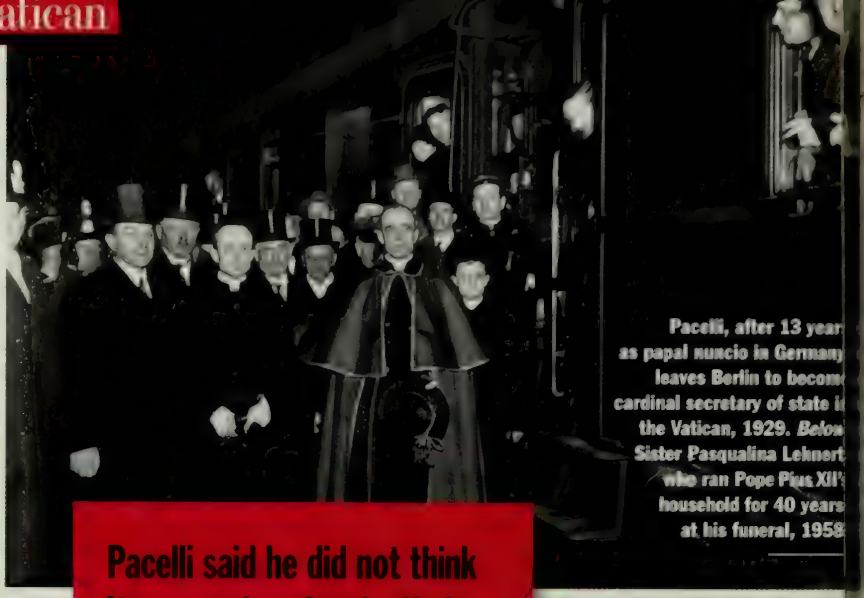
Eighteen months later he revealed his antipathy toward the Jews in a more blatantly anti-Semitic fashion when he found himself at the center of a local revolution as Bolshevik groups struggled to take advantage of the chaos in postwar Munich. Writing to Gasparri, Pacelli described the revolutionaries and their chief, Eugen Levien, in their headquarters in the former royal palace. The letter has lain in the Vatican secret archive like a time bomb until now:

The scene that presented itself at the palace was indescribable. The confusion totally chaotic, the filth completely nauseating; soldiers and armed workers coming and going; the building, once the home of a king, resounding with screams, vile language, profanities. Absolute hell. An army of employees were dashing to and fro, giving out orders, waving bits of paper, and in the midst of all this, a gang of young women, of dubious appearance, Jews like all the rest of them, hanging around in all the offices with provocative demeanor and suggestive smiles. The boss of this female gang was Levien's mistress, a young Russian woman, a Jew and a divorcée, who was in charge. And it was to her that the nunciature was obliged to pay homage in order to proceed.

This Levien is a young man, about 30 or 35, also Russian and a Jew. Pale, dirty, with vacant eyes, hoarse voice, vulgar, repulsive, with a face that is both intelligent and sly.

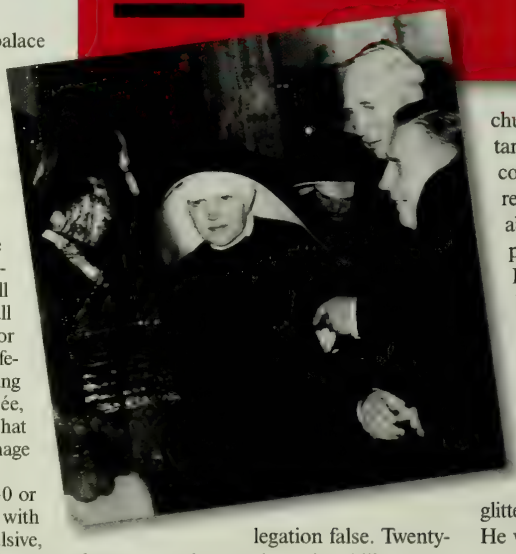
This association of Jewishness with Bolshevism confirms that Pacelli, from his early 40s, nourished a suspicion of and contempt for the Jews for political reasons. But the repeated references to the Jewishness of these individuals, along with the catalogue of stereotypical epithets deploring their physical and moral repulsiveness, betray a scorn and revulsion consistent with anti-Semitism.

Not long after this, Pacelli campaigned to have black French troops removed from the Rhineland, convinced that they were raping women and abusing children—even though an independent inquiry sponsored by the U.S. Congress, of which Pacelli was aware, proved this allegation false. Twenty-three years later, when the Allies were about to enter Rome, he asked the British envoy to the Vatican to request of the British Foreign Office that no Allied colored troops would be among the small number that might be garrisoned in Rome after the occupation.



Pacelli, after 13 years as papal nuncio in Germany, leaves Berlin to become cardinal secretary of state in the Vatican, 1929. *Below*, Sister Pasqualina Lehnert, who ran Pope Pius XII's household for 40 years, at his funeral, 1958.

Pacelli said he did not think it appropriate for the Vatican "to assist them in the exercise of their Jewish cult."



Pacelli spent 13 years in Germany attempting to rewrite the state concordats one by one in favor of the power of the Holy See and routinely employing diplomatic blackmail. Germany was caught up in many territorial disputes following the redrawing of the map of Central Europe after the First World War. Pacelli repeatedly traded promises of Vatican support for German control of disputed regions in return for obtaining terms advantageous to the Vatican in concordats. The German government's official in charge of Vatican affairs at one point recorded the "ill feeling" prompted by Pacelli's "excessive demands." Both Catholics and Protestants in Germany resisted reaching an agreement with Pacelli on a Reich Concordat because the nuncio's concept of a church-state relationship was too authoritarian. In his negotiations, Pacelli was not concerned about the fate of non-Catholic religious communities or institutions, or about human rights. He was principally preoccupied with the interests of the Holy See. Nothing could have been better designed to deliver Pacelli into the hands of Hitler later, when the future dictator made his move in 1933.

In June 1920, Pacelli became nuncio to all of Germany, with headquarters in Berlin as well as in Munich, and immediately acquired a glittering reputation in diplomatic circles. He was a favorite at dinner parties and receptions, and he was known to ride horses on the estate of a wealthy German family. His household was run by a pretty young nun from southern Germany named Sister Pasqualina Lehnert. Pacelli's sister Elisabetta, who battled with the nun for Pacelli's affections, described Pasqualina as "*scaltrissima*"—extremely cunning. In Munich it had been rumored that he cast more than priestly eyes on this religious housekeeper. Pacelli insisted that a Vatican investigation into this "horrible calumny" be conducted at the highest level, and his reputation emerged unbesmirched.

Meanwhile, he had formed a close relationship with an individual named Ludwig Kaas. Kaas was a representative of the solidly Catholic German Center Party, one

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of the largest and most powerful democratic parties in Germany. Though it was unusual for a full-time politician, he was also a Roman Catholic priest. Five years Pacelli's junior, dapper, bespectacled, and invariably carrying a smart walking stick, Kaas, known as "the prelate," became an intimate collaborator of Pacelli's on every aspect of Vatican diplomacy in Germany. With Pacelli's encouragement, Kaas eventually became the chairman of the Center Party, the first priest to do so in the party's 60-year history. Yet while Kaas was officially a representative of a major democratic party, he was increasingly devoted to Pacelli, to the point of becoming his alter ego.

Sister Pasqualina stated after Pacelli's death that Kaas, who "regularly accompanied Pacelli on holiday," was linked to him in "adoration, honest love and unconditional loyalty." There were stories of acute jealousy and high emotion when Kaas became conscious of a rival affection in Pacelli's secretary, the Jesuit Robert Leiber, who was also German.

Kaas was a profound believer in the benefits of a Reich Concordat, seeing a parallel between papal absolutism and the *Führerprinzip,* the Fascist leadership principle. His views coincided perfectly with Pacelli's on church-state politics, and their aspirations for centralized papal power were identical. Kaas's adulation of Pacelli, whom he put before his party, became a crucial element in the betrayal of Catholic democratic politics in Germany.

German Catholics in the millions joined the Nazi Party, believing that it had the support of the Pope.

In 1929, Pacelli was recalled to Rome to take over the most important role under the Pope, cardinal secretary of state. Sister Pasqualina arrived uninvited and cunningly, according to Pacelli's sister, and along with two German nuns to assist her, took over the management of his Vatican residence. Almost immediately Kaas, although he was still head of the German Center Party, started to spend long periods—months at a time—in Pacelli's Vatican apartments.

Shortly before Pacelli's return to Rome, his brother, Francesco, had successfully negotiated on behalf of Pius XI, the current Pope, a concordat with Mussolini as part of an agreement known as the Lateran Treaty. The rancor between the Vatican and the state of Italy was officially at an end. A precondition of the negotiations had involved the destruction of the parliamentary Catholic Italian Popular Party. Pius XI disliked political Catholicism because he could not control it. Like his predecessors, he believed that Catholic party politics brought democracy into the church by the back door. The result of the demise of the Popular Party was the wholesale drift of Catholics into the Fascist Party and the collapse of democracy in Italy. Pius XI and his new secretary of state, Pacelli, were determined that no accommodation be reached with Communists anywhere in the world—this was the time of persecution of the church in Russia, Mexico, and later Spain—but totalitarian movements and regimes of the right were a different matter.

Hitler, who had enjoyed his first great success in the elections of September 1930, was determined to seek a treaty with the Vatican similar to that struck by Mussolini, which would lead to the disbanding of the German Center Party. In his political testament, *Mein Kampf,* he had recollected that his fear of Catholicism went back to his vagabond days in Vienna. The fact that German Catholics, politically united by the Center Party, had defeated Bismarck's *Kulturkampf*—the "culture struggle" against the Catholic Church in the 1870s—constantly worried him. He was convinced that his movement could succeed only if political Catholicism and its democratic networks were eliminated.

Hitler's fear of the Catholic Church was well grounded. Into the early 1930s the German Center Party, the German Catholic bishops, and the Catholic media had been mainly solid in their rejection of National Socialism. They denied Nazis the sacraments and church burials, and Catholic journalists excoriated National Socialism daily in Germany's 400 Catholic newspapers. The hierarchy instructed priests to combat National Socialism at a local level whenever it attacked Christianity. The Munich-based weekly *Der Gerade Weg* (The Straight Path) told its readers, "Adolf Hitler preaches the law of lies. You who have fallen victim to the deceptions of one obsessed with despotism, wake up!"

The vehement front of the Catholic Church in Germany against Hitler, however, was not at one with the view from inside the Vatican—a view that was now being shaped and promoted by Eugenio Pacelli.

In 1930 the influential Catholic politician Heinrich Brüning, a First World War veteran, became the leader of a brief new government coalition, dominated by the majority Socialists and the Center Party. The country was reeling from successi economic crises against the background the world slump and reparations paymer to the Allies. In August 1931, Brüning vis ed Pacelli in the Vatican, and the two m quarreled. Brüning tells in his memoi how Pacelli lectured him, the German cha cellor, on how he should reach an unde standing with the Nazis to "form a righ wing administration" in order to he achieve a Reich Concordat favorable to t Vatican. When Brüning advised him not interfere in German politics, Pacelli thre a tantrum. Brüning's parting shot that d was the ironic observation—chilling in hin sight—that he trusted that "the Vatica would fare better at the hands of Hitler . than with himself, a devout Catholic."

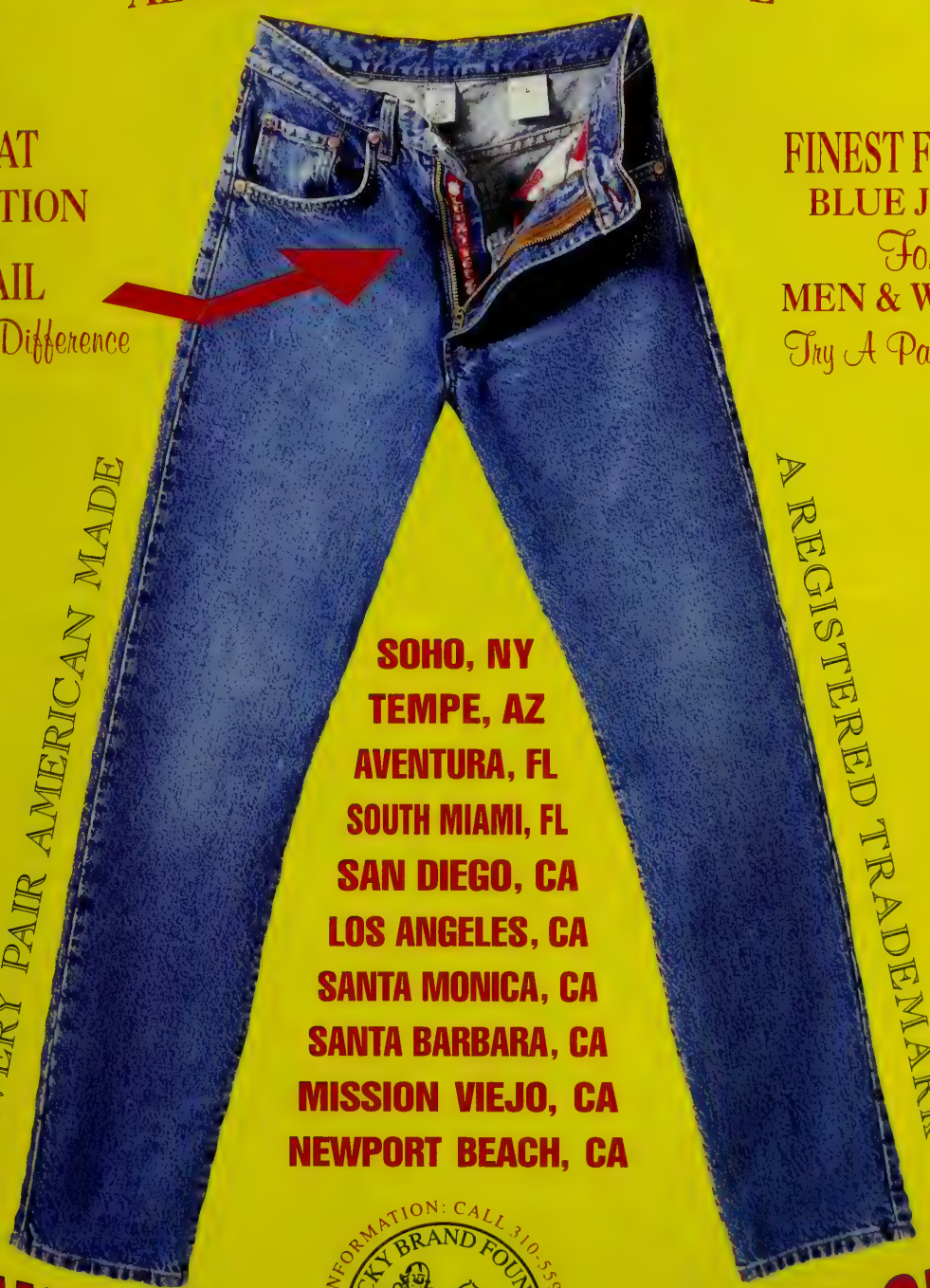
Brüning was right on one score. Hitl proved to be the only chancellor prepare to grant Pacelli the sort of authoritari concordat he was seeking. But the pric was to be catastrophic for Catholic Ge many and for Germany as a whole.

After Hitler came to power in Januar 1933, he made the concordat negoti tions with Pacelli a priority. The negot ations proceeded over six months wit constant shuttle diplomacy between th Vatican and Berlin. Hitler spent more tim on this treaty than on any other item foreign diplomacy during his dictatorship

The Reich Concordat granted Pacelli th right to impose the new Code of Cano Law on Catholics in Germany and prom ised a number of measures favorable t Catholic education, including new school In exchange, Pacelli collaborated in th withdrawal of Catholics from political an social activity. The negotiations were co ducted in secret by Pacelli, Kaas, an Hitler's deputy chancellor, Franz von Pa pen, over the heads of German bishop and the faithful. The Catholic Church i Germany had no say in setting the cond tions. In the end, Hitler insisted that hi signature on the concordat would depen on the Center Party's voting for the Er abling Act, the legislation that was to giv him dictatorial powers. It was Kaas, chai man of the party but completely in thra to Pacelli, who bullied the delegates int acceptance. Next, Hitler insisted on th "voluntary" disbanding of the Center Pa ty, the last truly parliamentary force i Germany. Again, Pacelli was the prim mover in this tragic Catholic surrende The fact that the party voluntarily disband ed itself, rather than go down fighting, ha a profound psychological effect, depriving Germany of the last democratic focus o potential noncompliance and resistance In the political vacuum created by its sur render, Catholics in the millions joined th Nazi Party, believing that it had the sup

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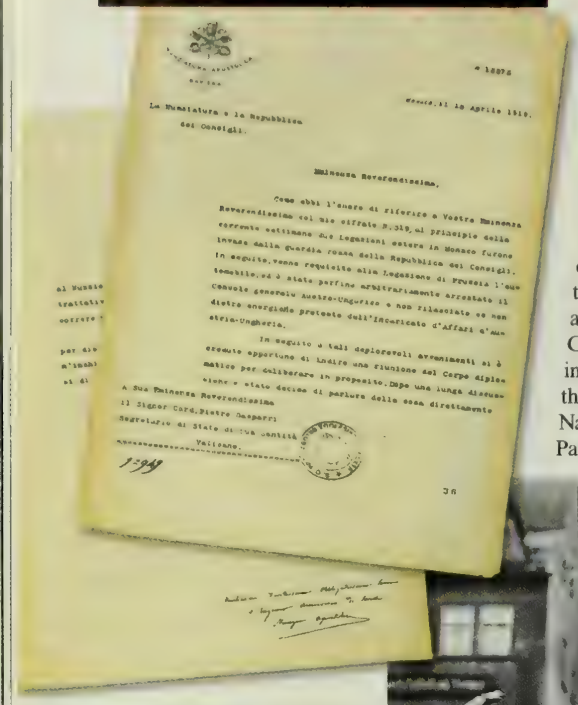
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***Above,* a signed letter from Pacelli to the Vatican identifying Bolshevik revolutionaries in Munich as Jews, 1919. *Right,* Hitler salutes supporters in Weimar, 1930.**

"A gang of young women, Jews like all the rest of them, hung around the offices with provocative demeanor," Pacelli wrote.

port of the Pope. The German bishops capitulated to Pacelli's policy of centralization, and German Catholic democrats found themselves politically leaderless.

After the Reich Concordat was signed, Pacelli declared it an unparalleled triumph for the Holy See. In an article in *L'Osservatore Romano,* the Vatican-controlled newspaper, he announced that the treaty indicated the total recognition and acceptance of the church's law by the German state.

But Hitler was the true victor, and the Jews were the concordat's first victims. On July 14, 1933, after the initialing of the treaty, the Cabinet minutes record Hitler as saying that the concordat had created an atmosphere of confidence that would be "especially significant in the urgent struggle against international Jewry." He was claiming that the Catholic Church had publicly given its blessing, at home and abroad, to the policies of National Socialism, including its anti-Semitic stand. At the same time, under the terms of the concordat, Catholic criticism of acts deemed political by the Nazis could now be regarded as "foreign interference." The great German Catholic Church, at the insistence of Rome, fell silent. In the future all complaints against the Nazis would be channeled through Pacelli. There were some notable exceptions, for example the sermons preached in 1933 by Cardinal Michael von Faulhaber, the Archbishop of Munich, in which he denounced the Nazis for their rejection of the Old Testament as a Jewish text.

The concordat immediately drew the German church into complicity with the Nazis. Even as Pacelli was granted special advantages in the concordat for German Catholic education, Hitler was trampling on the education rights of Jews throughout the country. At the same time, Catholic priests were being drawn into Nazi collaboration with the attestation bureaucracy, which established Jewish ancestry. Pacelli, despite the immense centralized power he now wielded through the Code of Canon Law, said and did nothing. The attestation machinery would lead inexorably to the selection of millions destined for the death camps.

As Nazi anti-Semitism mounted in Germany during the 1930s, Pacelli failed to complain, even on behalf of Jews who had become Catholics, acknowledging that the issue was a matter of German internal policy. Eventually, in January 1937, three German cardinals and two influential bishops arrived at the Vatican to plead for a vigorous protest over Nazi persecution of the Catholic Church, which had been deprived of all forms of activity beyond church services. Pius XI at last decided to issue an encyclical, a letter addressed to all the Catholic faithful of the world. Written under Pacelli's direction, it was called *Mit Brennender Sorge* (With Deep Anxiety), and it was a forthright statement of the plight of the church in Germany. But there was no explicit condemnation of anti-Semitism, even in relation to Jews who had converted to Catholicism. Worse still, the subtext against Nazism (National Socialism and Hitler were not mentioned by name) was blunted by the publication five days later of an even more condemnatory encyclical by Pius XI against Communism.

The encyclical *Mit Brennender Sorge,* though too little and too late, revealed that the Catholic Church all along had the power to shake the regime. A few days later, Hermann Göring, one of Hitler's closest aides and his commander of the *Luftwaffe,* delivered a two-hour harangue to a Nazi assembly against the Catholic clergy. However, Roman centralizing had paralyzed the German Catholic Church and its powerful web of associations. Unlike the courageous grassroots activism that had combated Bismarck's persecutions in the 1870s, German Catholicism now looked obediently to Rome for guidance. Although Pacelli collaborated in the writing and the distribution of the encyclical, he quickly undermined its effects by reassuring the Reich's ambassador in Rome. "Pacelli received me with decided friendliness," the diplomat reported back to Berlin, "and emphatically assured me during the conversation that normal and friendly relations with us would be restored as soon as possible."

In the summer of 1938, as Pius XI lay dying, he became belatedly anxious about anti-Semitism throughout Europe. He commissioned another encyclical, to be written exclusively on the Jewish question. The text, which never saw the light of day, has only recently been discovered. It was written by three Jesuit scholars, but Pacelli presumably had charge of the project. It was to be called *Humani Generis Unitas* (The Unity of the Human Race). For all its good intentions and its repudiation of violent anti-Semitism, the document is replete with the anti-Jewishness that Pacelli had displayed in his early period in Germany. The Jews, the text claims, were responsible for their own fate. God had cho-


bebe

sen them to make way for Christ's redemption, but they denied and killed him. And now, "blinded by their dream of worldly gain and material success," they deserved the "worldly and spiritual ruin" that they had brought down upon themselves.

The document warns that to defend the Jews as "Christian principles and humanity" demand could involve the unacceptable risk of being ensnared by secular politics—not least an association with Bolshevism. The encyclical was delivered in the fall of 1938 to the Jesuits in Rome, who sat on it. To this day we do not know why it was not completed and handed to Pius XI. For all its drawbacks, it was a clear protest against Nazi attacks on Jews and so might have done some good. But it appears likely that the Jesuits, and Pacelli, whose influence as secretary of state of the Vatican was paramount since the Pope was moribund, were reluctant to inflame the Nazis by its publication. Pacelli, when he became Pope, would bury the document deep in the secret archives.

On February 10, 1939, Pius XI died, at the age of 81. Pacelli, then 63, was elected Pope by the College of Cardinals in just three ballots, on March 2. He was crowned on March 12, on the eve of Hitler's march into Prague. Between his election and his coronation he held a crucial meeting with the German cardinals. Keen to affirm Hitler publicly, he showed them a letter of good wishes which began, "To the Illustrious Herr Adolf Hitler." Should he, he asked them, style the *Führer* "Most Illustrious"? He decided that that might be going too far. He told the cardinals that Pius XI had said that keeping a papal nuncio in Berlin "conflicts with our honor." But his predecessor, he said, had been mistaken. He was going to maintain normal diplomatic relations with Hitler. The following month, at Pacelli's express wish, Archbishop Cesare Orsenigo, the Berlin nuncio, hosted a gala reception in honor of Hitler's 50th birthday. A birthday greeting to the *Führer* from the bishops of Germany would become an annual tradition until the war's end.

Pacelli's coronation was the most triumphalist in a hundred years. His style of papacy, for all his personal humility, was unprecedentedly pompous. He always ate alone. Vatican bureaucrats were obliged to take phone calls from him on their knees. When he took his afternoon walk, the gardeners had to hide in the bushes. Senior officials were not allowed to ask him questions or present a point of view.

As Europe plunged toward war, Pacelli cast himself in the role of judge of judges. But he continued to seek to appease Hitler by attempting to persuade the Poles to make concessions over Germany's territorial claims. After Hitler's invasion of Poland, on September 1, 1939, he declined to condemn Germany, to the bafflement of the Allies. His first public statement, the encyclical known in the English-speaking world as *Darkness over the Earth,* was full of papal rhetoric and equivocations.

Then something extraordinary occurred, revealing that whatever had motivated Pacelli in his equivocal approach to the Nazi onslaught in Poland did not betoken cowardice or a liking for Hitler. In November 1939, in deepest secrecy, Pacelli became intimately and dangerously involved in what was probably the most viable plot to depose Hitler during the war.

Pacelli campaigned to remove black French troops from the Rhineland, convinced they were raping women and abusing children.

The plot centered on a group of anti-Nazi generals committed to returning Germany to democracy. The coup might spark a civil war, and they wanted assurances that the West would not take advantage of the ensuing chaos. Pius XII agreed to act as go-between for the plotters and the Allies. Had his complicity in the plot been discovered it might have proved disastrous for the Vatican and for many thousands of German clergy. As it happened, leaders in London dragged their feet, and the plotters eventually fell silent. The episode demonstrates that, while Pacelli seemed weak to some, pusillanimity and indecisiveness were hardly in his nature.

Pacelli's first wartime act of reticence in failing to speak out against Fascist brutality occurred in the summer of 1941, following Hitler's invasion of Yugoslavia and the formation of the Catholic and Fascist state of Croatia. In a wave of appalling ethnic cleansing, the Croat Fascist separatists, known as the Ustashe, under the leadership of Ante Pavelić, the Croat *Führer,* embarked on a campaign of enforced conversions, deportations, and mass extermination targeting a population of 2.2 million Serb Orthodox Christians and a smaller number of Jews and Gypsies. According to the Italian writer Carlo Falconi, as early as April, in a typical act of atrocity, a band of Ustashe had rounded up 331 Serbs in a place called Otočac. The victims were forced to dig their own graves before being hacked to death with axes. The local priest was forced to recite the prayers for the dying while his son was chopped to pieces before his eyes. Then the priest was tortured. His hair and beard were torn off, his eyes were gouged out. Finally he was skinned alive. The very next month Pacelli greeted Pavelić at the Vatican.

Throughout the war, the Croat atrocities continued. By the most recent scholarly reckoning, 487,000 Orthodox Serbs and 27,000 Gypsies were massacred; in addition, approximately 30,000 out of a population of 45,000 Jews were killed. Despite a close relationship between the Ustashe regime and the Catholic bishops and a constant flow of information about the massacres, Pacelli said and did nothing. In fact he continued to extend warm wishes to the Ustashe leadership. The only feasible explanation for Pacelli's silence was his perception of Croatia as a Catholic bridgehead into the East. The Vatican and the local bishops approved of mass conversion in Croatia (even though it was the result of fear rather than conviction), because they believed that this could spell the beginning of a return of the Orthodox Christians there to papal allegiance. Pacelli was not a man to condone mass murder, but he evidently chose to turn a blind eye on Ustashe atrocities rather than hinder a unique opportunity to extend the power of the papacy.

Pacelli came to learn of the Nazi plans to exterminate the Jews of Europe shortly after they were laid in January 1942. The deportations to the death camps had begun in December 1941 and would continue through 1944. All during 1942, Pacelli received reliable information on the details of the Final Solution, much of it supplied by the British, French, and American representatives resident in the Vatican. On March 17, 1942, representatives of Jewish organizations assembled in Switzerland sent a memorandum to Pacelli via the papal nuncio in Bern, cataloguing violent anti-Semitic measures in Germany and in its allied and conquered territories. Their plea focused attention on Slovakia, Croatia, Hungary, and unoccupied France, where, they believed, the Pope's intervention might yet be effective. Apart from an intervention in the case of Slovakia, where the president was Monsignor Josef Tiso, a Catholic priest, no papal initiatives resulted. During the same month, CONTINUED ON PAGE 18



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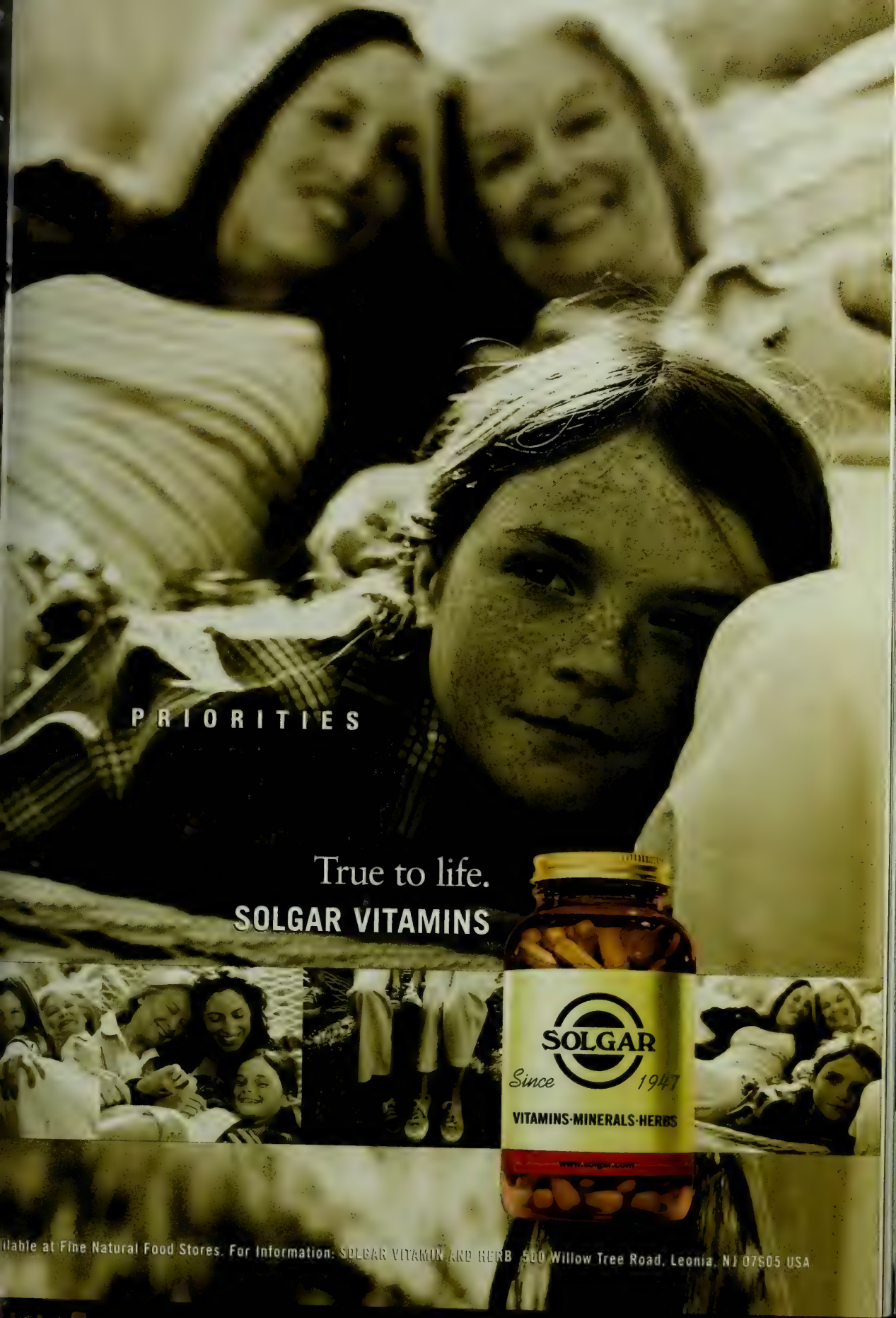


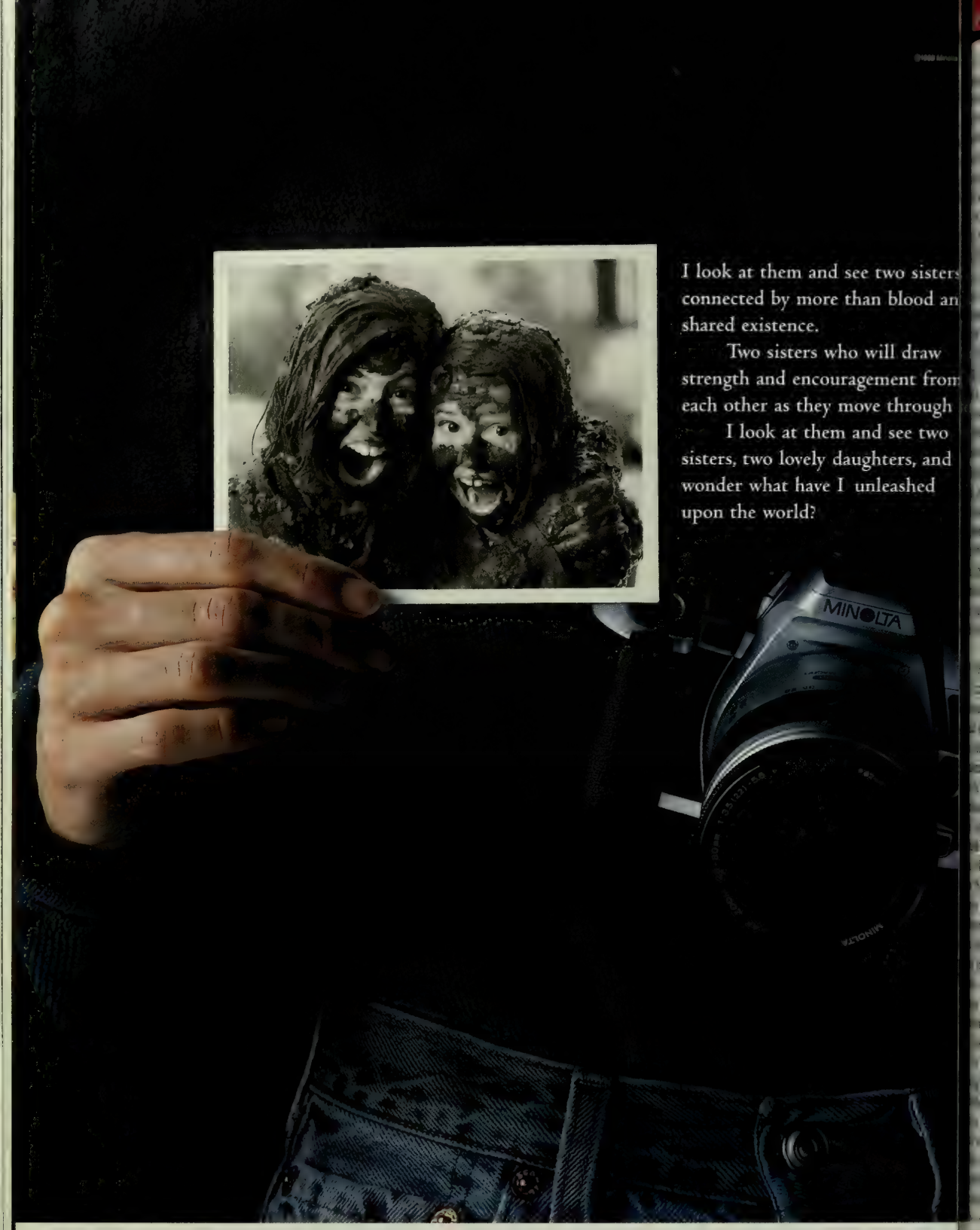
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ONTINUED FROM PAGE 182 a stream of ispatches describing the fate of some 0,000 Jews reached the Vatican from arious sources in Eastern Europe. The ewish organizations' long memorandum ould be excluded from the wartime doc- ments published by the Vatican between 965 and 1981.

On June 16, 1942, Harold Tittmann, the .S. representative to the Vatican, told Vashington that Pacelli was diverting him- elf, ostrichlike, into purely religious con- erns and that the moral authority won for ie papacy by Pius XI was being eroded. t the end of that month, the London *Dai- Telegraph* announced that more than a illion Jews had been killed in Europe and iat it was the aim of the Nazis "to wipe ie race from the European ontinent." The article was re- rinted in *The New York Times.*)n July 21 there was a protest ally on behalf of Europe's Jews 1 New York's Madison Square Garden. In the following weeks ie British, American, and Brazil- in representatives to the Vatican ied to persuade Pacelli to speak ut against the Nazi atrocities. ut still he said nothing.

n September 1942, President Franklin Roosevelt sent his per- sonal representative, the former ead of U.S. Steel Myron Taylor, o plead with Pacelli to make a tatement about the extermination f the Jews. Taylor traveled haz- rdously through enemy territory to reach he Vatican. Still Pacelli refused to speak. Pacelli's excuse was that he must rise above he belligerent parties. As late as Decem- er 18, Francis d'Arcy Osborne, Britain's nvoy in the Vatican, handed Cardinal Domenico Tardini, Pacelli's deputy secre- ary of state, a dossier replete with informa- ion on the Jewish deporta- ions and mass killings in opes that the Pope would denounce the Nazi regime in Christmas message.

On December 24, 1942, aving made draft after draft, Pacelli at last said something. n his Christmas Eve broad- ast to the world on Vatican Radio, he said that men of goodwill owed a vow to bring ociety "back to its immov- ble center of gravity in divine aw." He went on: "Humanity wes this vow to those hun- dreds of thousands who, with- ut any fault of their own, ometimes only by reason of heir nationality or race, are marked down for death or gradual ex- tinction." That was the strongest public denunciation of the Final Solution that Pacelli would make in the whole course of the war.

It was not merely a paltry statement. The chasm between the enormity of the liquidation of the Jewish people and this form of evasive language was profoundly scandalous. He might have been referring to many categories of victims at the hands of various belligerents in the conflict. Clearly the choice of ambiguous wording was intended to placate those who urged him to protest, while avoiding offense to the Nazi regime. But these considerations are overshadowed by the implicit denial and trivialization. He had scaled down the doomed millions to "hundreds of thou- sands" without uttering the word "Jews," while making the pointed qualification "sometimes only by reason of their nation- ality or race." Nowhere was the term "Na- zi" mentioned. Hitler himself could not have wished for a more convoluted and in- nocuous reaction from the Vicar of Christ to the greatest crime in history.

But what was Pacelli's principal moti- vation for this trivialization and de- nial? The Allies' diplomats in the Vat- ican believed that he was remaining impartial in order to earn a crucial role in future peace negotiations. In this there was clearly a de- gree of truth. But a recapit- ulation of new evidence I have gathered shows that Pacelli saw the Jews as alien and undeserving of his re- spect and compassion. He felt no sense of moral out- rage at their plight. The doc- uments show that:

1. He had nourished a striking antipathy toward the Jews as early as 1917 in Germany, which con- tradicts later claims that his omissions were per- formed in good faith and



Papal nuncio Cesare Orsenigo with Hitler at a New Year's reception in Berlin, 1935. *Below,* Pacelli, with Ludwig Kaas and Hitler's deputy chancellor Franz von Papen seated on his right, at the signing of the Reich Concordat at the Vatican, 1933.

Hitler said the concordat created an atmosphere that would be "significant in the urgent struggle against international Jewry."



that he "loved" the Jews and respected their religion.

2. From the end of the First World War to the lost encyclical of 1938, Pacelli betrayed a fear and contempt of Judaism based on his belief that the Jews were behind the Bolshevik plot to destroy Christendom.

3. Pacelli acknowledged to representatives of the Third Reich that the regime's anti-Semitic policies were a matter of Germany's internal politics. The Reich Concordat between Hitler and the Vatican, as Hitler was quick to grasp, created an ideal climate for Jewish persecution.

4. Pacelli failed to sanction protest by German Catholic bishops against anti-Semitism, and he did not attempt to intervene in the process by which Catholic clergy collaborated in racial certification to identify Jews.

5. After Pius XI's *Mit Brennender Sorge,* denouncing the Nazi regime (although not by name), Pacelli attempted to mitigate the effect of the encyclical by giving private diplomatic reassurances to Berlin despite his awareness of widespread Nazi persecution of Jews.

6. Pacelli was convinced that the Jews had brought misfortune on their own heads: intervention on their behalf could only draw the church into alliances with forces inimical to Catholicism.

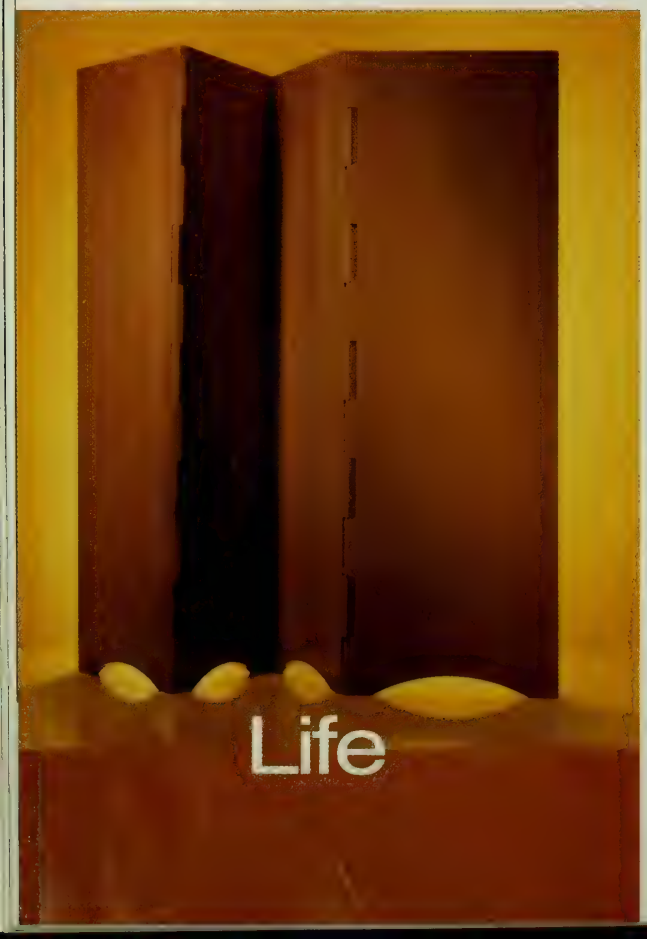
Pacelli's failure to utter a candid word on the Final Solution proclaimed to the world that the Vicar of Christ was not roused to pity or anger. From this point of view, he was the ideal Pope for Hitler's unspeakable plan. His denial and minimization of the Holocaust were all the more scandalous in that they were uttered from a seemingly impartial moral high ground.

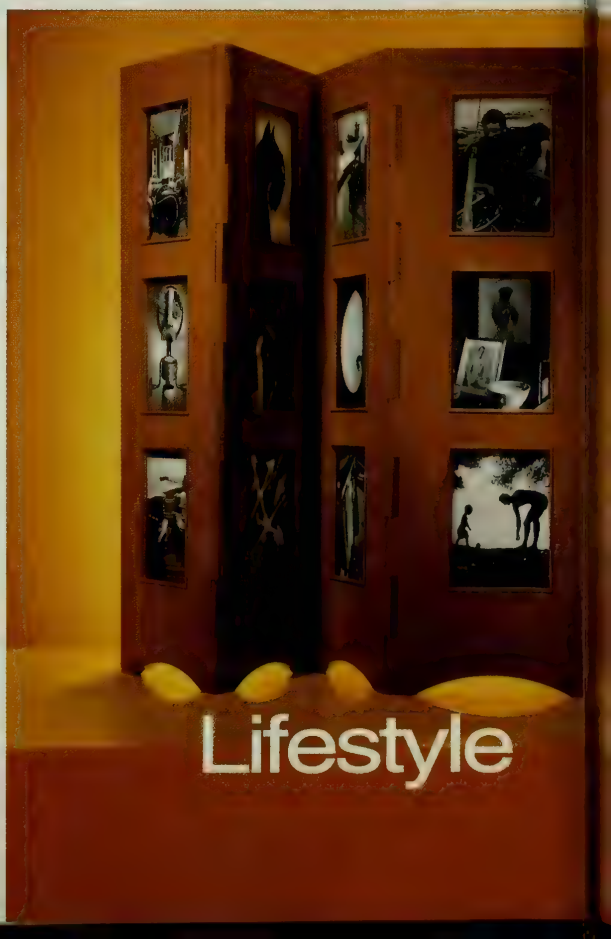
Pacelli's failure to utter a candid word on the Final Solution told the world that the Vicar of Christ was not roused to pity or anger.

There was another, more immediate indication of Pacelli's moral dislocation. It occurred before the liberation of Rome, when he was the sole Italian authority in the city. On October 16, 1943, SS troops entered the Roman ghetto area and rounded up more than 1,000 Jews, imprisoning them in the very shadow of the Vatican. How did Pacelli acquit himself?

On the morning of the roundup, which had been prompted by Adolf Eichmann, who was in charge of the organization of the Final Solution from his headquarters in Berlin, the German ambassador in Rome pleaded with the Vatican to issue a public protest. By this stage of the war Mussolini had been deposed and rescued by Adolf Hitler to run the puppet Salò regime in the North of Italy. The German authorities in Rome, both diplomats and military commanders, fearing a backlash of the Italian populace, hoped that an immediate and vigorous papal denunciation might stop the SS in their tracks and prevent further arrests. Pacelli refused. In the end, the German diplomats drafted a letter of protest on the Pope's behalf and prevailed on a resident German bishop to sign it for Berlin's benefit. Meanwhile, the deportation of the imprisoned Jews went ahead on October 18.

When U.S. chargé d'affaires Harold Tittmann visited Pacelli that day, he found the pontiff anxious that the "Communist"





artisans would take advantage of a cycle f papal protest, followed by SS reprisals, llowed by a civilian backlash. As a con-equence, he was not inclined to lift a fin-er for the Jewish deportees, who were ow traveling in cattle cars to the Austrian order, bound for Auschwitz. Church offi-als reported on the desperate plight of ie deportees as they passed slowly rough city after city. Still Pacelli refused intervene.

In the Jesuit archives in Rome, I found secret document sworn to under oath y Karl Wolff, the SS commander in aly. The text reveals that Hitler had sked Wolff in the fall of 1943 to prepare plan to evacuate the Pope and the Vati-an treasures to Liechtenstein. After sev-ral weeks of investigation, Wolff conclud-d that an attempt to invade the Vatican nd its properties, or to seize the Pope response to a papal protest, would rompt a backlash throughout Italy that ould seriously hinder the Nazi war ef-ort. Hitler therefore dropped his plan to idnap Pacelli, acknowledging what Pa-elli appeared to ignore, that the strongest ocial and political force in Italy in late 943 was the Catholic Church, and that s potential for thwarting the SS was nmense.

Pacelli was concerned that a protest by him would benefit only the Communists. His silence on the deportation of Rome's Jews, in other words, was not an act of cowardice or fear of the Germans. He wanted to maintain the Nazi-occupation status quo until such time as the city could be liberated by the Allies.

But what of the deported Jews? Five days after the train had set off from the Tiburtina station in Rome, an estimated 1,060 had been gassed at Auschwitz and Birkenau; 149 men and 47 women were detained for slave labor, but only 15 survived the war, and only one of those was a woman, Settimia Spizzichino, who had served as a human guinea pig of Dr. Josef Mengele, the Nazi medical doctor who performed atrocious experiments on human victims. After the liberation, she was found alive in a heap of corpses.

But there was a more profound failure than Pacelli's unwillingness to help the Jews of Rome rounded up on October 16. Pacelli's reticence was not just a diplomatic silence in response to the political pressures of the moment, not just a failure to be morally outraged. It was a stunning religious and ritualistic silence. To my knowledge, there is no record of a single public papal prayer, lit votive candle, psalm, lamentation, or Mass celebrated in solidarity with the Jews of Rome either during their terrible ordeal or after their deaths. This spiritual silence in the face of an atrocity committed at the heart of Christendom, in the shadow of the shrine of the first apostle, persists to this day and implicates all Catholics. This silence proclaims that Pacelli had no genuine spiritual sympathy even for the Jews of Rome, who were members of the community of his birth. And yet, on learning of the death of Adolf Hitler, Archbishop Adolf Bertram of Berlin ordered all the priests of his archdiocese "to hold a solemn Requiem in memory of the *Führer*."

There were nevertheless Jews who gave Pacelli the benefit of the doubt. On Thursday, November 29, 1945, Pacelli met some 80 representatives of Jewish refugees who expressed their thanks "for his generosity toward those persecuted during the Nazi-Fascist period." One must respect a tribute made by people who had suffered and survived, and we cannot belittle Pacelli's efforts on the level of charitable relief, notably his directive that enclosed religious houses in Rome should take in Jews hiding from the SS.

By the same token, we must respect the voice of Settimia Spizzichino, the sole Roman Jewish woman survivor from the death camps. Speaking in a BBC inter-



view in 1995 she said, "I came back from Auschwitz on my own. I lost my mother, two sisters, a niece, and one brother. Pius XII could have warned us about what was going to happen. We might have escaped from Rome and joined the partisans. He played right into the Germans' hands. It all happened right under his nose. But he was an anti-Semitic Pope, a pro-German Pope. He didn't take a single risk. And when they say the Pope is like Jesus Christ, it is not true. He did not save a single child. Nothing."

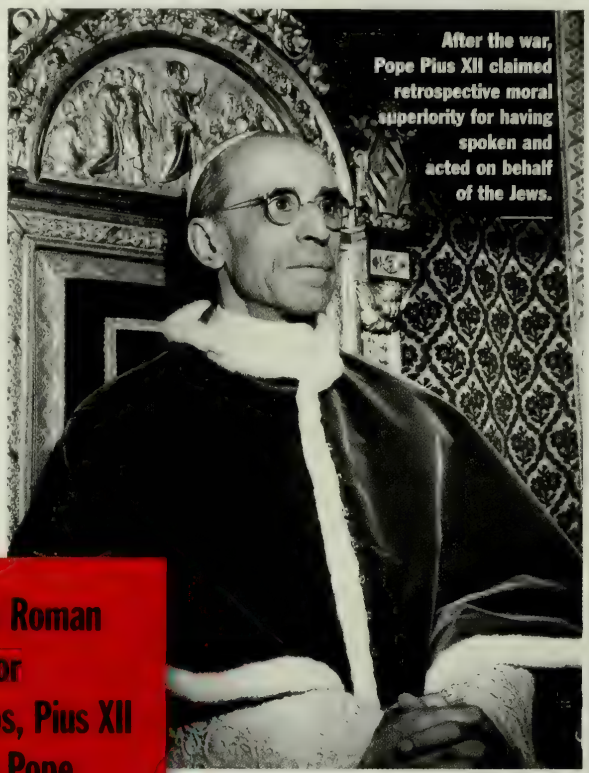
We are obliged to accept that these contrasting views of Pacelli are not mutually exclusive.

It gives a Catholic no satisfaction to accuse a Pope of acquiescing in the plans of Hitler. But one of the saddest ironies of Pacelli's papacy centers on the implications of his own pastoral self-image. At the beginning of a promotional film he commissioned about himself during the war, called *The Angelic Pastor,* the camera frequently focuses on the statue of the Good Shepherd in the Vatican gardens. The parable of the good shepherd tells of the pastor who so loves each of his sheep that he will do all, risk all, go to any pains, to save one member of his flock that is lost or in danger. To his everlasting shame, and to the shame of the Catholic Church, Pacelli disdained to recognize the Jews of Rome as members of his Roman flock, even though they had dwelled in the Eternal City since before the birth of Christ.

According to the sole Roman Jewish woman survivor from the death camps, Pius XII "was an anti-Semitic Pope, a pro-German Pope."

And yet there was still something worse. After the liberation of Rome, when every perception of restraint on his freedom was lifted, he claimed retrospective moral superiority for having spoken and acted on behalf of the Jews. Addressing a Palestinian group on August 3, 1946, he said, "We disapprove of all recourse to force . . . just as we condemned on various occasions in the past the persecutions that a fanatical anti-Semitism inflicted on the Hebrew People." His grandiloquent self-exculpation a year after the war had ended showed him to be not only an ideal Pope for the Nazis' Final Solution but also a hypocrite.

The postwar period of Pacelli's papacy, through the 1950s, saw the apotheosis of the ideology of papal power as he presided over a monolithic, triumphalist Catholic Church in open confrontation with Communism.



After the war, Pope Pius XII claimed retrospective moral superiority for having spoken and acted on behalf of the Jews.

But it could not hold. The internal structures and morale of the church in Pacelli's final years began to show signs of fragmentation and decay, leading to a yearning for reassessment and renewal. In old age he became increasingly narrow-minded, eccentric, and hypochondriacal. He experienced religious visions, suffered from chronic hiccups, and received monkey-brain-cell injections for longevity. He had no love for, or trust in, those who had to follow him. He failed to replace his secretary of state when he died, and for years he declined to appoint a full complement of cardinals. He died at the age of 82 on October 9, 1958. His corpse decomposed rapidly in the autumnal Roman heat. At his lying-in-state, a guard fainted from the stench. Later, his nose turned black and fell off. Some saw in this sudden corruption of his mortal remains a symbol of the absolute corruption of his papacy.

The Second Vatican Council was called by John XXIII, who succeeded Pacelli in 1958, precisely to reject Pacelli's monolith in preference for a collegial, decentralized, human, Christian community on the move. There was a new emphasis on history, accessible liturgy, community, the Holy Spirit, and love. The guiding metaphor of the church of the future was of a "pilgrim people of God." Expectations ran high, but there was no lack of contention and anxiety as old habits and disciplines died hard. There were signs from the very outset that papal and Vatican hegemony would not easily acquiesce, that the Old Guard would attempt a comeback.

As we approach the end of this century, the hopeful energy of the Second Vatican Council, or Vatican II, as it came to be called, appears to many a spent force. The church of Pius XII is reasserting itself in confirmation of a pyramidal church model, faith in the primacy of the man in the white robe dictating in solitude from the pinnacle. In the twilight years of John Paul II's long reign, the Catholic Church gives a pervasive impression of dysfunction despite his historic influence on the collapse of Communist tyranny in Poland and the Vatican's enthusiasm for entering its third millennium with a cleansed conscience.

As the theologian Professor Adrian Hastings comments, "The great tide powered by Vatican II has, at least institutionally, spent its force. The old landscape has once more emerged and Vatican II is now being read in Rome far more in the spirit of the First Vatican Council and within the context of Pius XII's model of Catholicism." A future titanic struggle between the progressives and the traditionalists is in prospect, with the potential for cataclysmic schism, especially in North America, where a split has opened up between bishops compliant with Rome and academic Catholicism, which is increasingly independent and dissident.

Pacelli, whose canonization process is now well advanced, has become the icon 40 years after his death, of those traditionalists who read and revise the provisions of the Second Vatican Council from the viewpoint of Pacelli's ideology of papal power—an ideology that has proved disastrous in the century's history. □


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Members of the New Establishment, photographed on July 9, 1999, off Corral Creek Road near Sun Valley, Idaho.

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Since *Vanity Fair* started tracking the New Establishment five years ago, the world has witnessed a breathtaking display of empire building as this group of tycoons powered a revolution in technology, entertainment, and communications. While only 24 percent of American households had P.C.'s in 1994, 56 percent will have them by the end of 1999, and the number of Internet users in the U.S. has skyrocketed, from 18 million in 1995 to 101 million this spring. The number of billionaires on *V.F.*'s list has more than doubled, from 8 to 23, reflecting a wider increase in the number of American billionaires (from 78 to 189) as that revolution spread throughout the economy. The Dow Jones Industrial Average has risen by 183 percent, the NASDAQ by 242 percent. Bill Gates's personal fortune alone has increased by 921 percent. On the following pages is this century's final New Establishment snapshot: 32 men and women pushing the boom into the next millennium.

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a lid on financial risk) will continue their rule.
EVERYONE'S SAYING: Blockbuster is still something of a problem child and the August I.P.O. for the company was a non-event. UPN ratings have plummeted 31 percent, and some say Redstone is looking to dump the network. "I knew you'd bring that up," Redstone shouts. "My prediction is you will see the beginning of a turnaround starting in the fall. Look: what does it take to turn a station around? For years, Viacom and HBO struggled with Comedy Central. Today, it's hugely profitable and successful. Why? Twenty episodes of *South Park* changed everything. And it's the same with UPN: one or two hot shows will make this network." Moreover, analysts say Viacom must have a network to boost prices for programming that may be appearing on other channels. "It's leverage to be able to tell NBC, for example, 'If you don't pay us so much per episode for *Frasier*—a Paramount-owned property—we can put it on UPN,'" says a media analyst.
AND FURTHERMORE ... Redstone has lashed out this year at accusations that sex and violence in the media are responsible for incidents such as the Columbine High School shootings. "I have nothing to be ashamed of," he declared during a panel discussion in June. "It's unrealistic to think that we can determine what's obscene and what's artistic. That's up to the viewer. And let's distinguish between sex and violence," he added. "Sex is good. Violence is bad."
THE YEAR AHEAD: ↑

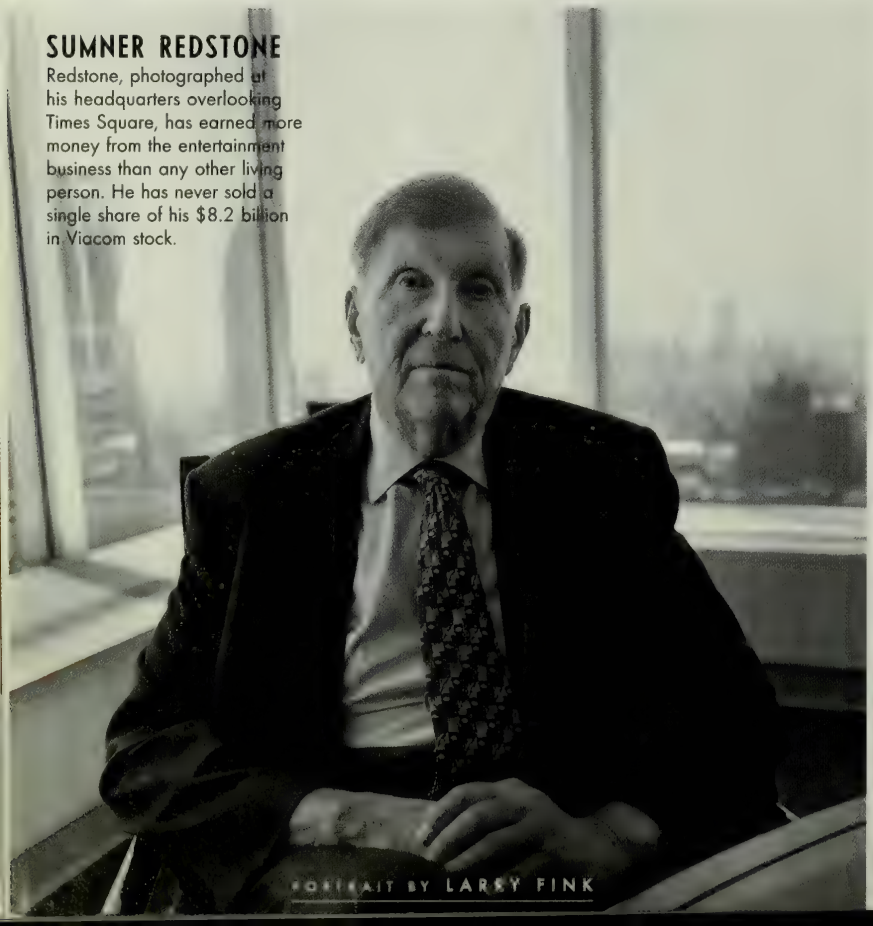
GERALD LEVIN



CHAIRMAN AND C.E.O., TIME WARNER INC.

4

LAST YEAR'S RANKING: 6
DEALS AND DEEDS: This was the year Time Warner stock doubled, establishing Gerald Levin as America's visionary media leader after a lonely decade of industry scorn. Cable's ongoing resurgence was the key: last year, 40 percent of Time Warner's $4.4 billion cash flow came from it. The windfall helped T.W. begin to pay down its $16 billion debt, and led Wall Street to see Time Warner as the best-positioned media company in the world. The merger with Turner Broadcasting, pushed by Levin to universal derision, is a success, bursting with synergies, and Levin has proved an expert manager: the CNN/*Time* "Tailwind" fiasco could have polarized the marriage but didn't, and Turner remains, against all odds, a pleased and helpful partner. With 12.6 million cable subscribers and content second to none, Time Warner is poised to ride broadband (high-speed multimedia Internet delivery over cable lines) to extraordinary growth. With that in mind, Levin named C.F.O. Richard Bressler his digital-media man. Bressler's first order of business: completing the closing of Time Warner's misguided and costly Pathfinder Web site. Hits by Madonna and Alanis Morissette buoyed the troubled music division, and the WB network is a great success. Just as Levin's patience with Warner Bros. chiefs Terry Semel and Bob Daly began to wane, the partners stunned Hollywood by calling it quits. Both Levin and Turner may have been privately relieved—the news came between two disappointments: Warner's $100-million-plus *Wild Wild West* and feverishly hyped *Eyes Wide Shut* collectively marred the studio's short winning streak with *Analyze This* and *The Matrix*.
EVERYONE'S SAYING: Rather than pull in a brand name (everyone from CBS's Leslie Moonves to DreamWorks' Jeffrey Katzenberg was rumored to be a contender), Levin tapped Warner's C.O.O., Barry M. Meyer, to be chairman, and Alan Horn, of Warner's Castle Rock Entertainment, as Meyer's number two. The move gives Levin clout he never seemed to have over the long-entrenched and exceedingly well-paid Daly and Semel (believed to earn $25 million each a year, more than Levin himself). At Warner Music Group, Levin appointed a new C.E.O., Roger Ames, shifting the music division out of the $10 billion Daly-Semel fiefdom, and giving T.W. president Richard Parsons new authority in overseeing the revamped Warner Bros. movie-and-music team.
AND FURTHERMORE ... Personally, Levin, 60, struggled to accept the acquittal, in February, of one of the two suspects charged with the slaying of his son Jonathan Levin. "I have lost faith," he said bitterly, "in the American legal system."
THE YEAR AHEAD: ↗



SUMNER REDSTONE
Redstone, photographed at his headquarters overlooking Times Square, has earned more money from the entertainment business than any other living person. He has never sold a single share of his $8.2 billion in Viacom stock.

PORTRAIT BY LARRY FINK

C. MICHAEL ARMSTRONG



CHAIRMAN AND C.E.O., AT&T CORPORATION

5

LAST YEAR'S RANKING: 12
DEALS AND DEEDS: Sixty-year-old Armstrong firmly established himself this year as the new gatekeeper—and toll collector—for the newest generation of communications services. You want to distribute cable programming or offer high-speed Internet access? You have to go through Arm-



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strong. With the May acquisition of cable giant MediaOne, Armstrong—at six feet two inches and 210 pounds, a C.E.O. from Central Casting—took another step in his grand strategy to put Ma Bell back in the local phone market. (He plans to run local service through AT&T's recently acquired cable lines.) But the MediaOne deal also made him the king of cable and the Internet. AT&T is now the largest cable company in the country, so it is no wonder everyone at Herbert Allen's Sun Valley conference in July wanted to be Armstrong's new best friend. He has made $110 billion worth of investments in cable, beginning with the 1998 acquisition of Tele-Communications, Inc., and he had the intelligence to put TCI's Leo Hindery, 51, in charge of them. Together, they outmaneuvered Bill Gates, Comcast's Brian Roberts, AOL's Steve Case, and MCI WorldCom's Bernie Ebbers to win MediaOne in a $62 billion hostile bid. Armstrong is now perfectly positioned to dominate the Internet with his giant stakes in the country's two premier high-speed cable Internet-access companies: @Home and Road Runner. His other big challenge these days is striking deals with other cable operators (for example, Time Warner's Gerald Levin) to use their wires to build AT&T's local-phone-service network.

EVERYONE'S SAYING: Armstrong still has to work out a deal with Steve Case, who has turned to the courts and is demanding access to AT&T's cable lines to offer AOL at high speeds. "Every time we sit down and chat, AOL goes out and tries to make our life difficult with the Justice Department, the F.C.C., and the municipalities," says Armstrong. "It's hard to have a good conversation when someone's trying to destroy your business—and they were the barbarians at the gate on the MediaOne deal." Armstrong will be damned if he's going to spend $110 billion on cable systems, then let Case use them for free. If they fail to reach a deal, Case runs the risk of losing homes which choose Internet access via high-speed cable, and Armstrong could lose out if Case makes telephone and satellite Internet access popular at the expense of cable. Cable is certainly the more powerful technology, but back in the early VCR wars, so was Betamax. So far Armstrong has the edge; volatile AOL share prices are forcing Case to deal, and federal regulators are behind Armstrong in hopes that he can hasten the delivery of high-speed interactive services to the market.

AND FURTHERMORE ... Armstrong is not a man who believes in half-measures: when he and AT&T president John Zeglis played poorly in the 1999 AT&T Pebble Beach Pro-Am golf tournament, Armstrong insisted that they attend the Jim McLean Golf School in Miami to improve their scores.

THE YEAR AHEAD: ↑

STEVE CASE



CHAIRMAN AND C.E.O., AMERICA ONLINE



6

LAST YEAR'S RANKING: 7

DEALS AND DEEDS: "We've moved into a league of our own in the Internet world," said Case, whose company provides Internet access for 18 million members around the globe. Still, AOL, which has seen a 12,000 percent increase in its stock price since 1994, has more territory to conquer: two-thirds of Americans are still "offline." AOL's new corporate buzzword is "ubiquity," and its new strategy is "AOL Anywhere"—a drive to deliver its service not only to P.C.'s but also to cell phones, pagers, Palm Pilots, and televisions. By investing $1.5 billion in Hughes Electronics, which offers DirecTV, Case has secured high-speed Internet delivery via satellite. He has also partnered with Sun Microsystems to strengthen AOL's e-commerce strategy. Now he needs to close a deal with AT&T guaranteeing AOL access to broadband cable lines (which deliver multimedia images and data at superfast speeds). Calling the battle "a choice between right and wrong," Case has lobbied heavily to force cable companies to open their lines, and has clashed with AT&T C.E.O. Michael Armstrong. A similar battle of wills has also erupted in the instant-messaging business, which delivers real-time E-mail. Gates wants an open system with standardized software so that his MSN Messenger users can communicate with the 80 million users of AOL's messaging programs—opening the Microsoft baron, just maybe, to charges of hypocrisy.

EVERYONE'S SAYING: Internet access may eventually be free, a frightening prospect for AOL, which earned 83 percent of its $2.6 billion 1998 revenues from member fees. AOL is already offering its first free service, in the U.K. After stock growth of 585 percent in 1998, Case became a billionaire. So far this year, however, AOL is up only 34 percent (having dropped 43 percent from April's record high). The real future, says one analyst, is in e-commerce and content, and when it comes to content, "it's an AOL-Yahoo game."

AND FURTHERMORE ... Case, 41, has become close friends with General Colin Powell. "What struck me about Steve was that he was not particularly impressed by who I was—and I wasn't particularly impressed by who he was," says Powell, who is said to have advised Case on how to manage the perils of fame. Case is active in Powell's America's Promise, and Powell has joined AOL's board. "I'll give him a sermon that I think is totally logical and he'll look at me and say, 'Well, I don't agree.' And that's refreshing in my world," says Powell. "He'd have made a great infantry officer if I'd gotten to him earlier."

THE YEAR AHEAD: ↗

STEVE JOBS



CO-FOUNDER AND INTERIM C.E.O., APPLE COMPUTER, INC. AND CHAIRMAN AND C.E.O., PIXAR ANIMATION STUDIOS



7

LAST YEAR'S RANKING: 14

DEALS AND DEEDS: Jobs is entering his third year as Apple's supposedly "interim C.E.O." (or "iCEO," as insiders call it), and he draws only one dollar in salary and still owns only a single share of Apple stock. (He says he takes the dollar so that his family qualifies for the company health plan.) Apple's stock climbed more than 150 percent in 1998, and now no one doubts that the company's comeback is more than temporary (analysts see its future as the Saab or Volvo of the computer industry). And if the iMac's big debut weren't enough, Jobs followed up by re-releasing the sleek computer in five vibrant "fruit-flavored" colors, a simple but revolutionary design concept in gearheaded Silicon Valley. Apple's machines were especially popular with computer novices, and Jobs saved the company from its fearsome death spiral, restoring its profitability and its buzz. Apple fans couldn't bear the tight secrecy over the new portable iBook, which was revealed this summer. Meanwhile, Jobs commuted by helicopter across San Francisco Bay to his other company, Pixar, which triumphed with its exquisitely crafted holiday release, *A Bug's Life* (with 50-50 partner Disney). It beat that other bug picture, DreamWorks' *Antz,* representing a moral victory for Jobs, who had claimed that Jeffrey Katzenberg had stolen the idea. *Toy Story 2* is coming out at Thanksgiving.

EVERYONE'S SAYING: That actor Noah Wyle's impersonation of Jobs in TNT's *Pirates of Silicon Valley* was frighteningly good. Although the made-for-TV movie was ridiculed for its amateurishly naïve script, it did remind people about the darker aspects of Jobs's personality, such as his long denial of his paternity of his first child, Lisa (now an undergraduate at CONTINUED ON PAGE 2


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MaxMara



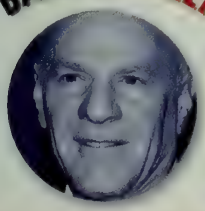

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 204 Harvard). It also showed his penchant for verbally abusing and publicly humiliating his employees, which has diminished somewhat over the years.

AND FURTHERMORE ... Jobs, 44, who is well known for his intolerance of "bozos" (i.e., people who aren't nearly as smart as he is), signaled his dismay at one meeting by pouring a glass of water over the head of an employee. And during a job interview with a young woman, he was wearing loose-fitting shorts and no underwear, which didn't stop him from uncrossing his legs and nonchalantly flashing the unsuspecting applicant.

THE YEAR AHEAD: ↑

BARRY DILLER



CHAIRMAN AND C.E.O., USA NETWORKS, INC.



8

LAST YEAR'S RANKING: 8

DEALS AND DEEDS: Diller continued to increase the value of his USA Networks, but encountered some obstacles along the unblazed path to entertainment and e-commerce Nirvana. He took his Ticketmaster Online-CitySearch business public to the acclaim of Wall Street, and Microsoft took a 9 percent stake in the company, giving Diller control of Microsoft's Sidewalk guides. Then, in April, Diller acquired October Films, Gramercy Pictures, and some other movie assets from Universal. He also hired Barry Baker, a respected broadcasting executive. But Diller faced a big setback when a $21 billion deal through which he would have acquired the Internet portal Lycos was shot down by Lycos's biggest investor, David Wetherell of the CMGI investment group. The loss did not affect USA's stock price, however—it's up 38 percent this year, and Diller is now worth an estimated $1 billion.

EVERYONE'S SAYING: It's still not clear that the 57-year-old Diller's idea of marrying media and retailing will work. Will he be able to drive his TV viewers to shop and his e-commerce customers to watch TV? The concept can't be fully tested until the complete convergence of television and the Internet occurs. Also, Diller lacks two key components essential to his vision: an Internet portal and a major television network. Properties such as NBC and Lycos are getting scarcer and more expensive, but Diller says that none of this matters. "We thought we needed a national [Internet] portal. We don't think so now," he says. Instead, he'll build portals city by city, steering local users to his ticket sites and entertainment guides. And who needs a broadcast network? With the Home Shopping Network, USA, and the Sci Fi Channel, "we have more eyeballs than most anyone," says Diller. However, now that the F.C.C. has decided that TV-station owners can have more than one outlet in the same market, Diller's TV holdings have suddenly become a lot more valuable, and NBC may be more eager for a merger. He plans to continue using his strong revenues—USA reported $2.8 billion in revenue last year, mostly from media and retailing operations—to fund his Internet expansion. Few would bet against him. He has turned a $235 million company into a business worth some $16.5 billion in just four years.

AND FURTHERMORE ... Diller, Diane Von Furstenberg's close companion for more than 20 years, has designated her two adult children the heirs to his fortune. At the 1995 wedding of Von Furstenberg's son, Alexandre, to duty-free heiress Alexandra Miller, Diller presented the couple with the deed to his Malibu house (which once belonged to Kenny Rogers) together with a symbolic jar of soil.

THE YEAR AHEAD: ↗

MICHAEL EISNER



CHAIRMAN AND C.E.O., THE WALT DISNEY COMPANY



9

LAST YEAR'S RANKING: 3

DEALS AND DEEDS: This was Eisner's *annus horribilis.* He reorganized, downsized, and invested hundreds of millions in the Internet; he released *A Bug's Life* and *Tarzan* ($163 million and $164 million domestic gross to date, respectively), but none of that could erase Disney's poor stock performance, the analysts' dire projections, the softness of retail sales, the problems at the ABC Television Network, and the perception that the most powerful man in Hollywood had gone bonkers in pursuing a humiliating, public, expensive, and hopeless lawsuit with former studio chief Jeffrey Katzenberg. The unofficial spin is that Eisner got lousy legal advice. That would suggest that his de facto number-two man, Sandy Litvack, the studio's former general counsel, is likely to join the ever expanding Mickey Mouse Club of the 90s: executives who used to work at Disney. Morale is plummeting, says a high-level insider, and the company is tightening its belt. As of July, Disney stock was the worst performer in the Dow Jones Industrial Average for the past year, but Eisner, 57, told *Barron's* that the company's problems are "momentary, fashion-oriented and limited."

EVERYONE'S SAYING: When *The Wall Street Journal* compares you to Captain Ahab, and *New York* magazine suggests that your time has come—well, that's not good press. So just how seriously is Eisner damaged in the wake of the company's faltering performance and the spectacle of the Katzenberg trial? Gordon Crawford's Capital Research and Management sold all 20 million of its shares in January. Warren Buffett—whose Berkshire Hathaway owns tens of millions of Disney shares—is also concerned, according to a knowledgeable source.

AND FURTHERMORE ... In the bosom of his family, says a friend, Eisner says he's not sorry he told writer Tony Schwartz his now infamous line about Jeffrey Katzenberg, "I hate the little midget." He's just sorry he got caught.

THE YEAR AHEAD: ↗

LOUIS GERSTNER



CHAIRMAN AND C.E.O., IBM CORPORATION



10

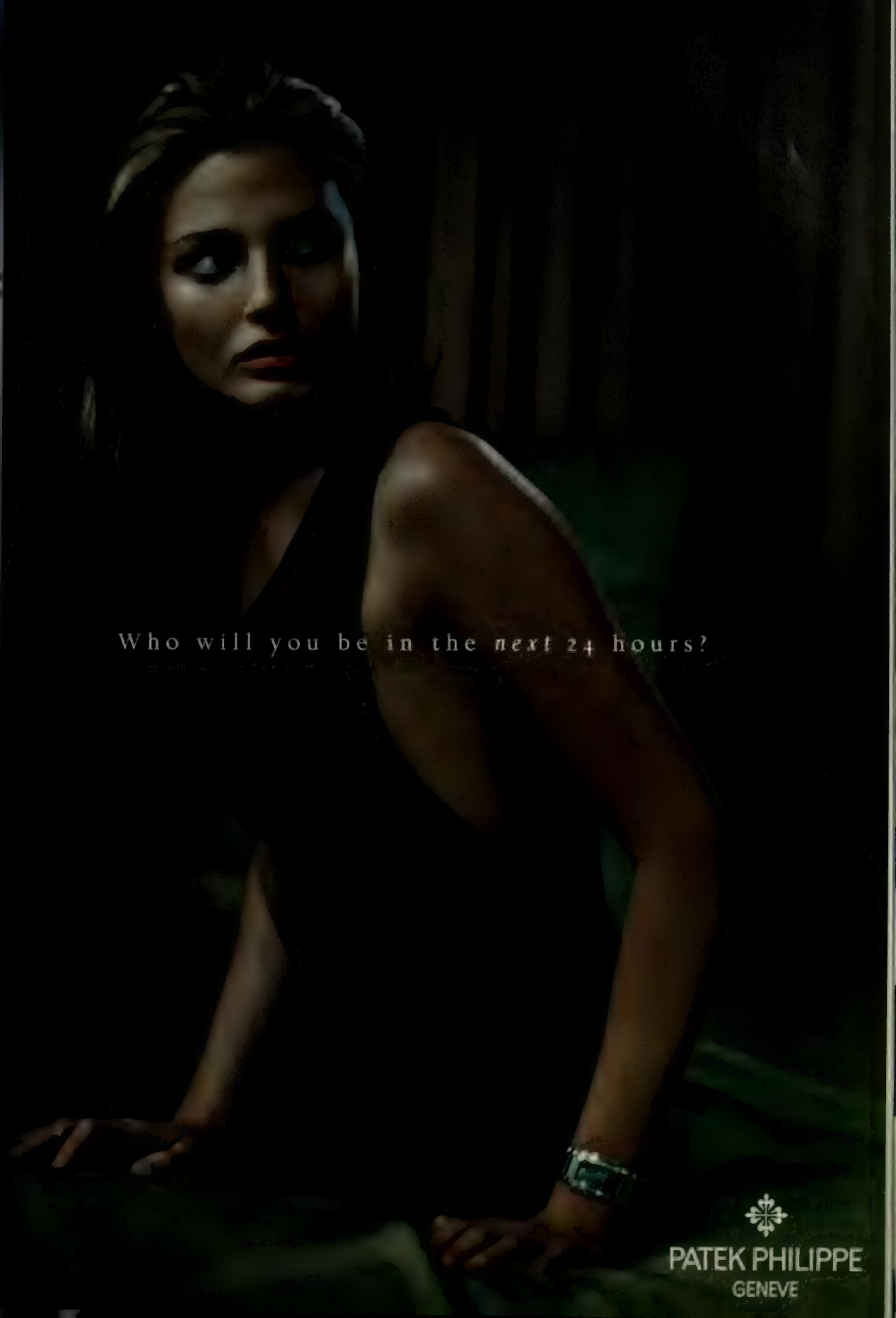
LAST YEAR'S RANKING: 11

DEALS AND DEEDS: This year Gerstner, 57, became one of the richest hired-hand C.E.O.'s (his 1998 salary with bonus was $13.7 million, up nearly 70 percent from the year before), but few doubt that he's worth it. Big Blue has emerged as one of the big winners in the Internet bonanza thanks to its booming consulting and software businesses. Wags now call it IBM.com. Its army of 120,000 "techies" try to make it easier for clients to sell over the Web. The Net craze has even breathed life into IBM's mainframes, which are actually pretty good for running big Web sites. Mostly, though, Gerstner is taking advantage of IBM's superb R&D. He unveiled a technology that can etch circuits less than 1/600 the width of a human hair and produce chips that run three times faster than those of today's P.C.'s. He also revealed a nifty one-inch disk drive that can be used for cell phones or digital cameras as well as a flat-panel display with four times the resolution of today's desktop monitors—the images on-



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EVERYONE'S SAYING: It was wishful thinking when Gerstner wrote in his March letter to shareholders that "the PC era is over." Maybe it is for IBM, which lost $1 billion on P.C. hardware last year, unable to compete with the likes of Dell. Gerstner's other struggle is to become a galvanizing force in the industry. He's emerging as the leader of the anti-Microsoft cabal known as NOISE (Netscape, Oracle, IBM, Sun, and Everybody else). "The entire industry must behave like a single, focused competitor to Microsoft," said an internal IBM strategy memo. With Netscape sold, Sun's Scott McNealy seen by some as strident and sophomoric, and Larry Ellison's flakiness, the burden falls on Gerstner.

AND FURTHERMORE ... Even admiring executives at other companies bridle at his arrogance and "incredible pomposity." At RJR Nabisco, Gerstner's desk on the corporate jet was known as "the throne."

THE YEAR AHEAD: ↗

ANDREW GROVE



CHAIRMAN, INTEL CORPORATION

CRAIG BARRETT



C.E.O., INTEL CORPORATION

11

LAST YEAR'S RANKING: GROVE, 10; BARRETT, NONE

DEALS AND DEEDS: While all those Internet start-ups hardly make any money, Intel's profits were an astonishing $6 billion, and it has $11 billion in cash, an awesome reserve by any standard (as long as you don't compare it with Microsoft's $22 billion). So what's the problem? Grove believes the Internet is leading the industry into "the Valley of Death," a place where new players and technologies will overthrow the old. Microprocessors just aren't such a great business anymore: as consumers flock to dirt-cheap $600 P.C.'s with rivals' knockoff chips, Intel's market share has fallen from 87 percent to as low as 76 percent, and profit margins are becoming chip-thin. So, how can Intel reinvent itself for the Internet era? Barrett spent $2.2 billion to acquire Level One Communications, which makes technologies for networking and communications, in the belief that more than one billion devices—P.C.'s, cell phones, Palm Pilots—will be linked over the Net within five years. And Intel has plunged $2.5 billion into about 275 venture-capital investments in Silicon Valley start-ups, such as eToys, giving Intel a piece of whatever will be the next big thing. Barrett has also teamed with NBC for interactive digital TV. But the television executives should be wary of Intel, since its new Pentium III chip (up to 93 percent faster than its predecessor) helps to make Web broadcasting to P.C.'s into a growing threat to TV broadcasting.

EVERYONE'S SAYING: That it was naïve for Intel's chiefs to think they could put a hidden serial number (which could identify and potentially track users, betraying their privacy) in the new Pentium III chip. If only the cyber-libertarians hadn't protested so loudly, they might have gotten away with it. Intel's P.R. is usually more enlightened. For instance, it was very shrewd for Intel to agree to an accord with the F.T.C.'s anti-trust regulators and avoid the kind of P.R. nightmare that Microsoft has suffered. Nonetheless, a broader investigation is still under way on whether Intel is a monopolistic bully. Mild-mannered, professorial Barrett, 60, an outdoorsman and former Stanford pentathlon champ who runs the company day to day, makes a less compelling target than the sometimes arrogant, outspoken 63-year-old Grove, who now does the vision thing. The Microsoft trial had revelations about shouting matches between Gates and Grove over Intel's strategy, showing mutual distrust between these New Establishment powers. In an E-mail, Gates wrote that "although Andy is super-smart in software-related areas and in some aspects of the PC market, it is amazing what he doesn't know."

AND FURTHERMORE ... Early in his tenure as C.E.O., Barrett sold off 700,000 Intel shares, or one-third of his total holding, a move that wasn't particularly reassuring to Intel investors trying to have confidence in his leadership.

THE YEAR AHEAD: →

STEVEN SPIELBERG



PARTNER, DREAMWORKS SKG

12

LAST YEAR'S RANKING: 9

DEALS AND DEEDS: Spielberg spent much of the year traversing the globe to accept honors for *Saving Private Ryan,* though many Hollywood insiders were shocked that the World War II epic didn't win the Oscar for best picture. Another letdown was the end of DreamWorks' plans to build a new studio complex atop Howard Hughes's old L.A. airstrip. According to a close colleague, Spielberg was "disappointed but pragmatic" about the reversal. For next year, Spielberg, 52, has another monster hit in the works: he's directing the sci-fi thriller *Minority Report* with Tom Cruise and possibly Matt Damon. It's anticipated that it will be the big movie of the fall. Another long-planned project, *Memoirs of a Geisha,* based on the best-selling novel by Arthur Golden, was scheduled for a holiday-season release, but Spielberg postponed the filming until next spring, saying that he didn't want to compete for attention with the millennium celebrations. And who would be the impresario behind one of the world's biggest New Year's Eve events? Spielberg himself. At the behest of the Clintons, he is creating an 18-minute film that will be shown on giant screens along the Mall in Washington. Narrator: Bill Clinton.

EVERYONE'S SAYING: That while Spielberg was snubbed for the Oscar he's still undeniably the king of Hollywood, and that isn't going to change. In addition to *Minority Report* he's assembling a full slate of surefire hits as a producer, including *Jurassic Park 3,* a Flintstones sequel, and possibly another Indiana Jones movie. He also has a Charles Lindbergh picture in development, based on the Pulitzer-winning biography by A. Scott Berg. In the spirit of *Saving Private Ryan,* he and Tom Hanks are collaborating on another World War II epic, *Band of Brothers,* a 13-hour mini-series for HBO. Along with *Taken,* his 20-hour serial on alien abductions for Barry Diller's Sci Fi Channel, *Band of Brothers* should make him the new master of the television mini-series.

AND FURTHERMORE ... "Steven," according to his wife, Kate Capshaw, "is very sexual." He also tends toward jealousy, and his relationship with Capshaw is said to border on infatuation. When she filmed lovemaking scenes for her own recent DreamWorks production, *The Love Letter,* the rushes prepared for Spielberg were bowdlerized. When he finally saw the explicit clips he became "extremely wiggy," says Capshaw.

THE YEAR AHEAD: ↑

STEVE BALLMER



PRESIDENT, MICROSOFT CORPORATION

13

LAST YEAR'S RANKING: 20

DEALS AND DEEDS: At first Ballmer hesitated when Gates asked him to assume daily responsibility for running Microsoft. But once he took the job, Ballmer, 43, moved swiftly to make his own imprint. He announced a sweeping reorganization, called "V

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Staraya Moskva Premium	Russia
Van Hoo Vodka	Belgium
Stolichnaya Vodka	Russia
Tanqueray Sterling Vodka	England
Rain 1995 Harvest Vodka	USA
Ketel One Vodka	Holland
Wyborowa Vodka	Poland
Kremlyovskaya Vodka	Russia
Finlandia Vodka of Finland	Finland
Alps French Vodka	France
Skyy Vodka	USA
Original Polish Vodka	Poland
Glenmore Special	USA
hmann's Royal Vodka	USA
Boston Vodka	USA
Pole Star Vodka	Poland
Luksusowa Potato Vodka	Poland
Absolut Vodka	Sweden
Cardinal Vodka	Holland
Barton Vodka	USA
Barclay's Vodka	USA
Amazon Vodka	Brazil
Skol Vodka	USA
Smirnoff Vodka	USA
Crystal Palace Vodka	USA
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Schenley	USA
Mr. Boston's Riva Vodka	USA

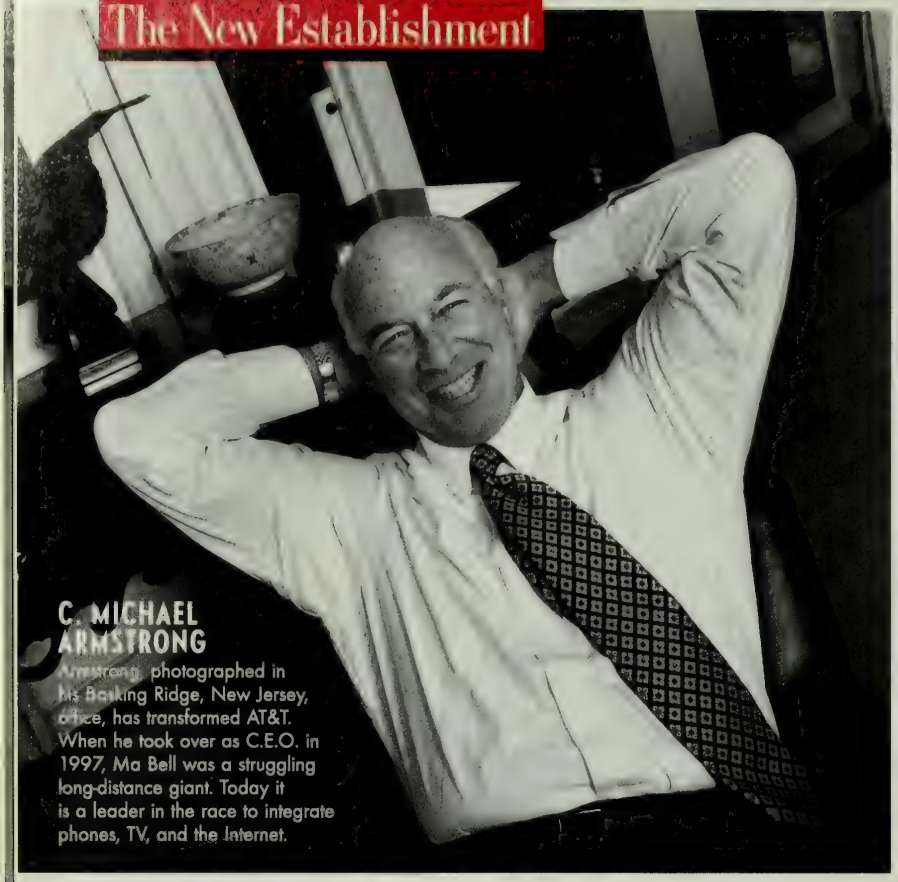
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C. MICHAEL ARMSTRONG
Armstrong, photographed in his Basking Ridge, New Jersey, office, has transformed AT&T. When he took over as C.E.O. in 1997, Ma Bell was a struggling long-distance giant. Today it is a leader in the race to integrate phones, TV, and the Internet.

sion Version 2," which divides the company into eight parts. A shrewd pre-emptive move to prepare for an anti-trust breakup? No, says Ballmer, but Microsoft-watchers aren't so sure. While Gates is thinking more futuristically, Ballmer is stuck with the challenge of trying to revamp the jerry-built Windows software, which is frustratingly hard to use and astonishingly unnavigable, especially considering how much of the world relies on it.

EVERYONE'S SAYING: A few Microsofties were outraged when they watched TNT's made-for-cable *Pirates of Silicon Valley* (starring Anthony Michael Hall as Bill Gates and Noah Wyle as Steve Jobs), which portrayed Ballmer as a libidinous skirt chaser, distracted by sex while his college buddy Gates obsessed about software. In reality, Ballmer's always been a straight-arrow type while the more lascivious one was—oh, never mind. The TV movie also depicted Ballmer as a lumbering fool, especially during his Harvard years, while actually he was a brilliant applied-math major and the hard-driving advertising manager of *The Harvard Crimson*. So much for Hollywood. A realistic Ballmer movie would be more like a corny Capra film: in the course of his speech at Microsoft's annual sales meeting, he played Dionne Warwick's recording of "I Say a Little Prayer," as he does before every milestone in his life. And when his parents both had cancer, he flew them to Seattle and took three months off to care for them. To be sure, Ballmer does have a frighteningly bombastic side, which he's tried to downplay with the media (his marketing people insist he no longer swings a baseball bat in meetings). Still, Microsoft's board hesitated for six months before elevating Ballmer to president because of his overly forceful persona.

AND FURTHERMORE ... Curiously, Ballmer was not questioned by government prosecutors in the Microsoft anti-trust trial, and was one of the few executives from whom compromising E-mails didn't turn up, even though he's been Gates's alter ego for two decades and he is widely perceived as the strong-arm enforcer of Microsoft's monopoly power.

THE YEAR AHEAD: ✗

JEFF BEZOS



CHAIRMAN AND C.E.O., AMAZON.COM

14 **LAST YEAR'S RANKING: 26**

DEALS AND DEEDS: It was impressive enough when Bezos became an instant mogul in books and music CDs, but in recent months he's followed through on a much grander strategy to make Amazon the dominant on-line retailer of nearly everything, expanding into diverse realms such as pharmaceuticals (with a large stake in Drugstore.com), pet supplies (with 50 percent ownership of Pets.com), electronics, and toys. He also made aggressive moves into auctions with a direct assault on eBay's enviably lucrative business as well as a high-profile alliance with Sotheby's for tonier items such as paintings and rare books. The results: in just over a year, Amazon has exploded, growing from 2 million customers to 10 million. The stock has been one of the wildest rides on Wall Street, shooting from $12 a share last year to above $200 this spring, then sliding back down to $100 as investors began to worry about Bezos's chronic disdain for profits as he pushes for customer service and frantic growth.

EVERYONE'S SAYING: Many Amazon fans were disillusioned when it turned out Bezos was taking payment from publishers for their books to be listed as "What We're Reading" or "Destined for Greatness." Still, the cyber-elite marvel over Bezos's superb marketing—more than 100 million American adults recognize the Amazon.com brand. They also admire his hyperambitious yet humble persona. Although he's a billionaire himself and has tens of billions at stake, the 35-year-old Bezos says that he sleeps soundly eight hours a night. He shares a Honda Accord with his novelist wife, and she helps him prepare for his business trips by packing him clean pairs of socks with plastic bags full of vitamins stuffed into the toes.

AND FURTHERMORE ... When Wal-Mart sued him for hiring away top executives who knew its well-guarded secrets about retailing and operations, Bezos bought several books about the company. He found quotes about how Sam Walton loved to raid competitors for talent, which he gamely used in Amazon's legal defense.

THE YEAR AHEAD: ✗

DAVID GEFFEN



PARTNER, DREAMWORKS SKG

15 **LAST YEAR'S RANKING: 13**

DEALS AND DEEDS: Geffen is ubiquitous and yet invisible at the same time. His most public move this year was as the negotiator of Jeffrey Katzenberg's settlement (reportedly in the $250 million range) with Disney; Geffen swept in at the eleventh hour and handled the talks with Disney board

PORTRAIT BY HARRY BENSON

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LOUIS VUITTON

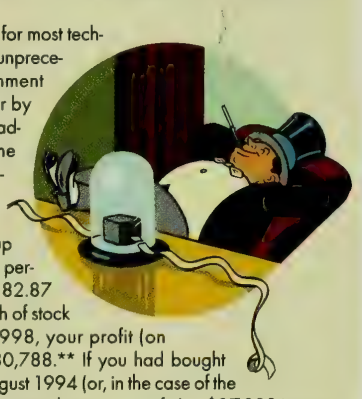
member Stanley Gold over the July 4 weekend. When it comes to movies, Geffen—despite protestations—makes his presence felt. "I hate the movie business," he says. "I'm really very little involved ... but I'm not dead." On the upcoming *Minority Report* (a Fox-DreamWorks co-production), he helped hold down the high cost of having Spielberg direct and Tom Cruise star. "He's not afraid to say anything," says an agent. "He said, 'If you guys want to work together, this is what you do.'" He flatly denies that DreamWorks considered merging with MGM/UA and Sony as well as Universal earlier this year, but others say there were some talks. Geffen acknowledges meeting with Universal, but all three DreamWorks partners are adamant that nothing will happen there.

EVERYONE'S SAYING: There is a nagging perception that when it comes to DreamWorks, Katzenberg is passionate, but "David doesn't care much, and Steven just wants to make movies," as one insider puts it. The partners dismiss that notion, but many still wonder if Geffen has the stomach to pursue what appears to be an impossible dream. The conventional wisdom in Hollywood is that Geffen wants to create an asset and then sell it. Rumor has it that the company has burned through investor Paul Allen's millions. "They cannot operate the way they're operating now and do anything but fail," says a prominent agent. "David is smart enough and he and Paul Allen are rich enough to figure something out." Geffen claims that the company is "very well financed," adding, "Anybody who's going to bet on Jeffrey, Steven, and me failing is going to turn out wrong."

AND FURTHERMORE ... Geffen, 56, has been driving himself around in a silver VW Beetle—a gift from a DreamWorks investor—and leaves his driver, Harry, and the Mercedes at home.

THE YEAR AHEAD: ➶

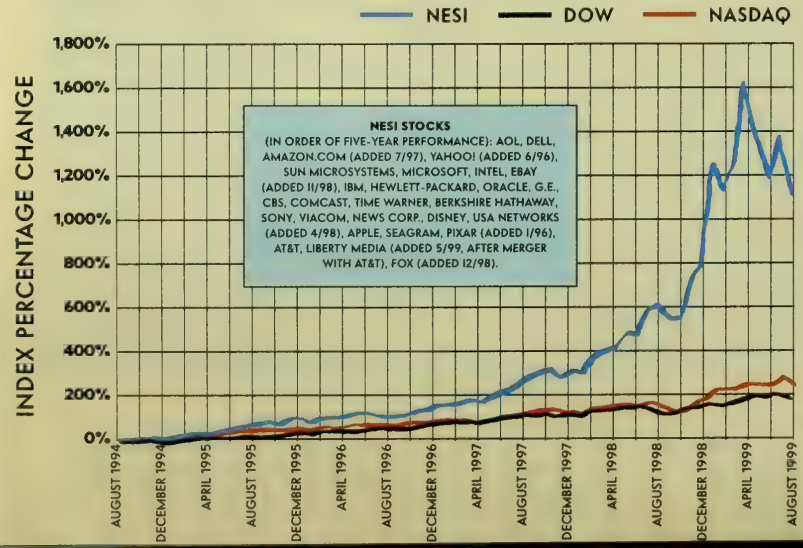
THE NEW ESTABLISHMENT STOCK INDEX



Nineteen ninety-nine has been an outstanding year for most technology and media companies, and this period of unprecedented success is reflected in the New Establishment Stock Index (NESI),* which was created last year by *Vanity Fair* to track the stock performance of the publicly traded companies in each year's New Establishment 50. The NESI is up 114.03 percent between August 1998 and August 1999, and its five-year performance is a staggering gain of 1,092.04 percent. By comparison, in the same one-year period the Dow Jones Industrial Average is up 24.26 percent and the NASDAQ Composite's gain is 35.39 percent. The impressive five-year totals for these indices are 182.87 and 241.95, respectively. If you had bought $1,000 worth of stock in each of this year's 27 NESI companies in August 1998, your profit (on $27,000 invested) after one year would have been $30,788.** If you had bought $1,000 worth of stock in each of the NESI companies in August 1994 (or, in the case of the newer companies, after they were added to the index), five years later your profit (on $27,000 invested) would have been $295,385. New Establishment stocks such as America Online (up 201.55 percent for the year) and Sun Microsystems (up 174.75 percent) are now considered blue chips; 21 of the NESI stocks outperformed the Dow Jones Industrial Average, and 19 NESI stocks outpaced the NASDAQ.

*THE NESI IS AN AVERAGE OF THE MONTHLY PERCENTAGE GAINS AND LOSSES OF THESE STOCKS IN THE FIVE YEARS SINCE *VANITY FAIR* BEGAN ITS NEW ESTABLISHMENT FEATURE. DIVIDENDS ARE NOT INCLUDED IN THE MEASURE OF THESE RETURNS

**EXCLUDING BROKERS' FEES.



TED TURNER



VICE-CHAIRMAN, TIME WARNER INC.

16

LAST YEAR'S RANK: 5

DEALS AND DEEDS: Hollywood was quick to see Turner's hand in the surprise summer resignations of Warner Bros. chiefs Bob Daly and Terry Semel, with whom Turner has clashed in the past. Inside Time Warner, however, few believe that Turner, at 60, is looking for new empires to conquer. Though Time Warner's stock price is way up, Turner's beloved CNN continues to stumble. In July its correspondents were last on the air with coverage of Mark Barton's Atlanta killing spree—even though the tragedy happened in CNN's backyard. Upstart MSNBC stole much of CNN's thunder in Kosovo, and Lou Dobbs, longtime anchor of CNN's flagship *Moneyline* and head of the CNNfn network, quit the company after clashing with CNN president Rick Kaplan. Turner continued to keep his hand in programming matters, outlawing some R-rated movies on his Turner Classic Movies network and reaping mixed reviews for CNN's 24-part Cold War documentary series. The popular explanation for Turner's low profile: problems at home. In November, Turner confirmed that he and wife Jane Fonda were seeing a marriage counselor.

EVERYONE'S SAYING: "Ted's happy being on the ranch 27 days a month," harrumphs one big Time Warner shareholder. "Look what Jerry Levin's done," crows a competitor. "He's tamed Ted Turner!" Levin's partisans inside the company, including president Richard Parsons, have made no secret of their joy at Turner's relative quiescence. "Parsons told me, a significant part of his job is keeping Ted in his cage," says one Manhattan media type. "And it's true. Lou Dobbs asks for more money at CNN and they told him, 'Fuck you!' That never would have happened if Ted was in the loop."

AND FURTHERMORE ... The Mouth of the South shows no sign of toning down his trademark bravado. During a February speech to the National Family Planning & Reproductive Health Association in Washington, Turner urged the Pope to "get with it"—he suggested amending the Ten Commandments by throwing out adultery—and still had time for a Polish joke.

THE YEAR AHEAD: ➔



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WARREN BUFFETT



CHAIRMAN AND C.E.O., BERKSHIRE HATHAWAY INC.

17

LAST YEAR'S RANKING: 19

DEALS AND DEEDS: With his tax-free purchase of insurance giant General Re (the largest reinsurer in the U.S.) as a $22 billion stock swap, the world's second-richest man (worth $31 billion) completed his transformation from Warren Buffett the self-described "used-cigar-butt investor"—rooting around for undervalued stock investments—into Warren Buffett the titan of industry. Fifteen thousand acolytes crowded his Berkshire Hathaway annual meeting in Omaha last May hoping for investment tips, but the truth is that, with General Re, Buffett's Berkshire Hathaway will make much of its profit from its own insurance business. Berkshire now has the largest net worth of any company in the U.S. aside from the entity that would result from the proposed merger of Exxon and Mobil.

EVERYONE'S SAYING: For Buffett, 69, who has famously shunned all high-tech stocks and I.P.O.'s (though he recently opened an Internet account for the purpose of playing on-line bridge), the year's run-up in Internet stocks was unnerving. He told shareholders they would have done better for the year "if I had regularly snuck off to the movies during market hours." Both Coca-Cola and Gillette, two of his biggest holdings, faltered. He sold more than three-fourths of his McDonald's shares before the stock shot up 60 percent in 1998. But Geico, his auto-insurance company, is humming, as is Executive Jet, whose fleet of shared-ownership business planes Buffett is expanding fast. And with Internet stocks tottering, Buffett's cash position may soon make him look as smart as he did in 1969 and 1987, when he minimized his losses from frightening market drops.

AND FURTHERMORE ... Buffett was at Yellowstone with Bill Gates when his bid to buy John Meriwether's deflated Long-Term Capital Management on the cheap was taking shape. On a home video shown at this year's Berkshire Hathaway shareholder meeting, Gates is in the foreground, and Buffett is in the background, phone to his ear, saying, "Hello? I can't hear you. Hello?" It turns out his cell phone conked out as he tried to negotiate the last details. The deal fell through.

THE YEAR AHEAD: →

JOHN MALONE



CHAIRMAN, LIBERTY MEDIA CORPORATION

18

LAST YEAR'S RANKING: 16

DEALS AND DEEDS: In the months since the sale of Tele-Communications, Inc. to AT&T, Malone has established himself as a powerful New Media investor. One of Liberty Media's recent deals gave him 8 percent of News Corp., one of the world's satellite leaders, adding yet another powerhouse media distributor to his already impressive list: he owns 9 percent of Time Warner, the world's largest media company, as well as 21 percent of Barry Diller's USA Networks, an e-commerce colossus. In June, Malone entered into the wireless-telephone business by agreeing to acquire the Pittsburgh-based Associated Group, Inc. He also scored big with investments in a variety of Internet start-ups, primarily the electronic bidding site Priceline.com. Liberty's $10 million investment in Priceline is now worth about $220 million. But Malone has just begun to deal. He has an enormous cash reserve (some $4.25 billion), and he has more than $6 billion in Sprint stock (a direct competitor to his new parent company, AT&T), which he must sell soon to satisfy federal regulations on cross-ownership. "He's the smartest guy I've ever met in the business," said media investor Gordon Crawford. "He knows technology, so he can talk bits and bytes with Gates. And he's shrewd financially. He never pays more in taxes than he has to. He's also a great deal negotiator."

EVERYONE'S SAYING: Malone is in the perfect position to make sure his content—mostly cable programming and a growing collection of Internet properties—is carried everywhere. His stakes in Time Warner and News Corp. give him leverage that most competitors can't match. Malone denies that his cozy relationships with Levin and Murdoch yield particular advantages for getting his cable-TV channels (E!, Discovery Channel, and Black Entertainment Television, to name a few) on their cable and satellite systems. The most he'll admit: "[The relationships] keep us knowledgeable about what's going on in the business." Malone is content now to be part of AT&T, but he may eventually spin off Liberty so that he can have more freedom to grow the company. Liberated from the pressures of running TCI (where he was once called Darth Vader by Al Gore for raising cable rates), Malone is clearly having the time of his life. He spends about half his day working, and delegates to his top deputy, Dob Bennett. At 58, he says he wants to be more like Warren Buffett. "I like the idea of being one layer back," Malone says. "Let the guys on the front lines duke it out with the pols."

AND FURTHERMORE ... Malone has bought three cattle ranches, one in Wyoming, one outside of Denver, and one in northern New Mexico. Because his wife, Leslie, is afraid to fly, the Malones travel between the Rockies and their home in Maine in a deluxe R.V.

THE YEAR AHEAD: ↑

JACK WELCH BOB WRIGHT



CHAIRMAN AND C.E.O., GENERAL ELECTRIC

PRESIDENT AND C.E.O., NBC

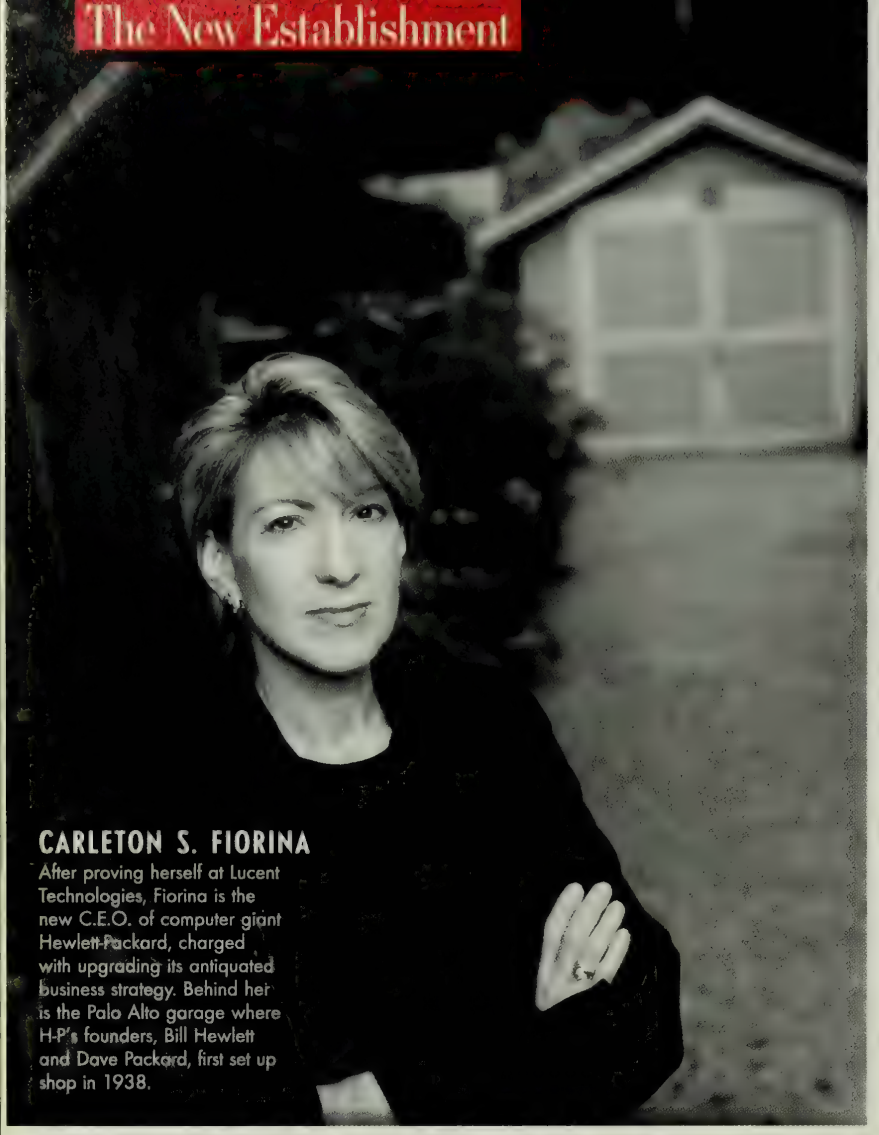
19

LAST YEAR'S RANKING: 18

DEALS AND DEEDS: At the annual meeting of General Electric shareholders in April one disgruntled investor complained that stacking what Jack Welch paid himself last year ($83 million) next to a G.E. factory worker's salary ($40,000) was like putting the Empire State Building next to an eight-inch object. But before the boss could respond, another shareholder, the Reverend Douglas Moore, a retired minister, responded that Welch was worth every penny. "Hallelujah, Mr. Moore," Welch interjected, to plenty of laughs and applause. The next year will be the victory lap for the 63-year-old Welch, who in his 18 seasons at G.E.'s helm has increased the company's worth by $300 billion, bequeathing what *Fortune* has called "the biggest financial legacy in the history of capitalism." In 2000, Welch will retire from the company, whose market cap is second only to Microsoft's. Most of G.E.'s profits come from financial services, jet engines, locomotives, medical equipment, and appliances rather than Bob Wright's NBC. But it is NBC that supplies most of the glitter and, increasingly over the last year, the worries.

EVERYONE'S SAYING: That this is the year when the brutal new reality of network television finally caught up with NBC, which sustained a series of body blows: losing *Seinfeld*, passing on the N.F.L., ponying up $13 million an episode for *ER*. NBC still makes money, but its ratings are down substantially, particularly among 18- to 49-year-olds. Wright, 56,


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CARLETON S. FIORINA

After proving herself at Lucent Technologies, Fiorina is the new C.E.O. of computer giant Hewlett-Packard, charged with upgrading its antiquated business strategy. Behind her is the Palo Alto garage where H-P's founders, Bill Hewlett and Dave Packard, first set up shop in 1938.

has brought in two youthful West Coast execs, Scott Sassa, 40, and Garth Ancier, 42, to stanch the bleeding. The astonishingly profitable—$140 million last year—CNBC has helped Wright's bottom line; NBC has also moved aggressively into the Internet, combining its Web properties (including NBC.com, Xoom.com, and Snap.com) to create a new division, NBCi. The network's joint venture with Microsoft, MSNBC, continued to chip away at its 24-hour-news competitor, CNN. Experts still expect NBC to be spun off or sold one of these days: Time Warner and Sony are possible players.

AND FURTHERMORE ... G.E. somehow obtained the proposal for journalist Thomas F. O'Boyle's *At Any Cost: Jack Welch, General Electric & the Pursuit of Profit,* which turned out to be a highly critical study of the G.E. mogul. Flacks for the company sent out at least 10 letters to O'Boyle's publisher, Alfred A. Knopf, hinting at possible lawsuits if certain materials were used (no lawsuits were ever filed).

THE YEAR AHEAD: ➔

HERBERT A. ALLEN



PRESIDENT AND C.E.O., ALLEN & COMPANY, INCORPORATED

20

LAST YEAR'S RANKING: 15

DEALS AND DEEDS: High above Fifth Avenue, there's not a single paper on the massive wooden desk at which he presides over Allen & Co., and that, he'd have you believe, is the whole story. "I'm not an investment banker anymore," the knife-thin 59-year-old Allen says cheerfully, indicating the stock quotes flashing on his computer screen. "I'm an investor." Of course, the firm is more active than ever as a nexus between high tech and Hollywood, and Allen's legendary status as the Man Who Knows Everyone helps draw the deals. But he claims his young protégée, Nancy Peretsman, didn't even explain the details of Internet start-up Priceline.com before Allen & Co. took it public in March. Peretsman begs to differ. (The site allows users to offer lowball bids for commodities ranging from plane tickets to new cars.) The stock, after shooting up more than 1,000 percent in its first month of trading, is now around four times the initial offering price. Not untypically, the firm kicked in a hunk of its own equity; on paper, as a result, the 44-year-old Peretsman is almost $100 million richer, Allen & Co. several times that.

EVERYONE'S SAYING: That the Sun Valley conference Allen hosts each summer is now as much for the participants' children as for themselves, that an influx of women has diluted the old-boy clubbiness of the gathering, and that this year's presence, for the first time, of Internet cowboys such as Jay Walker of Priceline.com and Yahoo!'s Jerry Yang and Tim Koogle has muddled the gathering. Still, it is rumored that three major deals from the conference are pending.

AND FURTHERMORE ... Sun Valley has drawn virtually every media heavyweight over the years, but only one guest has made special demands. Give up? Revlon chairman Ronald Perelman, who found the security around the Sun Valley compound insufficient. "He must have made some real enemies," said Allen. (P.S. Perelman doesn't come anymore.)

THE YEAR AHEAD: ➚

DAVID FILO JERRY YANG TIM KOOGLE



CHIEF YAHOO — CHIEF YAHOO

C.E.O., YAHOO!

21

LAST YEAR'S RANKING: FILO AND YANG, 29; KOOGLE, NONE

DEALS AND DEEDS: As Yahoo!'s stock-market value shot from $6 billion to nearly $39 billion (one of the few Internet companies to turn a profit: $28 million in the second quarter of 1999 alone), it was more than the envy of the New Establishment—it became a target. It seemed like everyone wanted to imitate Yahoo! and create an Internet "portal" with tens of millions of regular visitors

PORTRAIT BY ART STREIBER


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who could be targeted with ads or enticed to buy things. Suddenly Yang, 30, and Filo, 33, who not long ago were Ph.D. students working out of a trailer at Stanford, found themselves in a high-stakes showdown with the heavyweights of the New Establishment. Disney bought a Yahoo! rival called Infoseek and remade it as the Go Network. NBC launched a portal called Snap. AT&T's @Home unit bought Yahoo! look-alike Excite. USA Networks tried (and failed) to snag Lycos. AOL took over Netscape. But don't worry about the Yahoo! guys—the kids are all right. With a little help from the grown-up C.E.O. Tim Koogle, 48, they enjoyed becoming deal-makers themselves, purchasing Broadcast.com (an audio-and-video broadcast site) for $5.7 billion and GeoCities (a collection of thousands of amateur Web sites) for $4.6 billion. The acquisitions helped to boost Yahoo!'s number of unique monthly visitors from 30 million to more than 80 million, allowing it to keep its title as No. 1 on the Web.

EVERYONE'S SAYING: For fresh young multibillionaires, Yang and Filo are exceptionally modest and coexist harmoniously with the adults they brought in to help run the place. Tim Koogle, known as "T.K.," may be grown up, but he's got the requisite quirks: untamed graying hair, a messianic glint in his eyes, and a penchant for Formula One racing, along with an eerie calm that reassures Wall Street.

AND FURTHERMORE ... Yang and Filo are sumo-wrestling fans who once traveled to Japan to see the pros. Recently, they dressed in inflatable sumo costumes and had it out in the Yahoo! parking lot.

THE YEAR AHEAD: ↑

EDGAR BRONFMAN JR.



PRESIDENT AND C.E.O., THE SEAGRAM COMPANY LTD.

22

LAST YEAR'S RANKING: 22

DEALS AND DEEDS: Could it be that the 44-year-old Bronfman isn't as wet as his critics once thought? Yes, close friend Barry Diller nipped PolyGram Filmed Entertainment and October Films from him for about $140 million. Yes, his firings of Frank Biondi and other top executives were embarrassing. Yes, he lost tens of millions on *Meet Joe Black* and *Babe: Pig in the City.* But Universal had a stellar summer, thanks to *The Mummy, Notting Hill,* and *American Pie.* Its $2.5 billion Islands of Adventure park is a big hit. And with his $10.4 billion acquisition of PolyGram, Bronfman now sits atop the world's largest music company. Much of Hollywood is betting that the next shoe to drop will be the merging of Universal with DreamWorks SKG, though both studios deny there is any intention to do that.

EVERYONE'S SAYING: From Wall Street to Hollywood, industry observers are wondering what Bronfman's strategy for reshaping Seagram and Universal is. Despite all his denials, speculation is rife that Bronfman, whose hobby is writing pop songs, will sell Universal's film and adventure-park businesses to concentrate on music. Many believe his friends Barry Diller and DreamWorks' David Geffen would be first in line to buy the studio. Despite the fact that Seagram's stock price has doubled in the last year, Bronfman's press reviews are likely to remain tepid until a full-blown strategy emerges.

AND FURTHERMORE ... Bronfman is well aware of his image as a rich kid fiddling while Universal burns. The key to his success? "You just have to be real smart," he says, "and choose the right father."

THE YEAR AHEAD: ↗

GORDON CRAWFORD



SENIOR VICE PRESIDENT, CAPITAL RESEARCH AND MANAGEMENT COMPANY

23

LAST YEAR'S RANKING: 25

DEALS AND DEEDS: Crawford, 52, spent the year as he always does: talking more regularly, more intimately, more nimbly, and more amicably (for the most part) with more media moguls than anyone in America. With around $480 billion in assets, Crawford's company is the largest shareholder, or one of the largest, in a Who's Who of communications firms—Time Warner, News Corporation, Viacom, and Seagram, to name just a few. And his media stocks boomed last year, outperforming the market. Smelling trouble in Fantasyland early this year, Crawford quietly but decisively sold off his enormous stake in Disney—with 34 million shares, the company's third-largest shareholder. The decision was wrenching but wise: Disney stock has since fallen by about 25 percent.

EVERYONE'S SAYING: For all his smarts, Crawford is unassuming, unostentatious—"one of the most quietly brilliant men I know," says Sumner Redstone. Though he looks over executives' shoulders for a living, no one does it with more grace; because he invests over the long term, and stands behind what he buys, Crawford is more liked and respected than feared.

AND FURTHERMORE ... His passion is fly-fishing. "It's like a religious experience," he says. "From dawn to dusk I will never think of the stock market or media business."

THE YEAR AHEAD: ↗

PAUL ALLEN



CHAIRMAN, VULCAN NORTHWEST INC.

24

LAST YEAR'S RANKING: 30

DEALS AND DEEDS: Can one solitary man with mere billions in spare wealth keep up with the global media and telecommunications behemoths? That's the 46-year-old Allen's romantic quest, but it's beginning to stretch his considerable resources. In the past year he lavished an astonishing $15 billion on acquisitions. But in March he had to float a $3.6 billion junk-bond offering to help raise the cash. Then in July he announced that his cable company, Charter Communications, would hold a $3.45 billion I.P.O. By grabbing cable-TV systems in Los Angeles and Denver, he expanded his empire to six million subscribers. That makes him fourth in the horse race, putting him in hot pursuit of Comcast's Brian Roberts. Meanwhile, the frantic consolidation in cable hasn't distracted Allen from his forays into Hollywood and Silicon Valley. He financed the upcoming Julie Taymor–directed film of *Titus Andronicus,* shelled out $100 million for a minority stake in Geraldine Laybourne, Marcy Carsey, and Oprah Winfrey's Oxygen Media, and made close friends with Jerry Hall.

EVERYONE'S SAYING: Allen's sports franchises are giving him the aura of a real winner: the Portland Trail Blazers reached the playoffs, and the Seattle Seahawks have become a contender under Allen's stewardship. And who would have guessed that Allen would rival Michael Eisner as the master builder of the New Establishment? Among his Seattle construction projects are a new football stadium, a renovation of Union Station, and the $100 million Seattle Music Experience museum, opening in June 2000.

AND FURTHERMORE ... The rationalistic Allen had something of a hard time dealing with the museum's architect, the wildly creative Frank Gehry. But eventually the mogul's interest in guitars led Gehry to find a vintage Fender Stratocaster and cut it up into pieces, as if Allen's idol Jimi Hendrix had smashed it, which provided inspiration for the building's forms.

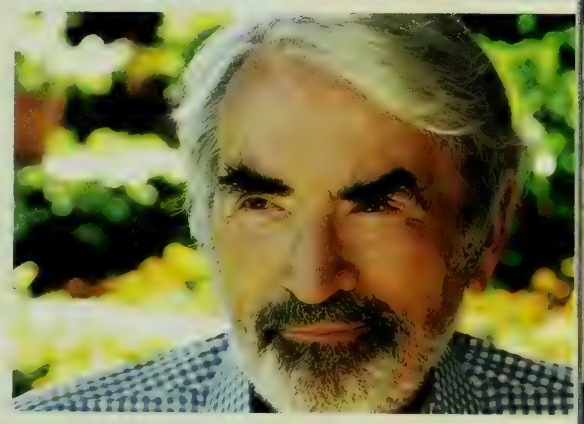
THE YEAR AHEAD: ↗

turns out it isn't an act.

ll the memorable, colorful and honorable characters he has
ed through the years, perhaps his finest is that of Gregory Peck.
r afraid to show decency. Never afraid to stand alone. He asserted
ndependence from the studio system and chose his own projects,
g the silver screen to express his creativity, love of his craft
ultimately, his own values. Now, Turner Classic Movies presents
ıtimate conversation with Gregory Peck, the man, the father
the storyteller of his own extraordinary life.









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Gregory Peck in *To Kill a Mockingbird* (1962) on TCM © 1999 Turner Classic Movies. A Time Warner Company. All Rights Reserved

THE LEAN TEAM VS. THE BLOATED BUNCH

The 1999 Crystal Scale of New Establishment Compensation

Who are the ascetics and who are the gluttons in the New Establishment? Renowned executive-compensation expert GRAEF CRYSTAL has analyzed the pay packages of 22 executives of publicly held corporations represented in the New Establishment, and, using the unpatented Crystal Scale, he offers his assessment of New Establishment virtue and New Establishment greed:

THE LEAN TEAM

• **JEFF BEZOS, AMAZON.COM.** Bezos has seen his salary increase from $64,333 in 1996 to $81,840 in 1998. And that's it. No bonuses, no stock options.* But his shareholdings, as of August 9, 1999, were worth $5 billion. And his performance has been spectacular. Only New Establishment companies AOL and Yahoo! came close to Amazon in terms of stock performance in 1998.

• **STEVE JOBS, APPLE COMPUTER, INC., PIXAR ANIMATION STUDIOS.** At Apple, Jobs took pay of $1 in fiscal 1998, and there's nothing else. Also, he owns but one share of Apple stock. At Pixar, he earned 50 times as much. That sounds pretty impressive until you understand that 50 times as much means $50. At Pixar, Jobs is holding shares worth $1.12 billion.

• **WARREN BUFFETT, BERKSHIRE HATHAWAY INC.** Buffett's total pay last year was $276,600. He doesn't believe in stock options, and he has never pushed the pay envelope. His shareholdings are worth $30.4 billion. Would that all billionaire C.E.O.'s were as pay-modest as he is.

• **BILL GATES AND STEVE BALLMER, MICROSOFT CORPORATION.** Both took very little in the way of pay in fiscal 1998. Gates's total pay was $542,300, while Ballmer's was a slightly higher $547,800. Gates's shareholdings are worth $80.6 billion, while Ballmer's are worth $20 billion. Neither has ever had a stock-option grant.



• **ANDREW GROVE, INTEL CORPORATION.** Grove never became a billionaire, although with his performance record, if he had asked, his board would doubtless have provided him the huge option grants that would have made him one. His total pay for fiscal 1998 was $61.4 million, and he realized $149 million in gains by exercising options in the three years preceding 1998. That's chump change for someone with his track record.

THE BLOATED BUNCH

• **MICHAEL DELL, DELL COMPUTER CORPORATION.** Before fiscal 1996, Dell was paid modestly. Then something turned on his greed glands, and he received awesomely large option grants. He is a fabulous performer, but there is no evidence that you need option grants of this size to get performance at this level. With stock worth $16.2 billion, he hardly needs more money.

• **MICHAEL EISNER, THE WALT DISNEY COMPANY.** Eisner is like a champion hitter who used to bat consistently in the .350-to-.400 range but who now has trouble breaking .200. Everyone likes to talk about how great he was, but few are willing to take a hard look at what he seems to have become. The fact is that Eisner has beaten the S&P 500 index only three times in the last 10 years, and not at all since September 1995. He has been paid lavishly ($92.2 million last year) for leading a company that has underperformed the market.

• **GERALD LEVIN, TIME WARNER INC.** Levin has received large grant after large grant of stock options, to the point where, at year-end 1998, he was holding 7.5 million option shares that he had not yet exercised. That's $304 million on top of his $8.8 million salary and bonus. He is Eisner's opposite, namely, a person who batted .200 during the first five and one-half years of his close to seven years as C.E.O., but who now bats close to .400. Still, all those option grants have combined to deliver him too much money for such a short period of fine performance.

• **BARRY DILLER, USA NETWORKS, INC.** Diller, who paid himself $500,000 last year, is a remarkable performer. USA stock is up significantly so far in 1999, but he has been given far too many option shares, some 25.5 million by the end of fiscal 1998, worth about $496.3 million. He needs to ease up on the gas pedal for a few years.

• **SUMNER REDSTONE, VIACOM INC.** Redstone gives the illusion of working for nothing: he takes neither salary nor bonus. But he has discovered the beauty of option grants, and in the last three fiscal years he managed to persuade his board to give him options on 7.5 million shares, worth about $91.3 million. This despite the fact that he owns $8.24 billion worth of stock.

*A stock option gives an employee a risk-free opportunity to profit if his company's stock rises over, typically, a 10-year period. If it does, he can exercise the option within a stated period and earn the difference between the stock's price on the date of exercise and its price on the date of grant. If the stock doesn't rise, or if it falls, he can simply walk away without losing a cent.

MICHAEL DELL



CHAIRMAN AND C.E.O., DELL COMPUTER CORPORATIO



25

LAST YEAR'S RANKING: 33

DEALS AND DEEDS: It's a t umphal time for the Tex computer mogul, who becan the fifth-richest person in t U.S. His company's share price has risen mind-boggling 71,000 percent in the 90 making it the top-performing stock of t S&P 500 for the decade—by far. Dell's dire sales approach catapulted the company pa Compaq in the business-computer mark soon after, Compaq ousted its longtin C.E.O., Eckhard Pfeiffer. This year Big Bl paid the sincerest form of flattery by final mimicking Dell's direct sales. And in a mo that smacked of "If you can't beat 'em, jo 'em," Lou Gerstner struck a $16 billion, seve year deal to supply parts to Dell. The 3 year-old entrepreneur said that the idea o "post-P.C. era" dominated by other electron gadgets (the vision promoted by Sun Micr systems' Scott McNealy and IBM's Gerstne is "bullshit." He thinks the number of P.C will only increase and he wants to be No. with 25 percent of the global market. Do bet against it.

EVERYONE'S SAYING: His big deal with Ger ner makes Dell look shrewd: it gives hi access to Big Blue's patents and top-not R&D (things that he himself spends comparative pittance on) plus an early lo at new IBM technology. But Dell is still e ing his words from when he said public that Apple Computer should just give and liquidate the company. Dell has a mitted that Apple's iMac was "a goo wake-up call" for the industry. For all savvy, Dell-watchers say he lost out by noring computer novices who wanted re tively inexpensive machines like the iM and the newer under-$600 P.C.'s, whi have quickly captured 20 percent of t market. Dell finally introduced an $899 P. last spring.

AND FURTHERMORE ... Dell was so prec cious and impatient that as an eight-year-o he sent away to receive a high-school diplon based solely on an in-person examination. T interviewer, upon arrival at his house, w shocked to find that the applicant was so you Result: he had to go back to grade school

THE YEAR AHEAD:


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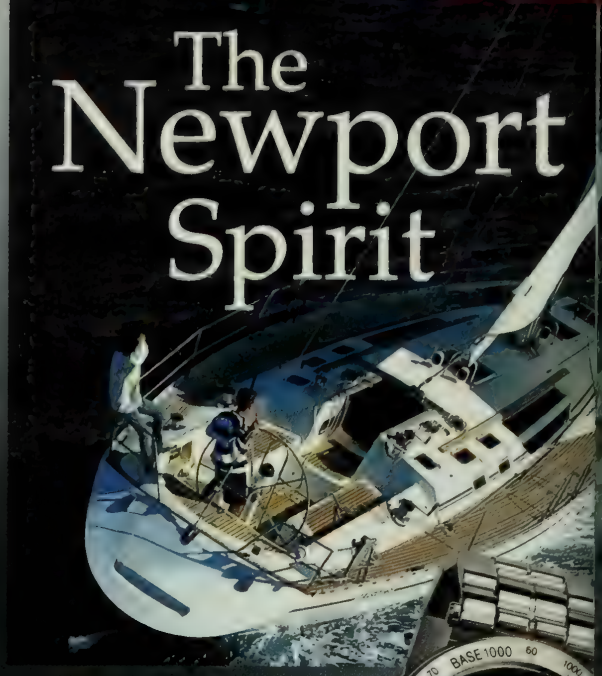
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MEL KARMAZIN



C.E.O., CBS CORPORATION

26 **LAST YEAR'S RANKING: 35**

DEALS AND DEEDS: When Michael H. Jordan quit as C.E.O. in October—three years ahead of schedule—it was unclear whether he had been muscled out by Karmazin, as nearly everyone had anticipated, or if he was wisely getting out of the way as "Mad Mel" proceeded to terrorize the rest of the media business with his big mouth and his even bigger deals. He proclaimed that he wanted to buy Viacom or NBC. What about the law that no one can own two TV networks? Scrap it, Karmazin said: "If Exxon and Mobil can combine, then why can't I buy NBC?" Even though the Eye could only stare at the Peacock, Karmazin, 55, found plenty of other media companies to take over. He paid $2.5 billion for King World, which syndicates *The Oprah Winfrey Show, Wheel of Fortune,* and *Jeopardy!,* and $8.3 billion for Outdoor Systems, which sells advertising space on 237,000 billboards, posters, and transit displays. Karmazin pioneered the idea of swapping media promotions for big equity stakes in hot "dot-com" start-ups that would later go public and bring him windfalls. Without investing a single dollar of actual cash, he got stockholdings in CBS.MarketWatch.com and CBS.Sportsline.com that are now worth nearly $1 billion. That's particularly good news, since it's still very hard to make money in network TV. CBS (the network) did not make a profit in 1998. On the positive side, regaining the rights to pro football has catapulted CBS from No. 3 to No. 1 in the ratings. In August he hammered out a five-year contract to keep CBS president Leslie Moonves in place. Still, CBS's audience remains the least desirable to advertisers—they're the oldest and poorest.

EVERYONE'S SAYING: That Karmazin played Scrooge when he penny-pinched his employees while living it up himself. He closed the company's cafeteria on weekends, eliminated Christmas parties, and talked about moving executives from classy Black Rock to a warehouse district. Such austerity measures were especially grating because Karmazin, long hyped for his frugality, suddenly decided to go glam. He exercised $196 million in stock options and lavished $11.4 million on a five-bedroom, 5,500-square-foot penthouse in Trump International Hotel & Tower. (NBC chairman Bob Wright lives in the same building.) Can it be much longer before he stops spending weekends at the Jersey Shore and finds a palace in the Hamptons?

AND FURTHERMORE ... While walking down Park Avenue in Manhattan, a passerby, seeing Karmazin, called out, "There's Howard Stern's boss!"

THE YEAR AHEAD: ↗

HOWARD STRINGER



CHAIRMAN AND C.E.O., SONY CORPORATION OF AMERICA

27 **LAST YEAR'S RANKING: 45**

DEALS AND DEEDS: Thanks largely to a rising yen, Sony, the world's second-largest electronics company, suffered through a nearly 20 percent drop in earnings for the fiscal year. And back here in the U.S., Stringer's divisions have nothing to gloat about—not yet: sales of Sony products in America were sluggish, and the movie studio turned out one embarrassment (*Baby Geniuses, Muppets from Space*) after another. Adam Sandler's *Big Daddy* was the only blockbuster in 1999, but things are looking up for 2000 with a promising slate including: *Ali* (a Muhammad Ali biopic starring Will Smith) and action thrillers starring Arnold Schwarzenegger and Mel Gibson. Under C.E.O. Tommy Mottola, Sony Music has been strong: Ricky Martin and other acts allowed Sony to surpass Time Warner for the first time in years in sales of current albums in the U.S. The company's stock price has surged more than 70 percent so far this year, due mainly to industry excitement over the Sony PlayStation II, which is powered by a Sony-produced silicon chip capable of generating motion-picture-quality graphics. Sony Computer Entertainment chief Ken Kutaragi is developing the video-game machine, debuting in 2000 (its estimated price: $500 to $800). The PlayStation II's capacity for high-speed Internet connections could make it one of the first compelling alternatives to the P.C., and the chip technology could give Intel a run for its money. Stringer calls it Sony's "Trojan horse." Sony also intends to be a major player in the market for networked handheld digital devices (imagine a Walkman merged with a Palm Pilot).

EVERYONE'S SAYING: The 57-year-old Stringer's seductive charm has worked its magic on Sony C.E.O. Nobuyuki Idei. Since joining the company in May 1997, he has gradually assumed more and more responsibility: not Mottola and Sony Pictures chief John Calle both report to him. One of the principal du ties on his docket is the search for a majo media-distribution system for Sony program ming. (Sony had been exploring a partner ship with NBC this year, but talks deteriorat ed over issues of control.) Still, says Stringe "it's all a matter of timing." Clearly, he re ishes his role as a bridge builder. "We were little lonely at the dance," Stringer says. "No it's a matter of deciding who we'll marry."

AND FURTHERMORE ... Stringer is an exce lent swing dancer—though he swears, "I'm only good with my wife." Once, at a benefi watching Stringer and others on the danc floor, Gay Talese remarked, "You can tell lot about a person in bed by how he dances

THE YEAR AHEAD: ↗

PETER CHERNIN BILL MECHANIC



PRESIDENT AND C.O.O., NEWS CORPORATION LIMITED

CHAIRMAN AND C.E.O., FOX FILMED ENTERTAINMENT

28 **LAST YEAR'S RANKING: CHERNIN, 37; MECHANIC, NONE**

DEALS AND DEEDS: Last yea it was the director of *Titani* James Cameron, who famously boasted tha he was "King of the World." This year Che nin, 48, and Mechanic, 49, the two men r sponsible for green-lighting *Titanic,* could b royalty. As Rupert Murdoch's number tw Chernin presides over the mogul's burgeo ing media empire: Fox Broadcasting, Fo News Channel, Fox Family Channel, th other Fox cable services, Fox Sports Ne Fox's 22 television stations, and Fox Filme Entertainment. The last is Mechanic's pa ticular domain: the four-headed monster Twentieth Century Fox, Fox 2000, Fo Animation Studios, and Fox Searchlight Pi tures—that makes Fox films. In the last yea the studio's movies led both international and domestically; they included *There's Som thing About Mary, The X Files,* and *Sta Wars: Episode I*—to say nothing of the mo than 60 million *Titanic* videos. After a di sastrous fall, the Fox television network en ed up challenging NBC for the top sp among the demographically desirable 18- t 49-year-olds, Fox Sports began breathin down the neck of ESPN, and Twentieth Ce tury Fox television produced a record nu ber of series—30.

EVERYONE'S SAYING: Chernin, a former boo



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publicist with a preternatural feel for a good story, has solidified his role as Murdoch's heir apparent, with Murdoch himself declaring that his children must wait their turn and earn their spurs. Chernin, however, has had his problems. The Fox network only broke even, and the Fox Entertainment Group's newly issued stock has languished. But more Fox hits may be on the way, including *The Beach* (with Leonardo DiCaprio) and *Me, Myself and Irene,* directed by the Farrelly brothers.

AND FURTHERMORE ... Fox Broadcasting made the grade by feeding carnivorous young men a steady video diet of police chases, pets gone berserk, and car crashes. But Chernin replaced Entertainment division president Peter Roth with Doug Herzog because "by the 30th time, it was no longer different," Chernin says. Roth now runs the Warner Bros. television studio.

THE YEAR AHEAD: ↗

JOHN DOERR



PARTNER, KLEINER PERKINS CAUFIELD & BYERS

29

LAST YEAR'S RANKING: 31

DEALS AND DEEDS: Doerr's prescience about the Internet has paid off spectacularly. Two of his productions—Netscape and Internet service provider @Home—were involved in multibillion-dollar deals that brought him huge windfalls. Meanwhile, Doerr's initial $8 million stake in Amazon grew to more than $400 million, and Doerr's ally Jeff Bezos bought 46 percent of his start-up Drugstore.com. On the extracurricular front, Doerr raised $400,000 for his close friend Al Gore at an event at Doerr's Woodside, California, house in April.

EVERYONE'S SAYING: The wags wondered whether Doerr had gone insane a couple of years ago when he said that Internet stocks, which then seemed inflated, were actually grossly undervalued. Now they wish they had listened up and bought. As an oracle and as a kingmaker, the 48-year-old Doerr has no peer in Cyberville (even though Kleiner Perkins passed on backing the Yahoo! start-up). His Web site for women, iVillage.com, which is run by Barry Diller protégée Candice Carpenter, looked like toast after its former chief financial officer claimed that the company had cooked the books. Prospects appeared even worse when iVillage came up against Oxygen Media, a rival cable-TV/Web service for women. But Doerr's own legend helped carry iVillage to a boffo I.P.O. nonetheless.

AND FURTHERMORE ... Doerr's modern house in the foothills near Silicon Valley is a series of freestanding pavilions, a very Southern California design albeit in a much colder Northern California setting. So it's no surprise when dinner guests whine about having to expose themselves to the frigid valley air as they shuffle between rooms.

THE YEAR AHEAD: →

LAWRENCE ELLISON



CHAIRMAN AND C.E.O., ORACLE CORPORATION

30

LAST YEAR'S RANKING: 24

DEALS AND DEEDS: Ellison, 55, narrowly avoided catastrophe when his 80-foot yacht, *Sayonara,* dodged a brutal storm in the now infamous Sydney–Hobart race last December. Six others died. Although he now tells the story with nonchalant coolness, he was an emotional wreck when he came ashore. Perhaps he was simply thinking about all the troubles that awaited him back home: Oracle's stock has been battered after its sales growth slowed and it lost business to IBM and Microsoft, and Gates has instigated a price war, offering discounts to woo Oracle customers. Ellison stepped up his involvement in the company again after long periods of wavering attention, and he has struggled to reposition Oracle as a "foundation" of the Internet, an overblown metaphor even though its software is used by major Web sites such as Amazon's, Dell's, and Yahoo!'s. Ellison likes to say that he doesn't really micromanage; when he gets charged up, he simply pushes people aside and does their jobs: last year, for instance, he wrote the copy for Oracle's advertising campaign.

EVERYONE'S SAYING: Even Oracle's board members think it's amusing that Ellison can hardly get off a few sentences without shamelessly name-dropping "my best friend Steve Jobs"—he exults in his pal's ascendancy. Wall Street was frightened by rumors that Ellison's vital number-two man, Ray Lane, was ready to quit, and despite his brilliance, Ellison is plagued by a well-deserved reputation as an irresponsible playboy. (It doesn't help that he hangs out with Don Johnson at the actor's free-spirited parties.)

AND FURTHERMORE ... Ellison's personnel decisions are often unconventional. One of his current executives is a woman who had been Oracle's investment banker in the 1980s—as well as Ellison's girlfriend at the time. When Ellison switched his business to another firm, he sent an underling to inform her and sa that Oracle now needed a "full-service invest ment bank." The spurned woman grabbed th messenger, stared him down, and said, " think that we are giving Mr. Ellison th FULLEST POSSIBLE SERVICE!"

THE YEAR AHEAD: ↘

MARGARET WHITMAN



C.E.O., EBAY INC.

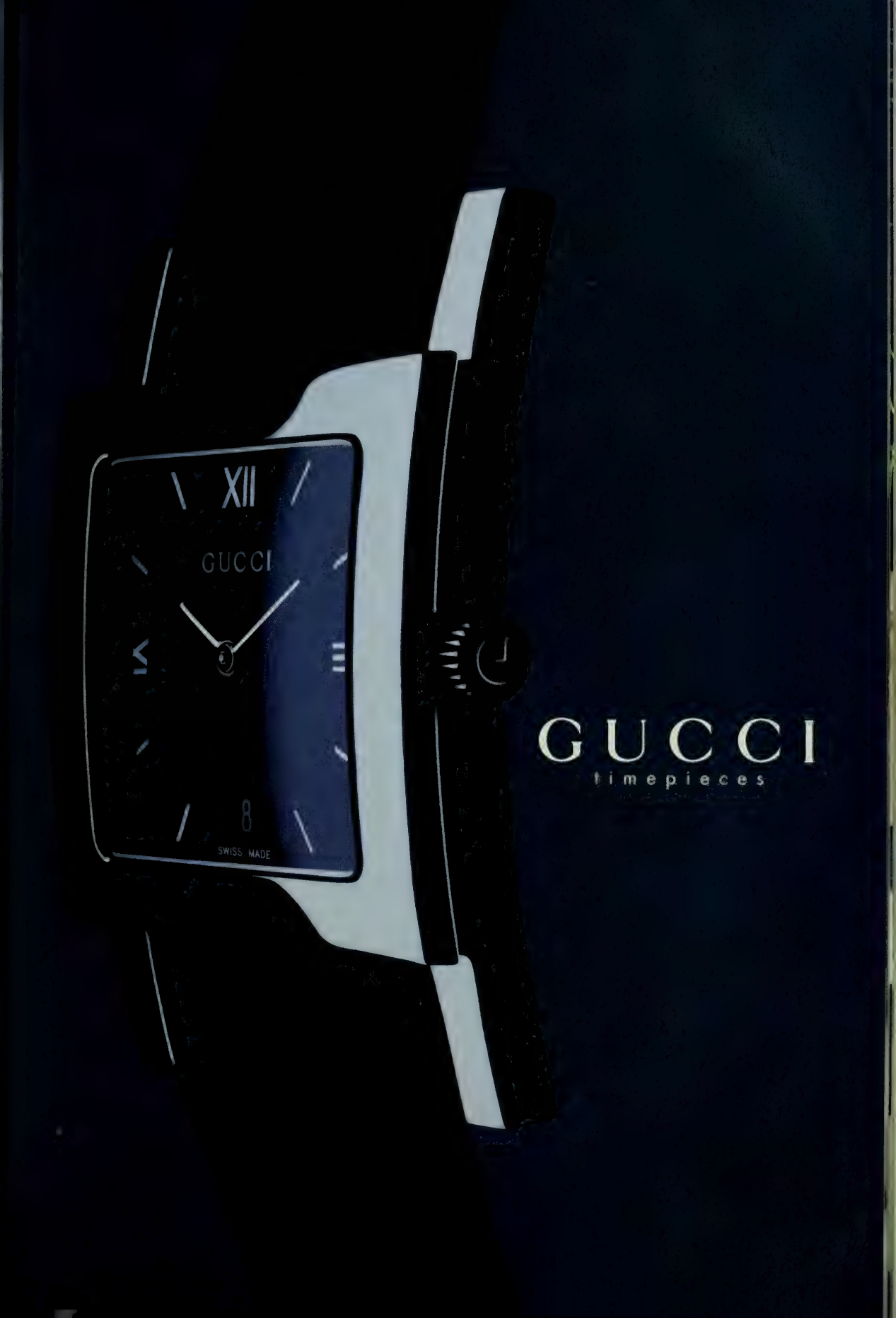
31

LAST YEAR'S RANKING: NON

DEALS AND DEEDS: Not lon ago, as the head of Hasbro' pre-school toy division, sh was promoting Mr. Potat Head. Then, in late 1997, Whitman was ap proached by a headhunter. Only two year later she has become the first female Interne billionaire. She owns 5.9 percent of eBay an is one of the most powerful people on the In ternet. Whitman, 43, cut her teeth in mar keting at Procter & Gamble and Disney. Sh took over from eBay's French founder, Pierr Omidyar, 32, who started the auction We site when his wife was looking for ways t trade Pez dispensers. (Omidyar, worth $7. billion, remains as chairman.) Now eBay's se lection of 2.5 million items, from the ridicu lous (velvet Elvis paintings) to the slightly les ridiculous (Tiffany lamps), is the obsession o almost four million buyers. With a strong brand (recognized by 63 million Americans and a stratospheric market value ($25 bil lion), eBay (named for the San Francisc Bay Area) has become a serious rival t Amazon.com in the race to become th dominant retailer on the Internet.

EVERYONE'S SAYING: Her East Coast friend were shocked when Meg moved to Northern California to work for an obscure start-up dragging along her two kids and her husband who is a neurosurgeon. Now no one doubts the brilliance of the move.

AND FURTHERMORE ... There's a national fury and painful withdrawal when the eBay site powered by her friend Scott McNealy's com puters, breaks down. But Whitman's bigges problem may be the potential for fraud as cus tomers bid for things they can't afford. When eBay held a charity auction live on the *Today* show, selling a jacket autographed by anchors Matt Lauer and Katie Couric, the price ran up to $200,000, but most of the bidders were pranksters. The real top bid was only $11,400


XII
GUCCI
8
SWISS MADE
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timepieces

so Whitman had to eat most of the difference. And then there was the 13-year-old in New Jersey who got his parents' password and placed $2.8 million in bids, including $500,000 for a van Gogh and $120,000 for Issue No. 1 of the Superman comic book.

THE YEAR AHEAD: ↑

JEFF BEWKES



CHAIRMAN AND C.E.O., HBO



32 **LAST YEAR'S RANKING: 43**

DEALS AND DEEDS: Everyone knew Bewkes was a whip-smart finance guy, famous for fast negotiating. ("I'm going to say X, you're going to say Y, we're going to end up at Z. So let's just go there.") But could he manage the creative? In his fourth year at the helm he dashed any last doubts by triumphing in just about every genre of HBO original programming: the half-hour comedy (*Sex and the City*), the hour-long drama (*The Sopranos*), and the made-for-TV movie (*Don King: Only in America*). The cable channel now draws top talent—Tom Hanks and Steven Spielberg chose HBO for their upcoming World War II miniseries, *Band of Brothers,* despite abject entreaties from the networks—and earns more than the Big Four networks *combined.*

EVERYONE'S SAYING: At 47, Bewkes is looking more and more like an heir to Gerald Levin. (Or maybe Time Warner's Richard Parsons as C.E.O. and Bewkes as C.O.O.?) Upon the announcement of Bob Daly and Terry Semel's departure from Warner Bros., Bewkes was immediately rumored to be their replacement. He let it be known that he was not interested in the job because it would require a move to the West Coast. But Bewkes, say insiders, ought to be planning his jump to another perch in the empire before the pace of HBO growth begins to slow. The danger is that HBO may soon hit a ceiling on subscribers, as well as what it can charge them.

AND FURTHERMORE ... *The Sopranos* nearly died when its pilot left test audiences lukewarm. (NBC, CBS, and Fox all passed on it.)



With a $40 million commitment in the ba
ance Bewkes had only one question for pr
gramming director Chris Albrecht: "Can a
the episodes be this good?" Albrecht said ye
Bewkes said go ahead. It is one of the mo
highly praised television hits of the decade.

THE YEAR AHEAD: ↑

OPRAH WINFREY



CHAIRMAN, HARPO, INC.



33 **LAST YEAR'S RANKING: 17**

DEALS AND DEEDS: Wha
hasn't she been up to lately
Let's start with the recen
ventures which, in the rac
for female-mass-media-mogul supremac
have pulled her thisfar ahead of her Wasp
competitor, Martha Stewart. There's the ne
cable and Internet network for women, co
created by TV executives Marcy Carsey an
Geraldine Laybourne, and a new women
magazine, due out from Hearst next spring
offering what Winfrey, 45, calls (as only Wi
frey can) "the voice of encouragement
Think of the magazine, which is boldly ain
ing for a huge base circulation of 850,000, a
a print version of Winfrey's TV show
"Oprah's Book Club" remains the best pu
lishing tool since Gutenberg's printing pres
—and, in an effort to lure Winfrey to the ne
work, CBS recently acquired her syndicato
King World Productions, for about $2.5 bi
lion in stock.

EVERYONE'S SAYING: That Winfrey, wh
earned $125 million last year, is at a cros
roads. *Oprah,* despite its phenomenal su
cess, was recently overtaken in the daytim
ratings in its 14th season by *Judge Judy,* an
Winfrey has done little to discourage specu
lation that she may hang up the microphon
after her contract expires next season.
have to find a way to enliven the show, pe
haps by using other people [as substitut
hosts]," Winfrey says, tantalizingly. She
wrestling with how to keep the progra
fresh and relevant in a time when, she say
"TV is in a state where most of what you d
doesn't have a lot to do with the world—it
distorted."

AND FURTHERMORE ... The normally upbe
Winfrey was thrown for a loop by the con
mercial failure of *Beloved.* "That's one of th
lessons I learned—I was caught up in the en
result," she says, referring to the film's unde
whelming $23 million gross. In brighter new

VEN A GOLD MEDAL CAN'T

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ary Lou Retton, Nadia Comaneci, Dominique Dawes

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she was a major hit as a first-time guest at Herb Allen's Sun Valley retreat—what Winfrey calls "the Jamboree." She made friends with Warren Buffett, whose off-color jokes left her howling with laughter, and is no doubt the only guest who openly calls Allen "the Big Daddy."

THE YEAR AHEAD: ↑

SCOTT McNEALY



CHAIRMAN AND C.E.O., SUN MICROSYSTEMS, INC.



34

LAST YEAR'S RANKING: 34

DEALS AND DEEDS: It's impressive how Sun has thrived outside the Microsoft-Intel juggernaut (it's the last major computer company whose machines neither run Microsoft's programs nor include Intel's chips). Although its computers are too arcane for mortals, they are especially popular as the "servers" that run Internet sites. Steve Case bought $500 million of Sun's machines, and in exchange McNealy commanded his sales force to peddle Netscape's E-commerce software to its corporate clients. Sun will pay AOL more than $1 billion over three years as part of the agreement. In other news, McNealy's been busy making deals to promote his vision of a post-P.C. world. He recruited a bunch of major cell-phone makers to use Sun's Java software in "smart phones" that can send and receive information through the Web. And he got Sony, IBM, and AOL to endorse his Jini software (pronounced "genie"), which can link almost everything in the house in a digital network: TVs, CD players, digital cameras, cell phones, printers, VCRs—even toasters and dishwashers. It sounds like the 60s-vintage comedy routine in which Woody Allen gathers all his machines for a meeting.

EVERYONE'S SAYING: Despite the catchy names and lots of hype, Java and Jini produce little revenue. That's all right, because Sun's sales are booming anyway. This year McNealy's wealth reached the 10-figure mark. When *Golf Digest* listed the 44-year-old McNealy (who has an amazing 3.2 handicap) and G.E.'s Jack Welch (3.8 handicap) as the best C.E.O.'s on the links, the two arranged for a playoff on Nantucket. McNealy lost. Then he was rebuffed when he tried to join the exclusive San Francisco Golf Club, an old-money institution that isn't very welcoming to brash new computer money.

AND FURTHERMORE ... Although McNealy is one of the most politically interested and outspoken of the Silicon Valley moguls, he's waiting on the sidelines of Campaign 2000. "I can't find a presidential candidate who's anti-gun, pro-choice, who's for minimal government, free markets and low trade barriers, and reining in the out-of-control lawyers." He thinks Forbes is strongest on economics, Bradley has the highest integrity, Bush is the best politician, and Gore is the "most harmless."

THE YEAR AHEAD: ↗

TOM FRESTON



CHAIRMAN AND C.E.O., MTV NETWORKS



35

LAST YEAR'S RANKING: 36

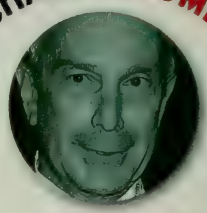
DEALS AND DEEDS: On Freston's watch, MTV Networks continues to be the richest kingdom in the Viacom empire, generating an estimated $2 billion last year. With MTV's enormous global push, Viacom is running out of countries to get the music station into; it's currently in 300 million homes and 83 countries worldwide (two notable holdouts: Canada and South Africa, because of prohibitive regulatory laws). VH1, under president John Sykes, has become such a popular music brand that ABC and NBC advertise their music-related made-for-TV movies on the network (in exchange for allowing VH1 to broadcast reruns of the films). The ratings at every network (Nickelodeon, VH1, MTV, and TV Land) are up, and last year Nickelodeon surpassed both ABC and Fox as the most watched channel for kids. Nickelodeon's *Rugrats* movie was the first non-Disney animated film to gross more than $100 million, and, all told, its *Rugrats* franchise has earned more than $1 billion for Viacom.

EVERYONE'S SAYING: The congenitally hip 53-year-old Freston, who has been with MTV since its inception and is now eligible for his A.A.R.P. card, is finally on board for an idea his 76-year-old boss, Sumner Redstone, has been advocating for a long time: a cable channel catering to the over-50 set, unofficially referred to within the company as VH2. The point, says Freston, is "we want you from cradle to grave." More pressing on Freston's to-do list, however, is helping to engineer Viacom's infiltration of the Internet—"Via.com," as the project has been dubbed. "That is the big focus of my life right now," he adds. "We're setting up a separate Internet division to take public"—reportedly within the next year.

AND FURTHERMORE ... Freston—long fascinated by Communist icons—has collected Mao posters and statues of Stalin. But last year he married Kathy Law, and his new wife is less than thrilled with his collection. "Who wants to set a place at dinner with Ho Chi Minh looking at you?" Freston sighs. The artifacts have been relegated to less prominent places in his $2.4 million Beverly Hills second home.

THE YEAR AHEAD: ↑

MICHAEL BLOOMBERG



C.E.O. AND FOUNDER, BLOOMBERG L.P.



36

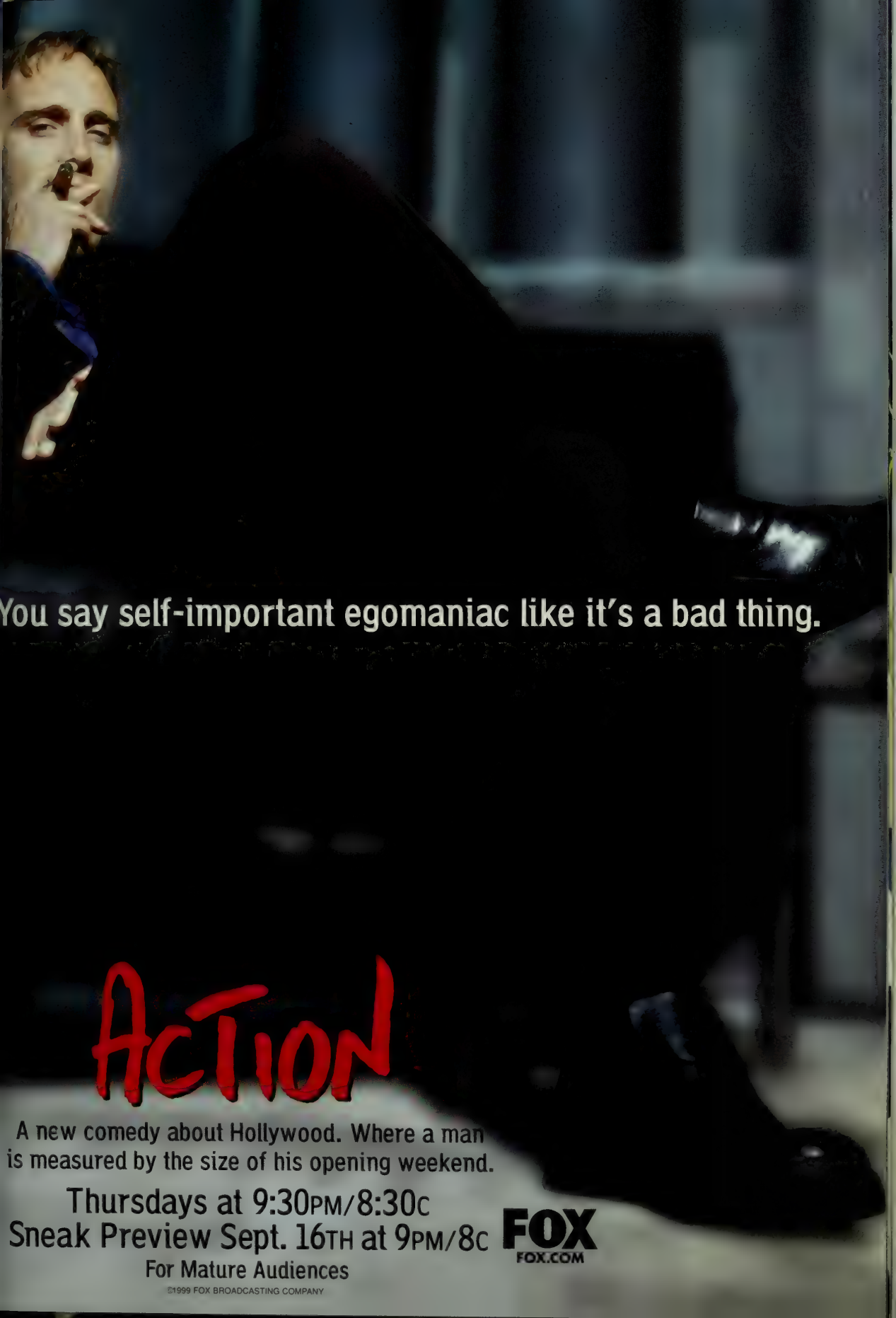
LAST YEAR'S RANKING: 21

DEALS AND DEEDS: With his core business of financial-information terminals generating an estimated $150 million in cash each month, Bloomberg is now spending much of his time looking for ways to make profitable his tiny Bloomberg Television operation, part of the company's "Bloomberg everywhere" brand-extension strategy, which includes magazines and a radio network. Outside the office, Bloomberg has cut a wide swath through London society while tossing another $45 million to his beloved alma mater, Johns Hopkins. The 57-year-old Bloomberg's love life, meanwhile, has settled down after the amicable finalization of his divorce. These days he's dating Mary Jane Salk, a romance novelist.

EVERYONE'S SAYING: "The world is beginning to catch up with Mike Bloomberg," says one rival. For years Bloomberg's vaunted terminals gave it an edge over older, slower competitors such as Reuters and Dow Jones. But the management crisis at Dow Jones has passed, Reuters is infringing on Bloomberg's turf, and upstarts such as Bridge Information Systems are gaining. Now analysts question whether Bloomberg's growth has peaked, or, to use Wall Street's artful euphemism, "matured." Competitors speculate about when he will go public. Bloomberg says he has no plans for a stock offering, but friends worry about a John F. Kennedy Jr. scenario: could the private company survive without its founder?

AND FURTHERMORE ... Bloomberg was criticized this year for having the company's E-mail software rewritten so that it would not transmit the words "fuck" and "shit." If typed in, one is alerted that such words are inappropriate for business use.

THE YEAR AHEAD: →


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JEFFREY KATZENBERG



PARTNER, DREAMWORKS SKG

37

LAST YEAR'S RANKING: 28

DEALS AND DEEDS: This year Katzenberg was the leading man in Hollywood's greatest courtroom drama since *Inherit the Wind.* For three years he battled Disney, his former employer, for 2 percent of the profit from all projects he put into development during his 10 years as studio chief. The settlement is said to be around $250 million. So now that it's over, does he feel vindicated? "It's a little like being in a car accident and the insurance company paid you off," Katzenberg explains. "Unfortunately, it doesn't take away from the trauma." (Especially with legal bills that Katzenberg has estimated privately to be about $40 million.) Katzenberg calls the demise of DreamWorks' long-planned Playa Vista studio a "relief"—the end of an expensive, unrealistic dream. Between that and the settlement of his suit, he says, "the two greatest weights around my ankles and those of DreamWorks are gone. We're now in a position where we can really run a race." In the summer, he took over as the DreamWorks production point man, and now must report to his DreamWorks partner Steven Spielberg and Spielberg's subordinates Walter Parkes and Laurie MacDonald. This arrangement is advertised as temporary, but Katzenberg, 48, has been itching to get into live-action from the start, though he continues to be the animation and television man at DreamWorks. His next animated project, a period adventure story, *The Road to El Dorado,* went through four directors and was pushed out of the holiday season (to avoid Disney's *Toy Story* sequel, Katzenberg says). Also upcoming from the animation department: a comedy, *Chicken Run* (with Mel Gibson's voice), and *Shrek,* a fairy tale (with Mike Myers stepping in for the late Chris Farley). In television, the company's only big moneymaker is *Spin City,* but it makes up for a lot of failure.

EVERYONE'S SAYING: The DreamWorks triumvirate denies that a merger with another studio is in the making, but the idea seems so obvious that no one believes them. Katzenberg says that he, Geffen, and Spielberg reevaluated their business plan this year and concluded that they want a "tweak," not a makeover, for the company. He also insisted that the Disney war did not distract from his day job. Despite his game face, an associate says, Katzenberg was such a "pill" during the trial that staffers tried to avoid meeting with him. "He has been cranky for a year and is not gifted with self-awareness to the point that he could realize it and do something about it," that insider says.

AND FURTHERMORE ... Katzenberg has told friends that Michael Eisner's comment to Tony Schwartz, co-author of Eisner's book, *Work in Progress,* that Eisner was "the cheerleader," while Katzenberg was "the end of my pom-pom," sounded vaguely homoerotic to him.

THE YEAR AHEAD: ➔

JONATHAN L. DOLGEN SHERRY LANSING



CHAIRMAN, VIACOM ENTERTAINMENT GROUP

CHAIRMAN, PARAMOUNT PICTURES MOTION PICTURE GROUP

38

LAST YEAR'S RANKING: 38

DEALS AND DEEDS: No one knows what goes on in their closed-door councils, but what emerges is almost always a hard bargain: they got a piece of *Titanic* for $65 million; then they got Jim Carrey to take $12 million for *The Truman Show.* This year they brought out *The Rugrats Movie* from Nickelodeon, *Saving Private Ryan, Deep Impact, Payback, The General's Daughter, South Park, Runaway Bride,* and *Varsity Blues.* Coming soon: Tim Burton's *Sleepy Hollow;* Martin Scorsese's paramedic black comedy, *Bringing Out the Dead; Angela's Ashes,* Alan Parker's telling of the Frank McCourt memoir; and *The Talented Mr. Ripley,* a period mystery starring Matt Damon. Paramount has partners on all of these projects—a risk-avoidance strategy that has proved to be very effective. On the television side, Paramount still produces the cash machine *Frasier.* UPN could use a boost, but, says Dolgen, "We'll find our hits."

INTO THE WOODS

High-tech moguls and their low-tech towns

Silicon Valley's moguls prophesy a brilliant high-tech future, but they prefer to live in the kind of antisocial, semi-rural, back-to-nature settings that Ted Kaczynski would like. The hot address these days is Woodside, California, a tiny village a few miles from the San Andreas Fault in the lush foothills of the Santa Cruz Mountains, west of the Stanford campus. Woodside is the kind of place that folksingers romanticize. Joan Baez lives there. So does rock legend Neil Young. But its brand of simple country living doesn't come cheap. The median house price in Woodside, $909,500, is higher than in Beverly Hills. It has bridle paths everywhere but no sidewalks for people. The single commercial thoroughfare, two-lane Woodside Road, is dominated by real-estate agents' offices. There's a surfeit of billionaires: Intel co-founder Gordon Moore, venture capitalist John Doerr, and Oracle's Larry Ellison, who is building a huge feudal-Japanese-style compound. Apple's Steve Jobs keeps a vacant house in Woodside where President Clinton stays (his most recent visit was last May), though a few years ago Jobs moved to Palo Alto, where he lives two doors from football legend Steve Young. Unlike Woodside, Palo Alto is flat and has sidewalks and bustling commerce, so Jobs can walk through town to buy organic vegetables at Whole Foods or eat pasta at the bar of Il Fornaio, a stylish trattoria. Jobs hired away Il Fornaio's chef to run Apple's cafeteria, but the power-breakfast scene survived at the restaurant: novelist Tom Wolfe held court there last summer, while he was a visiting scholar at Stanford, and local gentry such as Netscape co-founder Jim Clark paid homage.



Palo Alto has a quaint charm, but its tiny lots were designed for professors' two-bedroom Craftsman-style bungalows, not mansions. A 1996 ordinance ended the craze of tearing down modest pre-war cottages and replacing them with tacky cookie-cutter palaces, so many techno-moguls now look instead to two nearby sidewalk-free enclaves to the north: Atherton (median price: $1.5 million), where Ellison currently lives, and Hillsborough ($1.25 million), where Bing Crosby spent his golden years. The problem is that there are only a few thousand sizable lots in these towns, while legions of new techno-millionaires are created every year. —ALAN DEUTSCHMAN


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EVERYONE'S SAYING: Dolgen was called a coward for partnering up on almost every film, and now everyone in Hollywood is doing it. Producers and agents express frustration with what one calls Dolgen and Lansing's "George Burns and Gracie Allen routine." An agent complains that Dolgen is "destructively tough," and another insider says working with the Dolgen-Lansing team involves "deep levels of frustration and fickleness," as Lansing often develops amnesia about deal points. "Sherry Lansing's dulcet tones disguise a really tough player," he says. Lansing, 55, insists she's perfectly straightforward: "We are very fiscally responsible, and it hasn't hurt the quality of our movies." Others appreciate Lansing's style. "I would never know when Sherry Lansing is having a bad day. That can be a little cloying, but you can also really appreciate it," says an executive.

AND FURTHERMORE ... Dolgen, 54, is a walking contradiction: "a ruthless corporate architect and die-hard Bob Dylan live-concert fan," says an associate. He's also considered to be one of the funniest executives in Hollywood. An inventory of what's on the rumpled executive's conference-room table: four cigarette lighters (including one that depicts Chairman Mao and plays a tune), a pack of Salem 100s, two cigar cutters, Tic Tacs, a wad of cash, a Cartier watch, a calculator, and silver worry beads.

THE YEAR AHEAD: ↑

HARVEY WEINSTEIN BOB WEINSTEIN



CO-CHAIRMEN, MIRAMAX FILMS

39

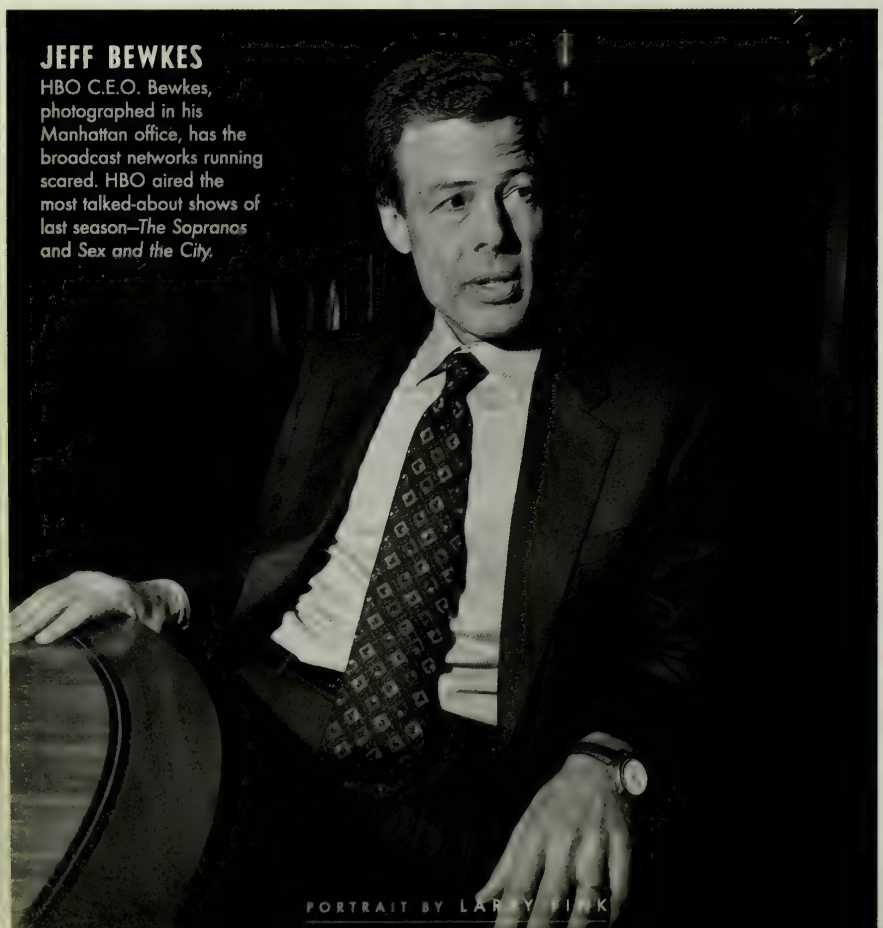
LAST YEAR'S RANKING: 39

DEALS AND DEEDS: Louche? Maybe. Coarse? Sure. But even their bitterest enemies, who are legion, can't deny their taste in movies. This year brought a best-picture Oscar for *Shakespeare in Love,* which was languishing at Universal; *Life Is Beautiful* has become the top-grossing foreign-language film in Hollywood history. Net profits for Miramax were $125 million last fiscal year, and that doesn't include *Shakespeare in Love,* which has grossed almost $300 million worldwide. The Weinsteins' eye for winners did fail them, however, when they passed on *The Blair Witch Project,* a phenom made on a shoestring that has so far netted upstart Artisan Entertainment more than $100 million. There were also allegations that Miramax "bought" the best-picture Oscar—courting Academy members in improper ways. "It isn't true that the[y] bought an Oscar," says a former studio chief. "What they did successfully was bad-mouth [Spielberg's] *Saving Private Ryan.*"

EVERYONE'S SAYING: One reason for their success may be their sheer rapaciousness. They were given the "shelf award" by independent filmmakers for having accumulated so much unreleased material. Miramax says the joke is out-of-date, and Harvey, 47, has curbed his appetite: The studio is releasing significantly fewer movies than in years past, high-profile titles with low-paycheck talent like *The Cider House Rules* (Tobey Maguire), coming in December, based on the John Irving novel, and an adaptation of *Mansfield Park* (Frances O'Connor, Hugh Bonneville) that may be less than satisfying to Jane Austen–lovers. *Reindeer Games,* from Miramax's Dimension Films division, "will bring back the John Frankenheimer of *The Manchurian Candidate,*" promises Bob Weinstein, 44. As for purchases, Miramax bought only one film at Sundance this year (*Hello Texas*), though many accused the brothers of dramatically lowballing on the purported $2.[5] million price. And the pair started *Talk* magazine. In 2003, it will be time for the brothers to renegotiate their deal with Disney. According to a knowledgeable source, "Every time they're close, Bob and Harvey change the terms." The Weinsteins and Michael Eisner negotiating with each other? Justice is served.

AND FURTHERMORE ... If it wasn't bad enough that Hugh Grant dubbed the Weinsteins' jet the Flying Ashtray, Harvey got busted for smoking on the Concorde. "We were at 47,000 feet, we hit an air pocket, the plane suddenly fell to 30,000," says Weinstein. "Like the condemned man I felt I was, I went to the bathroom to have a cigarette. I paid a £200 fine." Weinstein realizes he was lucky to have been nabbed in the smoke-friendly U.K. "If I had been prosecuted in L.A.," he says, "I would have been hanged."

THE YEAR AHEAD: →



JEFF BEWKES

HBO C.E.O. Bewkes, photographed in his Manhattan office, has the broadcast networks running scared. HBO aired the most talked-about shows of last season—*The Sopranos* and *Sex and the City.*

PORTRAIT BY LARRY FINK

BRIAN ROBERTS



PRESIDENT, COMCAST CORPORATION

40

LAST YEAR'S RANKING: 32

DEALS AND DEEDS: You win a few, you lose a few. But in Brian Roberts's case, losing his $53 billion bid for MediaOne to AT&T last May may actually be a victory in disguise. He walked away with a formidable consolation prize: a $1.5 billion "breakup fee" from MediaOne, and an agree

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Carolina Herrera

New York

ment to control two million strategically located AT&T cable subscribers. AT&T's Michael Armstrong can't afford to antagonize Roberts: Comcast is now the third-largest U.S. cable company, which means that a lot of that broadband-cable wiring being laid into people's homes might be carrying AT&T local phone service, if Armstrong continues to be solicitous. The stock price of Comcast soared on the news of the deal.

EVERYONE'S SAYING: As the cable industry consolidates, the 40-year-old son of Comcast founder and chairman Ralph Roberts, 79, continues to earn the admiration of Wall Street by making smart personnel decisions and increasing revenues by more than 15 percent in 1998. The calm, methodical Roberts may end up being a peacekeeping force in the potentially rancorous partnership of Comcast, AT&T, and Cox Communications in ownership of Excite@Home, an Internet-access-and-content company based on the AOL model.

AND FURTHERMORE ... Roberts learned a lot of lessons from his father, and now his oldest daughter is influencing company strategy by demonstrating to her father the supremacy of the Internet. Roberts said he was "shocked" when his daughter and her friends had a slumber party at the Robertses' Philadelphia home and shunned Saturday-morning cartoons in favor of group on-line sessions. "I said, 'Who are you chatting with? You're all in the house.' And they said, 'Oh, no, we have friends out there.'"

THE YEAR AHEAD: ↗

NORMAN PEARLSTINE



EDITOR IN CHIEF, TIME INCORPORATED



41

LAST YEAR'S RANKING: 47

DEALS AND DEEDS: *Time, Sports Illustrated,* and *People* ranked among the country's 10 most profitable magazines last year. A stickler for journalistic integrity, Pearlstine insisted that *Time*'s prizewinning series on corporate welfare include a hard look at his own parent company, and he groomed a new companywide team of investigative reporters, Donald Barlett and James Steele, to serve as needed. But his efforts to push *Money* upscale into what some say was intended to be a mass-market version of *Smart Money,* with a new editor and redesign, failed to impress its conservative readers, and *Life,* after some years of marginal success, seems imperiled again, though Pearlstine denies rumors it will die by year's end.

EVERYONE'S SAYING: Despite his overall success, Pearlstine, 57, appears frustrated: the resident of journalism's ultimate golden cage. What he loved at *The Wall Street Journal* was hiring and doing hands-on journalism. At Time Inc., each magazine's managing editor has tended to resist Pearlstine's efforts to do either (he especially loves fiddling with Hollywood coverage). Buying or starting magazines would be fun, but widely admired C.E.O. Don Logan has to approve all ventures and has kept the company on a cautious extend-the-brand strategy that's proved successful with *Teen People* and *People en Español.* (An upcoming exception is *Real Simple,* debuting in March 2000, which promises to show its readers how to simplify their lives.) As for Pearlstine's Internet efforts, they were shifted to the corporate side when his bosses decided Time Inc.'s future is more in e-commerce than in e-content. Pearlstine has denied talk that he is pondering a move to Disney, although sources say he's increasingly restless.

AND FURTHERMORE ... At a Time Inc. management meeting in Boca Raton, Pearlstine appeared as Fidel Castro, complete with fake beard and fatigues.

THE YEAR AHEAD: ↟

GEORGE LUCAS



FOUNDER, LUCASFILM AND INDUSTRIAL LIGHT & MAGIC



42

LAST YEAR'S RANKING: 27

DEALS AND DEEDS: Only in Media Land, circa 1999, could it be posited that after grossing more than $400 million in its first three months, Lucas's long-awaited *Star Wars* prequel, *Episode I—The Phantom Menace,* was a "disappointment." Absurd as it sounds, that's what they're saying—even though the film is already the third-highest-grossing hit of all time (behind *Titanic* and the original *Star Wars*), and even though it was financed entirely by the director's own thriving company, Lucasfilm, for a Hollywood-blockbuster pittance: $115 million. That's because the project, arriving 22 years after the last installment, was so overhyped and corporatized—Taco Bell action figures!—that, in these cynical times, a backlash was inevitable. Reviews of *The Phantom Menace* ranged from polite to tepid, and Lucas, 55, opened the door for critics by saying that a driving force behind his $7 billion *Star Wars* franchise is his desire to make young people ask, "Is there a God?" Meantime, the director is already at work on *Episode II,* tentatively scheduled for release in 2002, and hopes to build a "visual-effects archive" and a "digital training institute" on a 23-acre section of the Presidio near San Francisco's Golden Gate Bridge.

EVERYONE'S SAYING: That despite all the publicity and the cranky reviews, the mild-mannered flannel-friendly director remains unfazed by the circus atmosphere. Shortly after the film premiered on May 19, Lucas hightailed it to Europe, where he generally avoided all things *Star Wars*–ian—except, perhaps, the grosses. Those close to Lucas remain puzzled by the media's adjudication that he is a distant, Wizard of Oz–like figure responsible for Hollywood's blockbuster mania. "He hardly ever mentions the criticism," says Fox executive Tom Sherak. "He says, 'Let them write what they're gonna write.'"

AND FURTHERMORE ... Lucas and his good friend (and friendly rival) Steven Spielberg—who communicate daily by a $3 million satellite-based video-conferencing setup—are forever trying to prove who has the bigger box office. In that fraternal spirit, Spielberg, one can only assume, was yanking his buddy's chain when his studio, DreamWorks SKG, signed fledgling director Joe Nussbaum, who recently completed an eight-minute spoof film based on *Shakespeare in Love.* Its title: *George Lucas in Love.*

THE YEAR AHEAD: →

RICHARD LOVETT BRYAN LOURD KEVIN HUVANE



PRESIDENT, CREATIVE ARTISTS AGENCY

AGENT, CAA



AGENT, CAA

43

LAST YEAR'S RANKING: 40

DEALS AND DEEDS: This was to have been the year when the CAA triumvirate finally exorcised whatever remained of the ghost of Michael Ovitz, and solidified its claim as Hollywood's pre-eminent agency. The first part of that equation was decidedly not true, as tensions between CAA and Ovitz broke out into the open. There was a much-publicized battle in January over charges that Ovitz, the man who had launched CAA and cultivated the careers of Lovett, 39, Lourd, 38, and Huvane, 40, was poaching CAA clients—most notably, Robin Williams—for his fledgling management company, AMG. But the second part was borne out, as CAA


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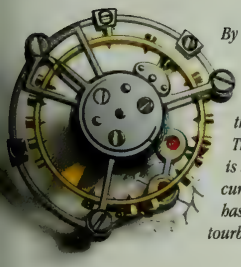
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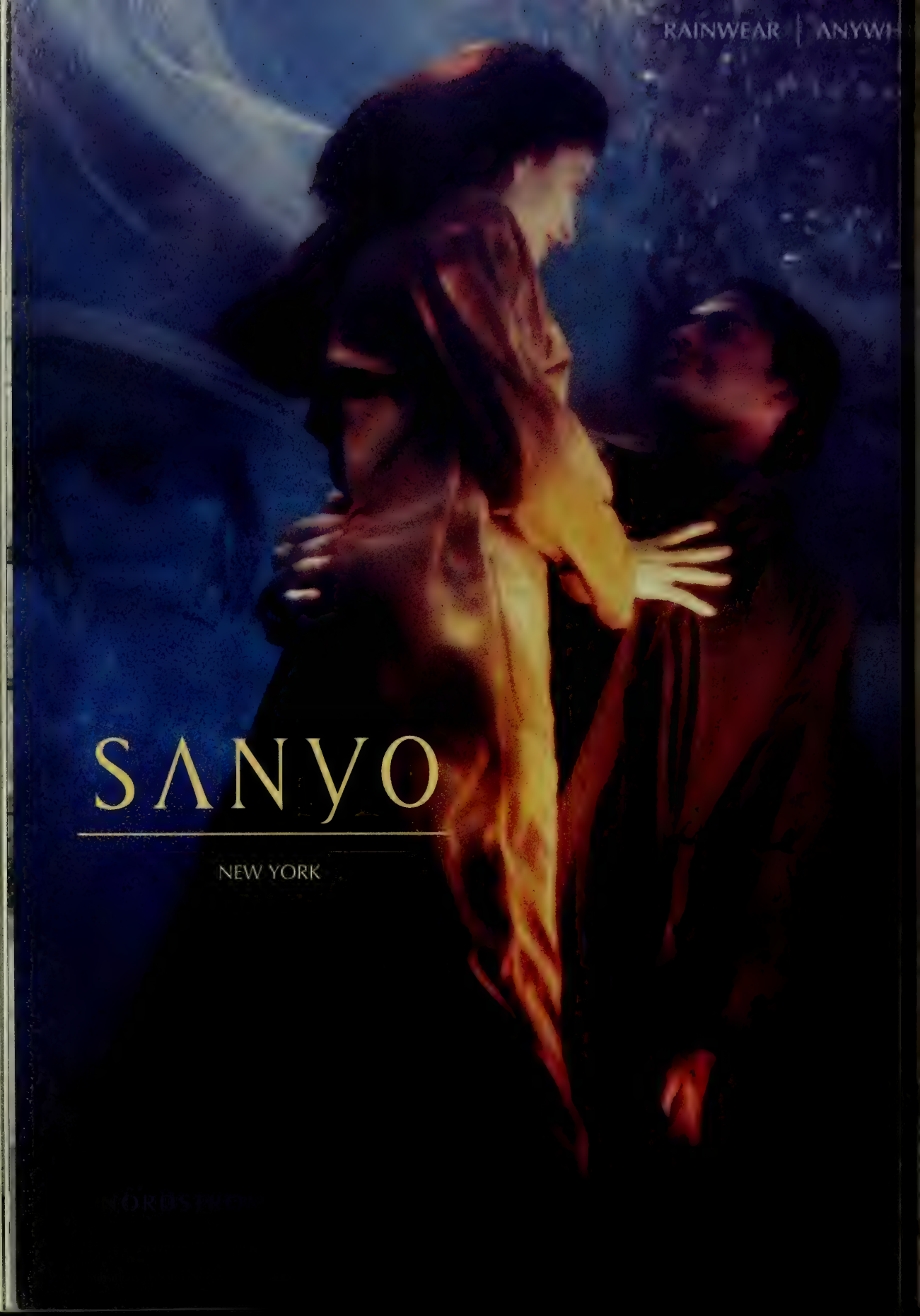
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emerged surprisingly unscathed and maybe even enhanced from the episode. What's more, the agency is said to have nearly paid off its roughly $150 million debt to Ovitz and co-founders Ron Meyer and Bill Haber.

EVERYONE'S SAYING: There is no unanimity over the tack CAA took with Ovitz. The agency decreed that it would no longer represent anyone who retained Ovitz as well. Some think it displayed a courage and sense of principle rare in Hollywood; others consider it needlessly confrontational. In the end, CAA's stance lost it actresses Minnie Driver, Marisa Tomei, and Lauren Holly, along with directors Martin Scorsese, Richard Donner, and Sydney Pollack. But the agency won new respect and cut the last Oedipal string with Ovitz. Even Ovitz's signature 37-by-15-foot Lichtenstein, which hangs in CAA's lobby, is on its way out the door. Thanks to *Saving Private Ryan* (CAA packaged the film and represents Steven Spielberg, Tom Hanks, and Matt Damon), *Shakespeare in Love* (Gwyneth Paltrow, Geoffrey Rush, Ben Affleck, and screenwriter Tom Stoppard), and *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me* (Mike Myers), CAA had its best year ever; unlike ICM and William Morris, it has not laid off anyone. Still strong in TV (*ER, Spin City, Sports Night*), the agency has three major films coming soon, Alan Parker's *Angela's Ashes,* Spielberg's *Minority Report,* and Michael Mann's *The Insider.*

AND FURTHERMORE ... By forgoing periodic presents for their clients, few of whom lack for anything material anyway, CAA has been able to buy musical instruments, choir robes, computers, and other items for more than 4,000 city schoolchildren in Los Angeles and Nashville.

THE YEAR AHEAD: ➚

JEFF BERG



CHAIRMAN AND C.E.O., INTERNATIONAL CREATIVE MANAGEMENT

44 **LAST YEAR'S RANKING:** 42

DEALS AND DEEDS: Despite contraction in the agenting business—ICM let go of 15 of its 150 agents—revenues were up 13 percent at the entertainment colossus presided over by the erudite 52-year-old Berg. Feeding the frenzy was the syndication of two cash cows (*Friends* and *The Rosie O'Donnell Show*) and movies like *Star Wars: Episode I, The Matrix,* and *You've Got Mail.* This season there will be 22 ICM-packaged shows on television.

EVERYONE'S SAYING: What had been a pretty good year for ICM was thrown into turmoil in August, when co-president Jim Wiatt headed off for William Morris, taking a handful of A-list clients with him. Several ICM agents could follow suit. As threatening to ICM as the loss of star power and talent is the loss of morale: Around ICM, Wiatt played the part of mentor, contrasting with Berg's cool, cerebral style. Berg plays down the losses of both talent—"nature fills a vacuum"—and tenderness—"we'll build campfires," he says. Wiatt's departure capped a year of realignment. The legendary head of the New York office, Sam Cohn, was eased out; in Los Angeles, agents Nancy Josephson and Ed Limato were moved up.

AND FURTHERMORE ... Berg's brother Scott, the Pulitzer Prize–winning author of a recent Charles Lindbergh biography, is represented by CAA. But it's all amicable, both Bergs insist: business and family shouldn't mix.

THE YEAR AHEAD: ➚

JIM WIATT



PRESIDENT AND CO-C.E.O., WILLIAM MORRIS AGENCY

45 **LAST YEAR'S RANKING:** NONE

DEALS AND DEEDS: Following months of rumors about his imminent departure, Wiatt announced in August that he was leaving ICM, where he has been the last 22 years, for William Morris, the sleepiest of the major talent agencies. At the 101-year-old agency, Wiatt, after two decades in the shadow of (and, increasingly, at loggerheads with) Jeff Berg, will finally be able to run his own operation.

EVERYONE'S SAYING: Changing the direction of the lethargic and bureaucratic William Morris has been likened to altering the course of an aircraft carrier, and Wiatt has no real experience as a captain. Easing the transition: his own popularity in the business, and Eddie Murphy, Sylvester Stallone, Tim Allen, Nora Ephron, Lorne Michaels, and a variety of other clients he's bringing aboard with him. Expect him to go after several of his erstwhile ICM agents once their contracts are up.

AND FURTHERMORE ... In the Wiatt family, this is the year for leaving the womb. At age 52, Wiatt is about to become a father for the first time. His wife, Elizabeth, is expecting a baby in the fall.

THE YEAR AHEAD: ➚

CARLETON S. FIORINA



C.E.O., HEWLETT-PACKARD

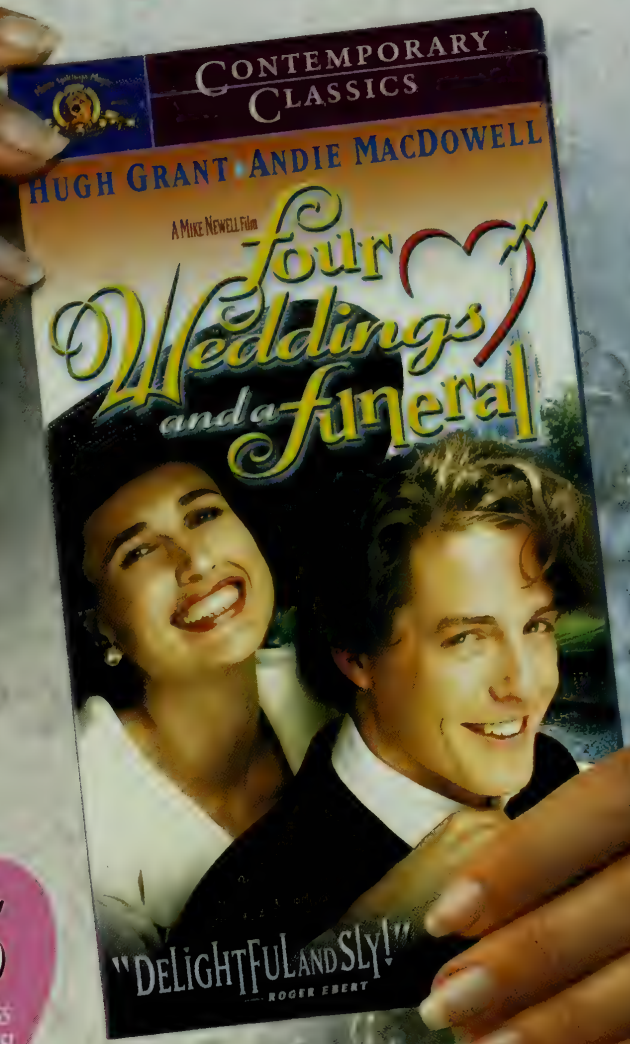
46 **LAST YEAR'S RANKING:** NONE

DEALS AND DEEDS: It's no surprise that the world's No. 2 computer-maker, with its uncommonly progressive culture, would be the first truly mammoth company ($47 billion in annual revenues, 123,000 employees) to hire a female C.E.O. But many thought the trailblazer would be an insider, Ann Livermore, who runs H-P's $13-billion-a-year "e-services" fiefdom. Instead, the board screened 300 candidates and tapped Carleton S. Fiorina, 45. "Carly," as she's known, was already a legend for her work at Lucent, the AT&T spin-off, where she ran the $20 billion global-services division. Fiorina spent $90 million on a much admired advertising campaign to establish the new brand. (She picked the sophisticated roundish red Lucent logo because it evoked the abstract canvases painted by her mother.) Fiorina's imagemaking turned Lucent into a hot technology stock, and got her on *Fortune*'s cover as the most powerful woman in corporate America. Leaving Lucent, she walked away from an estimated $50 million in stock options, but at H-P her power will be even greater.

EVERYONE'S SAYING: That Fiorina was an inspired choice. Although H-P began the decade acting like a scrappy growth stock, in the last few years it failed to cash in on its share of the Internet boom. Fiorina's task is to follow the model of her chief rival, IBM's Lou Gerstner, and recast H-P as an e-commerce leader. Unlike the fearsome Gerstner, with his style of management by intimidation, Fiorina is emotionally supportive—she showers employees with flowers and balloons for exceptional performance. One of her first acts should be to send flowers to Phil Kuekes, the H-P physicist who recently co-authored a breakthrough article in *Science* describing electronics that use chemical processes instead of silicon slivers. The tiny futuristic machines could be 100 billion times more efficient than today's P.C.'s with chemical switches that are a mere molecule thick.

AND FURTHERMORE ... Fiorina is the ninth woman in her family to be named Carleton. After an entire line of male Carletons perished in the Civil War, her paternal ances-

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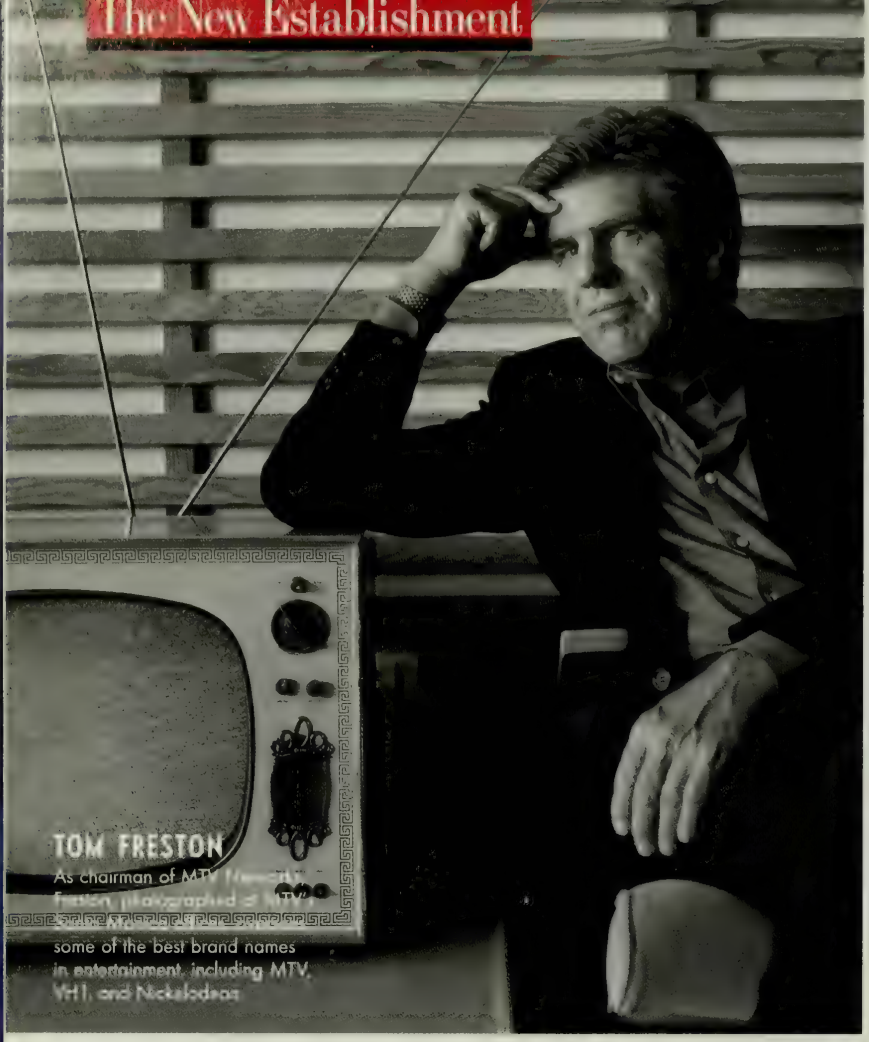
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TOM FRESTON
As chairman of MTV [illegible] Freston [illegible] some of the best brand names in entertainment, including MTV, VH1, and Nickelodeon

tors—the Sneed family—adopted the name. By custom, each generation has christened at least one son or daughter Carleton.
THE YEAR AHEAD: ↑

JOE ROTH



CHAIRMAN, WALT DISNEY STUDIOS

47 **LAST YEAR'S RANKING: 41**
DEALS AND DEEDS: Roth has got great relationships with stars, such as Julia Roberts, Adam Sandler, and Robin Williams. What he needs are live-action hits, which have been few since last November's *Enemy of the State.* The good news, says Roth, is that Disney is the only studio to have two years with five movies grossing more than $100 million domestically. Among the members of the $100 million circle: Adam Sandler's *The Waterboy* and *A Bug's Life.* Notable bombs: *Holy Man* and *Beloved.* The first half of '99 was rather dismal (*My Favorite Martian, Instinct*), but the summer warmed up somewhat with *The Sixth Sense* and *Inspector Gadget.* Roth can take some credit for selling *Tarzan,* but animation is really under the auspices of Roy Disney's protégé Peter Schneider, president of the studio, who has moved into the on-deck circle for Roth's job. Roth says he willingly gave up television production, which is now vertically integrated with ABC. Important upcoming films include *The Insider,* Michael Mann's big, serious film based on a *Vanity Fair* article about tobacco-company whistle-blower Jeffrey Wigand; *Bicentennial Man,* a Chris Columbus–directed sci-fi picture with Robin Williams; and *Toy Story 2.*
EVERYONE'S SAYING: For years, Roth, 50, has tried to manage Eisner by leaking reports that he was packing it in. Is it really over this time? The smart money in Hollywood says it is.
AND FURTHERMORE ... Eisner trashes the thin-skinned Roth in meetings with outsiders. "He belittles Joe the same way h used to belittle Jeffrey [Katzenberg], an what's worse, he belittles Joe with Jeffrey, says a source who has sat with both. "[It' 'When Jeffrey was running the picture div sion, he didn't do it that way.' ... He mad pointed comments like 'Harvey [Weinstein is my kind of executive. He can't stand t part with a buck.' But it was about Joe mak ing really expensive movies."
THE YEAR AHEAD: →

RON MEYER



PRESIDENT AND C.O.O., UNIVERSAL STUDIOS

48 **LAST YEAR'S RANKING: 48**
DEALS AND DEEDS: After bad stretch of box-offic flops and bloodletting a Universal, Meyer, 55, is—a he puts it—the last man standing. Gone ar executives from chairman Frank Biondi t studio chief Casey Silver and assorted oth ers. Universal has benefited from a pervers law of Hollywood: When a studio chief i fired, whatever is in the pipeline turns t gold. The studio had *Patch Adams* and share of *Shakespeare in Love* and kept goin with *The Mummy, Notting Hill,* and *Amer can Pie*—all green-lighted by Casey Silver Still to come: Kevin Costner in *For Love o the Game,* Jim Carrey as deceased comi Andy Kaufman in *Man on the Moon,* an Arnold Schwarzenegger as a down-on-his luck cop in the supernatural thriller *En of Days.* Next year, Universal has sequel to *The Flintstones* and *The Nutty Professor* as well as *The Adventures of Rocky and Bul winkle.* The studio is scrutinizing budget more carefully; Meyer personally told a unhappy Kevin Costner that the studio wa dumping his Cuban-missile-crisis drama, *L Days.*
EVERYONE'S SAYING: Meyer uses self-depre cation as his shield and affability as hi armor. He doesn't pretend to be—and may be doesn't own—a suit. Boss Edgar Bronf man Jr. handles Wall Street while Meye puts his shoulder to the wheel, overseein everything down to the posters. Since Bronf man ceded television to Barry Diller, Meye is left with movies and theme parks—most ly the former.
AND FURTHERMORE ... Meyer is still ob sessively vindictive about former CAA partner Michael Ovitz. As late as last sprin

PORTRAIT BY ART STREIBER


JOSEPH ABBOUD
MEN
NAPLES PALM DESERT BLOOMINGDALE'S NORDSTROM SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

he was publicly spouting off on the subject, saying that the true evil of Ovitz has never been revealed.

THE YEAR AHEAD: ➚

ROBERT IGER



CHAIRMAN, ABC GROUP; PRESIDENT, WALT DISNEY INTERNATIONAL

49

LAST YEAR'S RANKING: 46

DEALS AND DEEDS: You can't blame media-watchers for debating whether Bob Iger's move from ABC, Inc., to the newly created ABC Group and the top slot of Disney's international operations was a promotion—as well as a step toward succeeding Michael Eisner atop Disney's Matterhorn. Iger says that even Eisner originally considered the move a step down and was shocked when Iger pitched himself for the job. To some observers, the move was Eisner at his most Machiavellian, a neat way to simultaneously: (1) move Iger out of ABC, which has been performing poorly for several years, (2) give him an impressive-sounding new job that really amounts to what one Iger detractor called "executive vice president for Mongolia," (3) replace him with someone who may actually have a shot at fixing ABC (Steve Bornstein, formerly of ESPN), and (4) spare Eisner the foreign travel he dreads. Eisner spun the appointment like a dervish, telling all listeners that, yes, it was a promotion, but, no, Iger was no better positioned to succeed him than several other candidates. Iger himself insists he has acquired clout in the corner of Disney most poised to grow, and, as head of the new ABC Group, has not relinquished any of his former power.

EVERYONE'S SAYING: That despite his so-so performance, Iger, 48, retains his hold on Eisner, thanks to his eager-beaver energy and constant availability. This explains why, despite ABC's recent woes—poor ratings, wars with the affiliates, hiring freezes—Iger not only holds on but, arguably, moves up.

AND FURTHERMORE ... Lately, Iger's life has been one of constant professional tumult—three trips to China in the past year, buying a house in Brentwood as part of the impending migration of ABC brass to Los Angeles, a new baby, and wife Willow Bay now anchoring CNN's *Moneyline* in New York.

THE YEAR AHEAD: ➚

PETER OLSON STRAUSS ZELNICK



CHAIRMAN AND C.E.O., RANDOM HOUSE INC.

PRESIDENT AND C.E.O., BMG ENTERTAINMENT

50

LAST YEAR'S RANKING: NONE

DEALS AND DEEDS: It's been more than a year since Bertelsmann chairman Thomas Middelhoff, 46, made his $1.4 billion surprise purchase of Random House from Advance Publications (which owns *Vanity Fair*); by adding Random House to Bantam Doubleday Dell, in a stroke he made Bertelsmann the biggest U.S. book publisher, with sales of $1.8 billion. This year Random House C.E.O. Peter Olson, 49, a formidable, if somewhat automaton-like, intellect, presided over the ousting of two publishing-world institutions, Dell president Carole Baron and Ballantine Books president Linda Grey. Continuing to lead Bertelsmann's global music business, BMG Entertainment, is former Twentieth Century Fox president Strauss Zelnick, 42, who this April joined Seagram's Edgar Bronfman Jr. in launching Getmusic.com, a new Internet music-sales site which Middelhoff predicts will be "a core business of Bertelsmann."

EVERYONE'S SAYING: Olson cleverly thwarted industry fears by sounding reassuringly bookish. Agents feared that Olson, the cold-blooded businessman, would ban the old Random House policy wherein they could submit proposals to any number of imprints, often with the happy result of starting intramural bidding wars. Today, various divisions can and do bid against one another—"as long as there's at least one non–Random House bidder involved," says an Olson spokesman. Additionally, Bertelsmann's 50 percent stake in barnesandnoble.com is meant to supplement its European book-club business, on which the Gütersloh, Germany–based company built its fortune.

AND FURTHERMORE ... For a man devoted to books, Peter Olson is decidedly squeamish about paper. "He refuses to carry files with him," says one Random House insider. "When he goes from Random House West to Random House East, he has his files messengered over." He also doesn't like to type his own E-mail. "He kind of thinks it's beneath him. He dictates his E-mail to his assistant."

THE YEAR AHEAD: ➔

—By Bryan Burrough, Alan Deutschman, Jon Elsen, Gaby Grekin, David Margolick, Kim Masters, Judith Newman, Michael Shnayerson, and Ned Zeman.

MOGULS IN THE BULL PEN

STEVEN BORNSTEIN, president, ABC. Formerly of ESPN; Eisner is tapping him to oversee ABC's other networks.

ROBERT DALY AND TERRY SEMEL, former co-heads, Warner Bros. Rumored: Daly may buy a piece of the L.A. Dodgers; Semel, a studio or an Internet company.

BRIAN GRAZER AND RON HOWARD, co-chairmen, Imagine Entertainment. The top-notch producers are filming a live-action *How the Grinch Stole Christmas.*

BRAD GREY, chairman and C.E.O., Brillstein-Grey Entertainment. Manages 170 actors and produces nine TV shows, including *The Sopranos.*

LEO HINDERY, president and C.E.O., AT&T Broadband & Internet Services. Point man for AT&T's conversion of cable systems into two-way networks for data, phone service, and TV.

GERALDINE LAYBOURNE AND MARCY CARSEY, chairman and C.E.O., Oxygen Media Inc.; partner, Oxygen Media, Inc., and Carsey-Werner Company. Laybourne's a legend for her success at Nickelodeon. Carsey co-produced *Roseanne* and *The Cosby Show.* They're taking on the Web to create programming for women.

MICHAEL LYNTON, chairman and C.E.O., the Penguin Group. Under Lynton, Penguin has gone multimedia, with a TV series and a Web site forthcoming.

ARNON MILCHAN, producer and owner, Regency Enterprises. Milchan attracts first-rate talent and scripts. Coming this month: *The Fight Club* with Brad Pitt.

LESLIE MOONVES, president and C.E.O., CBS TV. Under him CBS has gone from third to first in the ratings.

DOUG MORRIS, chairman and C.E.O., Universal Music Group. A $10 billion takeover of PolyGram makes Universal the world's largest music company.

TOMMY MOTTOLA, chairman and C.E.O., Sony Music Entertainment Inc. Two words: Ricky Martin. He and other artists have driven sales up almost 10 percent to $6.3 billion.

MICHAEL OVITZ, co-founder, Artists Management Group. Ovitz has battled over clients with CAA, the agency he co-founded.

RICHARD PARSONS, president, Time Warner Inc. Warner Bros. movie and music heads report to him. He is a likely candidate to succeed C.E.O. Levin.

NANCY PERETSMAN, managing director, Allen & Company, Inc. Advises Barry Diller and Oprah Winfrey. Made $100 million investing her own money in client Priceline.com.

MARTHA STEWART, chairman and C.E.O., Martha Stewart Living Omnimedia. Planning a Martha I.P.O. for the millennium.

JOHN SYKES, president, VH1. Ratings are up 153 percent in the last three years.

DAVID WETHERELL, chairman and C.E.O., CMGI. An influential Internet investor; got headlines opposing Barry Diller's purchase of Lycos.

ANN WINBLAD, partner, Hummer Winblad Venture Partners. The Internet guru has gone into partnership on her Pets.com start-up with Jeff Bezos.



LONGINES

L'ELEGANCE DU TEMPS DEPUIS 1832

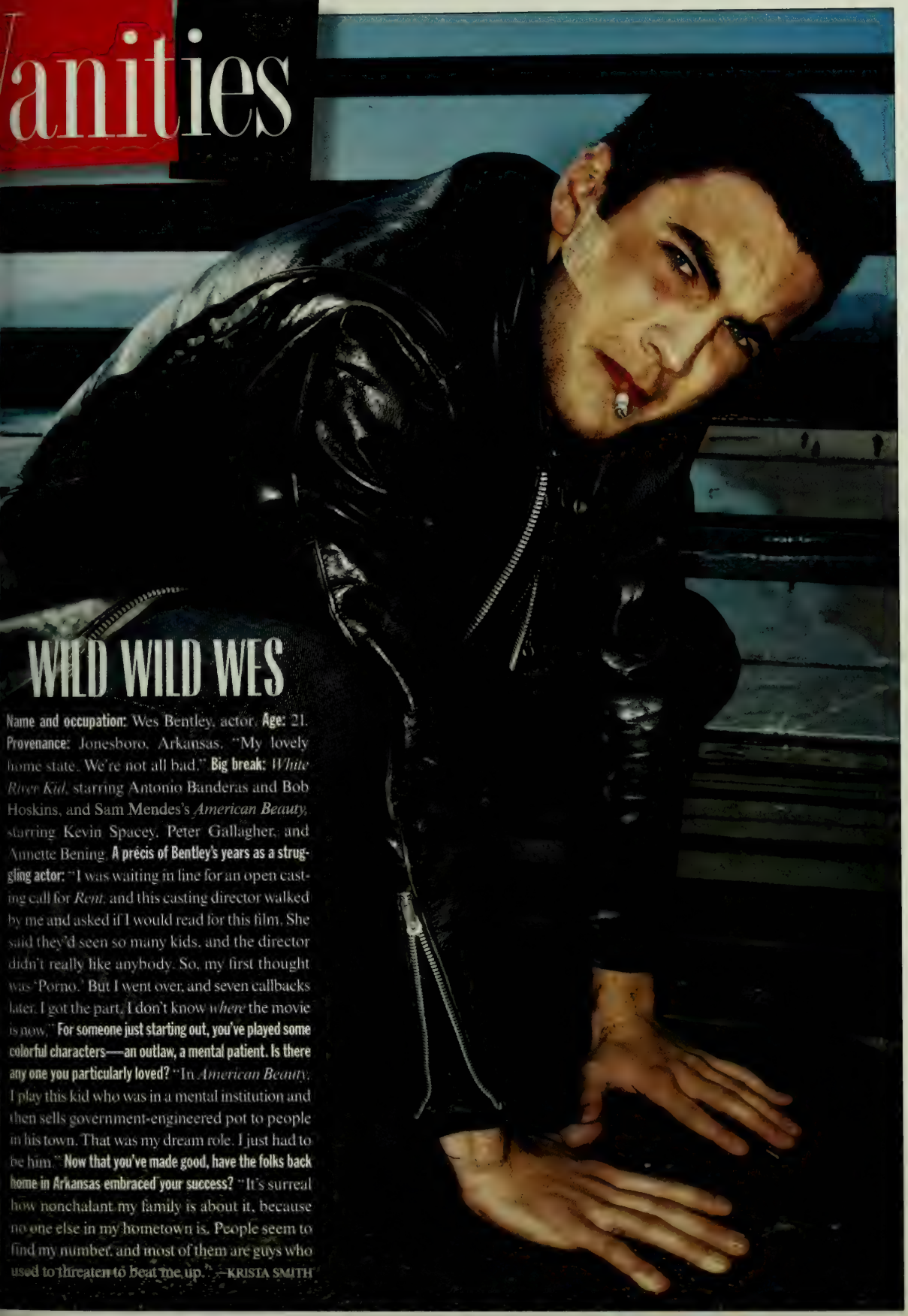


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WILD WILD WES

Name and occupation: Wes Bentley, actor. **Age:** 21. **Provenance:** Jonesboro, Arkansas. "My lovely home state. We're not all bad." **Big break:** *White River Kid*, starring Antonio Banderas and Bob Hoskins, and Sam Mendes's *American Beauty*, starring Kevin Spacey, Peter Gallagher, and Annette Bening. **A précis of Bentley's years as a struggling actor:** "I was waiting in line for an open casting call for *Rent*, and this casting director walked by me and asked if I would read for this film. She said they'd seen so many kids, and the director didn't really like anybody. So, my first thought was 'Porno.' But I went over, and seven callbacks later, I got the part. I don't know *where* the movie is now." **For someone just starting out, you've played some colorful characters—an outlaw, a mental patient. Is there any one you particularly loved?** "In *American Beauty*, I play this kid who was in a mental institution and then sells government-engineered pot to people in his town. That was my dream role. I just had to be him." **Now that you've made good, have the folks back home in Arkansas embraced your success?** "It's surreal how nonchalant my family is about it, because no one else in my hometown is. People seem to find my number, and most of them are guys who used to threaten to beat me up." —KRISTA SMITH

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEPHANIE PFRIENDER

Hot Type





From top right: *the rear view of a 1952 Type I Split-Window Volkswagen bug;* Self-Portrait, *by Mexican artist Diego Rivera, 1949; a 1946 Italian Vespa, or "wasp," motor scooter; architect Le Corbusier discussing plans with one of the Dominican fathers for their new monastery, La Tourette Eveux-sur-Arbresle, in 1959;* Paper *magazine's candy-coated logo.*



Suggested fall reading for the Britney Spears Fan Club: Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Susan B. Anthony, the radical mothers of the suffrage movement, rise up and kick some male tail in **KEN BURNS** and **GEOFFREY C. WARD'S** *Not for Ourselves Alone* (Knopf).

Also this month: In *Weaving the Web* (HarperSanFrancisco), digital-era top dog **TIM BERNERS-LEE,** with **MARK FISCHETTI,** analyzes the state of the World Wide Web, which he himself created. *Portraits* (Assouline) exhibits the late *V.F.* contributor **DAVID SEIDNER'S** painterly photos, which pay homage to 19th-century artists such as Ingres and Sargent. Charlie Chaplin's glee at his first movie contract and F.D.R.'s rumblings about atomic warfare are immortalized among the memorable missives collected in **LISA GRUNWALD** and **STEPHEN J. ADLER'S** *Letters of the Century* (Dial). **PETE HAMILL'S** *Diego Rivera* (Abrams) celebrates the passionate, political Mr. Frida Kahlo. The astounding bounty of the patron-saint photographer of odd folks and children is amassed in *Mary Ellen Mark* (Aperture). Atlantic Records father **AHMET ERTEGUN** riffs on his 50 years of recording genius, from Coltrane to Mingus to Jagger, in *What'd I Say?* (Welcome Rain). **KATHERINE RUSSELL RICH** recalls her trip to hell with cancer and back in her incredibly ballsy memoir, *The Red Devil* (Crown). From Alfa Romeo to Valentino, *Design Directory Italy* (Universe), by **CLAUDIA NEUMANN,** is the first in a new series of country-by-country compendiums. The heroine of **FRAN GORDON'S** unforgettable first novel, *Paisley Girl* (St. Martin's), suffers from a rare skin disease that patterns her flesh with paisley. Geeks, billionaires, and geeky billionaires sprout like mushrooms in **MICHAEL LEWIS'S** expedition through Silicon Valley, *The New New Thing* (Norton). *Zany Afternoons* (Barnes & Noble) is the entire kit and caboodle of humorist **BRUCE McCALL.** N.Y.P.D. deputy commissioner **JACK MAPLE** lays out how he K.O.'d New York City crime in *The Crime Fighter* (Doubleday), with backup from **CHRIS MITCHELL. RICHARD CORMAN'S** *Glory* (Morrow) captures the mythos and majesty of athletes from the backyard to the boxing ring. *Secrets of the Flesh* (Knopf), by **JUDITH THURMAN,** chronicles the scandalous life of Colette, the fabulous First Lady of French letters, who gave a legion of literary-minded girls a name for their cats. Evoking the bold charms and restless spirit of America, images by Ansel Adams and Robert Frank are among those featured in **VICKI GOLDBERG** and **ROBERT SILBERMAN'S** *American Photography* (Chronicle). Those wacky Japanese hipsters **FLAT 4 PROJECT** take a sentimental journey to ballyhoo the Beetle in *Vintage Volkswagens* (Chronicle). Figure skater and cancer survivor **PEGGY FLEMING** divulges her secrets for success on and off the ice in *The Long Program* (Pocket), with an assist by blades fancier **PETER KAMINSKY. ISMAIL MERCHANT'S** *Paris* (Abrams) revels in filming and feasting in the City of Light. In the hilarious *One Bite Won't Kill You* (Houghton Mifflin), **ANN HODGMAN** whips up 200 recipes guaranteed to tempt even the most finicky children on earth. In *O.K. You Mugs* (Pantheon), co-edited by **LUC SANTE** and **MELISSA HOLBROOK PIERSON,** a corral of writers sing hosannas to favorite character actors—Patti Smith on Jeanne Moreau, for example, and John Updike on Doris Day. Magnum photographer **RENÉ BURRI** brings to light the private and public snaps of the modern-architecture giant in *Le Corbusier* (Birkhäuser). **KIM HASTREITER** and **DAVID HERSHKOVITS'S** *From AbFab to Zen* (D.A.P.) is *Paper* magazine's indispensable guide to pop culture. He's back! Warhol-posse member **BOB COLACELLO'S** reissued, glittery *Holy Terror* (Cooper Square) examines the life of the man who knocked modern art on its can. *Fifty Years of Portraits* (Arena), by **PETER BEARD** and **ANTHONY HADEN-GUEST,** is a toothsome trophy case of iconoclastic images. Suck on this: ego-crushing literary critic **WALTER KIRN** throws his witty coming-of-age novel, *Thumbsucker* (Doubleday), into the book reviewer's arena. Is that the pitter-patter of lion paws I hear?

—ELISSA SCHAPPELL


GUCCI

Speed Dial

After 10 years as a supermodel, Helena Christensen has slipped into something a little more comfortable: *Nylon*—a fashion-culture magazine, which debuted in April. As creative director, she doesn't exactly have an office job. "I won't work in an office," she says. "That would be like putting me in a cage!" When she's not on a photo expedition in India or interviewing ingenues, Christensen, 30, splits her time between homes in Copenhagen and Manhattan and is at work on a forthcoming book, a collection of her photographs. When she does check in at *Nylon*'s offices (located in the Standard hotel in L.A.), film in tow, she spends most of her day on her desk phone keeping in touch with the photo lab. Her speed-dial list rings Life After the Catwalk loud and clear. No modeling agencies or designers. And the shutterbugs on her directory, such as R.E.M.'s Michael Stipe (5), are more close friends than professional contacts. Her parents in Denmark top the list on her phone and in her life: "They're probably the people I call the most." No. 2 is her boyfriend, actor Norman Reedus (she is expecting their first child next month), and No. 6 is best friend Christel Hansen, a film production manager. Her only sibling, sister Anita (9), in Denmark, may be four years younger, but Helena looks up to her. "She has a three-year-old girl. That's the real stuff." —DAVID SAVAGE



Style line: Ex-supermodel and Nylon *creative director Helena Christensen lets her fingers do the catwalking in her office at the new Standard hotel in Los Angeles.* Insets, *Christensen's speed-dial V.I.P.'s include her parents in Denmark, R.E.M.'s Michael Stipe, and her boyfriend, Norman.*

Night-Table Reading

Eve Ensler
author and performer, Off Broadway's
The Vagina Monologues

Violence, *by James Gilligan (Vintage). "A fascinating analysis of the seeds of violence, how it is created and encouraged in children early on. We need to re-examine violent behavior and its origins in shame."*





John Logan
screenwriter, Any Given Sunday, Gladiator, *and HBO's* RKO 281

The Scramble for Africa, *by Thomas Pakenham (Avon). "A brilliant and elegantly written history of the colonization of Africa. Utterly heart-wrenching."*

John Irving
author,
My Movie Business, *and novelist-screenwriter,*
The Cider House Rules

The White Bone, *by Barbara Gowdy (Metropolitan). "A daring, moving novel—all the point-of-view characters are elephants. They are more distinctive and memorable than most human characters in other novels."*





Kristin Chenoweth


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Mr. Motivator

Tony Robbins sounds off on empowering thyself

Tony Robbins's late-night infomercials promise to "awaken the giant within." President Clinton, Andre Agassi, the San Antonio Spurs, and half the agents in Hollywood have sought his advice and counsel. This month, GEORGE WAYNE catches up with the toothy guru to discuss his humble beginnings, his six-foot-seven frame, and his new NASDAQ company.

George Wayne: *You are tall and handsome, with a huge barrel chest, strong sexy chin, and you give good head . . .*

Tony Robbins: How did you hear?!

G.W. *Talking head, that is. No wonder you've made millions!*

T.R. I do what I love. I like to see people light up when they start to realize what they're capable of.

G.W. *But for many years those cheesy infomercials of yours have been polluting our airwaves. You tell us how to "unleash the power within," how to get "the body you deserve." When did "the giant" first manifest itself in Tony Robbins?*

T.R. When I was 11 years old, I had the experience where we were completely broke and had no food for Thanksgiving. And somebody brought food to our door, and it showed that strangers cared. I really wanted to find a way to give back. I've built my reputation by challenging the traditional psychologists. I say, Give me your worst patient and I'll handle them right here. I did that on radio. A doctor challenged me, saying I couldn't wipe out this woman's phobia in an hour. I did it in 15 minutes. Now I train about 15,000 psychiatrists.

G.W. *What fragrance are you wearing that is so overpowering? What is that pungent fragrance?!*

T.R. Lauder for Men. Sorry about that.

G.W. *Can you imagine? This man makes $75,000 to stand in front of an audience?!*

T.R. No, no, no—it's now $125,000. That was years ago.

G.W. *Don't you think the fact that you're such a hunky man—*

T.R. You sweetheart you!

G.W. *—that you wouldn't be the Hollywood guru of the moment if you were a troll like Jerry Falwell . . . Believe me, Peter Guber wouldn't be throwing you parties at his Hollywood mansion.*

T.R. I don't think Guber invited me for my looks.

G.W. *It's the whole package. You and your size-16 alligator shoes.*

T.R. I was five foot one my sophomore year in high school, and now I'm six foot seven. I grew 10 inches in a year. I didn't find out why until about three or four years ago. I'm a pilot, and I went for a physical and they told me I had a tumor in my pituitary gland when I was 17 years old which made my growth hormones explode.

G.W. *You grew up inland from Los Angeles; were you like trailer-park trash?*

T.R. My God! I'm moving up from the infomercial.

G.W. *So what if you were born trailer-park trash? Never be ashamed of your heritage! Is there something messianic about you?*

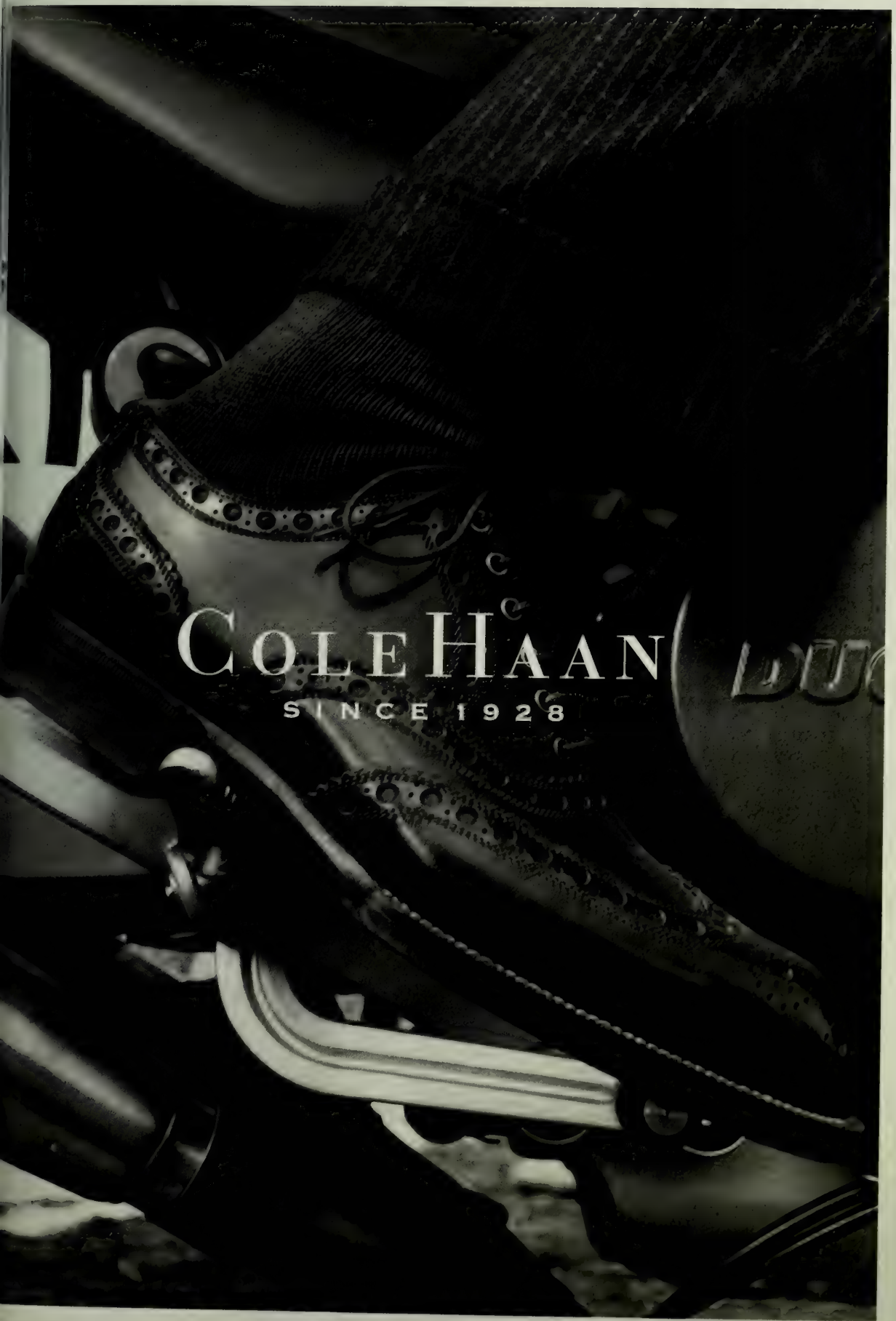
T.R. No, I don't think so. I'm passionate. And people will respond to passion.

G.W. *Tony, would you mind saying it and not spraying it?*

T.R. Sure, no problem.

G.W. *What do you say of the future of America?*

T.R. Well, the economy is extraordinary. But I think we will see a cycle, like we always do. And there will be a great deal more equality for those people who don't have those choices. I just formed my first public company. It is an Internet company. It's gonna become the eBay of classes. If you want to study photography, you will be able to be coached by one of the top experts in the world. It's called Global Health Systems Inc., and it's listed on the NASDAQ.


COLE HAAN
SINCE 1928

Vanities



Dinner . . .

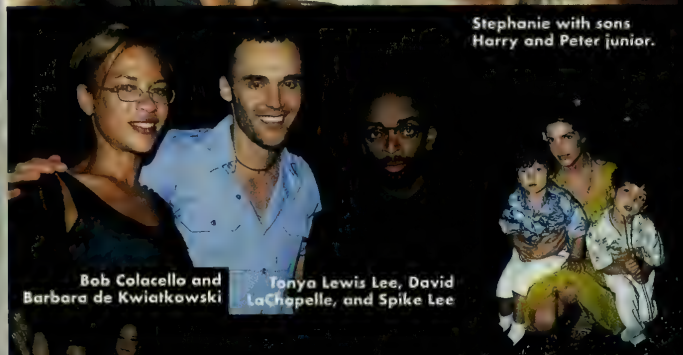


Stephanie Seymour and Julian Schnabel

MODEL BEHAVIOR

Half Rothschild garden party, half Studio 54 revisited, the very private birthday bash newsprint mogul Peter M. Brant gave for his model wife, Stephanie Seymour, at their 350-acre White Birch Farm in Greenwich, Connecticut, gets my vote for party of the year. After drinks beside a pond outlined in candles, and dinner on the white-columned portico of Brant's Mount Vernon–style mansion, which is filled with Warhols, Clementes, and Basquiats, the 150 guests—a neo-54 mix of tycoons, artists, politicians, movie stars, polo players, and supermodels—ambled down the rolling lawn to a pink-and-lavender tent designed by Robert Isabell, where 70s soul master Al Green, who is also a reverend, had everyone from Spike Lee to Alfonse D'Amato shouting and shimmying to everything from "Jesus Will Fix It" to "Love and Happiness" until the wee hours. The artist Julian Schnabel even joined Green in a deep-basso rendition of "[Sittin' on] the Dock of the Bay."

—BOB COLACELLO



Stephanie with sons Harry and Peter junior.

Bob Colacello and Barbara de Kwiatkowski

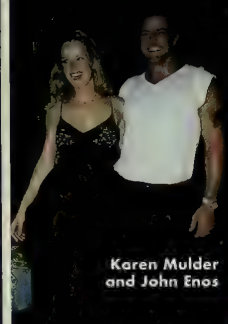
Tonya Lewis Lee, David LaChapelle, and Spike Lee





Nick Manifold and Kelly Klein

The Reverend Al Green

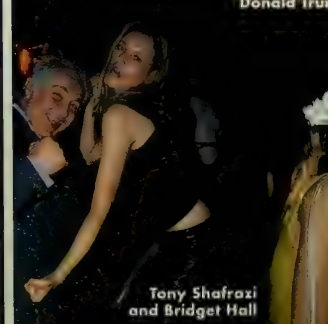


Karen Mulder and John Enos

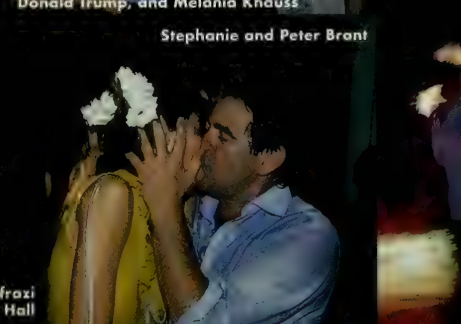


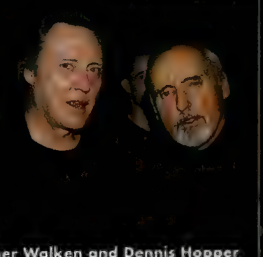
Camilla Olsson, Senator Al D'Amato, Donald Trump, and Melania Knauss

Stephanie and Peter Brant



Tony Shafrazi and Bridget Hall





Christopher Walken and Dennis Hopper

. . . and dancing.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY PATRICK MCMULLAN

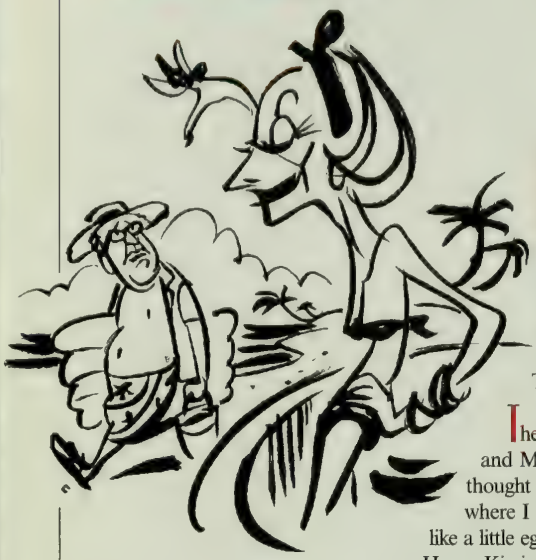
new york los angeles boston



kate spade
NEW YORK

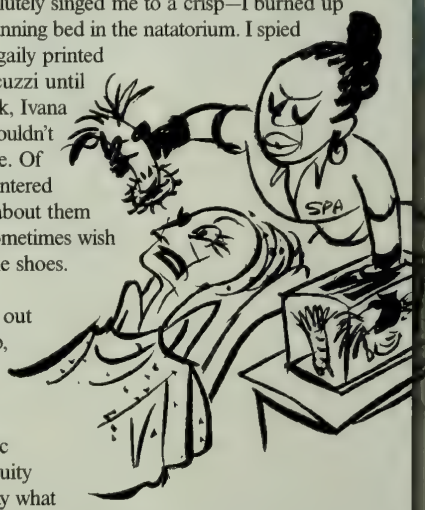
Mad About That Island!

Far afield with travel correspondent Nan Darien



I've been on the most perfectly *marvelous* trip, to a cunning little island called Farnango. I have no idea where it's located—I just jumped on a friend's Gulfstream and had a driver meet me. Divine. The Farnangese are *adorable* to look at, all sort of toffee-colored—you'll want to absolutely *eat* them. (Don't: I once scared a sleeping Paraguayan girl practically to death when I tried to get a thread count on her bed linens.) But will you think me too too awful if, right here at the beginning of my article, I suggest that they change the name of their island? Yes, I know the name Farnango is absolutely *drenched* in history and whatnot, but I wonder if there isn't something more young and fun, like Pow!, or Quail Roost, or Mad About That Island! Just a suggestion.

There's really only one place to stay on the island—the Gold Hut. *Everyone* was there: Sid and Mercedes, Saul and Gayfryd, Bill Blass, Brooke, Marylou, Henry and Marie-Josée—I thought I'd died and gone to Park Avenue. After I'd checked in, I went *straight* to the day spa, where I had a sea-anemone facial that absolutely singed me to a crisp—I burned up like a little egg: sublime. Then I collapsed on a tanning bed in the natatorium. I spied on Henry Kissinger, who'd brought a collection of gaily printed sarongs that he wrapped and tied over swimwear; he ensconced himself in the Jacuzzi until he was pruney beyond recognition, a shar-pei puppy: adorable. Steps away, on the deck, Ivana Trump got her topknot caught in a low-hanging ceiling fan: a *slight* disaster, and if you couldn't understand her before, imagine it at 2,400 r.p.m.—like a hydroelectric plant in Prague. Of course, there were a few clunkers among the guests—over near the towel rack I encountered a couple from, yes, Ohio. Midwesterners are large people, aren't they, and something about them screams *window envelopes*. Nothing inherently wrong with them, mind you, but I do sometimes wish I could dip them in disinfectant, chop off the beer bellies, and do something about the shoes.



You probably want to know about the food. In the dining room they were dishing out some kind of local fish—I can't remember the name right now, but that's not my job, is it; this is an opportunity for some little editorial assistant at the magazine to shine, shine, shine. Oddly, the fish came in large chunks, bone in. "It seems so . . . authentic this way," Miss Ohio, all politeness, said. "Yes, as if served in its natural state," I commented, "before filleting had left its ugly mark." Dessert was a crude kind of aspic that the natives call "Jell-O": quite amusing, really, and it comes in all sorts of fun, fruity flavors (however: no *pamplemousse*). I went back to my room and had a tiny purge. Say what you will about bulimia, but bulimics are absolutely some of the most gorgeous people in the world, especially when heavily tanned. Indeed, I looked divine—Gwyneth Paltrow, as captured by Gauguin. Gwyneth Zeta-Paltrow. I also took a searingly hot bath: I lost 40 layers of skin—I was absolutely *shucked*. Sublime. I started as a breadcrumb and ended up a crouton. *Perfect.*



Five days later, on my last day, I realized that I hadn't set foot outside the hotel, and thought I'd better take a teeny peek. So I had my driver whisk me through the downtown area (no Prada), as well as the residential area (a little too residential, for my taste). Who should I run into but Sandy Pittman, who implored me to go para-hiking. We parachuted onto the top of Mount Og or something, where I met an adorable Farnangese trapper-trader. He told me all about the difficulty of trading with the nearby Aleut population, and I told him all about being New York's most sought-after dinner-party guest, and we came to exactly the same conclusion: everyone *always* gives you salmon. We "bonded." Sublime.

When the bellboy came to get my bags, I noticed that his thatched hat was made of exactly the material I have been looking for for my living-room floor in New York. (I have tried sisal, but it smells like hemp, which I associate with inarticulate youth.) Two weeks later, back in New York, I had covered the entirety of my floors with Farnangese sea grass.

Ah, Farnango . . . As I skitter around my domicile, I will forever think of that magical island, and its many bellboys. Travel is so broadening.

—HENRY ALFORD



SIXTY-EIGHT YEARS YOUNG!

Rupert Murdoch, displaying his modish new style, and Wendi Deng, photographed aboard his yacht, *Morning Glory*, in New York Harbor on June 22, 1999, three days before their wedding.



MOGUL ODALISQUE

"I mean mostly unnoticed, lately most," Murdoch, photographed at his and Deng's temporary digs in Dallas's Mansion hotel.

Media tycoons are often controversial if not hated figures. Think of William Randolph Hearst or Joseph Pulitzer or Henry Luce. Yet even among these icons of the 20th century Rupert Murdoch stands out. He has always been an innovator—or desecrater, depending on one's view of him—and on a worldwide scale previously unimaginable. He is accused by some critics, especially in Britain, of having lowered the standards of both television and the press, of coarsening everything he touches. Ted Turner has likened him to Hitler—but then, Turner sees Murdoch's Fox News Channel as a threat to his own dearest creation, CNN.

Murdoch and his family have a controlling interest in News Corporation, the only global media empire built and run by one man. Indeed, he virtually invented the concept. It is a lifetime's work. The company is a picture of Murdoch's own odyssey, from his beginnings as the son of a newspaperman in Australia, through his invasion of Britain at the end of the 60s, when he purchased the tabloid newspapers *News of the World* and *The Sun* (to which he brought innovations such as the topless Page 3 girl), and would eventually take over the upscale *Times* and *Sunday Times,* and on into his country of adoption, the United States, where in 1976 he first made his mark by purchasing the then 175-year-old *New York Post,* a reliably liberal afternoon daily which he quickly turned into the city's most conservative, sensational, and often funniest paper, one that seemed rarely to have a qualm about using its news pages to push its owner's political and other agendas.

In the U.S., however, he is best known for his purchase of Twentieth Century Fox in 1985 and for starting the nation's fourth TV network, Fox Broadcasting, which shook up the so-called Big Three networks with its mix of comparatively risqué, youth-oriented programming; sometimes this has made for brilliant television (*The Simpsons*), and sometimes not (*When Animals Attack 3*).

In 1994, Fox shocked the sports world by outbidding CBS for the rights to broadcast N.F.L. games. (The price was a then astonishing $1.58 billion.) Murdoch has since gained control of a number of regional cable sports channels, so his Fox Sports network now has a significant portion of the local football, baseball, basketball, and hockey broadcasts in virtually every major U.S. market. With his purchase [illegible] year of the Los Angeles Dodgers, M[illegible] doch has arguably become the most fo[illegible] dable figure in American sports—a pos[illegible] he could also be said to enjoy, thank [illegible] various holdings, in Britain and Austra[illegible].

But Murdoch is a true global player—[illegible] yond his Western properties, he has h[illegible] satellite-television interests covering a[illegible] Asia, including China, and he is develo[illegible] more media businesses around the w[illegible] almost every day. Although he is 68, his [illegible] petite for acquisition has not diminishe[illegible]

The question of succession [illegible] News Corp. (a publicly t[illegible] ed company of which [illegible] Murdoch family control[illegible] percent of the stock) is [illegible] parently an open one. [illegible] the moment, Peter Cher[illegible] president and C.O.O. of News Corp., i[illegible] portedly in line to take over should so[illegible] thing unexpected happen to Murdoch. [illegible] he and his second wife, Anna, have t[illegible] children, all of whom are active in [illegible] company. Elisabeth, at 31 the oldest, [illegible] senior executive at BSkyB, the British s[illegible] lite broadcaster that Murdoch created [illegible] years ago. Lachlan, 28, runs the empir[illegible] Australia; among the children, he is [illegible] ceived as being most likely to succeed [illegible] father. James, 26, is based in New Y[illegible] and is developing the as yet fledgling m[illegible] and information-technology sides of [illegible]

ness. Murdoch also has a daughter his first marriage, Prudence MacLeod, homemaker, whose husband, Alasdair Leod, is the new managing director at s's digital-publishing arm in London.

have been having conversations with doch for several years, both before my raphy of him was published in 1992 less often, since. He appeared to be zed by my book, but Anna Murdoch his mother felt it was too tough on ; some of my friends and critics ght I was too kind. I certainly had no to demonize Murdoch; the politically ect abuse of him seems to me absurd. is and am more interested in looking ow he built his extraordinary empire at the ways in which global communi-ns are changing the world.

ast year, Murdoch stunned his friends eparating from Anna, to whom he had married for 31 years. Till then their riage had seemed a paradigm of stabil- without any hint of scandal. In June of year, after his divorce was final, he ried Wendi Deng, a young Chinese nan (she was born around the time doch married Anna) who attended col- in the U.S. (California State University Northridge, and Yale, where she got her B.A.). She met Murdoch while working one of his companies in Hong Kong. ir wedding took place on his yacht, *ning Glory,* which was cruising New k Harbor, close to the Statue of Liberty. rward the couple left for a monthlong eymoon in Italy, which was interrupted n Murdoch flew to London to an-nce a major new Internet venture.

he change in Murdoch's lifestyle has n extraordinary. I started this series of rviews some months ago in his new porary home—a suite in the Mercer l in SoHo. His son James has a home by and encouraged Murdoch to try out neighborhood. He has since bought a lo loft for himself and Deng.

n the occasion of our first interview, r I announced myself to the reception- a young man dressed fashionably all in k, Murdoch came down to take me airs. He too was all in black—black shirt, black slacks, black shoes and ks. He later ascribed this new ward- e less to Deng's influence than to his s". "I wanted to look like them," he me with a laugh, "40 years younger!" appeared very relaxed—I would say e relaxed than on any other occasion ve seen him in recent years.

We went up to his rooms, where he in-duced me to Deng, who is tall and slim, a friendly, unaffected smile. She left to friends in town, Murdoch ordered cof-fee, and we talked for almost four hours. One thing about him had not changed: he speaks so softly, losing ends of sentences entirely, that a tape recorder often misses his words. As on previous occasions, I had to pin a microphone to his shirt.

We talked about the youth of one prominent editor in Britain. He asked my age (53). I asked if he felt old.

RUPERT MURDOCH: No. I've gone on a health kick.

WILLIAM SHAWCROSS: *You've surely always been on a health kick. I thought Anna used to keep you on a white-meat, white-wine diet.*

MURDOCH: She was very hot on fat-free, low-cholesterol diets. But this is a serious health kick. I've been to some institute at U.C.L.A. —they've got me on a morning drink which is basically frozen fruit and soya powder, which is one big blast in the morning, with a lot of water. It's extraordinarily filling—you just don't get hungry all day.

And I work out five days a week at six A.M. In L.A., I have my own gym in the house. When I'm here I just go around the corner and I have a chap who tortures me for an hour from six to seven every morning.

SHAWCROSS: *Everyone was astonished when you and Anna split up. Why did it happen?*

MURDOCH: I don't really want to go into it, but it happened over a period. It was progressive. Two things happened. One was moving from New York to Los Angeles. I've got nothing against Los Angeles, except that working from there all the time I felt a bit frustrated and worried that I was losing day-to-day contacts and control of the company. So I was traveling a lot and was very obsessed with business and perhaps more than normally inconsiderate, at a time when our children were grown up and home was suddenly an empty nest. The family home suddenly becomes a home for two people without their central shared interest, which has suddenly dispersed around the world. Those are the underlying reasons we drifted apart to the point where things became very unhappy. There are never any blacks or whites in these situations. It's always mixtures of gray. You always feel very sad about these things, but you've got to get on with life. You go through a pretty bad period of mixed emotions and self-doubt, but there it is. I have great respect for Anna—she is very intelligent and gave me some of the best years of my life. I wish her the very best.

SHAWCROSS: *How have the kids taken it?*

MURDOCH: They've been very mature. They haven't pretended to like it. No one likes their parents' splitting up. I'm just very grateful they are in their late 20s or early 30s; they are much more capable of handling it than teenagers. They've been impartial and very loving to us both.

SHAWCROSS: *How did you meet Wendi?*

MURDOCH: I met her casually once or twice at meetings of Star TV [his Asian satellite network] in Hong Kong. But I first took her out in June last year in London when she came over with a group from Star in Hong Kong and Beijing. I was a recently separated, lonely man, and I said, "Let's go out to dinner one night," and I talked her into staying in London a couple of extra days—and that was the start of it.

SHAWCROSS: *There are all sorts of stories that your relationship began much earlier, before you separated from Anna.*

MURDOCH: People even say this started in 1996, which is complete nonsense. I never met Wendi then.

[I handed him a cover story in *Punch* entitled "Murdoch's Mistress: The Secret Life of the Woman Who Snared the Big One." Among other things, it claimed that "brainy" Deng is "unlikely to be content with the role of doting wife."]

MURDOCH: This was very interesting. Wendi told me that people were calling her from remote places in China saying that they had had calls from journalists offering money for information about her. I said, "That can't be Fleet Street." There's no one in Fleet Street with the energy to keep this sort of inquiry going for three or four months. Then I realized it was [Mohamed] Al Fayed [the Egyptian owner of *Punch* and father of Dodi Al Fayed, who was killed with Princess Diana]. He hates me.

SHAWCROSS: *Why?*

MURDOCH: We had a row about something that was published in *The Sunday Times.* I think the editor had said the home secretary was right not to give him a passport. Or something of that nature.

[He explained that Deng had first joined News Corp. through a summer internship at Star TV in Hong Kong, and was later hired there full-time when she obtained her M.B.A. from Yale.]

MURDOCH: To say that she is some business genius about to take over News Corp. would be funny if it wasn't believed by some people. She's intelligent, but she's not going to do that, I assure you.

SHAWCROSS: *But what about this piece in* The Observer *which says, quoting a News Corp. source, "It's no secret that Murdoch is seeking to do satellite TV deals in China. If he marries Deng he will be marrying the market"?*

MURDOCH: [*Laughs and shakes his head. Then, reading from the* Punch *article*] "... cosmetic surgery on her eyes"—I don't think so.

SHAWCROSS: *So before last summer she wasn't*

someone you had eyed across a room and said, "Ah, she looks nice."

MURDOCH: [*Laughs.*] No, no. I might have thought that about all sorts of people, but I certainly didn't think it about her.

[I asked him about another article, which suggested his children could end up fighting among themselves to control News Corp. and might be fearful that Deng will usurp them.]

MURDOCH: I don't know who's making this up. Certainly not the kids. They've never said anything to me. All our friends know how close all four of them are, and both Anna and I respect this—indeed, we take pride in it.

SHAWCROSS: *Is Wendi working in the company at all?*

MURDOCH: No, absolutely not. It's like when I started taking Anna out [in 1964]. She was working for the company then, and I said, "Right, this is going on, so you're fired!"

Wendi is busy working on decorating the new apartment. She's a bit frustrated by it—she'd love to work. She could get a job anywhere, but the fact is she cannot do that and travel with me. So we'll just have to resolve that somehow, but she is free to choose!

[I asked him how he felt about the empire he has created.]

MURDOCH: It's still a work in progress. And always will be. There's a lot to be done yet. The world of communications and media is so dynamic you can't say, "Well, that's wonderful, the end of the story." It'll go on without me or with me while I'm still alive and energetic. I don't know what it'll look like in 10 years. We're always rushing for something, such as developing a presence on the Internet. What is the new media? Is there a new media or not?

SHAWCROSS: *What is the answer to that question?*

MURDOCH: I don't think anyone's got the answer. News now is becoming so ubiquitous—or information is. The challenge is how to carve a position for yourself which you can turn into a franchise. The old-fashioned newspapers, if they have enough character, strength, and loyalty, and do an interpretive job well, can still do a lot. But of course there are other forms of delivering it now electronically. And if it's good enough, people will pay for it. On the other hand, one can get a huge amount of information that you choose for yourself for nothing from the Internet.

SHAWCROSS: *When you say the company is a work in progress, it's toward what? What is your ambition now?*

MURDOCH: [*Long pause.*] Well, of course to do better in everything we do. We want to make better films and better television programs in every way, qualitatively and quantitatively—whether it be serving local communities with local news, or serving all countries in the world with coverage of everything from important events to major sporting events. This will always be a tremendously competitive arena, whether it's publishing books or newspapers—there's no such thing as a monopoly anywhere in media today.

SHAWCROSS: *You once made a famous remark that your life has been a series of unending battles in a lifelong war.*

MURDOCH: Did I say that? Battles? Well, I don't mean battles—it's business, a challenge. Not one war. You remember the battles best, I guess.

SHAWCROSS: *Is that how you saw yourself as a child—battling?*

MURDOCH: No—I had a pretty easy childhood. [From watching his father, a Melbourne publisher] I thought the media and newspaper business was very competitive. I think we're all the same in life, we have to fight for our place in the world. There's nothing wrong with that—honest striving.

SHAWCROSS: *Well, now you are part of the great media establishment, but you don't see yourself as part of it, do you?*

MURDOCH: Not really, no.

SHAWCROSS: *You see yourself as a gadfly, don't you?*

MURDOCH: I hope I see myself as a bit more than a gadfly. But I try to maintain a position as outsider to any establishment. I think people in the media should be outsiders. I try to influence events and take part in events, but I think you must try and keep a distance from people with special interests, whether they be in business or government.

SHAWCROSS: *But one way of looking at your company—and a lot of critics do this—is that you have no fixed ideology and that wherever you are you will cozy up to governments to get regulatory advantage.*

MURDOCH: That's simply not true. I don't know where we had regulatory advantage anywhere. Give me an example.

SHAWCROSS: *Well, you were close to Thatcher.*

MURDOCH: I wasn't close to Thatcher personally. I only met her a dozen times or so.

SHAWCROSS: *Come, you and Thatcher were an important force together—you said yourself that you were the only radical force in Britain.*

MURDOCH: And she was another.

SHAWCROSS: *The alliance between you was very powerful.*

MURDOCH: It was a kind of unspoken alliance.

SHAWCROSS: *Anyway, you know that critic*

MURDOCH: I read it every day. But it's not true.

[He went on to decry attempts to r late his companies in Britain, where critics think that his 33 percent share, b on sales, of the national newspaper indu and his chairmanship of the main sate television business, BSkyB, which he i fect founded, give him too much power ended by complaining about "these p bloody old jealousies."]

SHAWCROSS: *But it's not just jealousy, i Why do you think you arouse such an*

MURDOCH: Oh, I've been a catalyst change in Britain, whether it was ch ing the competitive field in the pop press, then later in the quality press *The Times,* or fighting the unions. broke the stranglehold of the print un over newspapers.] ... You can't be outsider and cut through and be succ ful over 30 years without leaving a amount of scar tissue around the pla think that's the price one pays. I'm complaining about the price—it's a fa life.

SHAWCROSS: *It's not just that you've been a alyst for change. People say time and ag and you've heard this—"Murdoch lower standards of everything he touches."*

MURDOCH: No, honestly.

SHAWCROSS: *What about this commen you by [*Vanity Fair*'s London editor] ry Porter: "He cares not the slightes Britain's institutions nor for the health politics, nor for the rights of one of the est democracies in the world. As far as doch is concerned we are just a little profi territory with lenient tax authorities politicians who will dance on hot coal his support."*

MURDOCH: Absolutely none of that is t Come on. It's just not true. I mean, all iticians court all newspapers. Did the anything or did we ask anything? Give an example.

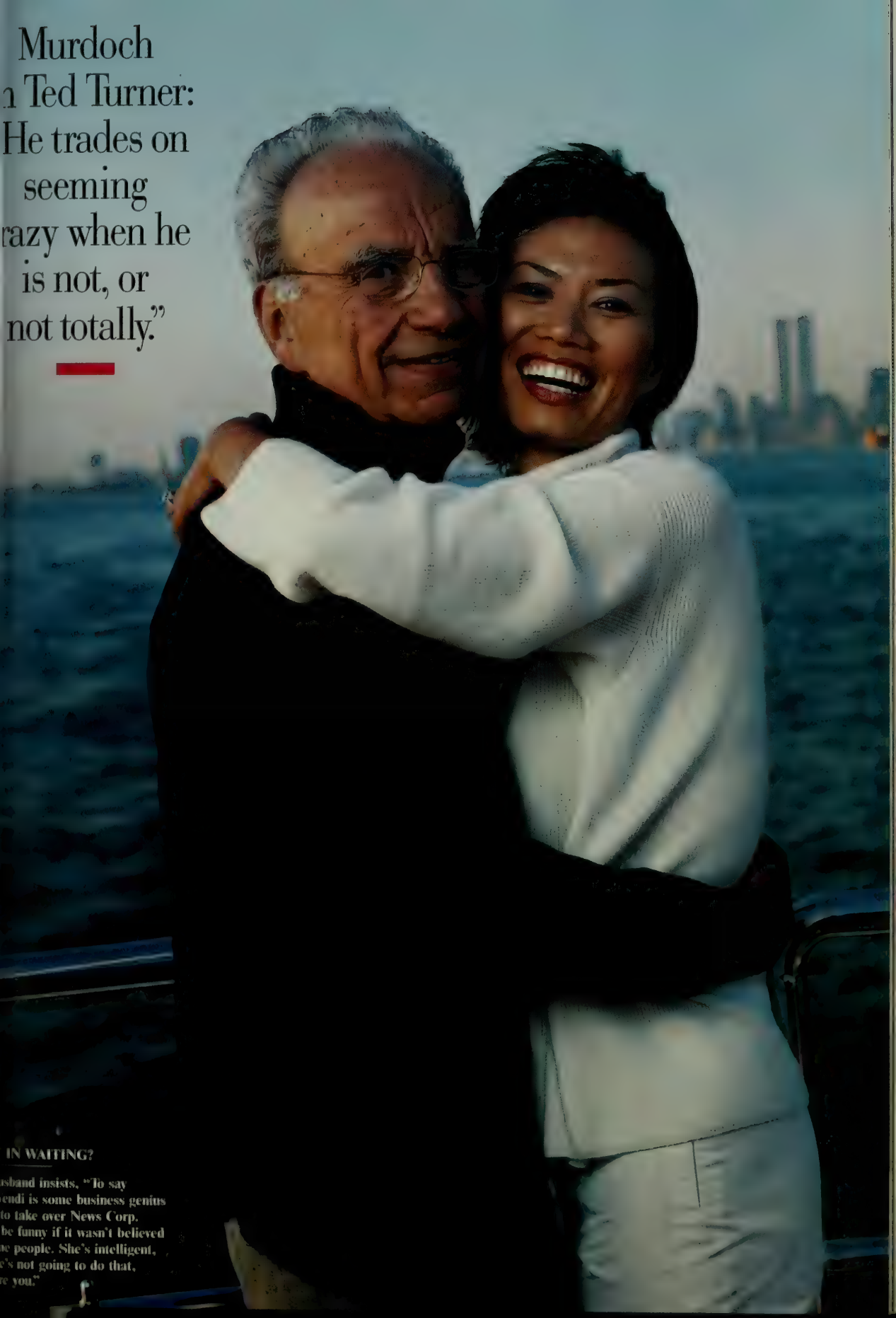
SHAWCROSS: *One example is you swit party loyalties and now give Tony Blai support of* The Sun.

MURDOCH: Why shouldn't I? What really set them in the old days was that we ga much support to Margaret Thatcher. T are the old liberals. We've been one of few radical forces in Britain for change. support for Tony Blair grew out of h that he'd do differently. It's too early t whether he's got the guts to be radical!

[In America, he said, attitudes tow him were very different.]

MURDOCH: People are not hostile here Some established people may think, God, this man may CONTINUED ON PAG

Murdoch
n Ted Turner:
He trades on
seeming
razy when he
is not, or
not totally."



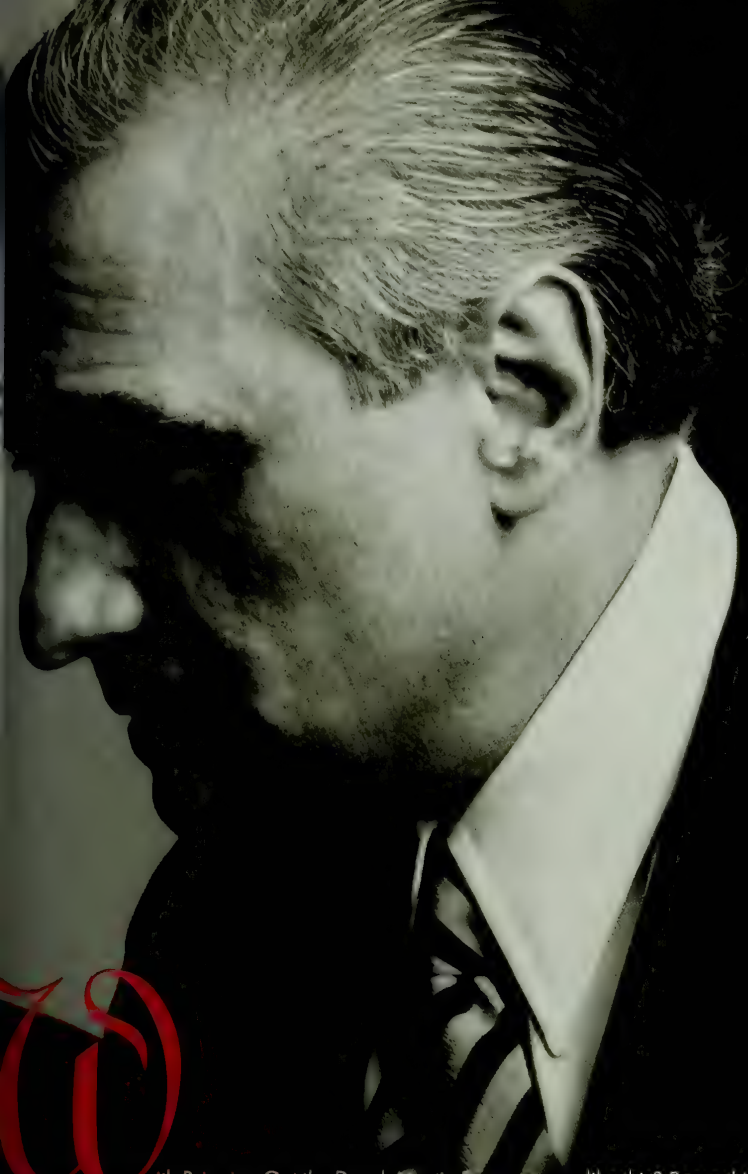
IN WAITING?

sband insists, "To say
endi is some business genius
to take over News Corp.
be funny if it wasn't believed
e people. She's intelligent,
's not going to do that,
re you."

Spotlight

THREE ON A MATCH





CAGED HEAT

From left, Patricia Arquette, Nicolas Cage, and Martin Scorsese. Los Angeles, July 13, 1999.

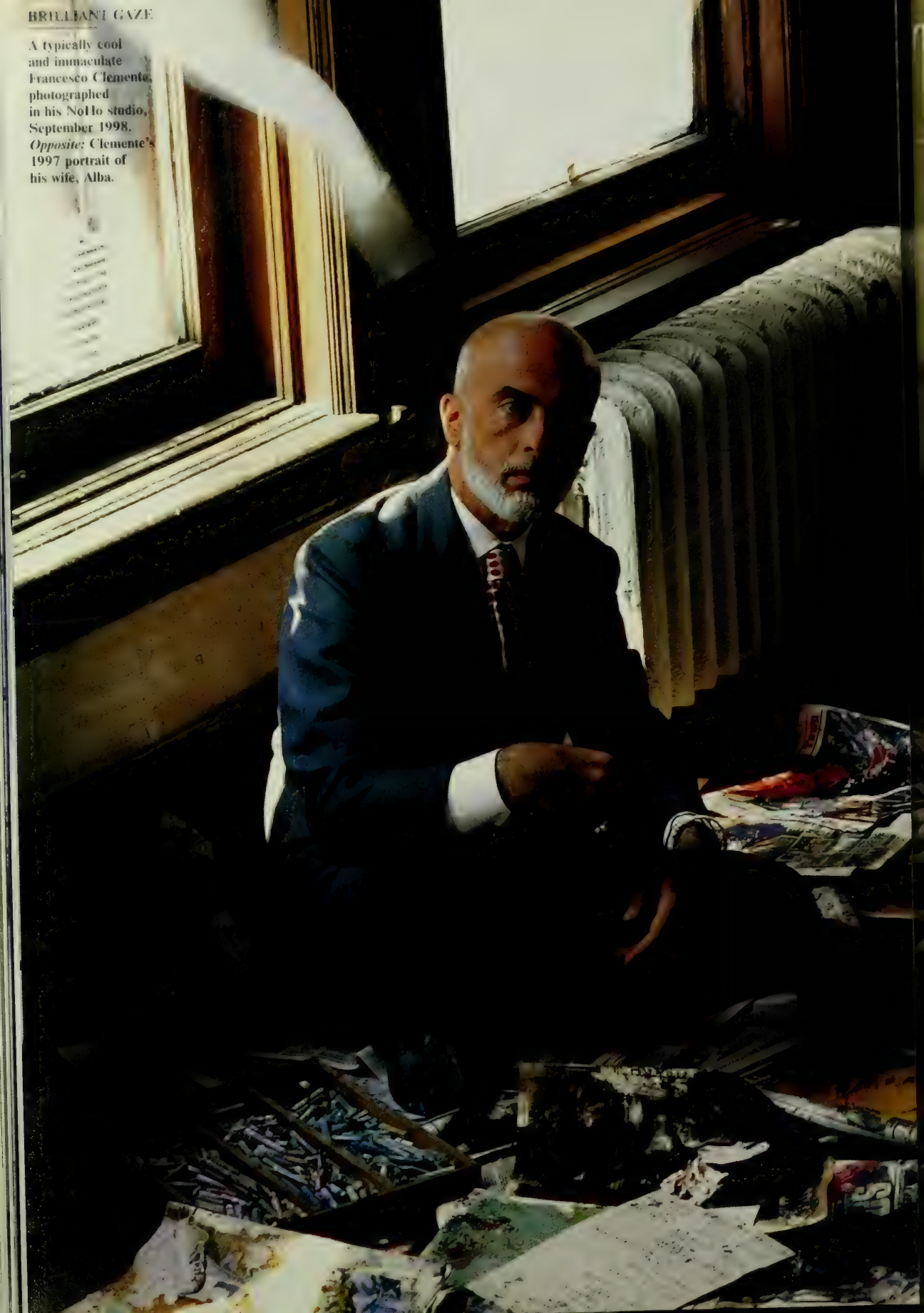
With *Bringing Out the Dead*, Martin Scorsese lifted up a rock to reveal the crawly, maggot-infested, filth-rusted New York we'd forgotten still existed—the Abe Beame New York, the *Kojak* New York, the godforsaken *Pelham One Two* Three New York. Set in Hell's Kitchen, the new movie, which opens this month, is based on Joe Connelly's semi-autobiographical novel about an E.M.S. paramedic, Frank Pierce, whose mind comes undone as his nightly "missions of compassion" (Scorsese's words) exact their toll. As visually conceived by Scorsese, Frank's workscape is one of unromanticized blight—an anti-*noir* nightscape of doorway crack dens, public housing, and cruddy Chinese take-out joints. When there is light, it's the harsh fluorescence of the decrepitly linoleum'd hospital where the medics dump their cargo. Nicolas Cage, understandably drawn and green-skinned, plays Frank. Inevitably, the movie summons thoughts of Scorsese's early New York pictures. (The screenplay, like *Taxi Driver*'s, is by Paul Schrader.) "I was drawn to Joe's book because it has the same thematic concerns as other movies I've worked on," Scorsese says. "You go back to *Mean Streets*, and you see a guy who's essentially living in a feudal society, structured by organized crime, family, and church. He's wondering, How do you live out a Christian ideal in a society like this? Same thing with Frank. He's literally trying to save lives, and you put the enormity of that against the world he lives in."

Which isn't to say that *Bringing Out the Dead* is Jacob Riis–grim. The subject matter is rough going at times, but rife with what Scorsese describes as "defensive humor, keeping-your-sanity humor." The best of it comes from the tense interplay between Cage's Frank and the three progressively more unhinged partners he's paired with over three successive nights—played, respectively, by John Goodman, Ving Rhames (in a marcelled Billy Dee Williams wig), and a scarily dilated Tom Sizemore. Patricia Arquette, Cage's real-life wife, plays a patient's daughter in whom Frank seeks salvation. Marc Anthony, the salsa star, plays one of the paramedics' regular pickups, a skittery street kid with a flair for self-immolation.

One can't help but be jarred by the contrast between this picture's New York and Rudy Giuliani's high-stepping metropolis agleam. But Scorsese denies any political intent. "I grew up on the Bowery," he says. "I was taught in church to have compassion for the sick, the poor, the drunk. Yet you don't want these people touching you. It's the dilemma of not wanting to see it, yet knowing it's there—that's what I'm dealing with." —DAVID KAMP

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ

A typically cool and immaculate Francesco Clemente, photographed in his NoHo studio, September 1998. *Opposite:* Clemente's 1997 portrait of his wife, Alba.

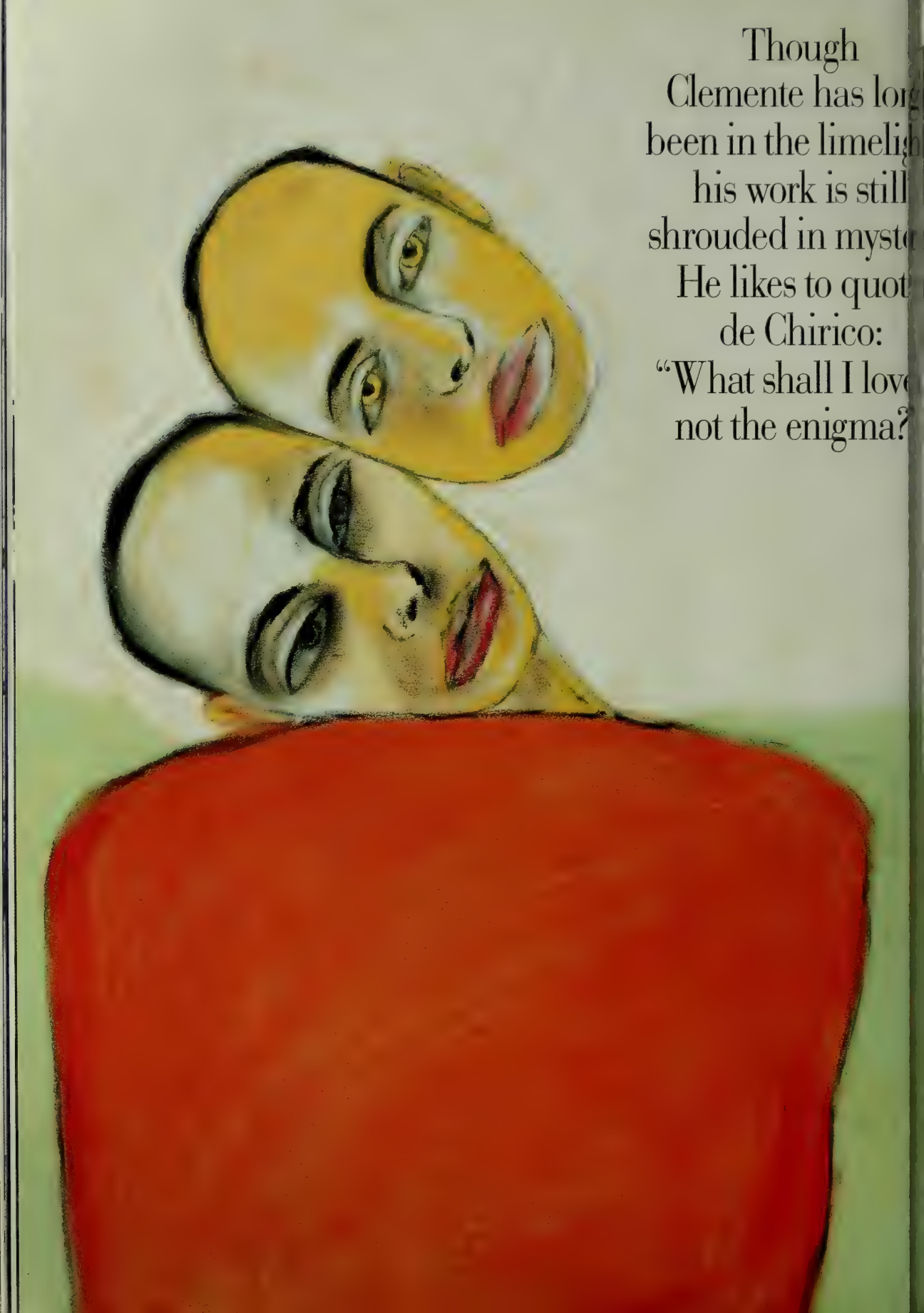


THE WHOLE CLEMENTE



When Francesco Clemente and his wife, Alba, arrived in New York in 1980, they took the art world—and the town—by storm, with a knockout combination of style, beauty, and talent. This month's much-anticipated Guggenheim exhibition will reveal the full sweep of Clemente's spiritual, sexually complex work, shaped by influences as varied as Bob Dylan, Allen Ginsberg, and Krishnamurti. INGRID SISCHY follows an odyssey that begins in the Naples aristocracy, hits 70s Rome at the height of revolutionary ferment, lingers in the mystical serenity of India, and includes almost every artistic medium imaginable

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID SEIDNER



Though
Clemente has lon
been in the limeli
his work is still
shrouded in myst
He likes to quot
de Chirico:
"What shall I lov
not the enigma?

t was a brush made of mouse hair," the painter Francesco nente kept insisting. "No, no, no," said poet Rene Ricard. "There were two, , two—there had to be two mouse s!" Clemente countered: "They told me as one mouse hair, and made a specific at of showing it to me." Which made ard even more dogmatic: "One hair not hold paint—it has to be two hairs ict as a conduit." The painter and the t kept at it for a few more rounds, and pt laughing at them. Who wouldn't?

We were at Clemente's home in Green- h Village, a town house formerly owned Bob Dylan. It was a scorching summer , and the air-conditioning wasn't on, so doors to the garden were thrown open, the place felt surprisingly cool. A qual- of certain Clemente artworks is that he ws how to take the viewer someplace with a left-of-center palette—slightly wed Mediterranean blues, pumped-up npeii reds—and how to leave large ex- ses of canvas or paper unfussed with; same restraint, the same easy use of ce and color, is at work in the house. won't find wall colors like these in rtha Stewart's Kmart collection; the st mixes them out of the pigments he s in the studio. Yet nothing is overdone. thing feels "expensive" or "precious"— ept time, which Clemente and Ricard e quickly running out of.

For some days Ricard had been installed the house, working on an emergency ting job, a chronology of Clemente's life the catalogue accompanying the artist's ch-anticipated exhibition opening this nth at New York's Guggenheim Muse- . A chronology had already been pro- ed by the Guggenheim, but Clemente it was too "bureaucratic." Considering at else was happening in his life at the e, considering how many people were ing or banging on his door due to all ts of deadlines, or the fact that he was ing that night for a weeks-long stay in rope, some people might find it hilari- ous that he made himself completely available to Ricard while the poet put in marathon day-and-night writing sessions, working on a task most museums consider so unimportant, and even boring, that they often leave it to interns. This kind of concern with detail is classic Clemente. (In the end, by the way, he and Ricard never agreed about the mouse-hair brushes, which are used by young Indian boys schooled in the craft of miniature-painting; some of these artisans had worked with Clemente in Jaipur in 1981 when he produced *Francesco Clemente Pinxit,* an important series of miniatures.)

"Hands on" can't begin to describe how involved the artist is with all things relating to his work. He is a master at blocking out external noise, at ignoring everything except that which he considers a priority. Phones ring and messages aren't returned. Faxes never receive replies. He'll eventually get around to dealing with what he feels is most important in the pile, he'll always make good on a promise, but the rest of it can wait forever. Sometimes Clemente's inward focus can lead to gaffes that people think are rude—turning up late at a wedding, missing appointments morning, afternoon, and evening. He's usually forgiven because he's horrified by his own faux pas and shows it—and because he's "Francesco." As his friend painter Alex Katz puts it, "Some people hit all the notes socially. Francesco doesn't. He leaves notes out, that's all."

Early one morning many years ago, I spied Clemente on his bicycle on Bleecker Street in the Village. He'd just taken his two daughters to catch the school bus and was off to his studio to put in a day's work. He looked very proper in a suit and tie, which he often wears when painting, but at the same time he was riding in the wrong direction, against traffic. When I asked him about it later, he said, "It's safer to go against the traffic than with it." That's an apt metaphor for what he's done in his art.

A glib description of Clemente's work might be "Matisse with content." When he was starting out in Rome in the 70s, no "serious" male painter would have been expected to deal with complex sexuality—nudity maybe, but not the intimacies and neuroses of the body. Yet Clemente took up that challenge and has never put it down. The kind of personal, obsessive, self-aware stuff that he was producing then was usually associated with the work of what some people have dismissed as "bedroom" artists—i.e., "women" artists or "gay" artists. The machismo that was reigning in Italian art didn't encourage a man busy drawing images of himself with his finger in his nose, or up his ass, as Clemente was doing. Not only did he dare to enter an area of art that was considered—Picasso notwithstanding—more fluff than substance, but he made something illuminating and original out of it. He also put the flesh and blood back into painting—showed that it could be as visceral and contemporary when it comes to sex as, say, a taboo-breaking photograph by Mapplethorpe.

By now, Clemente's work is so associated with sexuality that it's often the first thing people talk about when his name comes up. "I can't think of another artist working today whose work is more erotically charged than his," Helen Harrington Marden, the wife of painter Brice Marden and a painter herself, told me. "Those big lingams and yonis are hard to mistake," she went on, using the Sanskrit words for





EYE TO EYE

Above: Clemente's studio. *Left:* Clemente and Alba in 1976, on their first trip to India as a couple. *Opposite:* a self-portrait with Alba entitled *She and She,* 1982 (pastel on paper, 24 in. by 18 in.; private collection).

"I can't think of another artist working today whose work is more erotically charged than Francesco's," says painter Helen Marden.

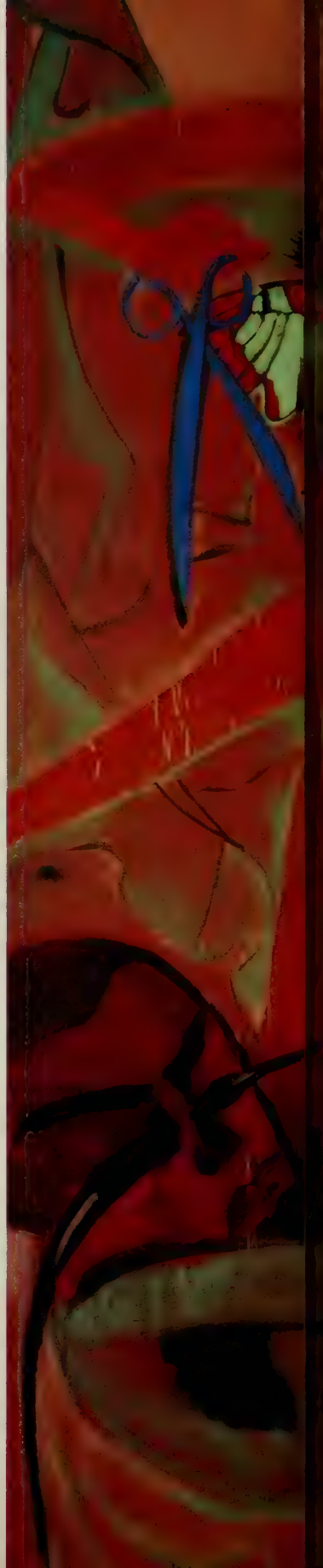
penis and vagina, and laughing. When I left a message on model and actress Lauren Hutton's machine, explaining that I was writing about Clemente and wanted to talk to her, since I knew they have been friends for years, within 12 hours I received a fax from her from Kuala Lumpur that included the following statement: "To see a man paint directly about sex after all these slypuss references we've had for the last millennium! Well, I positively trill. It practically turns me into Diana Vreeland." As with Picasso—whose erotic art was thought of as secondary until only recently—Clemente's erotics are simply part of a very large whole, which also involves an enormous amount of self-portraiture.

But the key to Clemente is his prodigiousness. Because he does it all—abstraction, figuration, still lifes, landscapes, portraits, allegories, visual meditations—he's a nightmare for people who like to fit art into slots. By the same token, his art can't be defined in terms of medium either, as Clemente is at home with the whole enchilada—charcoal, ceramics, pen and ink, oils, fresco, watercolors, printmaking, pastels, sculpture, mosaic, paper, canvas. Due to the fact that all of the work is intensely tactile and visually pleasurable, people don't think of Clemente as a conceptual artist. But he is that too. His fellow artists often comment on his dexterity. Katz told me, "My opening sentence to Francesco when I met him in the early 80s was 'I think you're the best thing to come out of Italy since de Chirico.' He's a major stylist. There hasn't been one out of Italy with that much energy for a long time."

Apart from some early experiments with photography, however, Clemente has left the more technological media to others. I remember a few years ago, when it felt as though almost every major artist who had ascended in the 80s was directing a movie—Robert Longo, David Salle, Cindy Sherman, Julian Schnabel—Clemente would say in a self-mocking (yet not entirely so) way he has, "I'm just an artist." He did, however, end up in a movie. Much to his amusement his friend Gus Van Sant, the film director, asked Clemente to play a small part in *Good Will Hunting*. Van Sant, who years before he'd ever met Clemente clipped a photo of the intense-looking artist out of *Interview* magazine, told me, "He's so amazing-looking that I thought he'd be interesting as the hypnotist."

Spells actually do come into play with Clemente's art, in a very real way. Raymond Foye, a writer and editor who has worked with him on many projects, including their line of mystical Hanuman Books, which they co-published, said, "Whenever I go to his studio, when the elevator opens I feel like I'm descending into the subcontinent. It just has a different feel. He cannot work in a pristine, antiseptic environment. He's very good at evoking moods. Out of that mood comes the work. It's a spell that's taking place when he's painting, it's enchantment." These kinds of things—spirit, spells, etc.—can sound very hokey. There's an enormous difference when it's the real thing, and with Clemente it is, just as it's genuinely India that makes its presence felt in much of his art. Thousands of Western artists have trekked to India and been involved with its philosophies and practices, but few have given all of it new life in their work as he has.

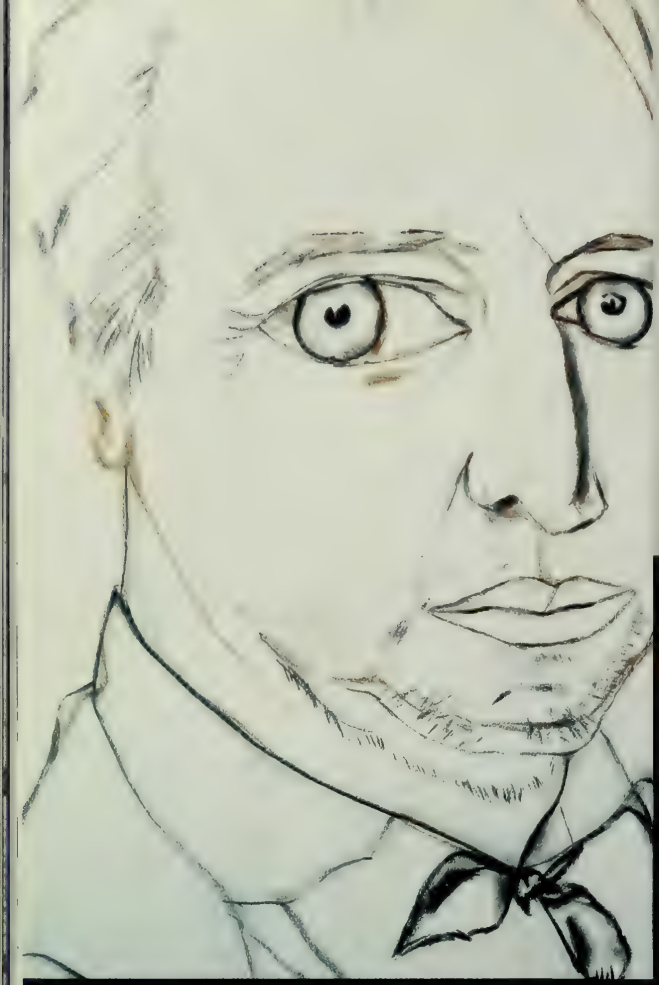
"For the last twenty years we've called Mr. Clemente the little monk (behind his back of course), because of his trances, his moods (that can last a year), his deep mental retreats." This was also on the fax that Lauren Hutton sent me from Kuala Lumpur. She continued: "But now that I think of it, his art is often religious; it is not being made for buying and selling, but in order to know ourselves." Hutton is spot-on. Clemente's religiousness is not limited to the Judeo-Christian tradition, or even by his deep reverence for and knowledge of Indian culture, but really communicates a broader idea of spirit. Certainly his work enters the art market, and has done very well in it; but, for Clemente, the process of making it and looking at it is what counts. One day when we were at his studio, he got a call about something he'd promised





WOMEN HE LOVES

***Scissors and Butterflies*, 1999**
(oil on linen, 91 in. by 92 in.)
"Over the years," says Okunola, "I have joked that I am really a woman artist."







I'LL TAKE MANHATTAN

This page, clockwise from above: Clemente's portrait of his friend the poet Rene Ricard, 1994 (pastel on paper, 40 in. by 33 in.); a 1985 gathering with, from left, squatting, Bryan Ferry, John Lurie, and Jean-Michel Basquiat, and, standing, Clemente, Julian Schnabel, Alba, Jacqueline Schnabel, and an unidentified man and woman; portrait by Timothy Greenfield-Sanders of Clemente taken in 1982, shortly after he moved to New York; recent oil paintings in Clemente's studio, September 1998; Clemente in his New York City studio in the early 80s.









INNER WORLDS

Clockwise from top: Distance, 1982 (watercolor on paper, 14¼ in. by 20 in.; courtesy of the Gallery Bruno Bischofberger, Zurich); an array of pastels in Clemente's studio; Hanuman Books printer C. T. Nachiappan, Chiara Clemente (the artist's oldest daughter), and Francesco at the Shiva temple in Chidambaram, India, 1984; a series of recent self-portraits in Clemente's studio.

to do and went flying out of the place. He knew I didn't have a key to lock it up, so he said he'd be back in a few hours. He wasn't. I was lucky that the cleaning lady soon arrived, which meant I would not have to bear the guilt had his life's work been stolen. When I saw him a couple of days later, he explained that he'd thought I'd just close the door behind me and not bother with a key. I said, "But, Francesco, all that work and all your paintings were in there." He looked at me and laughed. To Clemente what is most valuable cannot be stolen, because it has to do with the process of making art, with what is inside of him.

The full scope of what he has done as an artist is only beginning to become clear. He may sometimes come across as a gentleman of leisure—those paint-stainless clothes he wears, and that laid-back, "I don't really do anything" demeanor—but he's created a monster volume of work. Even though there's been no shortage of shows and books on Clemente, the last extensive exhibition in America was organized by the Philadelphia Museum of Art in 1990. The Guggenheim's show will be the first here to really address the story of his work in a large way. Considering how long Clemente's art has been in the limelight—he broke through to a significant worldwide audience in 1980—it's amazing how much mystery still surrounds it. Clemente himself has been partly responsible for the smoke. He is so protective of the atmosphere which he needs to do his work that he doesn't kowtow the way some other artists do. He doesn't spend a lot of time explaining himself. He doesn't even spend time helping himself—he's never had a regular studio assistant, which is unusual, given how much work he's produced. Raymond Foye laughs. "He once said to me that I was like one of those slaves in the pyramids who had to be sealed up with the pharaoh after the burial because I knew too much." Clemente likes to quote de Chirico: "What shall I love if not the enigma?" And he lives up to this statement. When the Guggenheim exhibition goes up and we finally have access to the full range of his work, it will be like the opening of a dam.

An only child, Clemente was born on March 24, 1952, and grew up in the same building as his father and grandfather—the Palazzo Calabritto in Naples. The palazzo is famous for its staircase, designed by the great 18th-century Southern Italian architect Luigi Vanvitelli. Though Clemente

never brings it up, his father, Lorenzo Clemente, is a marquess. He was also a judge; I'm told he was a favorite among Neapolitans in trouble because he was lenient and often let people off. Alex Katz says you can sense Clemente's blue blood in his work. He told me, "In this respect, the guy I find Francesco most like is [the 15th-century artist] Fra Angelico—his paintings are sort of primitive and yet they're so refined and elegant. You see those white walls with those frescoes on them and you say, This fellow must have been some fancy dude. Francesco's work is like that."

Bianca Quarto, Francesco's mother, was clearly nuts about her son, and qualified as his first big fan. When I told an Italian critic who has been around the Italian art scene for a long time that I was writing about Clemente and curious about his family, he said, "Now *that* was a pushy mother." Her adoration got him tailor-made suits from Naples when he moved to America, but it also brought mortification to Francesco on at least one occasion, which he now laughs about: "In the 50s there was this fantasy going around about child poets. There was a famous one in France, about whom there was a whole mystique, and my mother was obsessed with it all. Since age four or five, before I could write, she would take down the poems that I would make up. She collected all of it and then had the poems published in Naples without my knowing it. She went to a really fancy publisher, and the whole thing was a huge trauma for me. I was 12, and Naples is such a small city. The last thing I wanted or needed was a book of poetry displayed in the window of the local bookstore on the way to school. I was angry at my mother for about 10 solid years." He laughs. "I decided never to write again, and to become a painter. Initially I became a painter so I would have my privacy. Before my mother died in 1995, I wrote 100 small poems for her, had them printed, and gave them to her."

There's even more drama than meets the eye in this anecdote about Clemente and poetry. He may have stopped writing it, but he's done something else with it. In fact, his art is intertwined with poetry. His work is regularly described as poetic, and the adjective only begins to suggest the deep connections. Ours isn't exactly a time when poems are on the tips of people's tongues, but Clemente has done much to keep this art form visible. Writers often remark on the CONTINUED ON PAGE 315

Spotlight

ANNIE'S HALL

As much as any of the portraits in Annie Leibovitz's stunning new book, titled simply *Women,* due out October 26, this one of Jerry Hall suggests the complexity of the photographer's work. The pose is contemporary—the insolent stare as much as the baby at Hall's breast—yet it's framed by a 19th-century formality. A century ago, as Susan Sontag observes in her shrewd introduction, women were photographed solely for their beauty, which they projected as "something enigmatic, dreamy, inaccessible." Now they stare brazenly into the lens as womanhood's new warriors. And yet beauty still rules. "Imagine a book of pictures of women in which none of the women could be identified as beautiful," Sontag muses. "Wouldn't we feel that the photographer had made some kind of mistake?"

Leibovitz, a celebrity portraitist without peer who regularly manages to capture for *Vanity Fair* the private sides of public figures, is clearly fascinated by this conundrum. She shows us women whose beauty shimmers with power—Hillary Clinton's focused expression while studying a text, the rippled back of Martina Navratilova. Yet here are others whose beauty is still defined by sexual subjugation—a line of Texas cheerleaders stepping so high that their legs block their faces, even as they bare their innermost thighs. And aging, for all, remains an unequal employer. "A man ages into his powers," Sontag says. "A woman ages into being no longer desired."

Leibovitz's portrait of poet and singer Patti Smith offers the best rebuttal in this gallery to such gloom. It is at once an homage to the late photographer Robert Mapplethorpe (whose own portrait of Smith was a defining work in his career) and a picture of a rock star. Leibovitz's greater interest, however, is in what kind of woman Smith is: middle-aged, contemporary, proud, tough, and still—without makeup!—beautiful. —MICHAEL SHNAYERSON



MOTHER COURAGE

Jerry Hall and her and Mick Jagger's son Gabriel, photographed on November 23, 1998, for Annie Leibovitz's new book, *Women*.

TRUE GRIT



If only "Jefferson Street Joe" Gilliam could see them now. Gilliam, as knowledgeable fans will recall, was the first black quarterback on a Super Bowl team (1975)—a spectacularly inconsistent bomber who played for the Pittsburgh Steelers. Now Gilliam is an almost mythic figure, thanks to the sudden emergence of the black quarterback, a long-overdue trend that has shattered one of professional sports' last racial barriers. For years, lily-white coaches, convinced that blacks didn't have the mental "essentials" to be great quarterbacks, nudged would-be passers toward other, less "challenging" positions. Sure, the occasional black quarterback made his mark—one wistfully recalls Doug Williams's four touchdown passes in Super Bowl XXII, not to mention Warren Moon's 49,097 career passing yards—but only recently have they become the prototype, equally adept at passing and rushing: the Vikings' Randall Cunningham was named the league's Player of the Year last season, the Steelers' Kordell Stewart became a Nike-fueled superstar, the Lions' unheralded rookie Charlie Batch turned into an overnight sensation, and two of the first three rookies drafted this year were black quarterbacks. In other words, Thanks, Joe. —NED ZEMAN

CHARLIE BATCH

When the media inevitably say that Batch is the perfect guy for Detroit's gritty, blue-collar sensibility, that's an insult to Detroiters but not to Batch. An unpublicized star at that hallowed gridiron mecca, nearby Eastern Michigan University, Batch was drafted well after last season's two bonus babies, the Colts' golden boy Peyton Manning and the Chargers' whiny Ryan Leaf. By leading his team to more victories than either of them last season, he made both look like wusses.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER CHIN

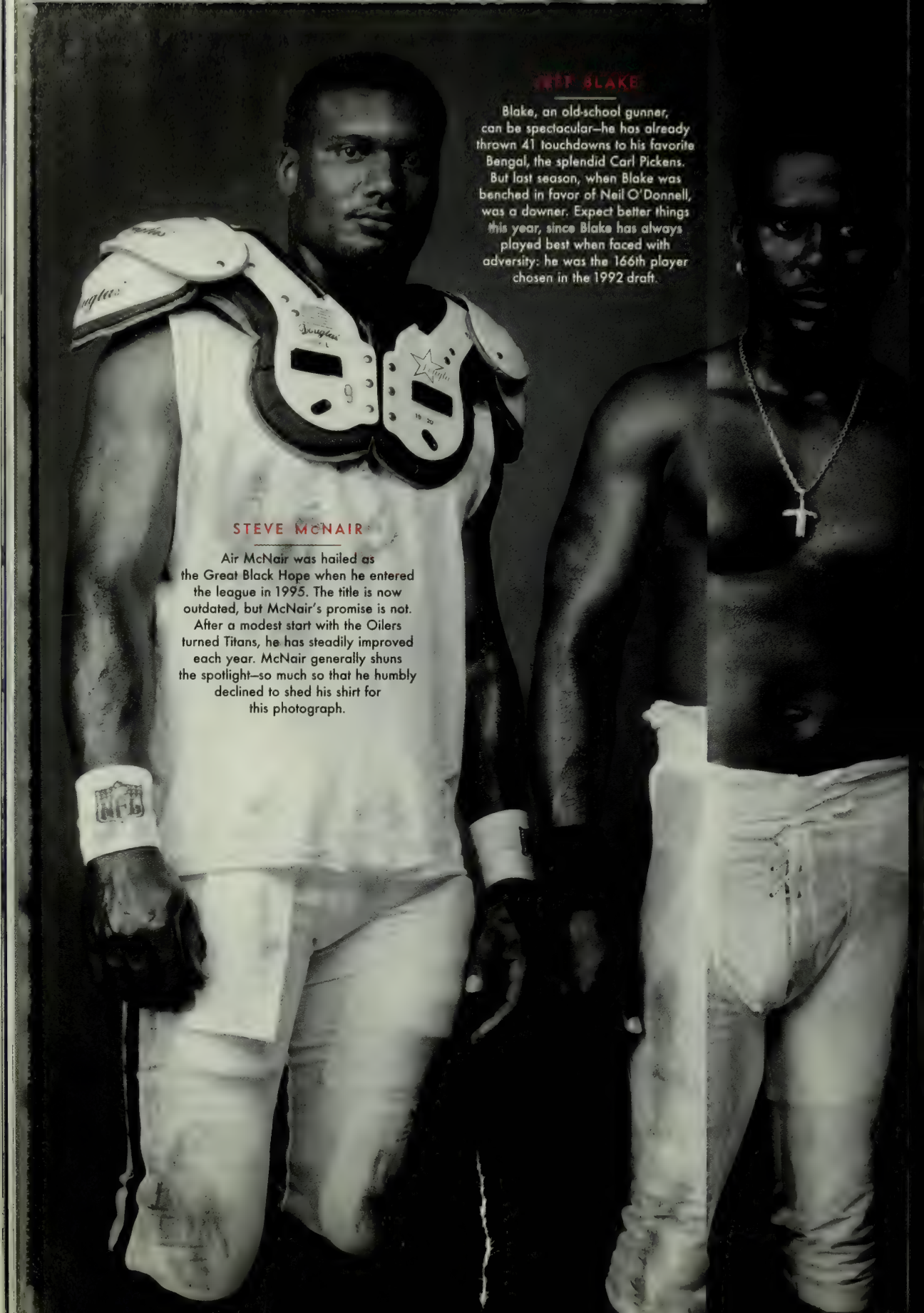


RANDALL CUNNINGHAM

After being dropped from the league in 1996, when he spent the year on his knees tiling bathrooms, the formerly excitable veteran bounced back with a ridiculously prosperous 1998, leading all quarterbacks in rushing yardage. His nimble, elastic presence is the perfect match for the Vikings' hectic, gambling, razzle-dazzle offense. Meantime, while on the sidelines, a newly behumbled Cunningham routinely spends time . . . praying.

KORDELL STEWART

In 1995, when the Steelers plucked him out of the University of Colorado, where he was a touchdown-throwing fiend, Stewart was inexplicably projected as a . . . receiver. Within a year, though, he was playing receiver, running back, and quarterback. (Hence his nickname, "Slash," as in receiver–slash–running back–slash–quarterback.) Perhaps the league's most charismatic figure, Stewart has actually been known to cry during games–but, hey, at least he cares.



JEFF BLAKE

Blake, an old-school gunner, can be spectacular—he has already thrown 41 touchdowns to his favorite Bengal, the splendid Carl Pickens. But last season, when Blake was benched in favor of Neil O'Donnell, was a downer. Expect better things this year, since Blake has always played best when faced with adversity: he was the 166th player chosen in the 1992 draft.

STEVE McNAIR

Air McNair was hailed as the Great Black Hope when he entered the league in 1995. The title is now outdated, but McNair's promise is not. After a modest start with the Oilers turned Titans, he has steadily improved each year. McNair generally shuns the spotlight—so much so that he humbly declined to shed his shirt for this photograph.



DONOVAN McNABB

The perennially maddening Eagles made him the second pick in this year's draft, and no wonder: at Syracuse University, where McNabb was a Heisman finalist, his exquisite blend of running and passing ability turned linebackers into quivering blobs of jelly. Notoriously cranky Eagles fans wanted the team to draft a flashy running back instead of McNabb, so, for his sake, let's hope he has a big debut.

DAUNTE CULPEPPER

Basically, a panzer tank with arms and legs. Culpepper, from darling little University of Central Florida, is both the most obscure and the most tantalizing of this year's rookie class, having shattered Steve Young's N.C.A.A. 71.3% record for single-season completions with 73.6%. With the Vikings, he'll have a hell of a mentor in Cunningham. Plus, you've gotta love the name.

LONDON

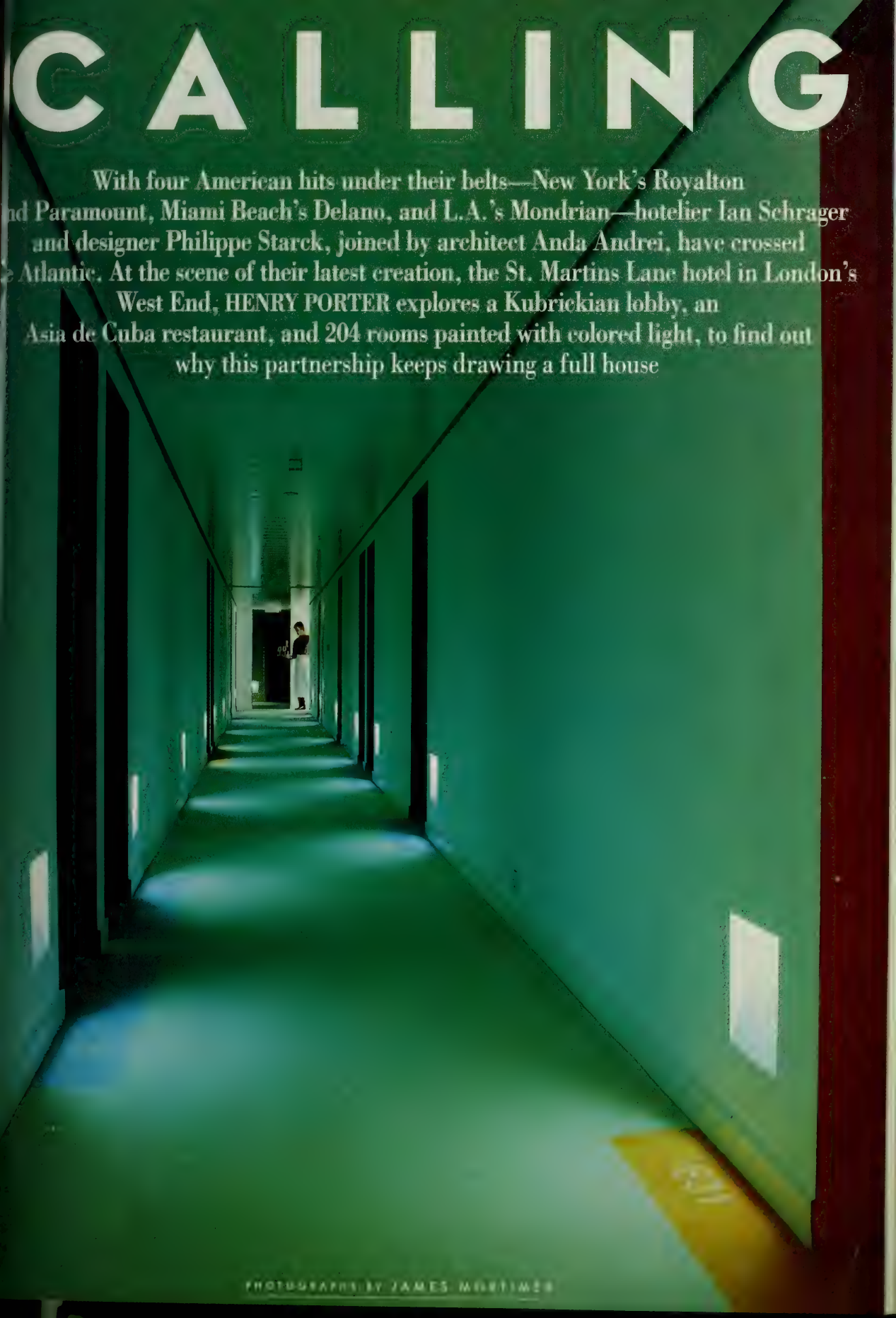


STARCK CONTRAST

A room at London's St. Martins Lane hotel, which designer Philippe Starck has decorated almost all in white; guests can "paint" their mood on the walls with adjustable colored lights. *Opposite:* the hotel's white corridors are accented with primary colors. Room numbers are embedded in the carpet.

CALLING

With four American hits under their belts—New York's Royalton and Paramount, Miami Beach's Delano, and L.A.'s Mondrian—hotelier Ian Schrager and designer Philippe Starck, joined by architect Anda Andrei, have crossed the Atlantic. At the scene of their latest creation, the St. Martins Lane hotel in London's West End, HENRY PORTER explores a Kubrickian lobby, an Asia de Cuba restaurant, and 204 rooms painted with colored light, to find out why this partnership keeps drawing a full house



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES MORTIMER

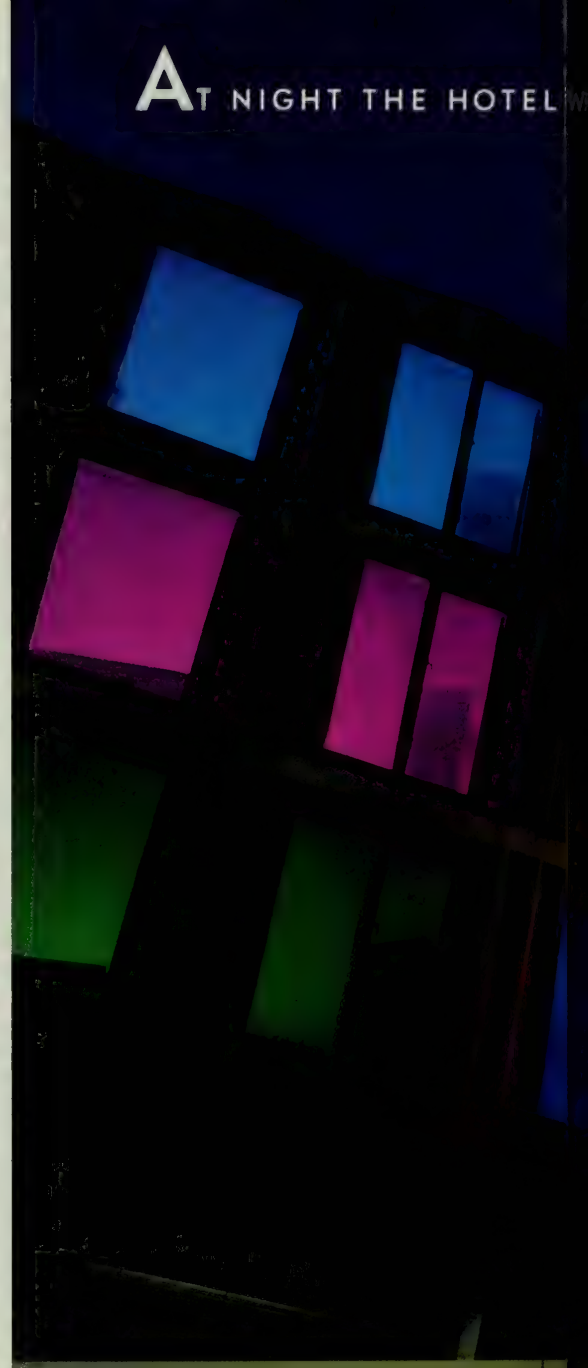
AT NIGHT THE HOTEL

"This is not about decoration: it's about feeling," says Philippe Starck as we prepare to enter the huge, as yet unpowered revolving door of the St. Martins Lane, the new hotel developed by Ian Schrager in London. He waves me through with Gallic impatience and then pushes on the door so that we are both released from the yellow cylinder into a large, dazzling white lobby.

What little decoration there is is jokey and random. Three pottery gnomes, which serve as squatting stools, are grouped in battle formation, and an 18th-century-style desk stands some way off to our left. I mention that the lobby reminds me not only of the Schrager-owned and Starck-designed lobby of the Mondrian hotel in Los Angeles, but also of the last scenes in Stanley Kubrick's *2001: A Space Odyssey,* when the astronaut is seen sitting in a white time void with pieces of ornate furniture. The idea pleases Starck, who has been in full flow about entertainment and the humorlessness of most design. "Trend is not interesting," he said as we reached the renovated building in St. Martin's Lane. "When someone arrives here and goes through the door, it's an experience. The door is the gate between the outside life and the possibility of inside. People can dream here; they can be smarter, be more stylish."

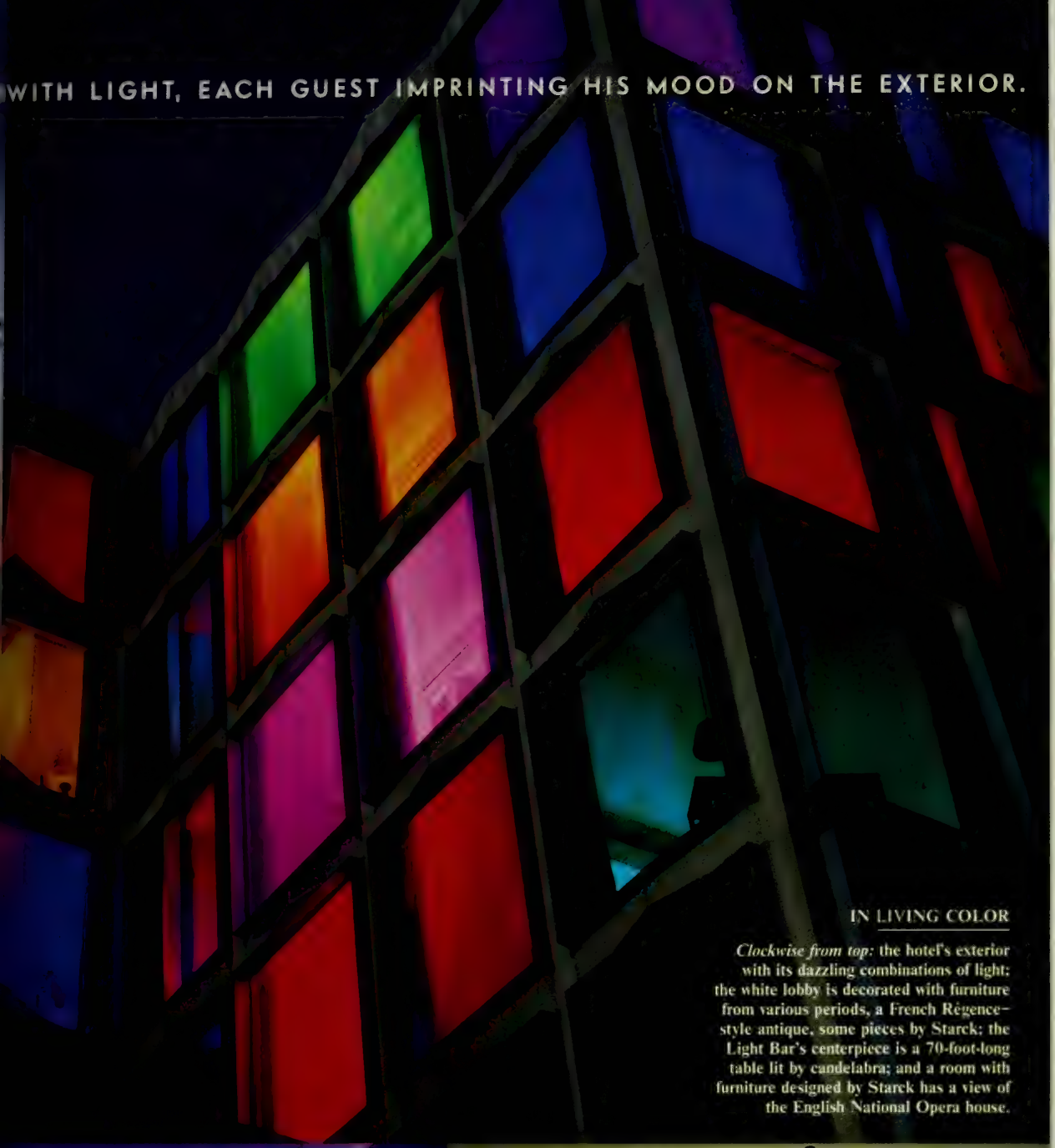
There is probably no other designer in the world from whom you would accept these mystical effusions, but the hotels that Philippe Starck has designed for Ian Schrager (Royalton, Paramount, Delano, and Mondrian) are big commercial hits which often register occupancy rates 20 percent above the average in the United States, according to Schrager. This is why you find yourself listening straight-faced when he implies that the entrance is an air lock between reality and fantasy.

St. Martins Lane is Schrager's first London hotel. It is set in the West End theater district, in an office building which on the ground floor once housed the Lumière movie theater, and the less mourned Café Pelican. With just 204 rooms it is smaller than most of Schrager's American hotels, but the public spaces are airy and full of Starck playfulness. Directly across the lobby from the entrance is the hotel bar, which plunges back into the building like an infinity of mirrors and is lit by huge color voids above the tables. To the left is the Asia de Cuba restaurant, where Starck (who also designed an Asia de Cuba for Morgans in New York) says he has drawn inspiration from the Belgian Congo of the 1950s—which, although he insists it is true, seems to me to be a joke, because in truth the restaurant is a mêlée of styles and whim that is pure late-period Starck. Each space has





WITH LIGHT, EACH GUEST IMPRINTING HIS MOOD ON THE EXTERIOR.



IN LIVING COLOR

Clockwise from top: the hotel's exterior with its dazzling combinations of light; the white lobby is decorated with furniture from various periods, a French Régence–style antique, some pieces by Starck; the Light Bar's centerpiece is a 70-foot-long table lit by candelabra; and a room with furniture designed by Starck has a view of the English National Opera house.





a distinct, if rather indefinable, character, and it is obvious that Starck has been at pains to resist the lures of decoration and theme. The brasserie-style St. M and the Sea Bar, on the right side of the building, owe something to the understatement of the successful neighboring restaurants J. Sheekey and the Ivy, but the whole feel is younger and more surprising.

Starck designed the main parts of the hotel in a 48-hour flurry after Ian Schrager and his business partner, who is also the director of design for Ian Schrager Hotels, the slinky Romanian architect Anda Andrei, had met with him to hammer out what Schrager calls "the program." "It is our take on London," says Andrei, who acts as the unflappable midwife to Starck's rush of ideas. "We don't take the same thing on the road. St. Martins is young, cool, happy, light—it's like the essence of London all packed together. Room-wise, it is the simplest one we have ever done. There's so little design. We didn't agonize over a chair leg. It's about atmosphere and feeling."

From Starck's two-day session with the building there emerged a blizzard of little drawings which have pretty much been transformed by Andrei into the hotel that opened in September. Quite apart from the building's good location in Covent Garden, she says, they were helped by its hidden qualities. "You know how it is with these renovations—we always use existing buildings. There are good bones and not-so-good bones. This one has great bones."

One of the most difficult parts of the conversion was achieved by tearing out the old windows of the 60s office block and replacing them with floor-to-ceiling glass, which means that each bedroom has at least one wall which is a changing frieze of the London cityscape. Starck has conceived the bedrooms as a kind of blank sheet—white and very bare—on which the guest "paints" his mood with colored lights operated from an ingenious dial at the head of the bed. At night the hotel will pulse with combinations of light, each guest imprinting his mood and taste on the exterior.

"It's not how it looks, but how it feels," says Schrager. "It's the same kind of thing you get when you go to a great movie or a show. It's an experience." He is singing from the same hymnbook as Andrei and Starck, which is a sign of more than coordinated publicity strategy. They work harmoniously together and are currently renovating buildings for an additional seven hotels, one of which is Sanderson, less than half a mile away in Soho. "I did my first hotel with Philippe in 1987 [Royalton]," says Schrager. "I have tried to find other designers, but I can't find anyone with his humor, irony, irreverence, and wit. Philippe always pulls new rabbits out of a hat." What is striking is that each member of the trio goes out of his way to praise the other two. Schrager is considered a great editor and impresario by Andrei and Starck. Andrei is the person without whom nothing would happen, while Starck is acknowledged as the creative prodigy. "Philippe enjoys life," says Andrei. "When people are miserable, no matter how talented they are, they can't create places where people enjoy themselves. We love to travel; we like good food, and we like good wine. We know how to create somewhere people enjoy themselves."

Starck, naturally, could never put it so simply. He believes that he has jumped ahead 10 years in design, and declares that St. Martins Lane is the first truly modern hotel in the world. "It is a new tool to speak to humans. It's fertile surprise. It's a brain cure." □

Spotlight

HOT SCOTT

"He is electric," says Keri Russell, star of the TV series *Felicity*, about her Canadian co-star, Scott Speedman, who was plucked from obscurity for the role of the misunderstood, melancholic heartthrob Ben Covington. A last-minute call to his mother from a desperate casting agent who remembered him from years earlier landed him the part. "We cast him off of a video audition days before shooting started," J. J. Abrams, the show's co-creator and executive producer, says. "He has such vulnerability, coupled with an incredibly hot look. You can't help but know this guy is going to be a star."

Everyone in Hollywood agrees. Speedman has just finished work on *Duets*, which also features Gwyneth Paltrow and which will be released by Buena Vista next spring. Speedman plays an ex-seminarian turned cabdriver in search of himself and the meaning of life, a role originally intended for Brad Pitt. "His face mirrors his soul. You look at him and you know exactly what's going on inside," says Bruce Paltrow, the film's director and the father of the actor's co-star. Speedman says, "The idea of working with Gwyneth was intimidating at first, but she is a normal, nice girl. We just had fun."

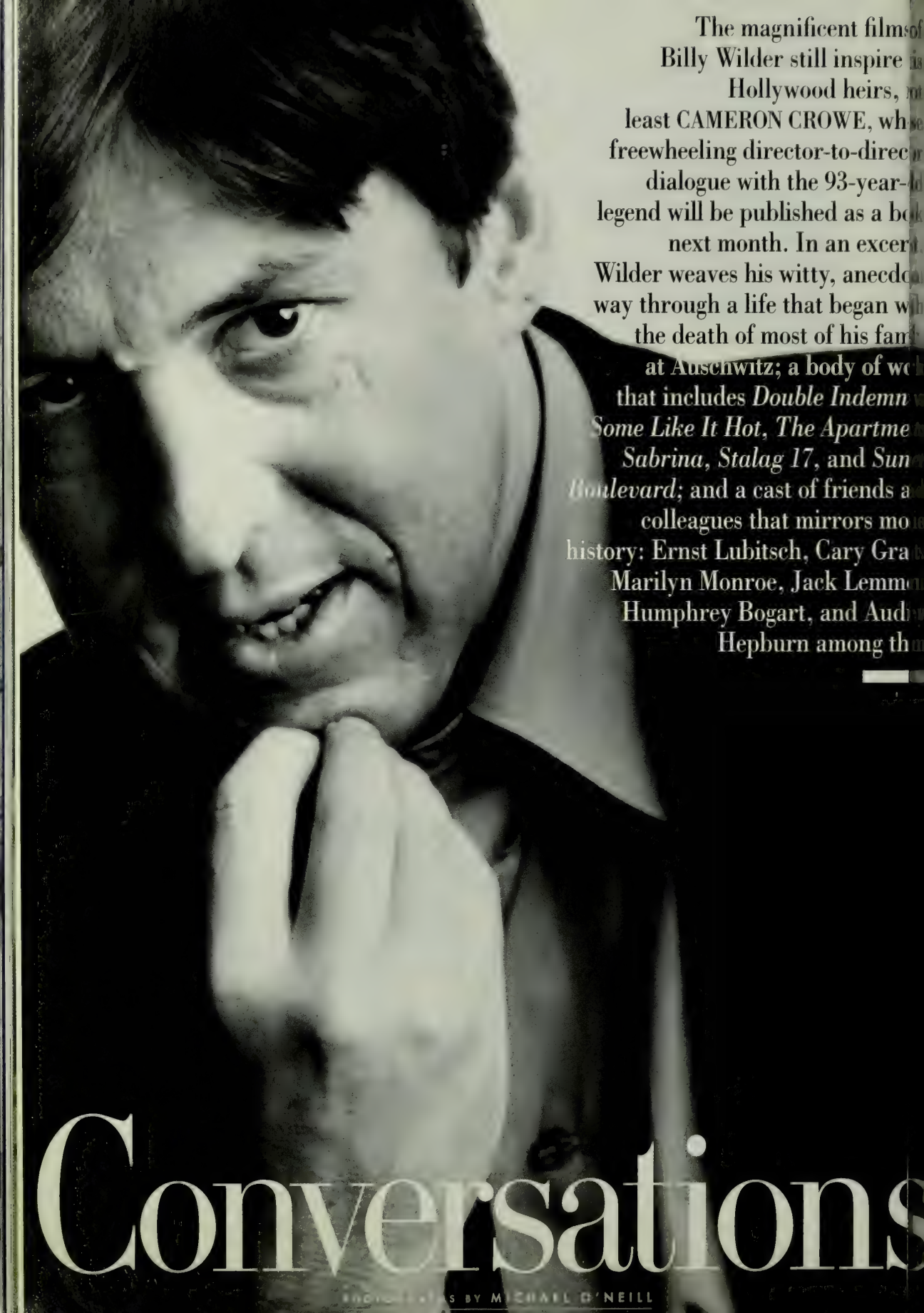
Speedman, 24, who grew up in Toronto, was once an Olympic hopeful in swimming until an injury derailed his dreams and a girlfriend's dare got him into acting. Happily, he plans on sticking around: "I don't want to blow it. I want to still be in films when I'm 40." —KRISTA SMITH

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRUCE WEBER



GREAT SCOTT

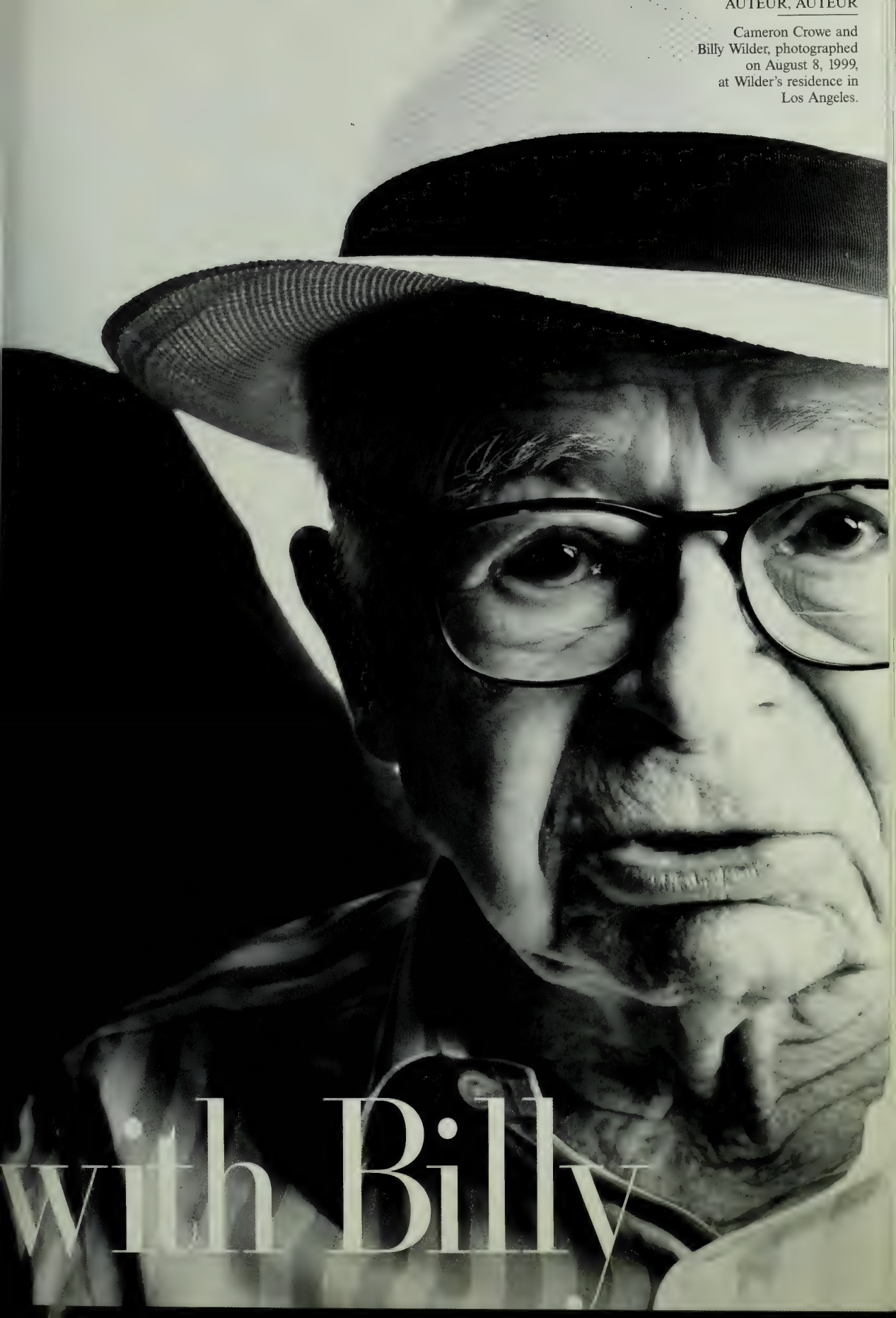
Scott Speedman, who was plucked from obscurity to play Ben Covington on *Felicity*, photographed at the Walker Horse Farm in North Miami Beach, Florida, on May 28, 1999.



Conversations

The magnificent films of Billy Wilder still inspire its Hollywood heirs, not least CAMERON CROWE, whose freewheeling director-to-director dialogue with the 93-year-old legend will be published as a book next month. In an excerpt, Wilder weaves his witty, anecdotal way through a life that began with the death of most of his family at Auschwitz; a body of work that includes *Double Indemnity*, *Some Like It Hot*, *The Apartment*, *Sabrina*, *Stalag 17*, and *Sunset Boulevard*; and a cast of friends and colleagues that mirrors movie history: Ernst Lubitsch, Cary Grant, Marilyn Monroe, Jack Lemmon, Humphrey Bogart, and Audrey Hepburn among them.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL O'NEILL



Cameron Crowe and Billy Wilder, photographed on August 8, 1999, at Wilder's residence in Los Angeles.

with Billy



Wilder and Marilyn Monroe on the Pullman-car set of *Some Like It Hot*. A simple line, such as "Where's that bourbon?," required 80 takes from Monroe, Wilder recalls.

On Monroe: "She was a continuous puz without any solution."

magine for a moment a
a somewhat elegant affair, populat-
ely by characters from the films of
Wilder.
er there at the piano, swirling a drink,
doomed Walter Neff from *Double*
nity. He's trying not to stare at the
escent Sugar Kane from *Some Like*
t. Fran Kubelik and C. C. Baxter
The Apartment dance closely to some
odern jazz in another room, while
ia Desmond from *Sunset Boulevard*
nds the main staircase. And outside,
g in a tree on this moonlit night,
ing for a glimpse of David Larrabee,
ing every movement in this full house
dly different characters, crouches the
ck Sabrina.
hat an evening it would be. And yet
es are the host wouldn't stick around
e many bows for himself. Billy Wil-
naster of the screen story, isn't much
e collecting of compliments. Physi-
the Wilder of today moves deliber-
sometimes with a cane. Yet he shows
his Beverly Hills office almost daily,
ng, tending to his relationships in the
orld, and still staying in touch with the
charged and, sadly, often character-
ved film farce of today.
few fast details on a rich and well-
ed life. Wilder was born on June 22,
, in the town of Sucha, in an area of
d that was then part of Austria. His
was Samuel, but his mother always
d him Billie. The Wilders moved to
a a few years later. His creative life
n when Wilder took on a job as a
paper reporter in Vienna. He flour-
in the role and built a quick reputa-
for dogged pursuit of his subjects.
er traveled to Berlin in June of 1926
there became a ghostwriter for the
an film industry. Soon he was a cred-
vriter, and his work grew in stature as
me approached. Escaping to Paris,
and then to America, Wilder turned up in Los Angeles and fell in with other refugees from Europe who would change film history. Ernst Lubitsch, the German director of sophisticated comedies, had arrived previously, and before long Wilder would link up with his hero to co-write *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife* in 1938 and, a year later, the seminal *Ninotchka,* the film in which Greta Garbo, as the ads famously trumpeted, laughs. Wilder began directing in 1942 with *The Major and the Minor,* from a script written with his first great collaborator, Charles Brackett. His most recent film is 1981's *Buddy Buddy,* written with another landmark collaborator, I. A. L. Diamond.

Wilder's talent for taking the darkness in men and skewering it with illuminating humor arrived early. "I was beaten in the home," he says matter-of-factly, with a characteristic lack of self-pity. Asked pointedly about his childhood, Wilder can be detached and uncommunicative. A new subject and a joke cannot be far behind.

In 1928, Wilder's father died in Berlin, where he was visiting Billy on a stopover from a trip to America. Wilder's mother died in the concentration camp of Auschwitz. He battled the horrible memory with career perseverance and an unparalleled wit—there are few filmmakers who don't crave being compared to him. His is a tough-minded romanticism and elegance; the lack of sentimentality has left him forever relevant as an artist. He has won every award, received every accolade. A magnificent life, perfectly written and performed, and one can't help wondering: Perhaps the greatest character creation of young Billie Wilder . . . is Billy Wilder himself.

Kissing Off Louis B. Mayer . . .

Sunset Boulevard . . .
Double Indemnity

CAMERON CROWE: *There is a famous story from the first Hollywood screening of* Sunset Boulevard *[in 1950]. Louis B. Mayer [head of MGM] was standing on a stairway, railing about "How dare this young man, Wilder, bite the hand that feeds him?" What did you say to him when you overheard all this?*

BILLY WILDER: "I am Mr. Wilder, and go fuck yourself."

CROWE: *What did he say to that?*

WILDER: He was astonished. He was standing with the great MGM bosses who were below him, there at the studio, Mr. [Eddie] Mannix and Mr. [Joe] Cohen. And that so astonished them, that somebody had the guts to say, "Why don't you go and fuck yourself," because I knew that I had a good picture there.

CROWE: *Is* Sunset Boulevard *a black comedy?*

WILDER: No. Just a picture.

CROWE: *What was the initial inspiration behind* Sunset Boulevard*?*

WILDER: I wanted to make things a little harder for myself, I wanted to do that thing which never quite works—a picture about Hollywood. Originally it was a comedy, possibly for Mae West. The picture became about a silent star and a writer. [It's a dark romance between the washed-up star and the young screenwriter.] And we could not find the person to play the great silent star. Mae West did not want to do it. Mary Pickford, no. We were about to sign or not sign Pola Negri for the movie. Then we came upon the idea of Gloria Swanson [then only 51, but who hadn't made a film since 1941]. It might have been George Cukor who first suggested her. She had already been abandoned; she was a death knell—she had lost a lot of money on the Paramount lot. But I insisted on her. A wonderful idea that carried with it the great value that she had *been* a silent star and had made a picture with [director] Erich von Stroheim called *Queen Kelly,* which we could also use on the projection screen in her home. We did a screen test, she did a few lines, where an angry Swanson maintains that she's still the greatest. Now we had a picture. She got a minimal salary, $150,000, less than [co-star William] Holden. And it was a wonderful thing that I also had Stroheim [as an actor, playing Swanson's butler]. He had two ideas for the film, one of which I used—the writing of the fan letters himself. The other was, he wished to be seen washing her underwear. [*He demonstrates Stroheim lovingly washing the garments.*] Stroheim!

Montgomery Clift was to play the writer. Three days before, he pulled out.

CROWE: *How did you find out? Did Clift call himself?*

WILDER: A lady agent called. It so happens Mr. Clift had an affair with an older woman in New York [torch singer Libby Holman]. And he did not want to make his first big picture, playing the lead, the story of a man being kept by a very rich woman twice his age. He did not want Hollywood talk. He was a New York actor, and he did not want to start his career that way.

CROWE: *Did you get angry?*

WILDER: What is angry? Angry is not good, you know. It's just "Who do we take?" Leading men at that time were all under contract to the studios. And I have to start shooting on Monday, right? So I went through the list Paramount had at that time. And they had a young actor by the name of William Holden. Beedle was his name, really, and he had changed it. He

pted from *Conversations with Billy Wilder,*
meron Crowe, to be published this fall
opf; © 1999 by the author.

made a picture I enjoyed. It was very good, *Golden Boy* [1939]. I gave the script to Holden at one o'clock, and at three he was at my house, and he said, "Absolutely, I want to do it." And people underestimated him, you know, because he was very good. He was a very good actor. And I made other pictures, like *Stalag 17* [1953], with him, and *Sabrina* [1954]. It was kind of like what I had with [Jack] Lemmon later on, you know.

When I did *Double Indemnity* [1944], I tried every leading man in town. I went about as low as George Raft, that's pretty low. [*Laughs.*] He had somebody read the script for him, because he could not read. Could not write and could not read. So somebody read the script [in which the hero is manipulated into committing murder by a femme fatale], and then halfway through he came over to the studio and said, "I'm halfway through that script, and where comes the lapel?" And I said, "The lapel?" "You know what I mean—when does he show that he's an F.B.I. man? The lapel!" [*Wilder demonstrates turning the lapel of a coat over, showing an F.B.I. badge.*] "There's no lapel," I tell him. "I really *am* a murderer!? I wouldn't do that! I wouldn't touch it, for God's sake!" But [Barbara] Stanwyck knew that it was good stuff, and she grabbed it. She took the script, loved it, right from the word go, didn't have the agent come and say, "Look, she's to play a murderess, she must get more money, because she's never going to work again." With Stanwyck, I had absolutely no difficulties at all.

CROWE: *Did you write the part for her?*

WILDER: Yeah. And then there was an actor by the name of Fred MacMurray at Paramount, and he played comedies. Small dramatic parts, big parts in comedies. I let him read it, and he said, "I can't do that." And I said, "Why can't you?" He said, "It requires acting!" [*Laughs.*] I said, "Look, you have now arrived in comedy, you're at a certain point where you either have to stop or you have to jump over the river and start something new." He said, "Will you tell me when I'm no good?" [*He nods: a partnership is born.*] And he was wonderful because it's odd casting.

CROWE: *Why didn't you use the gas-chamber ending you'd scripted and shot with Fred MacMurray and Edward G. Robinson?*

WILDER: I did not need it. I knew it as I was filming the next-to-the-last scene [in which insurance investigator Robinson lights a cigarette for the severely wounded MacMurray]. The story was between the two guys. I knew it, even though I had already filmed the gas-chamber scene. Here was the scene I didn't use. It was a close-up of Robinson and a close-up of MacMurray. The looks. There was a connection with his heart. The doctor was standing there listening to the heartbeat when the heartbeat stopped. I had it all, a wonderful look between the two, and then MacMurray was filled with gas. Robinson comes out, and the other witnesses are there. And he took a cigar, opened the cigar case, and struck the match. It was moving—but the other scene, the previous scene, was moving in itself. You didn't know if it was the police siren in the background or the hospital sending the doctor. What the hell do we need to see him die for? Right? So we just took out that scene in the gas chamber—cost us about $5,000, because we had to build that thing. It was an exact duplicate, and there are always two chairs there—two chairs, in case of a double murder and they execute them together. So one chair was empty. It was a very good scene. But we'd said it.

CROWE: *It was a bold move, robbing yourself of the shocking ending in favor of a quieter scene.*

WILDER: There was no greater significance than this—we'd said it.

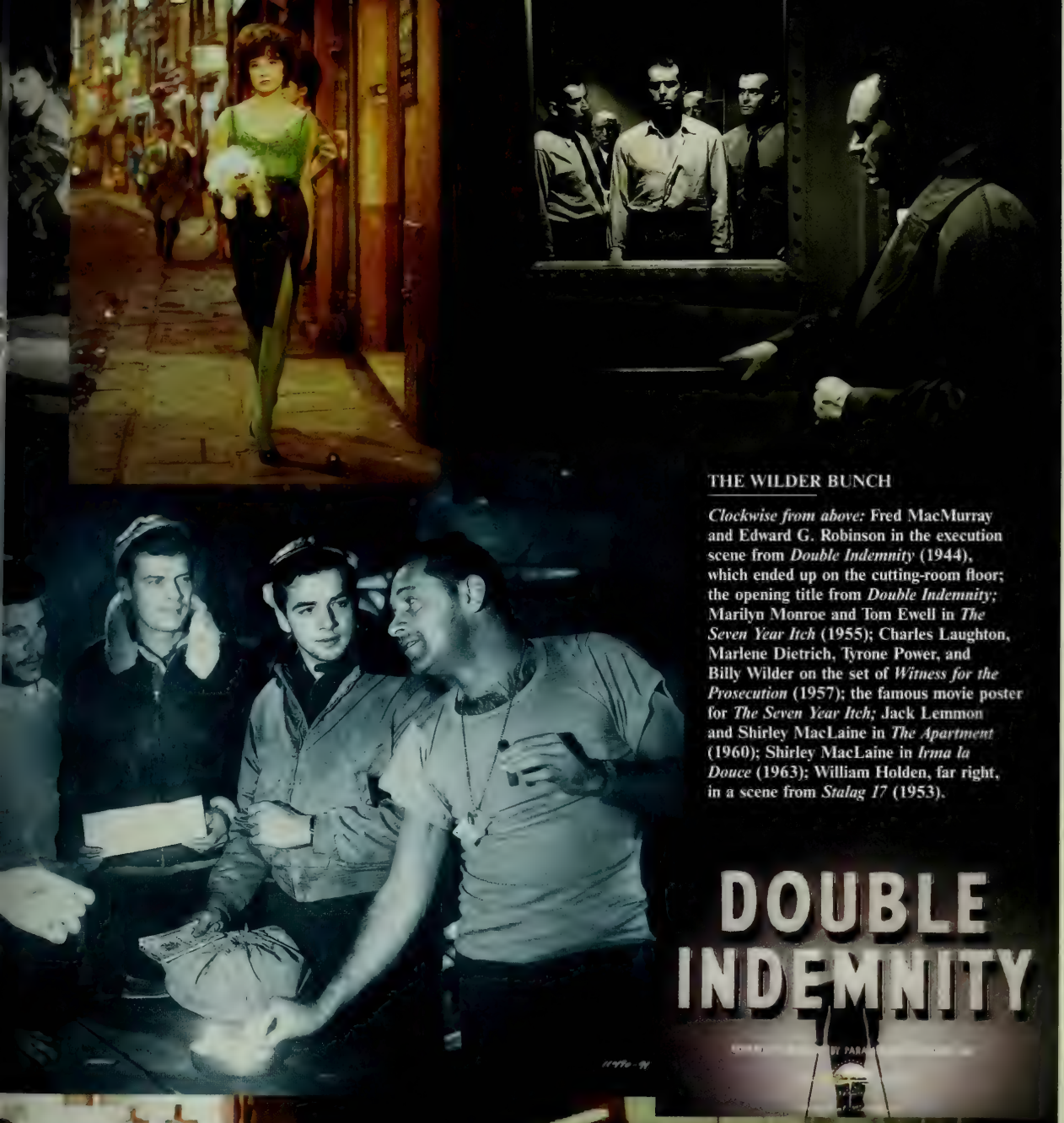
Stalag 17

WILDER: *Stalag 17,* that's one of my favorite pictures. Isn't it nice? It was very good. It was a commercial hit on Broadway too [in its original version, a play about American P.O.W.'s in a German camp during World War II], but I think that I improved it 100 percent, if I say so myself. Yeah. The whole character of Sefton—that was the character that Holden played. The idea of making him a braggart—people think a liar and a phony—then we find out slowly that he is really a *hero.* At the end, he tucks his head out again, from the hole they have there in the barracks, and says, "If I ever see any of you mugs again, let's just pretend that we don't know each other." And off he goes [to help another prisoner, facing death, escape]. And he only does it because the mother of the lieutenant who is captured is a rich woman, and he's gonna get $10,000. *He's no hero,* he's a black-market dealer—a good character, and wonderfully played by Holden.

CROWE: *I've heard that they were trying to shut you down while you were making* Stalag 17, *because of the politics.*

WILDER: I don't remember it. I was called in by the front office, and I had a couple of guys, prisoners, I had them in dirty underwear. It was too dirty for them. They said, "We can't go on with that picture with the men being so dirty running around." I said, "Like hell I will. I will





THE WILDER BUNCH

Clockwise from above: Fred MacMurray and Edward G. Robinson in the execution scene from *Double Indemnity* (1944), which ended up on the cutting-room floor; the opening title from *Double Indemnity;* Marilyn Monroe and Tom Ewell in *The Seven Year Itch* (1955); Charles Laughton, Marlene Dietrich, Tyrone Power, and Billy Wilder on the set of *Witness for the Prosecution* (1957); the famous movie poster for *The Seven Year Itch;* Jack Lemmon and Shirley MacLaine in *The Apartment* (1960); Shirley MacLaine in *Irma la Douce* (1963); William Holden, far right, in a scene from *Stalag 17* (1953).

"I gave the script to Holden at one o'clock, and at three he



HOORAY FOR HOLLYWOOD!

Wilder, right, and William Holden, whom he also directed in *Stalag 17* and *Sabrina*, on the set of *Sunset Boulevard*.



close down the picture, and you can have somebody else do it." And I did it dirty, as it was. The war was over, and what were we afraid of?

CROWE: *But the whole idea, as in* Stalag 17, *of two men dancing together, the role reversals, the masks—these were all elements that would come to be a part of your style.*

WILDER: Yeah, when I saw the play, I saw the potential. And I wrote it—rewrote it, I should say. It was not one of the nominated pictures, but it hung to me as a medal. You know, maybe not a gold, maybe a silver medal.

The Seven Year Itch . . .
Working with Marilyn Monroe . . .
Arthur Miller: Idiot

CROWE: The Seven Year Itch *[1955]?*

WILDER: *Seven Year Itch* was just a play [a comedy about a Manhattan husband who is tempted by his bombshell upstairs neighbor]. I was angry there, I was on loan to Fox. But I thought, if nothing else, the picture was good for the invention of that girl [Marilyn Monroe's character], the girl who is always hot, you know. She's got no air-conditioning. But she says, "Let me just change my clothes. I've got to run up to my icebox." [Co-star Tom Ewell] says, "You *what?* You—" Yeah, I keep my underwear in my icebox, why not? It leaves you kind of really astonished, my God. Then they go to see that movie [*Creature from the Black Lagoon*], and then they walk back, and she stands there over the grille, where the cold wind is coming, and her skirt blows up. [*Aside:*] I had guys fighting as to who was going to put the ventilator on, in the shaft there, below the grille.

CROWE: *So you knew at the time that it was going to be a famous sequence.*

WILDER: Yeah, I *did* know, I did know, and it played very well. But then again, I was so stupid, because we were looking for a representative ad [for the movie], and it did not occur to me that this thing, where she's kind of trying to keep the dress down, that this is it! They copied it. They made little figurines and sold it. We had some noninteresting ad for the movie. [*Pause.*] But it was a ploy, you know. It was not much, but I don't think it was [a failure]. The people had a good time, it was a success.

CROWE: *Years later, do you think Arthur Miller was out of line to make such a fuss over your treatment of Marilyn Monroe on* Some Like It Hot *[1959]? He famously took you on for the so-called "exploiting" of his wife.*

WILDER: He was an idiot. He came to me

one day toward the end of *Some Like It Hot* we were at the [Hotel del] Coronado [in San Diego]. He takes me aside and he says, "Marilyn is pregnant, so please, don't make her *work* before, let's say, 11 o'clock. Don't have her come up there." I say, "Before 11 o'clock? She's *never* on the set before 11 o'clock! I wish you would be directing it—you would be tearing out your hair, you would slit your own throat, because she's never there!" She was either a maniac or she was very, very soft and gentle. "I would be *delighted* if she came after lunch. Every day after lunch? *Please,* I would be delighted to have her."

But there's a very good joke about Marilyn Monroe when she married Arthur Miller. They were engaged then. He said, "I would like you to meet my mother, she would like to see you. So I thought we'd go to her little apartment in the Bronx, we'll have a little dinner, and she'll get to know you." And Marilyn said, "Wonderful, wonderful." So they go there, to that tiny little apartment, with a kind of very flimsy door between the living room and the toilet. They're having a very good time, they get along great, and then Marilyn Monroe says she's got to go to the W.C., the toilet. And she goes, and because the walls are thin, she turns on all the faucets so they would not hear it in the next room. Now she comes out, and everything's beautiful, kiss, kiss, kiss. Next day, Arthur calls the mother and says, "How did you like her?" And the mother says, "She's sweet, a wonderful, wonderful, wonderful girl, but she pisses like a horse!"

It's very difficult to talk seriously about Monroe, because she was so glitzy, you know. She escaped the seriousness somehow; she changed the subject. Except she was very tough to work with. But what you had, by hook or crook, once you saw it on the screen, it was just amazing. Amazing, the radiation that came out. And she was, believe it or not, an excellent dialogue actress. She knew where the laugh was. She knew. But then again, we would have 300 extras, Miss Monroe is called for nine o'clock, and she would appear at five in the afternoon. And she would stand there and say, "I'm sorry, but I lost my way to the studio." She had been under contract there for *seven years!*

CROWE: *Do you remember your last conversation with Monroe?*

WILDER: Whenever I saw her, I always forgave her. The last time I saw her, she was pregnant, and she was breaking up with Miller. She was with Yves Montand. She came to a party at Romanoff's, after a screening of *The Apartment.* She was shooting a picture with George Cukor [*Let's*





THE GIRLS IN THE BAND

Monroe and Jack Lemmon take a break from filming *Some Like It Hot*. The bare idea for the movie came from *Fanny — of Love*, a low-budget German comic Wilder describes as "deliriously bad."

"We were pretty sure it would be a good comedy. We did not know it would be a great comedy."


Crowe:
"How about a best
picture of yours?"
Wilder: "I used to say,
'The next one.'"



SCENE-MAKERS

Wilder (sitting on desk) in his Paramount office with his first screenwriting partner, Charles Brackett, with whom he had almost nothing in common. *Inset:* Wilder with his next collaborator, I. A. L. Diamond. Partners for more than 20 years, Wilder and Diamond never spoke about anything personal—and Wilder liked it that way.

Make Love, 1960], as nice a man as you can find. But [Monroe and I] never had any great or close personal relations. I did not bend, you know, to her whims. I was there. I was there and she was *not* there. I would send somebody for her, to knock on the door to her dressing room, the *second* assistant. "Miss Monroe, we're ready." "Oh, fuck off!" [*Laughs.*] I did not want to expose my first assistant, or myself. She was a . . . I don't know, she was just a continuous puzzle, without any solution.

Some Like It Hot

CROWE: *What was the genesis of* Some Like It Hot*?*

WILDER: The genesis of the idea was a very low-budget, very third-class German picture [*Fanfares of Love,* 1932] where two guys who need a job go into blackface to get into a band. . . . They also dress up [in drag] to go into a female band. But there was not one other thing that came from this terrible picture. We had to find, I thought, the key to why they go into that band and what keeps them there. If the gangsters who are chasing them see them as women, only as women, then . . . once they are seen as men, they are dead. It's life and death. They cannot come out into the open. It's a question of life and death. That triggered everything. So we began to have a picture.

CROWE: *Were you daunted by the tone?*

WILDER: Not really. I was asked by [producer David O.] Selznick what I was working on. I told him it was a comedy set in the 20s, in the era of Prohibition, based around the Saint Valentine's Day Massacre. He said, "Oh my God, you're not doing a comedy with *murder?* They're going to crucify you. They're going to walk out in *droves!* It's just going to be *embarrassing.*" I told him, "I'm going to take a little chance here." We would be careful and delicate about it, but . . . that's the picture. It was set around the massacre, and that's the way it was. We did some comedy at the top, then Saint Valentine's Day, the massacre, and they swallowed it because they were with me already. The two guys, Lemmon and [Tony] Curtis, up on the stage playing those instruments . . . that set the mood that allowed us to spill a little blood.

We were pretty sure it would be a good

comedy. What we did not know was that it would be a great comedy. That we did not know. . . .

After *Seven Year Itch,* I said, "I'll never work with [Monroe] again." But then I was delighted when I heard that she had read the script and she would like to do *Some Like It Hot.* I wanted to have Mitzi Gaynor or somebody like this. It's wonderful that Monroe wanted to do the part [she plays the ukulele in the all-girl band]. We had a big, big bomb there in that cannon that we could shoot off. We would not have had that sex thing. And, you know, those are the funny things that happen, where you stumble onto something that not everybody would have thought of.

CROWE: *And it makes the movie.*

WILDER: And you get very, very proud of yourself, and that was the situation.

There was, for instance, the situation where Tony Curtis steals the clothes of the guy and plays now Mr. Shell [a phony oil millionaire]. The Shell family, do you remember? And he now gets also the boat of Mr. Joe E. Brown, who is dancing somewhere with Mr. Lemmon [who, in drag, is being romanced by Brown]. You have two things going there. Now, Joe E. Brown, dancing a tango with Lemmon, that's going to be good, I knew that. We had that cold, the dips, and the rose in the teeth, you know.

CROWE: *Is that the kind of moment you'd already acted out in the room, writing with Izzy [I. A. L. Diamond]?*

WILDER: [*Shakes his head immediately.*] No, we just knew it.

Now, when we were writing, we got a very good idea, a very important part of the picture. The idea was that he, Curtis, invites Monroe back to the boat of Mr. Shell. And it's all set up, they're alone. Now there's going to be sex, right? I woke up in the middle of the night, thinking, This is no good, this is expected. But what we will do is that [*sparkle in his eye*] he plays it *impotent!* And *she* suggests the sex. And she fucks *him*—that *has* to be better. It *must* be better to be subdued, seduced, and screwed by Marilyn Monroe—what could be better? So we switched this thing around. And we had the scene, right? I came in the morning before we filmed. I just said, "Look—we are now at the situation where he takes her to the boat. There's nothing new here. But how about *this?*"

Now, we set it up, it was just like picking oranges, you know. Because it was just all there. And now we can say what his family spent a fortune on, trying to *cure* him. "We tried Javanese dancers with bells on, we had every goddamn thing, and every doctor—it doesn't work." [*Laughs.*] And she says, "May I try?" And then they try. And you know his real feelings by what happens to his leg, as it goes up, the leg goes up, and she's kissing him. "How is that?" she says. "I don't know," he says. And up goes the leg. She says, "Let me give it another try, just one more thing." Now we lose them and we know what happens. So the idea, that made that scene. Because otherwise it's just too flat. [*Wilder still marvels at the scene.*] She's kissing him, and Curtis is lying there on the couch. Kissing him, with the camera *here,* and now you see the leg coming up, in back of her. Wonderful!

CROWE: *And the leg is so important, it's the final touch.*

WILDER: Absolutely, yes.

CROWE: *The leg is everything. And did that come in the rehearsals, or was that part of the idea?*

WILDER: That was part of the writing. It was easy. It just came. . . .

The final scene of *Some Like It Hot* we wrote on a weekend in the studio. We just did not have it. We had the guys escaping, jumping into the motorboat of Mr. Joe E. Brown. And a little dialogue between Marilyn Monroe and Tony Curtis. And then we came to the unmasking, when Jack Lemmon says, "You know I cannot marry you because . . . I smoke." And finally he takes that wig off and says, "Look, I'm a *man.*" Now we needed a line [for Brown] and could not find it. But somewhere in the beginning of our discussion, Iz said, "Nobody's perfect." And I said, "Look, let's go back to your line, 'Nobody's perfect.' Let's send it to the mimeograph department so that they have something, and then we're going to *really* sit down and make a *real* funny last line."

We never found the line, so we went with "Nobody's perfect." The audience just exploded at the preview in Westwood. This was also very funny, how you make pictures. We wrote it on Sunday, we shot it on Monday.

Nobody thought of Joe E. Brown. I had seen him in some silent pictures, but I did not know that he was around, and we were starting to cast. And Aud [Wilder's wife, Audrey] and I and Iz and his wife were there at the opening-day ceremonies for the Dodgers at the Coliseum. There was a loudspeaker on the field behind home plate, and people talking, and now comes the next speaker and it's Joe E. Brown. And I said, "That's our guy. *That's the guy!*" Nobody ever thought of him.

So I asked him, "Would you like to read?" "*Would I?* Of course I would." He did the part, and shortly after, he died. He was an absolute surprise to people, to



















FALLING IN LOVE THROUGH THE LENS

Clockwise from top left: Billy and Audrey Wilder in Hollywood, circa 1960; a poster for *Some Like It Hot;* Wilder and Gloria Swanson on the set of *Sunset Boulevard;* Lemmon, MacLaine, and Wilder during a break from filming *The Apartment;* Wilder leads Lemmon on the set of *Some Like It Hot;* Gary Cooper and director Ernst Lubitsch take five from filming *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife* (1938), which Wilder co-wrote; Wilder and Audrey Hepburn on the set of *Sabrina* (1954); Tony Curtis and Marilyn Monroe in a scene from *Some Like It Hot;* Wilder cozies up to Monroe on the set of *The Seven Year Itch.*

young people, because they'd never seen him. He had the biggest mouth in the *world.* He was the nicest guy.

It's always very difficult for me to say, "This is mine and this is his," always, except of course I have to give [Diamond] credit for "Nobody's perfect." Because that's the thing they jump on, and I say, "That was a temporary line, suggested by Mr. Diamond." And it wound up to be our funniest last line. I was asked by many people, "What is going to happen *now?* What happens now to Lemmon? What happens to his husband?" And I always said, "I have no idea." "Nobody's perfect." Leave it up there on the screen. You cannot top that.

Falling in Love with Audrey Hepburn ... More Marilyn Trouble

CROWE: *I once heard this advice: When directing a romance, or a romantic comedy, a director must fall in love with his leading lady through the lens. "If* you *don't, no one else will." How did it feel to direct Audrey Hepburn [who starred for Wilder in* Sabrina *and 1957's* Love in the Afternoon*]? Did you fall in love with her, through the lens?*

WILDER: Of course. There was so much inside her, a feeling that communicated. But was she "sexy"? Off-camera, she was just an actress. She was very thin, a good person. Sometimes standing on the set she disappeared. But there was something very likable about her. You trusted her, this tiny person. When she stood before the cameras, she became Miss Audrey Hepburn. And she could *put it on* a little bit, the sexiness, and the effect was really something. For instance, in *Sabrina,* when she came back from Paris with the dress. There was gold in that picture....

CROWE: *The opening shot of her in the tree is one of your best character introductions. It's such a perfectly composed close-up, with Audrey Hepburn longing to be a part of the Larrabees' ball.... It creates a spell that lasts the entire movie.*

WILDER: Yes, yes, sure, because you felt for the girl [Hepburn's character, a chauffeur's daughter, carries a torch for the playboy son of a rich family]. You fell in love with the girl immediately, barefoot as she was.... [*Fond memories.*] She was just sort of kibitzing with the father who was washing the car. And she was in love. It reminded you of when *you* were in love. But in the remake [Sydney Pollack's 1995 version with Julia Ormond], there was a cold fish in that tree. She was not right, she was not in *love.*

CROWE: *Every year, it seems, somebody is heralded as the new Audrey Hepburn. Every new young actress is called the "next" Audrey Hepburn.*

WILDER: Again, that's the element X that people have, or don't have. You can meet somebody and you can be enchanted, and then you photograph them and it's nothing. But she had it. And there will not be another. Today, there is Julia Roberts. She is quite capable, very funny.... I loved her instantly in *Pretty Woman.* But no actress should be expected to be Audrey Hepburn. That dress by Mr. Givenchy has already been filled.

CROWE: *I read the Humphrey Bogart biography written by his son. He quotes Bogart [who co-starred in* Sabrina*] as saying about Audrey Hepburn, "Yeah, she's great, if you can give her twenty-six takes."*

WILDER: [*Surprised.*] Twenty-six takes? Audrey Hepburn? Twenty-six, no. That was Marilyn Monroe, before we could get the line straight. Just a little line, like "Where's that bourbon?" [from *Some Like It Hot*]. She couldn't get it. That was 80 takes or something. You have to remember, when a man muffs a line, and they do it again and again and again, then you replace him, because he plays a small part. Marilyn was the star. She does the takes because it's gonna be in the picture.

CROWE: *In the finished film, the "Where's that bourbon?" line is played on Marilyn Monroe's back. Did you never really get it?*

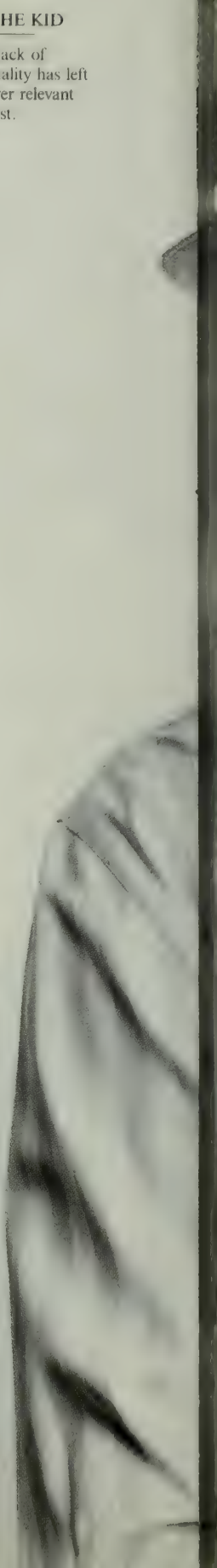
WILDER: [*Laughs at the specificity of the question.*] Maybe we did it two ways. I just remember that we had about 50-plus takes, and there was the whole afternoon trying to get it, because she cried after every take, because she didn't get it, and then she had to be made up again. And then also we lost the morning because she didn't show up, and we lost the afternoon because she didn't remember the line. And I had to get the line in that location, because a close-up [shot later] would stick out like a sore thumb. Then again later, for instance, in the scene on the beach with Tony Curtis in the blazer and cap, where he is the co-owner of Shell Oil, there she had a three-page dialogue scene—which we had to get quickly because there were marine planes taking off at 10-minute intervals. She got it the first take. That went in three minutes; we had the shot. She almost fainted.

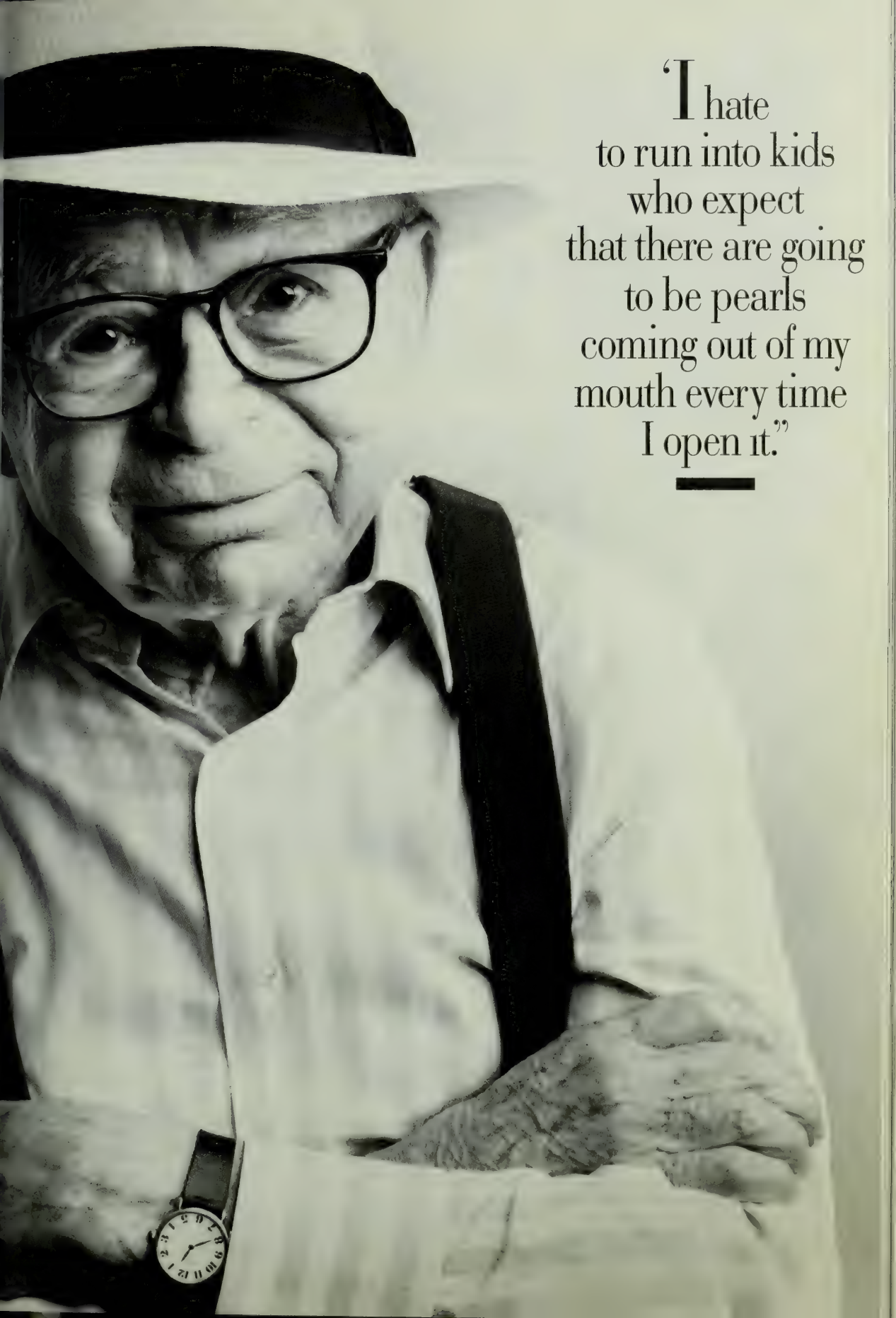
CROWE: *But normally you wouldn't spend that much time on a line like "Where's that bourbon?" if you knew it could be played on her back.*

WILDER: Then maybe I was just stupid. I was just kind of totally impressed with the thing [the line], or totally convinced that I had to have it on her forehead, or in her brain, and she had to say "Where's that

BILLY THE KID

Wilder's lack of sentimentality has left him forever relevant as an artist.





"I hate
to run into kids
who expect
that there are going
to be pearls
coming out of my
mouth every time
I open it."

bourbon?" I don't really know, but you don't have to be that accurate, because this was not the only line that she missed in the two pictures. We spent quite a few takes getting "It's me, Sugar!" I had signs painted on the door: IT'S ME, SUGAR. "Action" would come and she would say, "It's Sugar, me!" I took her to the side after about Take 50, and I said, "Don't worry about it." And she said, "Worry about what?" [*Shakes head.*] The 50th take, that was, and then there was the 51st, and the 52nd.... As I've said before, I've got an old aunt in Vienna who would say every line perfectly. But who would see such a picture? [*Laughs.*] She missed a lot of [lines, but] then again, when I have a three-page dialogue scene—boom!

Not Working with Cary Grant ... Working with Humphrey Bogart (but Not Liking It)

CROWE: *The language and rhythms of your scripts are so specific, did you often give actors line readings? Would you perform the line for the actor, the way you wanted to hear it?*

WILDER: Yeah, but I am not a [Actors Studio artistic director Lee] Strasberg man. I am not an actor. I'm not even a born director. I became a director because so many of our scripts had been screwed up.... But I get along very, very well with actors, except when I work with sons of bitches like Mr. Bogart, who was a Warner Bros. man. [Wilder was then at Paramount.] He suddenly became available, he wanted a picture, and I had one, something called *Sabrina* [in which Bogart is the older, all-business brother of the playboy Audrey Hepburn's character falls for]. But I wanted Cary Grant. I would always say, "Well, let's get Cary Grant."

I had Cary Grant in mind for four of my pictures. He was a friend of mine, and I liked him enormously, and he liked me. But he was apprehensive; he did not want to be in new hands.... So [after Grant pulled out of *Sabrina*] I just said, "Look, take somebody that is older than Holden [as the playboy], and not so pretty." Sam Cohn, the agent who suggested it to Bogart, said, "There's a nice part in this picture with Audrey Hepburn." But Bogart was used to having most of the pictures directed by [John] Huston, and they were drinking all the time. He did not like me, because in the very beginning, after the shooting, there was a little bit of drinking, like two or three martinis, in Holden's dressing room. I forgot to invite him. He was all by himself, in the dressing room with the hairdresser who had to put that hairpiece on there. He was not part of the crowd. I finally went to invite him and he said, "No, thank you very much."

I rewrote [the role] for him. I would have a little rewrite. I would bring him the scene. He looks at it and says, "How old is your daughter?" I said, "My daughter is about seven." "Did *she* write that?" But very loud, you know. And he wanted a big laugh. He was new at Paramount. I was an old hand. He didn't get a laugh, because everybody was on my side. He was a shit. Because he knew that I wanted to have Cary Grant. And also because I did not invite him with a big flask of gin. He probably would not have come if I'd asked him, but the fact that I did not ask him, he never forgot.



WILDER AT HEART
Filmmakers crave to be compared to him. He has received nearly every award and accolade. And yet, Wilder still isn't much for taking a compliment.

So now, Mr. Bogart. When we were finished with the shooting, we had a little party there. He did not come. Then I hear that he's got cancer, and then I hear from his wife, Lauren Bacall, that he would like to see me. I rushed over, and he was wonderful, absolutely wonderful, and he begged my pardon. And I said, "Forget it, this is not a British court ceremonial that we have. I fight with a lot of people." It's not true. [*Shrugs and laughs.*] But I told him that. And he had that incurable cancer and he was going very quickly, and the last memory of Bogart I have is, he was a wonderful guy, because that's the way I [illegible] him last. He was very good [in *Sabrina*] better than he thought he was. He liked to play the hero, and in the end, he was.

I remember, the cameraman took me to the side and said, "You have to do something about the lights, because Bogart spits [illegible] he speaks. So don't have the lights in front back there. The back light is terrible." [illegible] just warned the wardrobe woman who [illegible] care of Audrey Hepburn to be ready with [illegible] towel every time. But to do it discreetly.

CROWE: *I have a question about Cary Grant [illegible] your friend. In the books I've read about [illegible] you, I find that you can really* fight *for the actor that you want. Cary Grant was not right for your material. Why didn't you fight harder to get him?*

WILDER: As a matter of fact, [Bogart in *Sabrina* is] even better casting [illegible] Cary Grant, because Cary Grant when young could have played the part of Bill Holden. Bogart was a businessman. You don't think that the guy is all business, but he was.

But, yeah, with this Cary Grant [illegible] —I always wanted to work with him. I wanted him to play the part that Gary Cooper played in *Love in the Afternoon*. It would have been wonderful, right? "Cannot do it ... please don't. Don't persist. Look, I like you, Wilder, but I [illegible] not explain it. I just ... the wrong signals come up in me."

CROWE: *Did you feel he loved your movies?*

WILDER: Yeah. He loved my movies. He called me after *Some Like It Hot* and congratulated me. Tony Curtis had done a wonderful [illegible] tation. No, he was very nice [illegible] was absolutely great. But he was a very, very peculiar man, and [illegible] was very stingy. Stingy, Mr. [illegible] Grant. We had a dinner party [illegible] our apartment, and then after dinner we went to my den, where I have my radio and my television. I started playing for him a recording by a German composer, a medieval hymn of instruments and voices. Orff was the name of the composer. [The piece was *Carmina Burana.*] It was very, very strong and very loud. So he [illegible] there, and he says, "How much is your loudspeaker? How much is your phonograph?" So, knowing how stingy he is, I say, "A hundred and eleven dollars." So he calls his wife: "Barbara! This machine here [illegible] We are crazy, we are crazy. We paid 2 [*Laughs.*] He says, "Now, tell me, those two loudspeakers. Tell me, are they included in the $111?" And I say, "No, they were extra." He says, "How much?" "Sixty-five apiece." "*Barbara!!! Barbara!!!*" [*Laughs.*] He was absolutely ... [*Shakes head*

'er.] I've never seen it, but I under-
he had a room in the basement that
filled with gold cigarette cases. He
d buy them and throw them down
. A pile of gold. Very, very nice guy
wise.

'ITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION . . .

DIETRICH AND GARBO: NOT THAT GREAT

E: *Another quote from you on screen-*
g. "The second-act curtain launches the
f the picture."

R: Yes, but not just the end. You'd bet-
ave another twist in the third act—like
wist in *Witness for the Prosecution* [a
room drama based on an Agatha
tie play, made in 1957]. There's anoth-
d, you know? You expect that
ll over. No. Now comes the
In *Double Indemnity,* I fol-
d everything very logically. I
ot have any other possibility.
s not a detective story, where
ollow the detective and you
everything he knows. I played
pen cards. In *Witness,* we did
nplete switch, right? And they
for it.

E: *The character Marlene Die-*
plays in Witness for the Prose-
n *is one of the most unsympa-*
roles a woman could have
d—until the end. [Dietrich plays
vife of an accused murderer
herself comes under suspicion.]
g an actress to do that must
taken some persuading.

R: Yeah, it took some, but that
ked. She likes to play a mur-
s, she likes to do anything
s action. She was, I think, a
bit embarrassed when she
d the love scenes. I think that
vas a little bit embarrassed
er privacy because she just
ght, I would not do it. I would *do it,*
ot for people. I don't know, she was
trange. But she kind of captured the
nce with the way she was—the way
vore clothes, for instance. She was
model there. But I don't think she
s good an actress. Then again, I didn't
that Garbo was a great actress. She
lways did the same, kind of half-asleep
. Never angry. She was always holding
rm like this [*does Garbo*]. But it was
. I just think that Marlene played [the
quite well.

E: *You don't see any of her plot moves*
g.

R: No. If it were an American, or it was
nother actress . . . [*Shakes head, as if to*
It would be a much different story."] But
stars, they don't exist anymore.

THE APARTMENT . . .
PREVIEWING *NINOTCHKA*

CROWE: *I want to show you some photos. Here's one from* The Apartment. *It looks like the studio commissary, a picture of you and Jack Lemmon and Shirley MacLaine and I. A. L. Diamond. A great team, and you all look like you're having fun. Was that the situation making the movie?*

WILDER: Not with everybody. That was a very lucky and happy picture, *The Apartment.* Also, at one time, halfway through, Aud, my wife, came on the set. She never comes on the set, but she came, so Shirley MacLaine takes her on the side and says, "Does Billy really think this is going to be good?" She was not sure at first. [The film is a very adult romance about a corporate flunky, Lemmon, whose apartment is used for trysts by his married bosses.]



I GOT SOMEWHERE TO BE
At age 93, Wilder still shows up at his Beverly Hills office almost daily, and stays in touch with today's supercharged film world.

CROWE: *Who wrote the last line in* The Apartment—*"Shut up and deal"—you or I. A. L. Diamond?*

WILDER: [*Famously cagey on the subject of which collaborator wrote which lines, Wilder eyes me evenly.*] "Shut up and deal"? I don't remember. Could have been Iz. Could have been me. [*Pause.*] We had that gin game in the plot—when [MacLaine, as Lemmon's love interest, is] recovering from her suicide attempt, they played gin, and the game's not finished—and we didn't want to have a kiss, and we didn't want to have something too sweet. But we had a very good stepping-stone for the last scene. We had planted somewhere that he once attempted suicide, with a gun, but he did not quite know how to handle it and shot himself in the knee. So we knew that he had a gun. Then we also planted there that it's in his luggage, which he's packing up because he's going back to Cincinnati, or wherever. We also planted there that Dr. Dreyfuss brings him a bottle of champagne. So we had *that thing,* you remember, it was at midnight, the lights go out. It's New Year's Eve. Mr. Fred MacMurray [playing Lemmon's boss, who has been having an affair with MacLaine's character], by this time, is divorced. He's popped the question to Shirley MacLaine, finally, finally, finally. Then when the lights go on, she's gone. We used that trick that at midnight all the lights go out. Now, she's running [from MacMurray to Lemmon], she's running and running and running to the apartment. And we know that it's . . . that could be the ending, right?

CROWE: *Right—*

WILDER: [Lemmon] could be standing in the window and wave at her, or he opens the door and she kisses him. We didn't want to have that ending, that kiss ending. We had that good idea of she's running, and now she hears a *shot.* And now, we don't know yet, but she thinks, My God, he wanted to commit suicide on account of another girl, but maybe this time he's not gonna hit his knee! So she hurries up much more, and she's faster and faster, and she gets to his door, and she knocks. He opens it and he's got the bottle of champagne foaming over [*grinning*], which it always does when you shake it. So, "Oh God, thank God," but still no kiss. But he wants to ask her, "What's the matter?" "Nothing, let's finish the gin game." They've got the cards there, still down on the table. And he asks her something amorous.

CROWE: *He says, "I love you, Miss Kubelik."*

WILDER: "I love you." Then she says, "Shut up and deal." And he deals the whole deck, you know, not just 10 cards.

CROWE: *The kiss would have been too romantic, too sweet.*

WILDER: Yeah. It's not an ending like "Nobody's perfect." But then again, not every ending's perfect. But it was not too schmaltzy.

CROWE: *What were the first previews like for* The Apartment? *What was it like showing that picture to the public for the first time?*

WILDER: [*Pause.*] I'll tell you my best story.

which has something to do with previews. We were previewing *Ninotchka,* and Lubitsch took the writers along, too, in Long Beach. And they are outside in the lobby there, a stack of cards, with the audience invited to put down their thoughts. So the picture starts playing, and it plays very well. Now Lubitsch takes the cards, a heap of the cards, doesn't let anybody else touch them. We get into the big MGM limousine. We turn the lights up. Now, so, he takes the preview cards and he starts reading. "'Very good' . . . 'brilliant' . . . " Twenty cards. But when he comes to the 21st card, he starts laughing as hard as I ever saw him laugh, and we say, "What is it?" He keeps the cards to himself, he does not let anybody even look. Then, finally, he calms down a little and starts reading. And what he read was—I have the card—"Funniest picture I ever saw. So funny that I peed in my girlfriend's hand." [*Laughs.*]

Mentor . . . Rivals . . . Partners

CROWE: *It's been analyzed quite a bit by others, but what was "the Lubitsch touch" to you?*

WILDER: It was the elegant use of the Superjoke. You had a joke, and you felt satisfied, and then there was one more big joke on top of it. The joke you didn't expect. That was the Lubitsch touch. To think as he did, that is a goal worth having. Collaborating with him, he would have many questions. "What are you going to do with this story point?" "Let's find some way to say this differently."

CROWE: *Who were your rivals back in the 40s, 50s?*

WILDER: Preston Sturges, who was the first writer who just freed himself and became a director [*The Lady Eve, Sullivan's Travels*]. Joe Mankiewicz [*All About Eve, A Letter to Three Wives*]. Then Norman Krasna—he did comedies [*White Christmas, Let's Make Love*]. Then Claude Binyon [*Holiday Inn, This Is the Army*]. There were [other writing] teams, you know, but not [with one] as a director. Some of them tried it. But then they said, "Oh shit, this is too tough and this is no good." Some of them made it, some of them did not make it.

CROWE: *Did you feel competitive with them?*

WILDER: No. We were very open, we talked about it. There were very few. Some found it difficult to get into the dialogue, but it was fine. There were 104 writers under contract at Paramount at the same time. There was a Writers Building, a Writers Annex Building, and a Writers Annex *Annex* Building. There were many scripts that were never made, you know. Finished, but they were never made. We made 50 pictures a year then. But we wrote 150.

CROWE: *How would you describe your first screenwriting partner, Charles Brackett?*

WILDER: Brackett [in addition to their work for Lubitsch, Wilder and Brackett wrote *The Lost Weekend* and *Sunset Boulevard*] was a very loquacious man. He was kind of a member of the Algonquin Round Table. That was his milieu. (A) He was a Republican, a rabid Republican. (B) He was in the forefront of writers of the class of Hemingway, of Scott Fitzgerald—those were the people that he knew. And he learned very quickly, because he wrote some short stories for *The Saturday Evening Post,* and that's how he got into movies. And he was just kind of hanging around Paramount and did not know what the hell to do.

Manny Wolf, the man who was the head of the writing department, he got the two of us together. Introduced me and said, "Now you two go and talk to Mr. Lubitsch, and see whether he likes you." So we talked, and we go to Lubitsch, and about half an hour later we had the job of *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife.* It was not a very good picture, but it was kind of all right. And then he wanted us again for *Ninotchka.*

But with Brackett . . . we had nothing in common except writing. We did get along. We just never saw each other, or very rarely, after the shooting or after the writing, for dinner. We never did that.

CROWE: *How did it end with Brackett?*

WILDER: I always used to say, the surface of the matchbook had worn down. We were having a discussion one day in a car, parked at the studio. Nothing to do with pictures—a personal discussion about his grandson, I think. Then it turned. He kind of flew off the handle. He just . . . [*Pauses, admits thoughtfully:*] I kind of made him dismiss me. And that was how it ended. Then he came back, and I was already with someone else, collaborating. But it ended with a discussion in my car that had grown loud. We spoke after, we were friends. He always wanted to come back. Then he was sick—he had a stroke—and we never came back together. [Brackett died in 1969 at the age of 76.] But it ended on a discussion of something personal.

CROWE: *But what about Diamond?*

WILDER: [*Laughs.*] I was with Iz Diamond for 20, 25 years. [Diamond died in 1988 at the age of 67.] We never talked about personal things. That was the beauty of it. I came in the morning; he came in the morning. He gets *The Hollywood Reporter,* and I get the *Variety.* Then we exchanged the trade papers, and then we said, "Now, where are we?" "Oh, yes . . . " And then it goes on. He was a unique man, so unique.

It was not a collaboration like with Brackett, where he told me who his dentist is, kind of things that don't belong, you k... But Iz Diamond was a very taciturn gu... partner. It was wonderful to talk abou... logue, or about structure. He was alwa... the set with me.

CROWE: *And you liked it that way . . .*

WILDER: I liked it that way because ther... . . . you know, the peculiar thing abo... Diamond, whom I liked very much, h... younger brother, was his discretion. He... a very, very correct man. I am an accu... tor, I am a collector. I cannot be in Lo... for instance, or Paris, for a day without... ing something, be it an antique little p... or shoes, or something. So I would be ... ing down the Burlington Arcade, a... would not even ask him anymore, "I'm... ing in here for a minute, would you li... come?" He would say, "No no no no, ... outside." [*Laughs.*] Now, of course, it's ... minute, it's an hour. And he waited ou... Then I come out with two big paper ... full of stuff. And he never did ask ... "What did you buy?"! Nothing. [*Lau...* Absolutely never asked me. [*He grins ... marveling.*] That's wonderful.

Not Getting Personal . . . Not Making *Schindler's List* . . . The Pressure to Be "Wilderesq..."

CROWE: *It's been theorized that you got... of your sense of humor from trying to ... your mother laugh. Your mom, appar... was a tough laugh to get.*

WILDER: She was a very tough laugh. M... ther was a rather easy laugh. My father... kind of everyday humor. He, for insta... would construct a joke. He would c... out of the bathroom and I would s... him, "Dad, you forgot to button your p... —in those days we had buttons—an... looked at me and said, "I have not. T... is a law that you don't know, my ... which says, 'Where there is a corpse ... window must be open.'"

CROWE: *Here's an observation that has ... made about many great writers: The... sometimes a central event or a theme in ... lives that they keep revisiting, reworking, ... examining. Is that true of you?*

WILDER: [*Shifts in chair.*] No. Maybe some... ilar situation, or maybe the beginning of ... uation, which I then developed in the pic...

CROWE: *I just wondered if there was a... event in your life that continued to inspire ...*

WILDER: To do something better than I... the last time. [*Pause.*] But my life was ... of . . . Except for the fact that three-qua... of my family was extinguished in Au... witz, I don't really think that . . . [*W... considers this, the first inescapably pers... question of our interviews. He decid... keep it at arm's length.*]

CROWE: *I wanted to ask you about Sch... ler's List. I've read that you wanted to m...*

our last picture, but Spielberg already ie rights.

: Yeah, that made him take it. *ghs.*] I wanted to do it. We spoke it. He was a gentleman, of course, *ve* acknowledged each other's strong s. In the end, he could not give it up. ıd to do it. I would have done it dif- ly—not necessarily better. I wanted to as a kind of memorial to my mother ny grandmother and my stepfather. ıerg was always a wonderful director. . he was 12 years old he was a won- director. Especially pictures that were ıildren. I think there were a lot of : in *E.T.* that were very, very funny, es- lly when E.T. gets drunk. But *Schind- ist*—it would have been something of art, you know.

: *If someone were to look over all your which would be the more personal Is there one that stands out to you, the ıat really felt closest to your heart?*

: You know, I make a picture and forget about it. I don't have a print, I have a cassette. I have a script at the , in case I would like to look. Which best picture I have ever seen? My an- always is *Battleship Potemkin* [1925], ergei] Eisenstein.

: *How about a best picture of yours?*

: I used to say, "The next one." [*Laughs.*] ot doing any more.

CROWE: [Pressing.] *But I wondered if there was one. You said that if you had made* Schindler's List *it would have been very personal for you. Of the movies that you* did *make, which one feels the most complete? Which one feels the closest to who you are?*

WILDER: The picture maybe that has the fewest faults, obvious faults, would be *The Apartment.* But I like the end result in *Some Like It Hot.* It was a very successful picture. Or maybe this and *Sunset Boulevard.* It really caught them unaware. Nobody expected a picture like it. And it's very difficult to make a picture in Hollywood about Hollywood. Because they really scrutinize you.

CROWE: *And the characters you felt closest to?*

WILDER: I liked William Holden in *Stalag 17.* Perfect. I liked having him around. I would maybe like to have been Tony Curtis in *Some Like It Hot.* [*Laughs.*] Norma Desmond, very much. And Sabrina. [*Pause.*] I liked that. It's a very, very mild picture, compared with some of the other pictures.

CROWE: *Mild in what way?*

WILDER: Mild in the love scenes, you know, because I don't think she exudes a long sexual history. She was *Miss Audrey Hepburn.* Now it comes out that she had love stories, secret rendezvous and stuff. I had *no idea.* I never had any desire of having an affair with any woman during the picture, because I'm so intrigued by the picture itself. The film does not give me any time. But sometimes your vision is altered. I was attracted to Swanson. I was attracted to Barbara Stanwyck. Yeah, they are there, these things. But that is all on the screen. You are attracted to something which is on the screen, and this just means you are doing a good job.

CROWE: *Did you have a sense that you would live a long life?*

WILDER: Not at all. I've had so many crazy things happen in my life. But it would not have ended by suicide. It would not have been being caught with somebody's wife, or something like that. This is not my style. I'm too clever for that. I wrote that too often. . . .

I hate to run into kids, you know, who've heard about me and who expect that there are going to be pearls coming out of my mouth every time I open it. But you know, people come up to me, they say, "Mr. Wilder? I would like to shake your hand . . . " or "You made my month, you made my week . . . I'm running this picture, and that . . . " That's very nice, it's very good to hear, you know. Then you just feel like getting up in the morning.

CROWE: *I remember when I first came to your office. I gave you a poster to sign, and you paused and said, "I'm not going to write something funny." And you signed, "Best, Billy Wilder." And I realized the pressure you must feel sometimes to be Wilderesque.*

WILDER: Yeah, but there's no "Wilderesque." It's just . . . stuff. □

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emente

NUED FROM PAGE 284 obvious links ente has to William Blake and Ezra d, just two of the many historic figures e work has been a springboard for the As important is Clemente's long love with contemporary American poetry. passion has produced collaborations poets such as Allen Ginsberg, Robert y, and John Wieners. It has also led to verful group of portraits covering the rom John Ashbery to Rene Ricard.

t this bond with American poets isn't hing that could have been predicted Clemente threw down the pen for the . That change didn't come out of left if you consider that by the age of 12 ente had traveled all over Europe with lks during holidays, visiting museums, es, and churches in Spain, France, any, England, Scandinavia, and of e Italy. As time went by, Clemente, like precocious kids, developed a vora- appetite to see, hear, learn, and experi- ll he could; especially important to his ng sense of himself as an artist was the of Bob Dylan (the owner of his future), Allen Ginsberg (with whom he would later collaborate on a number of projects), and the psychoanalyst Jacques Lacan. College was the University of Rome, where he nominally studied architecture but spent most of his time either working on his art—largely drawings at that point—or hanging out at the Campo dei Fiori, where, day or night, one could find artists debating ideas (while not producing much actual work). Clemente's college years, the late 60s and early 70s, coincided with worldwide student unrest, the rise of conceptual art, and, more specific to Italy, *arte povera* (basically the art of found materials). Rome, a city where philosophy has always mattered, was home to some major figures in those arenas.

That group included Alighiero Boetti, who became a key mentor of Clemente's. Boetti, now deceased, was an utterly original artist whose work, often involving maps embroidered in Afghanistan, expresses a love of craft and a respect for craftsmen; it is especially admired by visual artists because of its processes and integrity. For Clemente the friendship with the older artist had profound meaning: "I was already a painter for myself, but a turning point for me was to stop being a painter for myself and become one for another artist. It was as if my process was to say, O.K., I really admire Boetti's work. What am *I* going to make that he can look at without my being embarrassed?" That breakthrough would occur in a few steps. First there was an outpouring of drawings which were done in Rome, and which established the basic subject matter of his work; some of it involved images of self-protection, like shields, and some was an elaboration of body imagery that had emerged when the artist took LSD while traveling in South America. Following this spurt of productivity, Clemente made his first trip to India.

Back in Rome in 1974, Clemente was with friends one day at the Piazza del Pantheon when he heard a big, heavy, low-pitched laugh. He looked for its source and found Alba Primiceri. He'd seen her around before, hanging out with a mutual friend, and couldn't help but take notice. Comparing Alba's dark glamour to that of Anna Magnani, which many people do, doesn't get to the half of it. Andy Warhol did better in his diaries, writing, "She could be the best movie star." Like Francesco, she had gone north to Rome, moving there from Amalfi, where she'd given her lawyer father palpitations by deciding to pursue a life in the theater. By the time Francesco met her, Alba, then 21, was a well-known actress in

Clemente

Italy. She had recently caused a scandal in her hometown because of some magazine photos of her performances that had been published. She laughs now when she remembers trying to persuade her mother that she wasn't nude in the pictures, but had on a leotard. Anyway, she already had quite a following the night Clemente fell in love with her distinctive laugh. He introduced himself and sat down. "He ordered a chamomile tea, which I thought was very weird for a 22-year-old," Alba recalls.

That was the extent of their first encounter. Clemente left for Afghanistan the next day with Boetti. It would be another year before Clemente and Alba would once again cross paths. Though he didn't really know her at all, feelings of jealousy stirred in him—according to Alba—when he saw her with another artist, Gino de Dominicis. Clemente asked Alba to go for a car ride, and that was it. She told me, "We never left each other after that." Clemente adds, "She came to my house, and 15 minutes later she was pregnant." They finally got married in 1980 so that Alba could see her family again. By then Chiara, their older daughter, was three; they have three other children, Nina and the twins, Pietro and Andrea. Although Alba continues to perform on rare and much-anticipated occasions, she largely stopped acting after she met Francesco.

By the spring of 1975, Boetti had been impressed enough by some of Clemente's installations—one of which involved enlarged Polaroids of little mounds of tea, shot so that they looked like war photographs—that he took his dealer, Gian Enzo Sperone, around to see the young artist. As a result, in quick succession, Clemente got himself a gallery, some shows, a bit of cash, and a trip back to India, this time with a pregnant Alba. They found their way to Madras. Right away the city inspired Clemente to create bold graphic pieces in collaboration with local movie-billboard painters; one, for instance, is of a map of the world painted on a hand so huge that it comes out of the sea and touches the sky. These Pop works could be considered his first truly substantial pieces. Thanks to certain connections, the Clementes were staying at the Theosophical Society, an institution of enormous historical resonance for the interdisciplinary pursuit of religion, science, and philosophy, situated on the Bay of Bengal. In the course of many visits through the years, the society's library gave Clemente the opportunity to delve deeply into matters relating to the spirit, including mystical traditions such as the Cabala and Gnosticism, as well as Oriental religions, notably Buddhism and Hinduism.

It was during Christmastime in 1977, just after Chiara was born, that the Clementes, now on their second trip together to Madras (which, for them, had become something of a refuge from the violence and political convulsions of late-1970s Italy), first heard a lecture by the guru Krishnamurti, then 82 years old. In his lifetime Krishnamurti—who disdained organized religion and instead preached individual notions of spirituality—attracted a long list of listeners, including many artists and writers; W. H. Auden, Christopher Isherwood, and a young Jackson Pollock all went to see him in the 20s. On the same trip—perhaps inspired by Krishnamurti—Clemente finally broke free in his art. He had already been working with images of the body that were entirely his own, and that are recognizable both because of their particular mix of naïveté and sophistication and because of their attention to orifices. Soon he was creating a group of paintings involving the image of a harlequin which got insiders talking. The pieces are impressive for the way they combine tight rendering and freehand, almost automatic drawing.

The work showed up in *Flash Art,* a European art magazine. This is when Clemente experienced his first brush with art labels. He was included in a new movement that went by the name "Transavanguardia," supposedly a new and paradoxically retrogressive avant-garde. It was a largely meaningless package, but there's nothing like a new "ism" in art to get the media going, and a few months later Clemente's art was included in the 1980 Venice Biennale. His life would never be the same. For the Biennale, Clemente had created a triptych in fresco entitled *Coi Sentimenti Insegna alle Emozioni,* which loosely translates as *He Teaches Emotions with Feelings.* The work, which boldly uses yellow and red, was a standout. Two of the panels are self-portraits, and the third is a delicate-looking tree with a heart at its root. The piece was installed as part of a section on young artists that included other newcomers such as Julian Schnabel, David Salle, Sandro Chia, Enzo Cucchi, and Mimmo Paladino. After more than a decade of being looked down upon as a medium, painting was back with a bang. Moreover, much of it was figurative painting that invoked history in some way—something that had been "out" for years. Now, rather than America's being the center of the art world, as it had been since World War II, Europe appeared to be just as, if not more, crucial. "Venice," Clemente says, "was an overnight kind of deal. You went to bed and there was one art scene, and you woke up the next morning and there was another."

But to many artists, dealers, and critics from previous generations, all this painting and invocation of history seemed like a conservative throwback. Now that Clem identity was that of a painter, and not ceptual artist, Boetti stopped speak him. (They made up 14 years later, before Boetti died.) Fights were breaki all over the Biennale. Clemente remer "Konrad Fischer, the German deale dead drunk, screaming and shouting, out. You go home! I go out. You go h But there were plenty of other dealer wanted to hook up with Clemente, s the Swiss gallery owner Bruno Bischo er. "Lots of people were warning m Bruno Bischofberger ruined Andy Wa Clemente recalls. "My answer to that v he ruined Andy Warhol, I want him t me too.'" (Alex Katz is very funny subject of Clemente's ambition: "I'll ask cesco over to the studio, and if he sees thing that he thinks is a real good pa he'll say, 'This makes me sick.'")

It was after the Biennale that th mentes moved to America. While In mains essential to Clemente's life and and the family spends part of every su at Alba's house in Amalfi, New Yor been home base for the last 20 ye so—"the only city," Clemente says, was able to match the wealth and di of visual and personal experience tha in India."

Soon after the move, Francesco and drew in a tight circle of friends t cluded Keith Haring, Jean-Michel Bas Julian Schnabel, Robert Mapplethorp Mardens, and Henry Geldzahler, wh then commissioner of cultural affairs f city of New York. Socially, Alba made an impression as Francesco. Rene well remembers his first encounter wi two of them: "I met them at One Uni Place, which was the place to go in York at the time. Well, you don't e when you meet a painter that you are to meet a wife too. It's not automatic, There was a dressmaker in Naples wh all the patterns for the Paris couture cl and Alba had gone to her when sh choosing her wardrobe for America. night she was wearing a perfect copy charcoal-gray Chanel suit, a matching silk blouse with a little mandarin c black pumps, and huge pink plastic f earrings that didn't go with the outfit Her hair was pulled back in a knot wit little wisp hanging out. At one point I to push the stray hair back and she 'Oh, no! I am not so perfect.' Fran was sporting that little three-day-gr beard that would later take over and s fashion. It was as though he had arrive ly formed from the head of Zeus. The ple was an event. They knocked the off this town." The first major piece mente created and showed in Manh

coup, a canny one in terms of endear-
nself to the downtown New York art
The painter approached this work as
were a film director, enlisting Diego
, one of the most interesting entrepre-
of the time, to choose a cast of New
s, protagonists of the early-80s down-
ıcene, whose portraits Clemente then
d in 20 frescoes on movable panels.
re are great descriptions of Clemente's
ears in New York in Warhol's diaries.
ıtry reports on a lunch at Da Silvano:
ente, the Italian artist, was there, and
like him a lot—he's picked up the
can attitude. He understands Ameri-
ımor, which is so strange, because you
ınderstand how a person from anoth-
ıntry can pick it up. He doesn't say
he just sits and eats and watches."
nte's silence was due partly to the fact
e wasn't entirely comfortable speaking
h, but it also added to his magnetism.
Clemente told me this about her fa-
'The stereotypical Neapolitan is very
and kids around. The other side of
the Neapolitan who is smooth, has
under control, but is very nonchalant.
ıd's very good at the latter. I always
m as having the ability to bring people
was always sucking them in by doing
g. He'll just be sitting there, cross-
, very quiet, and people would just
and sit by him or talk to him."

e of Clemente's most important pa-
ons in the early 80s was Sir Nicholas
, who is now director of England's
Gallery but who then ran the White-
l Art Gallery in London. I asked Se-
vhat it was about Clemente's work
ad caught his attention, and he an-
l, "More than anything I was struck
unusual, penetrating sensibility into
e's psychology. It struck me as a real-
and fresh vision that grew out of an
ness of Italian art, and early-20th-
y European art, which was being trans-
into something quite different from
ve'd seen before." Two of Clemente's
est pieces from this period were cre-
n Madras toward the end of 1983.
f them, *1152,* is a haunting sculptural
hat includes 64 figures made of papier-
; each figure is two and a half feet
d has nine holes, characteristic of the
lemente often draws attention to the
ı anatomy. The work feels at once
ıd new, tribal and personal. Then
Indigo Room, a series of exquisite
of indigo-dyed paper with charcoal
ıgs bound together with cotton and
d with silver, which together literally
up a room. (It will be shown in its
y in the Guggenheim exhibition.)
ound the time that Clemente made *In-
Room,* he finally met Krishnamurti.
Over a lunch that has since become legendary, the guru apparently spent a lot of time asking the artist questions about being a painter. He particularly wanted to know where Clemente's images come from. This is always one of the big questions for an artist. Clemente's best answer might be the description he once gave me when I asked why he likes the poetry of John Wieners so much. Clemente responded, "When you read Wieners's poems, there is no boundary between what he is seeing in the world and how he is feeling in the deepest recesses of his psyche. There is a total flow between the inside and outside, as well as between what is pop and what is holy. His poems make one feel awkward without wanting to shock. He says things that are hard to say. It is plainly embarrassing sometimes to listen to what he has to say." Clemente's work also has this sense of flow, and sometimes embarrassment. As the years have progressed and his work has made less and less obvious references to history, it has grown even stronger in this respect. His study of meditation, yoga, and chant—none of which he makes an issue of, but all of which he has practiced seriously on and off for years—has assisted him in creating this kind of art, since these disciplines are very much about examining the texture of consciousness and observing the mind.

Consciousness is exactly what has allowed Clemente to deal with big subjects in his art without turning ponderous or pretentious. Nowhere is this clearer than in *The Funerary Paintings,* which Clemente did around 1987. This was the work that came after the glory years for 80s artists, when they had gone from being hailed as "the new rock stars" to being attacked as yesterday's hype. When things began to turn in 1987, it seemed as though one was always reading about the impending crash of the art market, a favorite media topic. But what was really affecting many individuals in the art community, in measurable and unmeasurable ways, was AIDS. Fighting the disease is what I heard artists talking about then, not the rise and fall of their bank accounts. By the early 90s, the art world—like the world in general—had lost many individuals to AIDS, a large number of whom were close friends of the Clementes': Mapplethorpe, who was the godfather of their twins; Haring, who practically lived in their house; art critic and actress Dorothy "Cookie" Mueller and her husband, Vittorio Scarpati, at whose wedding Clemente had been the best man. Thomas Ammann, Clemente's foremost collector, died in Zurich. Then there were the sudden deaths of Warhol and Basquiat, both of whom Clemente had collaborated with. Some of these deaths had not yet occurred when Clemente made *The Funerary Paintings,* but the siege mentality was certainly in place. These works—some are abstract; some deal with religious symbols, some with death imagery—have the scale of an enormous battle; in them emptiness gives one a palpable feeling of loss. The artist had visited the Valley of the Kings in Egypt, and he brought this experience with him to these paintings, which have a sense of history and the feel of a tragedy that can't simply be digested and gotten over. "There is nobody in the paintings —the room is empty," Clemente told me. "It's the most out-there work I've done." It's also among his best.

When I was talking to Lisa Dennison, the curator of the upcoming show at the Guggenheim, she explained that it would be arranged by themes rather than in a linear way because, as she put it, "chronology gets one nowhere with his work." She's correct. Clemente is always returning to certain themes, and one of his biggest, lushest, and wildest themes is women, a subject that has received a particular focus in his work in the last decade. He says, "Through the years I have always joked—or not so joked—that I am a great woman artist. Twenty years later, finally, all of my favorite artists are women." He has produced thousands of images which depict female anatomy or female genitalia. Recently he created a group of paintings that have an undeniable potency: they're all square, they're all red and green, and in them women, with double sets of eyelashes, contort and dance across the canvas. Clemente seems to have taken every conceivable approach to depicting women in his art, including transforming himself into a woman, and another recent series of oils plays with the traditional theme of reclining women. These paintings are anything but passive, but then, his subjects include Jerry Hall, Helen Marden, Fran Lebowitz, Gita Mehta, Toni Morrison, and Alba, who shows up in Clemente's art almost as often as he himself does.

Helen Marden can be extremely amusing about life with a painter. The Mardens and the Clementes have been pals for a long time, and Helen cuts straight to the chase: "Alba totally grounds Francesco. They had a fight once, and he said he couldn't live without her for three seconds. Alba and I, we'll bitch about Francesco and Brice for hours. We go to Bar Pitti to have lunch and complain about both of them through the whole meal. Francesco wasn't a surprise to Alba. She knows Southern Italian men. Enough said about that. When we're finished with lunch, we always say, 'Well, they're really wonderful.' But we've spent the preceding hour and a half totally complaining about how they talk about themselves all the time. For instance, I say, 'How are you going to get through the

Clemente

Guggenheim show? You're going to have to hear every damn thing over and over again.' Then we both laugh."

As the Guggenheim show approaches, Clemente admits to feeling the anxiety artists often experience when a large portion of their work is brought together. It isn't the first time. Helen Marden told me, "Once I went over to Francesco's studio to look at a new group of paintings right before they were picked up for a show. We were standing in the kitchen, and there was a chocolate cake on the counter. Well, as you know, he's usually very elegant and controlled, but he just jammed all this chocolate cake into his mouth. I knew how nervous he was then. He laughed because I'd seen him do it; in fact, we both started laughing. It was so un-Francesco, and yet so Francesco."

The artist had better steer clear of cake shops this fall, because the Clemente news doesn't stop with the Guggenheim show. Forthcoming are two additional publications, one on his portraits, from PowerHouse Books, the other a portrait in pictures of Clemente, his work, and his life, shot by Luca Babini and released by Aperture. Beyond normal jitters, Clemente's apprehension about all this stems from a smart intuition about the perils of too much limelight. He is honest about how important it is for him to keep his freedom. He explains, "I am on the run from wherever I am. I miss one appointment out of two. It is part of my career and craft to have an exit always ready, and to have a triple identity and a quadruple life." Whenever I try to get to the heart of what this freedom is about for Clemente, I remember something that he told me when we started talking for this piece. He said, "You have to remember that I am from a country where artists were once the equivalent of the prostitute or the drug dealer. During Caravaggio's life they were the criminals, the lowest of workers. The poets of Venice were slaves. In Roman society no free man would dream to be an artist. In India the poet is supposed to be the son of a warrior and a prostitute to emphasize that he is an outcast and partakes in lawless activities. It is sort of a comedy that art has become so respectable."

Sir Nicholas Serota made his own allusion to Caravaggio when we were ta
He said, "Francesco manages to dea
concerns, even neuroses, that one fi
Italian Renaissance painting, particul
Mannerist painting of a certain kin
give them a very present-day relevanc
ple were as anguished in the 16th an
centuries as they are today, maybe
slightly different issues, but certainly in
of their place in the world, how they
to other people. One thinks of France
lating back to Caravaggio, back to P
mo, as an artist who deals with anguis

Once when I was speaking with
mente, something made me stop aski
usual questions and ask instead wh
thought the deepest reason was that h
become an artist. He looked at me,
horrified that we were going into area
can be treacherous. But then he ans
"Because I am heartbroken." This
me think of something that John Wi
his favorite poet, wrote:

> Poetry is the only way we
> Can keep in touch though not enou

To Clemente art is the way to k
touch. □

Murdoch

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 272 change something, but I really haven't had that sort of impact here. Well, in TV we've managed to establish a fourth network, which has given rise to a fifth and a sixth, and that's hurt the networks—but nothing compared to what cable is doing to all of us with 60 different networks.

But originally we were attacked by television people who thought we were lowering standards with different kinds of programs. Some of the comments might have been fair, some weren't—they even attacked *The Simpsons,* which I think is the cleverest program on television. They said it was antifamily, tearing down values. But that's the beauty of it, it's slightly subversive. Most really humorous things are.

SHAWCROSS: *Why do you want to be subversive? And subversive of what?*

MURDOCH: I was really commenting on humor. Really clever good humor is usually somewhat subversive—of whatever it's talking about.

SHAWCROSS: *Why do you think there's such paranoia about you?*

MURDOCH: Well, if you admit it's only paranoia, we're making progress.

SHAWCROSS: *Why do you think it exists?*

MURDOCH: Because people are jealous of success—it's natural.

SHAWCROSS: *It's not just that.*

MURDOCH: Of course it is!

SHAWCROSS: *Why are people paranoid about you?*

MURDOCH: First of all, not that many people are. All the people you meet, dine with, sure—sure. The middle-class intellectuals. It certainly doesn't extend to the masses.

SHAWCROSS: *How do you know?*

MURDOCH: When I walk around I never get any sense of hostility—though I certainly do in the odd restaurant. You hear what people like David Puttnam [the film producer] say—he told a friend of mine that I was the worst thing that happened to Britain since the Blitz. [*Laughs.*] It's such bullshit. What's David Puttnam done?

SHAWCROSS: *Made good films [such as* Chariots of Fire *and* The Killing Fields*].*

MURDOCH: One or two. Then he went to Hollywood and said he was going to change it all and nearly broke a major studio [Columbia, which Puttnam ran between 1986 and 1988].

SHAWCROSS: *But what people think—and you should address this—is that you pander to people's lowest tastes and never try to raise people's perceptions or tastes.*

MURDOCH: This is just not true. Look at *The Times* or look at *The Sun,* for that matter. Does it pander to people's low tastes? Yes, sometimes. Does it try to lift them up? Does it try to talk about serious issues? Absolutely. I could give you all sorts of examples, but look at the change we've wrought in British football. Compare it to 10 years ago. Just the experience and the sort of people—your friends, their kids—who go to British football ma
today who probably wouldn't have
to go to one 10 years ago. Do we get
it for that? No. Do we ask for credit
That certainly wasn't lowering stand
That's just one small example.

SHAWCROSS: *You don't really care abou
ple's paranoia, do you?*

MURDOCH: If I think they're right, I d
otherwise.

SHAWCROSS: *What criticism has struck
recently?*

MURDOCH: I can't think of any recent
have to go and read them all again.
pause.] I don't think I've been much
cized recently.

SHAWCROSS: *You're criticized all the time*

MURDOCH: Well, in Britain they've crit
me about my personal life, which was
esting. Someone wrote a laughable
saying that what was driving me was f
death. I'd been at [two prominent] fun
and I was rushing off before the an
death took me, or something. It's no
business, my private life, anyway.

SHAWCROSS: *But as* The Sun *has showed
than anyone, private lives are tabloid bu*

MURDOCH: Oh, absolutely. Someone
me the other day if I had any compl
and I said, No, it goes with the territo

SHAWCROSS: *In fact, the British tabloids
been pretty gentle to you, haven't they?
haven't gone after you in the way* The
*might with someone else. There's been n
RAT RUPERT IN SOHO LOVE NEST WITH CH*

That sort of thing hasn't happened, has it?

DCH: Well, there was one piece which all that. *Private Eye* had a bit of fun—was all right. *The Mirror* had a picture boat taken with a very long lens. I was g a new sailboat which Lachlan was ing of buying. . . .

u're right. The British press has been y kind, compared to the way they be if they wanted to.

CROSS: *Compared to the way* The Sun *eated some people's broken marriages.*

DCH: Yeah. Well, like whose marriages? in, football stars, film stars, celebrities.

CROSS: *Princesses?*

DCH: I thought you might say princes. pends on the circumstances. First of nna and I separated before I any interest in anyone. Sec-, I've not been in hiding in vay at all. If I had, it would been an invitation for that f treatment. That's some ex-tion of it. Are tabloids gen-intrusive? Much less so, but ave been.

CROSS: *Has this whole experi-made you say to your tabloid s that you want less intrusion eople's private lives now?*

DCH: I think we're all doing but it depends on whose e life.

CROSS: *Doesn't everyone have t to a private life?*

DCH: Not really. It depends you are and what position e got. If you are running papers, you may not like it, ou are at least a semi-public n—perhaps only slightly less an the politician who uses ife and children at election-and is having an affair with one else. It's very hard to have the most sympathy with verage sporting personality. reas film stars who try to ct images of who they are and who aren't have less of a cause, I think. want the public to adore them at all individually, and they can't complain someone takes a picture of them. y they like it.

CROSS: *What would you feel if someone hed a tape of an intimate telephone rsation of yours?*

DCH: I'm too careful to have those sorts nversations! No chance of that. But if one comes in to a tabloid and says, night like to hear this intimate tape be-Diana and [James Gilbey, a love inter-n a car phone—we in fact sat on that out six months. Then someone else , it was beginning to circulate. [After a ript was published in another tabloid, *The Sun* set up a phone number on which it could be heard.] Should it have ever seen the light of day in that form? I don't know. You could argue against it, but on the other hand the state of the marriage of the future head of the church, of the country, I think that's of public interest. There's a degree of privacy which is respected today which used not to be. With the kids there's an overwhelming case for privacy. But there's an area clearly where public interest starts. Where's the line drawn? It's difficult to say.

SHAWCROSS: *Who is to draw those lines?*

MURDOCH: I think the public does. When the press goes too far, the public turns on them. But the public always loves to blame the messenger.



WHEN BILLIONAIRES DIVORCE

"You always feel very sad about these things, but you've got to get on with life." Murdoch and his now ex-wife, Anna, at a New York City movie premiere in 1997.

[We returned to some of these themes in a later conversation, when I asked him about a 1998 speech he had given to his executives in which he said the media had the ability to preach to people.]

SHAWCROSS: *Do you really consider yourself a preacher?*

MURDOCH: A preacher? Perhaps not—but certainly to put our views before people and try to persuade them we're right. I think that's what you should do in a newspaper.

SHAWCROSS: *Fine, but what are the views you are most keen to preach?*

MURDOCH: I think the views we try to preach are the virtues of freedom, open markets—for ideas as well as economics. I have very strong views—we all do—about preaching tolerance in modern societies. We're talking basic Judeo-Christian values. We want a tolerant society, but one with great variety. These are "motherhood" issues, but they are nonetheless there and they have to be attended to and guarded.

SHAWCROSS: *But some of your papers have not been tolerant.* The Sun *has been a savage paper.*

MURDOCH: It fights hard, yes.

SHAWCROSS: *No. It savages people.*

MURDOCH: I don't think that's any longer true. There was a period when it savaged people. But it depends on what you mean by savaging people. There's nothing wrong with hitting your adversaries hard. I mean, if you get into a political fight and you believe in your cause, you should be tough.

SHAWCROSS: *It can savage "love rats" also.*

MURDOCH: Well, it's certainly not unique in that. Not that that's any defense.

SHAWCROSS: *It's led the way.*

MURDOCH: I wouldn't say that. I wouldn't say that at all. When it thinks people are bad, it says so. Life isn't easy.

SHAWCROSS: *The tabloid culture can be an incredibly cruel culture. It may not be just* The Sun, *but* The Sun *is perceived as the leader.*

MURDOCH: I don't think it's fair to call it a tabloid culture.

SHAWCROSS: *Well, some people call it the Murdoch culture.*

MURDOCH: Well, good luck to them. Some people used to call it the Northcliffe culture or the Hearst culture—anyone who's been in the mass media. It's the old business about shooting the messenger. Also, there's the elitist view that you shouldn't get your hands dirty when assessing the same self-appointed elite.

Five years ago, we had a great time in New York when we supported an unknown candidate for governor [Republican George Pataki, who won] against the long-standing and famous Democrat Mario Cuomo. We helped focus the issues. You enjoy that. I'd be a hypocrite to say I didn't enjoy that. And I think we've been proven right.

SHAWCROSS: *How do you feel about* The Sun *publishing the topless picture of Sophie Rhys-Jones just before her marriage to Prince Edward?*

MURDOCH: Terrible. It was an inexplicable mistake and a setback just when *The Sun*

was making great progress. You just have to ride through these things and realize that professionals learn from their mistakes.

[We went on to a discussion of the breakdown of traditional social mores and its effect on families, especially the children of single parents.]

SHAWCROSS: *If you think children are being deprived in the West, what do you think should be done?*

MURDOCH: Well, I don't know. Do we have to try and reassert old-fashioned values? It would probably be unsuccessful in today's world. Maybe there are economic rewards to be given to people who are married with children rather than people who are not . . .

SHAWCROSS: *Do you think your media do enough to try and alleviate this problem?*

MURDOCH: Oh, I think so.

SHAWCROSS: *What do you do?*

MURDOCH: We write about it a lot. We carry a lot of articles on it.

SHAWCROSS: *Fox? Television is what matters on this sort of issue, is it not? People in this sort of situation watch more television than read books. Does* Married . . . with Children *help at all?*

MURDOCH: I think a lot of television, including Fox, is certainly a negative influence with some of the modern popular comedies. Well, perhaps I should not comment about comedies. The worst offenders are the soap operas, of which we have a couple in the evenings, but the really bad ones are the cheap ones run during the day by the old networks.

SHAWCROSS: *Worst in what sense?*

MURDOCH: They're just people jumping in and out of bed all day long.

Then I don't know what is the influence of these horror shows [*Jerry Springer Show,* et al.] which have a freak of the day every day, weird domestic situations with families fighting. I find that demeaning and bad. We don't make any of them, but some of our stations carry them. . . . The trend was started by Oprah Winfrey. She's trying to clean up her act, but every time she does she loses audience and has to go back to it.

Once kids drop out of watching children's programming, they undoubtedly watch these freak shows, and somehow they almost think they are news programs, reflecting life.

SHAWCROSS: *So should there be greater controls?*

MURDOCH: No, I don't think so. I think they're wearing their welcome out. Something else will come along to fill the airwaves.

[I asked him about exactly that in a subsequent conversation.]

SHAWCROSS: *Are you not sometimes horrified by some of the reality shows that Fox has spawned? Like* When Animals Attack *and* World's Wildest Police Videos*?*

MURDOCH: I think they're quite all right. No harm in any of that. It gets a bit repetitive. There's too much of it. But I don't have any worries about it or its effect on people. The Discovery Channel, which is like motherhood in this country, advertises a Shark Week every year. They repeat all those old pictures of sharks eating people, or each other—blood on the water—and the ratings go up dramatically.

SHAWCROSS: *We all love that sort of junk.*

MURDOCH: [*Laughs.*] No, I'm much more worried about the live freak shows.

[I then asked him about the growth of his Fox Sports network.]

MURDOCH: I think the original sports channel, ESPN, does the national sports very well. We cover local sports. Every cable operator has to have that local sports channel, whether it's baseball or basketball or hockey—they have to have their local teams. So it's a key channel. And we are now making it one national network. The important thing is that it gives us a *certain* place in the cable universe.

SHAWCROSS: *So you are after ESPN?*

MURDOCH: No, I think we complement them.

SHAWCROSS: *But you won't be satisfied with that.*

MURDOCH: Oh, yes I will. We're very happy to complement them. They're not happy at us coming in the market. They tried to organize a local channel in Southern California and we beat them out of that and now they will develop in other ways.

SHAWCROSS: *You don't actually watch much sport yourself. So when did it become such an interest to you?*

MURDOCH: I like to watch football and baseball, but I'm not an expert.

SHAWCROSS: *So when and how did you decide that sport had to be what you famously called the "battering ram" for developing your global TV network?*

MURDOCH: I can't put a date on it. . . . The point is that sport happens in real time. I think that you get more and more choice [among cable networks] but nearly always between canned programs of different ages. To have something in real time gives an urgency to the whole thing, a reality to it.

We've always known that sports had universal appeal. Right from the beginning, in Adelaide, we used sports to sell the papers. When I got to London with *The Sun,* we set out from day one to outsport *The Mirror.* We knew it was football, football, football. It had to be on the back page almost every day of the year.

[One of Murdoch's most controversial areas of enterprise is China. In the early 90s he bought the Star satellite-television company, based in Hong Kong. Ever since, he has tried to turn it into a profitable broadcaster covering all of Asia. He discovered early on that there was no such thing as a single Asian audience—that each country had very distinctive tastes and demands.

One of his early acts was to throw the BBC off the satellite broadcasting to China. In 199[illegible] he acknowledged to me that he did this because he wanted to get into China and knew that the Chinese hated the BBC for its broadcasting of the massacre of Tiananmen Square in 1989. He also argued that since the BBC broadcast only in English, almost no one in China could understand it, whereas he planned to broadcast in Mandarin. Early in 199[illegible] aroused much criticism when he ordered HarperCollins, the publishing house he owns, not to publish the memoirs of Chris Patten, the last British governor of Hong Kong, who had angered the Chinese by his attempts to enhance the field of democracy there.]

SHAWCROSS: *What has your role in China been? In the West it's often criticized.*

MURDOCH: We have no role in China. Well, we broadcast three or four channels and we're now involved with a Chinese group with another channel which is slowly accepted in a lot of cable systems. How many people watch those channels? I couldn't tell you. It's meant to be illegal to have dishes, but if you go anywhere you'll see a lot of dishes pointed at the satellite we are on. There are other Chinese channels on it.

I think anything that shows them what people live in the West probably has some influence for the good. It broadens everyone's horizons. They don't mind that these days.

SHAWCROSS: *If you don't have a role in China, why are you there?*

MURDOCH: We'd like to have a role—not a political role, but we'd like to have a presence there. It's part of the competition. We're in the entertainment industry, whether it's music, sports, or films, and there's no question but media is becoming globalized, whether we like it or not. The technology is there and if we don't do it someone else will. And we'd certainly love to play a part. . . . We have to proceed very carefully in China. They are very intelligent and very proud and very fearful of the changes that are coming about how they are going to hold their society together as one. Probably with very good reason. But there's no reason why we can't be a constructive force.

SHAWCROSS: *Until the end of the 1980s you were a dedicated anti-Communist in terms of the U.S.S.R. Why are you not so in the case of China? You are perceived—because you took the BBC off Star and canceled Patten's book—as wishing to kowtow to China.*

MURDOCH: I don't think there are many Communists left in China. There's a one-party state and there's a Communist economy which they are desperately trying to get out of and change. The Russian Communists were expansionist and were dedicated to taking over Europe and Latin America. The Chinese have had some border disputes, which one can argue about and I don't know

. and wrongs of. I don't know the rights vrongs of Tibet. I'd love to go there and . They want me to go there and see it.

CROSS: *You must know the rights and gs of Tibet. Ten years ago you wouldn't said a thing like that. You'd have said screwed Tibet.*

OCH: Did they?

CROSS: *Oh, they did. It's been a kind of ral genocide.*

OCH: But what was the culture? It was a / terrible old autocratic society out of liddle Ages. Maybe I'm falling for their ganda, but it was an authoritarian, me- l society without any basic services.

CROSS: *The Chinese have colonized it ried to destroy Tibetan culture.*

OCH: Well, maybe, but what was Ti- culture?

CROSS: *It was Tibetan.*

OCH: I guess so. The problem is, I think people would say that life is better than before—people healthy and more erous. The problem have is that half the le of Tibet still think he Dalai Lama is the f God.

CROSS: *That's their right nk that.*

OCH: That's their right, 've not met the Dalai a. Have you?

CROSS: *No. He seems y remarkable man.*

OCH: I don't know. Ob- ly to Tibetans he is, I have heard cynics say he's a very politi- old monk shuffling nd in Gucci shoes.

CROSS: *You are seen meone who suppressed ideas in order ratiate yourself with China.*

OCH: Yes, well, I don't think we've ressed any ideas. I do think that the le running the BBC service at the were deliberately making trouble. They constantly replaying Tiananmen Square, antly running pictures of Chinese ncial governors running round in a cars from Hong Kong. There was a f propaganda in it. You might say it n a good cause. But we thought, for ctly legitimate reasons, they could some other way of getting there. Why ld we pay them for the privilege of ing it when they could do it for selves? There were plenty of other ites and transponders available. They on another satellite.

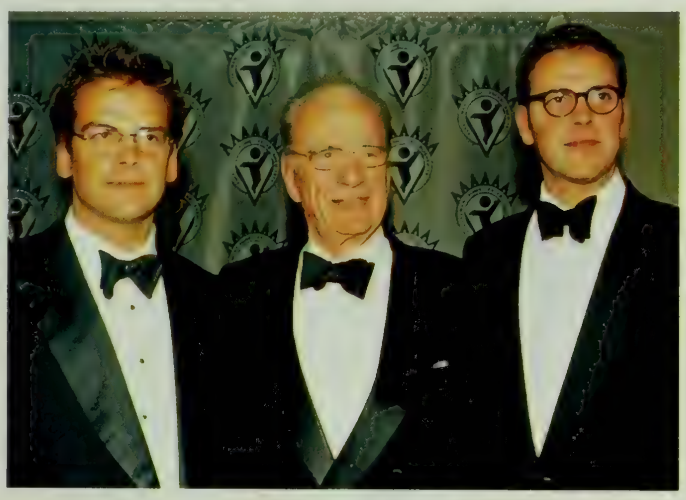
said that the basic accusation against him hat his papers and television do not cover and Hong Kong adequately, because they o protect his business interests in China.]

MURDOCH: Oh, that's rubbish. The real story there is an economic story, tied to the democratic story. It is what Zhu Rongji [the Chinese prime minister] is going to do, and can he do it. They're undertaking the most enormous task, which will inevitably lead to a much larger degree of democracy. But in privatizing industry and reorganizing a country of twelve hundred million people, the vast majority of whom are still pretty desperately poor, and how they can adjust that and keep the country united—it's one of the biggest tasks ever undertaken in history. Certainly it is the biggest ever in terms of economic reorganization.

SHAWCROSS: *So where do you think the liberal, Western, pro-democracy argument fits into that?*

MURDOCH: I don't think you have to force Western democracy on them. The average Chinese person doesn't care about democracy, he cares about his next bowl of rice and getting a better standard of living. But as they get a better standard of living, as they get private ownership of their resources, it's inevitable that a degree of democracy will come with it. There may not be Westminster-style parliament, but we're seeing it already at the village level. It'll come very slowly, and there's no great demand for it. I mean, you can always find someone who wants to be a hero and say, Listen we're standing outside. But there's no major public support for those people.

SHAWCROSS: *You could have said that about Sakharov or Solzhenitsyn in the 70s, but you wouldn't have said it about them then, would you?*



FREDO NOT PICTURED
"I wanted to look like them—40 years younger!" Murdoch with sons Lachlan (perceived to be his heir apparent), left, and James, right, at a 1998 benefit in Beverly Hills.

MURDOCH: I don't think China is such a bad society, as the U.S.S.R. was.

SHAWCROSS: *It's a pretty brutal society, isn't it?*

MURDOCH: So is Japan—you're dealing with very different people. Let China evolve. I think it's evolving fairly fast and there are tremendous changes. There's a whole new generation of leaders. They're bureaucrats admittedly, rather than elected officials, but they are very, very different from the old Moscow-trained Communists—and you certainly don't want to see change the way we had it in Russia, which has led to misery. Russia may be coming through, but it's been the most painful and frightening transition, which is not over yet.

SHAWCROSS: *But do you mind being seen as the person who is siding with the regime in Beijing?*

MURDOCH: No, I'm not being political. I'm quite apolitical about it, I'm an observer of it.

SHAWCROSS: *No. No. You're involved.*

MURDOCH: No, I'm not.

SHAWCROSS: *Well, you are. Your business surely makes you take a political position.*

MURDOCH: I don't have any business with them. We'd like to have a business there.

SHAWCROSS: *Well, that's what I mean, I guess. You removed the BBC from Star to please the Chinese.*

MURDOCH: Well, the BBC was going out to bait them every day. Years after Tiananmen Square, running scenes of it and publishing pictures alleging corruption—it was a very, very anti-Chinese broadcast.

SHAWCROSS: *There is a lot of corruption.*

MURDOCH: I think that's the greatest danger.

[We moved on to a discussion of corporate politics.]

SHAWCROSS: *At Sun Valley [where top News Corp. staff have a regular retreat] your executives were urged to "Be Like Rupert." Is there a danger that there's a bit of a cult of personality in News Corp.?*

MURDOCH: Yes. I don't think people consciously want to be like me. I am a bit shocked at people thinking of it as a cult of personality. But people say to me that I underestimate my own contribution and my own influence—I murmur something off the top of my head and it's interpreted as a command that goes through the place. So I have to be a bit careful about that. But you can't shy away from it. Big media companies are always built by individuals, not committees or boards. Of course, you've got to get a lot of great people around you. I mean,

Murdoch

Time Inc. was built by Henry Luce, and then committees carried it forward unsuccessfully. Steve Ross built Warner's. He outmaneuvered Time into a reverse takeover. It was a piece of unbelievable highway robbery. But then he died and Jerry Levin established his personality, and now there's no doubt there's just one man running it.

Ted Turner built something single-handedly. He may not have thought through what it would grow into—but he knew enough of it and kept it going. The successful media companies have always had strong leadership.

[I asked him about his ongoing "battle" with Ted Turner.]

MURDOCH: I don't consider that a battle. More a joke. I don't know what Ted's on about.

SHAWCROSS: *When did that start? When did he begin calling you Hitler?*

MURDOCH: The day after I said we wanted to start a news channel three or four years ago. I really said it off the cuff in a speech to a chamber-of-commerce meeting in Boston. Then he started calling me Hitler and any other abusive word that came into his head. Before that we had never had a cross word—we'd always been rather friendly. I'd always rather admired him as a brave pioneer. He trades on seeming crazy when he is not, or not totally.

The Jewish community was outraged he compared me with Hitler. My reaction was to laugh at it. They were so outraged that they gave me a great dinner, with Henry Kissinger making me humanitarian of the year [*laughs*], purely to stick their finger in Ted Turner's eye.

SHAWCROSS: *How do the cultures of News, Time Warner, and Disney differ?*

MURDOCH: Oh they're three very different companies. News is the outsider trying to break in all the time, and has had to take opportunities and pick up scraps or start things. Time Warner has the legacy of Time Inc., which it is very conscious of. Warner Bros. haven't quite got themselves together, but it's a very big company. It inherited some of the self-indulgent extremes of Hollywood expenditure from the Steve Ross days. There's still a bit of that left, but much less.

The absorption of Turner was a brilliant move. No doubt he is a very difficult person to handle, but he's been a good influence. He basically spends two or three weeks a month at his ranch and then goes to his office in Atlanta for a few days and interferes a lot in CNN and TNT—not badly, he knows those businesses very well—and then comes to a board meeting in New York. It's a good merger—they now have a huge presence on cable, starting with their premium channels like HBO, which are the old Time Inc. assets, then news, children's channels, etc. They're much bigger and more established than us. They've tried to start a new, very targeted network [the WB], but it's not yet meaningful economically. All in all a very strong company, maturer than we are.

Disney is quite different—there's a big argument as to whether it's seen its best days. It's a one-man company. I think Michael Eisner is a genius, tremendously creative. It just amazes me he hasn't got the network right after three years. They paid a fortune for it. It's not firing correctly yet at all. It should be doing much better. The theme parks are fine. The animated pictures, which should also underpin all the profits, are not doing as well as they should, but they are still a tremendous cash machine. They have a lot more overhead than us. It's a strange company, very much a West Coast company.

SHAWCROSS: *It's a very dogmatic, structured company, no?*

MURDOCH: Yes, it used to be a company that shared power at the top. You had Frank Wells [the president and C.O.O., who died in 1994] and pretty high-powered finance directors—now it's just Eisner. But beneath him there is a huge overhead—dozens and dozens of M.B.A.'s studying everything to death, and it only takes one person to say, "This is a bad idea," and everyone says, "Oh God, it's a bad idea to support this." So they all bail out for fear of failure. It reflects the insecure side of Michael's character.

But it's very different from Time Warner and from us. It is a dogmatic company. They're fanatical about their assets.

SHAWCROSS: *Disagreeably so?*

MURDOCH: Yes, I think it can be quite disagreeable. I mean, they really take the idea of Mickey Mouse seriously as this great American icon.

SHAWCROSS: *I'm sure you would too if you had bought Disney.*

MURDOCH: [*Laughs.*]

[I asked him which of his other competitors he admired.]

MURDOCH: I think Jack Welch at General Electric has been outstandingly able—they're very tough competitors. He is probably the most effective chief executive I've ever seen. The way he rebuilt his company, the way he has driven it and put a philosophy right through the company of responsible but tough profit-making. The way he has cut his losses.... He is a business leader in every sense.

The next great executive to watch will be Jacques Nasser at Ford.

SHAWCROSS: *What about Barry Diller?*

MURDOCH: I like Barry. In spite of his reputation as a great deal-maker—he has been doing so many lately—he's a very, very cautious businessman and a totally honest one. He never misled me. [Diller ran Twentieth Century Fox from 1984 to 1992.] He hated the film business but loved television. I he hated that element of huge risk. very difficult industry.

SHAWCROSS: *Your relationship did not tears?*

MURDOCH: No, never.

SHAWCROSS: *But it probably would have if you had continued together.*

MURDOCH: It might have done.

SHAWCROSS: *Is Bill Gates coming at you*

MURDOCH: Oh, I think Bill's going at body. Bill wants to take over the worl

SHAWCROSS: *That's what Sumner Redsto chairman and C.E.O. of Viacom] an ers say about you.*

MURDOCH: That's what people say Sumner. I don't say it nastily about Bi I think that he has within that co [Microsoft] a tremendously comp ethos—even more than in ours. They want to knock the other guys out, n be leaders.

SHAWCROSS: *So, what do you think of th tice Department's anti-trust case again crosoft?*

MURDOCH: I don't know the merits of i can argue it both ways. Certainly I Microsoft has been more than ordi robust in its business tactics. I don't about the law or whether they've picked on. . . . The worst thing that happen to Bill Gates is constant cov ries of lists of rich people, with $50 becoming $60 billion or whatever They make him a target for every amb little lawyer tucked away in even state ney generals' offices. It happened to M and Rockefeller. It happened to IBM.

SHAWCROSS: *How come that hasn't hap to you?*

MURDOCH: It happens to us every day i ain. It's unbelievable what they do to u

SHAWCROSS: *I was reading again the sp at Sun Valley. Peter Chernin said you to create a "powerhouse Internet pres but you say you are very wary of that.*

MURDOCH: We'd like to, we think we ne but we don't know how to.

To be honest with you, who has powerhouse? AOL, Yahoo!, I guess zon.com, which I think is a wonderf vice. They are growing at an amazing But so are their losses. Everyone says fine, it's just part of the growth. T very little cost of entry, as Bertelsman shown, going in with Barnes & Noble bookselling Web site] for a couple of dred million dollars. But you have to a presence and you have to have a br

SHAWCROSS: *You said that listening to Yang [co-founder of Yahoo!] and Christo sakos [chairman and C.E.O. of E-Tra Sun Valley made you think you h change the company. In what way?*

MURDOCH: Well, I thought they we bright and so interesting, and we just


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Murdoch

to find a way to attract to the company people like Jerry Yang at 26, when he started his own company. He's still only 30. We need to recruit more young lions and let them run with it and play with a few million dollars. That's what we're trying to set up with [his son] James. We're going to set up a small fund and say, "Go spend it." We'll put some seed money into three or four ventures a year. And if it goes well, we'll put in more money. But we must attract these people. And let them get rich. Look at Jerry Yang. His company's worth billions now and he's certainly got a billion or so and he's 30. It's astonishing! He laughs about it and says someone might invent a better mousetrap tomorrow and he'd be out of business. As someone else said to me, there were hundreds of auto companies that were floated in the early 20th century, and barely any of them are there today. Today's Ford and GM are the results of later mergers. So the lesson is you don't have to hurry. There's still a lot of change to come.

SHAWCROSS: *Wouldn't you like to do something completely different now? Think of your predecessors as robber barons—people such as Rockefeller and Carnegie, fierce businessmen who also set up vast philanthropic institutions which have had a lasting impact for good. Don't you want to do that?*

MURDOCH: Yes, but I'm not clear enough about it to say I want to set up an institution as such. The Murdoch-family assets will have a very large portion put aside for charitable giving. That's starting now. That will be under the control of my children. I feel very strongly that the cause private philanthropy can do a lot about is education. Seeing that every talented kid gets equal opportunity is the thing that interests me most.

SHAWCROSS: *So, is there a Murdoch-family foundation already?*

MURDOCH: Yes, but we don't publicize it.

SHAWCROSS: *What causes have you supported so far?*

MURDOCH: Inner-city causes, basically in New York and Los Angeles. Some things for disadvantaged kids that Anna was interested in in Australia as well as here.

Anna did a lot of great work for abused kids in the poorest parts of Los Angeles.

SHAWCROSS: *What sort of size do you hope to grow this to?*

MURDOCH: That depends, I guess, on how well News Corp. does.

SHAWCROSS: *Do you consider yourself a libertarian?*

MURDOCH: Pretty much. There have to be some rules, but I do believe in tolerance and people doing their own thing. What does libertarian mean? As much individual responsibility as possible, as little government as possible, and as few rules as possible. But I'm not saying it should be taken to the absolute limit, as many libertarians tend to.

SHAWCROSS: *What do you want to be remembered for?*

MURDOCH: I'm not really worried about the history books. Let the chips fall whe th will. If they go back and read eve thi that's been written about me and u t stories as source material, I'll be se a pretty terrible person. But I think th just want to die with a good cons and the feeling that you've been a fo good as you see it. I don't say I made mistakes and won't make mist the future. I'd like to feel I made a ence. I think that in Britain we've be of the forces for change and modern and most of the changes have bee good. I think being a part of what is the Thatcher revolution was somethi proud of. If you look at the details o thing she did, you can probably find of faults, but on balance I think it v solutely vital and we were one of th few consistent supporters of that.

And then for our own sector, the I think what we did there to force has really ensured the life of a comp print-media scene. Maybe we've onl gated it for 20 or 30 years, but that i is very good.

SHAWCROSS: *And in America?*

MURDOCH: We've had less impact he we've helped keep alive a competitive in New York. We've made television more competitive. Other, bigger force taken over that role now, in terms o and the multiplicity of channels. forces based on technology. What done, even here, has been to prov alternative. □

Affleck

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 266 anything." When Damon went to college at Harvard, little changed. Affleck hung out with Damon's new Ivy League friends and did his part to help drain the beer supply at the Delphic, the frat-boyish "finals club" Damon belonged to.

For Affleck, college held considerably less appeal than it did for Damon. After two months at the University of Vermont, he dropped out—much to the dismay of his mother, who, Affleck says, "always wanted me to be a history teacher." And so it was on to Los Angeles, where he and another friend lived in a one-bedroom "shit hole" on Franklin and Cherokee—"the Times Square of L.A.," as Affleck puts it. Between auditions, he spent his time rustling up the $300 rent and generally living a *Slacker*-style existence in which he spent too much time fielding calls from someone named "Fat Ed." "He'd always call and be like 'Yo, this is Fat Ed. Motherfuckers owe me $70 for groceries!'"

Luckily, it wasn't long before Affleck was getting movie work—the 1992 prep-school drama *School Ties,* Richard Linklater's 1993 *Dazed and Confused,* and Kevin Smith's embarrassing 1995 homage to New Jersey, *Mallrats.* Invariably, Affleck would be cast as the lunkhead, perhaps because he had yet to grow into his leading-man looks. Most of his roles required him to beat the crap out of some pencil-necked pre-adolescent. "I'd always go in for the lead," says Affleck, "and they'd be like 'You're interesting as Steve. We'd like you to read Bruiser.'"

Smith saw that Affleck had more to offer, and cast him as the main character in *Chasing Amy,* the 1997 Sundance hit that landed Affleck on the indie-film map. Playing an insecure, flabby, goatee-wearing cartoonist, Affleck got to do some hard-core, scenery-chewing emoting, including a monologue in which he pours his heart out to a yammering lesbian, played by Joey Lauren Adams. The scene was profoundly informed by Affleck's personal life at the time: he was in the process of breaking up with his high-school girlfriend. "I could strongly identify with the feeling of unrequited love, sa Affleck. "Basically, I was in love with m one for years and years. And ultimat felt like she just didn't love me in the a way—which was extremely painful."

Affleck would never admit that he li to talk about mushy stuff—"It wou very difficult for me to say, '*That he*s But get him started on any topic—inc di love and relationships—and he's vi impossible to shut up. Nothing send h on a sentimental roll quite like Gwn Paltrow, his girlfriend of a year, with go he split last January.

"Gwyneth has a lot of things that h come across in her public image," sa fleck, who is forever defending her a the perception that she's an ice q "She's extremely funny, she's extraordi smart—not because she's a 1,600-o S.A.T. girl, but smart in the way tha kind of gets it," says Affleck. "She's ac the funny, down-to-earth fat girl in the tiful girl's body." He is equally valiant their well-publicized breakup. "People ries always seem more interesting and full of intrigue from the office-gossi

ve," says Affleck, perhaps referring to
d accounts that had Paltrow alternate-
aking around with Joe Fiennes, Viggo
:nsen, and ex-boyfriend Brad Pitt. "But
you're on the inside of your own rela-
üp, you know the answers to those
of questions are much more mundane
when it's all shrouded in mystery and
:d with conjecture: 'I heard he caught
ı a ménage à trois with a transvestite
wo Pygmy lesbians!'"
:e a true movie star, Affleck is deter-
l to keep the details of their relation-
iidden. Like a true guy, he can't quite
himself from doing the opposite. An
:ur photographer (his current passions
is Widelux camera and his Adobe
›shop), Affleck keeps several albums
; work in his loft. Amid pictures of
›ridge, his mother, and his brother are
res of Gwyneth: Gwyneth with flow-
her hair, Gwyneth waking up in the
ing, Gwyneth dressed as Romeo on
et of *Shakespeare in Love,* Gwyneth
t to head into Makeup. "Isn't she
?" Affleck says wistfully, gazing at
ıst image. "She's much more beautiful
natural like this than when she's all
up." He's lost in a Gwyneth moment.
getting sad." But he's no sucker, and
s it clear that there will be no weep-
ere.

fleck wasn't always so evolved in this
department. Think back to the height
e Ben 'n' Matt frenzy, in 1997, when
ck was dating Paltrow and Damon
seeing *her* friend Winona Ryder. "It
o gay," Affleck says, in the eight-year-
irl sense of the word. "If I had gone
e tabloid stories of it, I would have
like 'Look at these fuckin' chumps. I
want to smack these people.' And I
of wanted to smack myself," he ad-
"But it's one of those things you kind
n't help. What are you going to say?
k, dude, don't go out with her. It'll
really weak.'"
inge-worthiness wasn't the only issue.
e than anything, Affleck was con-
d about how the tabloid stories would
t those around him—such as his ex-
iend. He likes the tabloids to "the
d who says, 'I don't want to get in-
d, but I did see Cathy blowin' three
'" Equally bothersome are the tabloid
describing Affleck as a rabid Lothario
ing out all the condoms in a 7-Eleven
isconsin (a state he's never set foot in),
getting cozy with Mariah Carey, Pamela
erson, and, most recently, navel-baring
star Britney Spears. "Britney Spears is
ears old, O.K.?" says Affleck, rolling
es. "Can you dig it?"
or has Affleck been excluded from
of Hollywood's favorite games: Guess

When he dreamed of playing

in the majors,

you didn't just give him

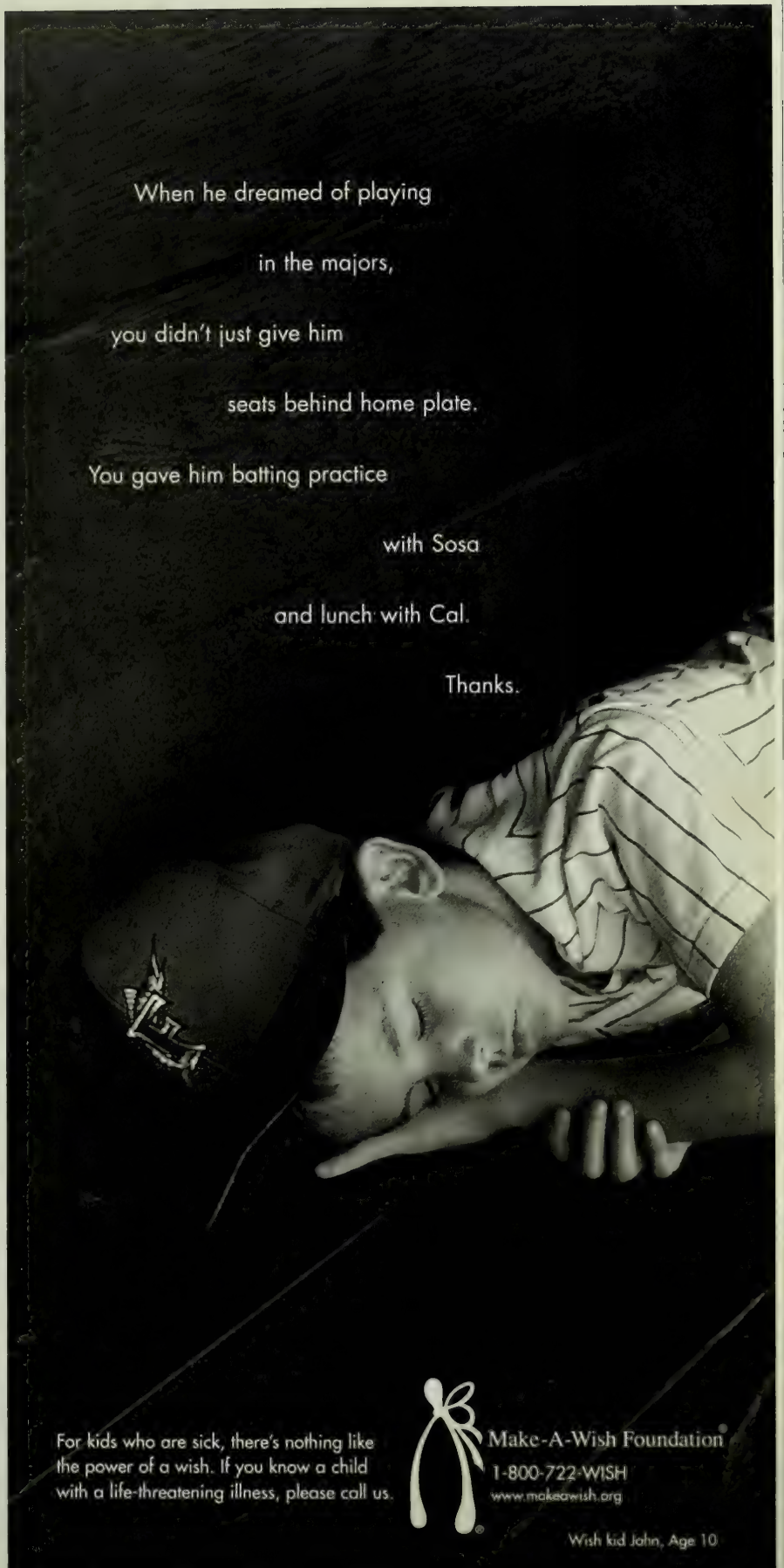
seats behind home plate.

You gave him batting practice

with Sosa

and lunch with Cal.

Thanks.



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Wish kid John, Age 10

Affleck

Who's Gay. His sexuality has been the subject of blind tabloid reports, and Affleck is often told that it's a foregone conclusion in the gay community that he and Damon are in love—a nugget that Affleck seems to get a particular kick out of. According to Hollywood gossip, says Affleck, "not only is every [actor] gay, but somebody has a friend who slept with them. Maybe there are gay people who are in the closet in Hollywood—I'm sure there probably are—but I'm sure they didn't sleep with *Henry's friend.*" As for his own sexuality, Affleck says, "I like to think that if I were gay I would be out. Rupert Everett–style."

Though Affleck has learned to handle the rumors with panache, his sudden fame and formidable wealth (he is now offered up to $12 million per picture) have been a bit harder to reconcile. "It's a tricky moral issue for me," says Affleck. "[Sometimes] I feel that maybe I should just keep $50,000 and give everything [else] away." His healthy Cambridge-liberal guilt is hard to miss. Even Frankenheimer, who briefly met Affleck's mother, couldn't help but notice that Affleck's "childhood was well formed and that he grew up with the right values." On the other hand, Affleck is too smart to pretend that he doesn't enjoy "priming the pump." "I once read an interview with a young actor who was saying, 'I'd like to live in a country house—the kind that Henry Miller lived in,'" says Affleck. "And I always thought, I want to live in the house that *Reggie* Miller lived in."

True to his guy-with-a-conscience form, Affleck has found himself somewhere in the middle: Sure, there are the two homes, the five motorcycles, the marble bathroom, the four computers, and the two cars (a Chevy Malibu and '69 Cadillac Sedan DeVille, which he shares with his brother). But he also gives a lot of his money to charity and to "needy individuals, whom I seem to come across with increasing regularity," has recently purchased a house for his mother, and, let it not be forgotten, often eats lunch at Koo Koo Roo. Yes, he implies, on occasion his behavior veers toward the prima donna–ish—he's been known to snub the press at movie premieres. But when he complains about anything, he feels "tacky," and when he catches himself trying to escape conversations with aggressive fans—by, say, claiming he needs to "go to the bathroom"—he feels, well, "shitty."

"Hey, Ben!" says a grizzled Koo Koo Roo patron who, in his full biker regalia, resembles a 70s-era Hell's Angel. Instead of running to the rest room, Affleck stands, bear-hugs the man, and launches into a long discussion about teeth. The interloper, you see, is not a Hell's Angel at all; he's Affleck's dentist, Dr. Stan Goldman, and Dr. Stan Goldman, like almost everyone who has crossed Affleck's path, is a serious fan.

"*Love* that dude," Affleck says after Dr. Goldman congratulates him for his work in *Shakespeare in Love,* bums a Camel Light, and takes off on his Harley. "I got sent to him by Disney when we were doing *Armageddon.* Fixed my tooth. My tooth was cracked and fucked up."

If the $100 million Jerry Bruckheimer asteroid juggernaut marked the moment when Affleck began worrying about his teeth (the whole set looks better than it used to), it was also the event that propelled Affleck from indie boy to action star—and spawned the inevitable talk about "selling out." It is an accusation that Affleck finds roundly preposterous. "How many opportunities do you have to go onto the space shuttle? To go into the neutral-buoyancy laboratory?" he says. For one thing, Affleck was raised on *Star Wars.* For another, he realizes that "just because a movie's independent doesn't mean it's good." Yes, he remains involved in several upcoming low-budget projects (Kevin Smith's beleaguered religious send-up *Dogma,* Ben Younger's Wall Street drama *The Boiler Room,* Billy Bob Thornton's southern comedy *Daddy and Them,* and Jay Lacopo's *The Third Wheel,* a romantic comedy about a date gone haywire, which he and Damon are producing). But nothing lights up Affleck's bullshit meter like a lousy art-house film with a pretentious title. "I'm always like 'Yecch,'" Affleck says, cringing. "You know, *Manny and Chuck with the Strawberries,* or whatever it is. I want to see *Enemy of the State.*"

Which is not to say that Affleck plans to spend his career spraying bullets into gangs of international terrorists or delivering Bruce Willis–type lines such as "Yippee Kai Yay!" with a straight face. In Affleck's opinion, there's nothing so inane as "the best there is" movies. "[Hollywood] can't make a movie unless the lead guy's the best so-and-so," says Affleck, launching into a testosterone-pumped movie-trailer voice. "It's always like 'The *best* valet parker there ever was! And now he's back, for one . . . big . . . party!'"

If anything has characterized Affleck's role choices, it's the instinct to keep looking for what's different. "His wheels are constantly turning," Sandra Bullock says. "I don't think he can turn his head off."

And so Affleck, burned out on *Armageddon*'s "deep-core drilling," chose to do *Shakespeare in Love,* despite fears t cast was "going to be a bunch of knighted British people who were g hate me and make fun of me." N *Forces of Nature,* which touched a n identified with that dilemma, that commitment," Affleck says of his ch a conservative groom-to-be who qu everything when he meets the free- Bullock. On a few occasions, Affle rewrote dialogue in hopes of mak scenes more honest. "He'd brainstor he'd get quiet for 20 minutes," Bull calls, "and we'd know what that mea was writing *12 pages* of dialogue."

"I wished they had used more stuff," Affleck admits. "In retrospect, that movie would have been better to be edgier. . . . If [Bullock's charact been talking about sex toys," says A "that would have freaked this guy o he would have been made uncomfor

If Affleck is looking for a little d fort, now is his moment. The ne *Dogma*—in which Affleck and Dam angels with a penchant for automati ons—has come under attack by the lic League for Religious and Civil which thinks the film ridicules the c (Affleck views the controversy as, in e "three guys who had this little jury operation in Duluth who were trying their names in the papers.")

More emotional turbulence may be for Affleck as he begins shooting Don romance *Bounce,* opposite Gwynet trow. And with *Reindeer Games,* the will see what Affleck looks like as a "I saw him as a throwback protag Affleck says of his most recent cha "The hard-luck protagonist who d look good all the time, who's cons getting shit on, and who has the op nity for a wry loser's irony. He kind minded me of my dad," he says. "N my dad's a loser, but [he has] that luck sense of humor."

And thus it appears that Affleck n nearing the end of guy territory a proaching manhood, a secure place lize some of the skills he's picked up his various directors—directing, alas, another target Affleck has set his sigh and to explore the jackassery that h so intensely. Among the many issue Affleck is now confronting are, he ex a limited capacity for compromise lack of willingness to put his energy romantic relationship. "The reason I gle," Affleck says, "is because I w want to be with anybody right no would be willing to be with me."

And, just for a moment, Ben A sounds a little like Woody Allen. Bu a little. □

redits

hion

or: Ben Affleck's Ermenegildo Zegna shirt and from Ermenegildo Zegna stores nationwide.
e 64: Cameron Crowe's Giorgio Armani t and shirt from Giorgio Armani, Beverly Hills.
e 84: Aimée Bell styled by Tina Skouras; by Moschino from Barneys New York, ; cardigan by Jennifer Tyler Cashmeres Etc. Jennifer Tyler Cashmeres Etc., N.Y.C.
e 88: Heather Fink styled by Elizabeth Loomis; n Klein shirt from Calvin Klein, N.Y.C.
e 156: Seth MacFarlane's Lisa Kline shirt pants from Lisa Kline Men, L.A.; Alexander rez for Célestine L.A.
e 251: Wes Bentley's Marc Jacobs shirt from ys New York, N.Y.C.; for Helmut Lang pants, www.helmutlang.com; Chippewa boots from d Z, N.Y.C.
e 256: Tony Robbins styled by Dee Pool.
e 267: Ben Affleck's Harley-Davidson jacket pants from Harley-Davidson stores nationwide; of the Loom T-shirt from department stores na- ide; Chippewa boots from David Z, N.Y.C.
es 268–69: Rupert Murdoch's Paul & Shark ter from Paul & Shark, N.Y.C. **Wendi Deng's** sweater from TSE stores nationwide; Emilio i pants from Emilio Pucci, N.Y.C.
e 273: Paul & Shark sweater from Paul hark, N.Y.C.; gentryportofino sweater from ryportofino Boutique, N.Y.C.; Celine by hael Kors pants call 212-486-9700.
es 274–75: Nicolas Cage's Giorgio Armani ter and **Martin Scorsese's** Giorgio Armani om Giorgio Armani, Beverly Hills.
es 286–89: Ralph Lauren Underwear shirts Ralph Lauren, N.Y.C.; Calvin Klein shirts from in Klein, N.Y.C.; Timothy Reukauf for Marek & ciates
es 294–95: For **Scott Speedman's** Helmut shirt, go to www.helmutlang.com; Abercrom- & Fitch pants from Abercrombie & Fitch stores nwide
es 296–97: See credit for page 64.
es 310–13: For **Billy Wilder's** Tiffany & Co. ch, call 800-526-0649.

auty and Grooming

er: Sally Hershberger for Sheer Blonde; Gigi for Artists.
e 64: See credit for pages 296–97.
e 84: Aimée Bell's hair by Marco Scott, make- by Gita Bass, both for Price, Inc.
e 88: Gaby Grekin's hair and makeup by Cole for Link. Heather Fink's hair and make- by Amy Marie for Price, Inc.
e 156: Seth MacFarlane's grooming by Avril Cloutier.
e 220: Jasmine Manders for Artist Un Tied.
e 246: Tom Freston's grooming by Shally er for Cloutier.
e 251: Wes Bentley's grooming by John e for Célestine L.A.; grooming products from dern Organic.
e 256: Tony Robbins's hair by Takashi Kitamu- grooming by Jeff Gautier for Mark Edward Inc.
es 262–63: Rheanne White for Artists.
Pages 268–69: Sally Hershberger for Sheer Blonde; Jeanine Lobell for Stila Cosmetics; Deborah Lippmann for Lippmann Collection.com.
Pages 274–75: Campbell McAuley for Profile, L.A.; Lucienne Zamit for Cloutier/Stila Cosmetics. **Nicolas Cage's** hair by Joe Cosia; grooming by Allen Weisinger. **Martin Scorsese's** grooming by Catherine Furniss for Célestine L.A./Kiehl's.
Pages 286–89: Quarterbacks' grooming by Paige Smitherman for Marek & Associates.
Pages 294–95: Scott Speedman's hair by Thom Priano for Garren New York; grooming by Regine Thorre for 3 Arts.
Pages 296–97: Cameron Crowe's and **Billy Wilder's** grooming by Tracy Moyer for Célestine L.A.
Page 330: Charles Osgood's grooming by Lisa Storey for Art Department.

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Planetarium

Michael Lutin tells Libras to find safety in numbers



LIBRA SEPT. 23–OCT. 23 Bryant Gumbel

Whatever deeply disturbing emotional or financial issues you may have with siblings and relatives will have to be worked out over a long period of time. Owing to the conjunction of the rulers of your 2nd and 7th houses, many Libras are struggling with such conflicts, and if you shun communication that is honest and real, broken contacts may never be healed. Of course, if you've been banged around enough by people, you probably don't even care. You will find safety and comfort in the presence of true friends—who are *not* related to you by blood.



Leonardo DiCaprio

SCORPIO OCT. 24–NOV. 21

When you appear in public, scrubbed and shining, looking as fresh as this year's debutante, who would ever guess that you can get as down and dirty as a *Tyrannosaurus rex* battling over prey in the primeval mud? That's the deal, though. As Venus makes a direct station at the top of your chart, you can pull off your clean image beautifully and make the whole world think you just stepped out of your first shower. But meanwhile, as Mars and Pluto meet in your 2nd house, you're fighting tooth and nail for your piece of the market. Clever you.



Walt Disney

SAGITTARIUS NOV. 22–DEC. 21

Just as a shaft of sunlight streams through the clouds to warm the earth, so the planet Venus gives you a kiss as she passes overhead in your solar 9th house. Travel, education, and higher consciousness are yours for the asking now. And what a blessing that is, considering that the conjunction of Mars and Pluto in your sun sign might otherwise fill you with rage and put you on one hell of a wicked power trip. If you manage to live through it, the mix of Venus, Mars, and Pluto should aid you in becoming a truly enlightened despot.



Elvis Presley

CAPRICORN DEC. 22–JAN. 19

Secret liaisons don't sit well with Capricorns. As sneaky as you can be, God seems to be watching you constantly and at times even seems to have it in for you. When you stray from the path of righteousness, you usually run right into your next-door neighbor. So what are you supposed to do when Mars and Pluto gang up in your 12th house and Venus stations in your 2nd? Can you keep on pretending that your anxiety comes from work? Can you go on and on insisting that it's all about business? What do you do about your hormones? They don't have a conscience at all.



Oprah Winfrey

AQUARIUS JAN. 20–FEB. 18

Ordinarily, the position of the moon—whether it's passing over the planets currently transiting your solar 11th house or conjoining Neptune and the south node in your solar 1st—would determine whether you were all fired up and eager to change the world or ready to collapse in a heap hoping that someone would come along and sweep you up. Luckily, the direct station of Venus in your 7th house has provided you with somebody who loves and adores you and, more important, can still put up with you, no matter how impossible you've been to deal with.



David Geffen

PISCES FEB. 19–MARCH 20

It's hard to believe that little old you could attract so much attention—especially at this time in your life, when all you think you want to do is crawl under the nearest rock and stay as far away as possible from society, politics, and the whole stinking world. Not so fast. When the personal planets are in earthly houses and the sun is transiting your 7th house, your public image and social interactions take precedence over your desire to remain anonymous and invisible. To put it in human terms, good honest work will save you from a life of total dissipation.



ARIES MARCH 21–APRIL 19 Samuel Beckett

Now that the personal planets are passing through fire signs, you're bound to be feeling ecstatic. You're either hustling through an air route to someplace that requires a passport or throwing yourself con and totally into the pursuit of your trillionth dream. At times like th heart opens up, you recapture your old flair, and you find you ca again enjoy the taste of loving kisses. In fact, you become so ignited v thusiasm and verve that you will not allow even the specter of financ to spoil the party. At least you will try not to.



Pope John Paul II

TAURUS APRIL 20–M

The conjunction of Mars and Pluto in your 8th house indica there's a wolf huffing and puffing at your door. The presence of Venus planted in your solar 4th, however, protects you from the fear that yo house could be blown down. There you sit, eating and drinking, safely away in a well-insulated haven. Should you require a more exact inte tion of the planetary vibrations, think of it this way: the wolf symboli ual desire, and you know very well that when it comes to that you're n than the first two little pigs were.

Marilyn Monroe

GEMINI MAY 21–JUNE 21

Charming chitchat can certainly help allay your current confusion an terror, but as the Jupiter-Saturn conjunction approaches your 12th you find yourself spending oodles of time trying to decide wheth have been following a higher spiritual path or making the biggest a pidest mistake of your life. At this moment you can quietly and calm low the person who is leading you toward either liberation or destr or you can go down the same road kicking and screaming. As far as go, that's about it.



Nancy Reagan

CANCER JUNE 22–JU

For once you don't have to be yowling about money. The sta Venus in your 2nd house represents the culmination of a fortunate eco period. If you are still moaning and fretting about your future, you can it simply on death anxiety, because that's the deep-down fear everybo to deal with. Shifting your obsessive attention from the next calami might befall you to your health and a strict regimen of exercise and wo do wonders to silence that hand-wringing old lady inside you who there are Iraqi submarines lurking off Cape Cod.

Alfred Hitchcock

LEO JULY 23–AUG. 22

In light of the bizarre complications that have put a tremendous strain on your relationships, both professional and personal, it is a r able testimony to your stamina and chutzpah that you can get up an form in front of people with such a cool and noble demeanor. Your and those you have dumped on in the past would probably chalk it your narcissistic, possibly sociopathic personality. A more fair-minde cosmic approach would be to say that it's the station of Venus that you so charming. Take your pick.



Cameron Diaz

VIRGO AUG. 23–SEP

Thanks to Venus, there's an angel in the form of a woman st behind you, helping you in ways you could never have imagined. Get on your knees and thank God, because you need all the help you can g pecially if you were born in early September. You are in a state of tr mation the likes of which you have not experienced since the 1960s were even alive then). Let's hope this transit of Pluto won't leave you w the streets barefoot and strumming a guitar. Your family couldn't t Then again, what the hell do you care what *they* think?

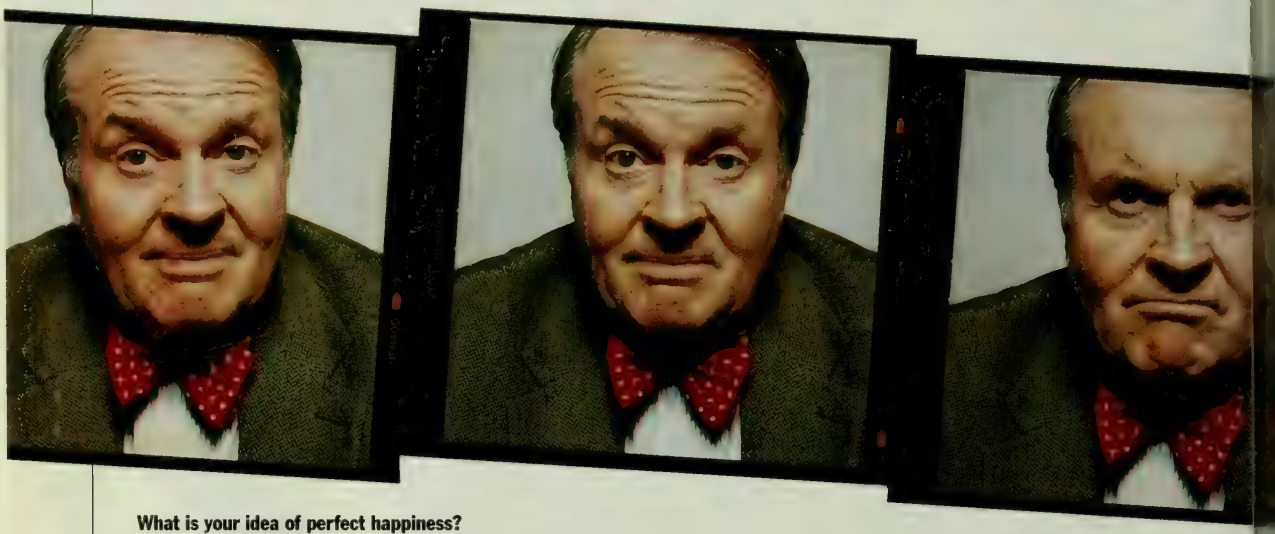
To hear more about what's happening in your horoscope—and everyone else's—listen to Michael Lutin weekly by calling 1-900-28V-FAIR on a Touch-Tone phone. Cost: $1.95 per minute. If you are under 18, you need parental permission.



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Charles Osgood

As host of *The Osgood File* on CBS Radio for 19 years, and successor to Charles Kuralt on *CBS News Sunday Morning*, Charles Osgood has become the bow-tied, folksy sage of American broadcasting. This month, as Osgood publishes his book *See You on the Radio*, he pauses here to share his thoughts on Walter Mitty, Walter Cronkite, and his 1939 Steinway grand



What is your idea of perfect happiness?
Drinks on the deck at sunset.

What is your greatest fear?
Being found out.

Which historical figure do you most identify with?
Antonio Salieri.

Which living person do you most admire?
Mel Karmazin.

What is the trait you most deplore in yourself?
My humility.

What is the trait you most deplore in others?
Their frankness and honesty.

What is your greatest extravagance?
Shirts from Ascot Chang.

What do you consider the most overrated virtue?
Humility.

What do you dislike most about your appearance?
Girth.

Which words or phrases do you most overuse?
"See you on the radio."

What is your greatest regret?
Not buying Microsoft stock in 1995.

What or who is the greatest love of your life?
Jean Crafton Wood.

When and where were you happiest?
Here and now.

What is your current state of mind?
Bemused.

If you were to die and come back as a person or thing, what do you think it would be?
A baby.

If you could choose what to come back as, what would it be?
A billionaire.

What is your most treasured possession?
A 1939 Steinway Concert Grand.

What is your favorite occupation?
Goofing off.

What is your most marked characteristic?
Procrastination.

Who is your favorite hero of fiction?
Walter Mitty.

Who are your heroes in real life?
Murrow, Cronkite, Kuralt.

What are your favorite names?
Tom, Dick, Harry.

How would you like to die?
Old age.

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VANITY FAIR

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NER REDSTONE

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D GIRLS

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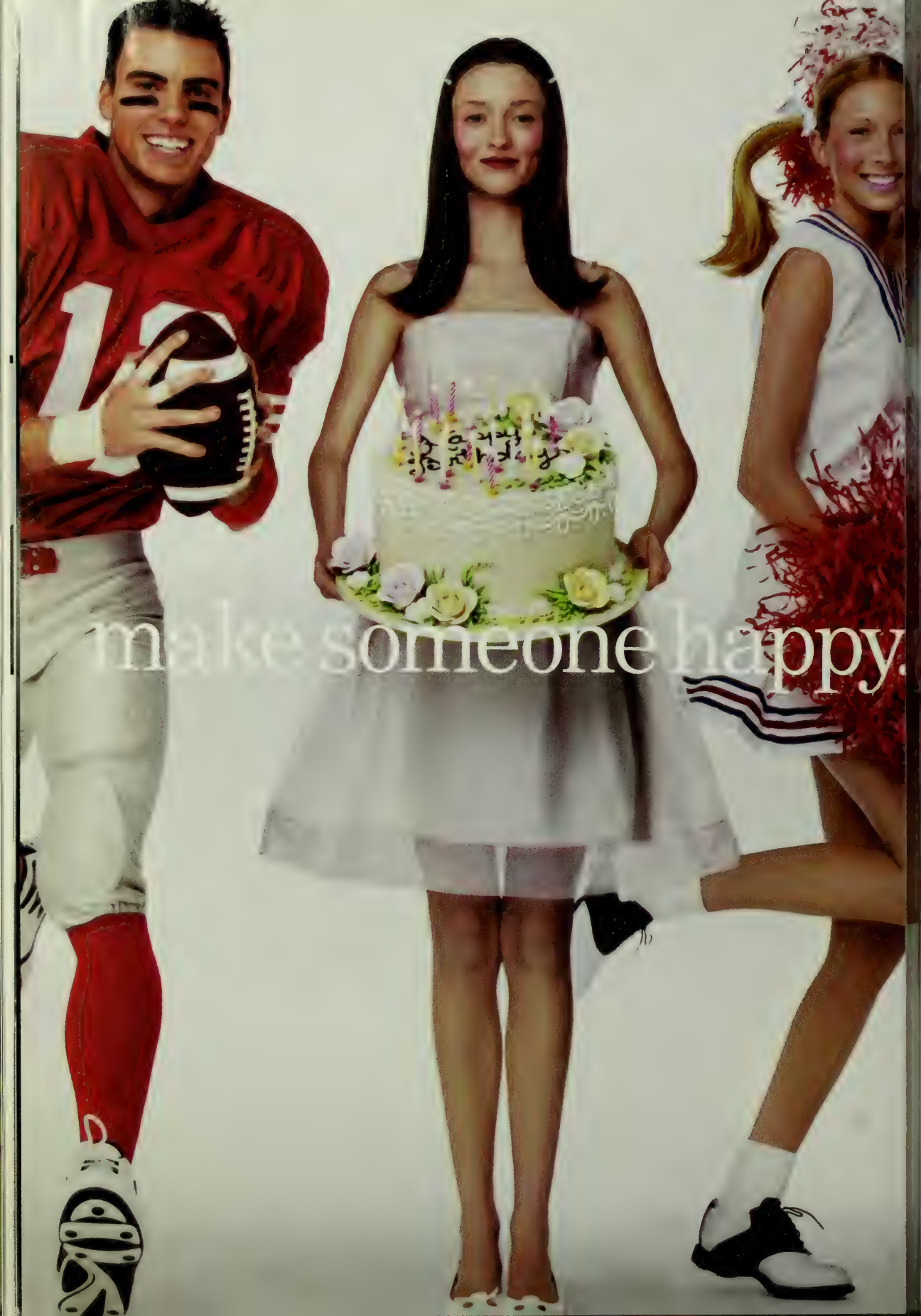

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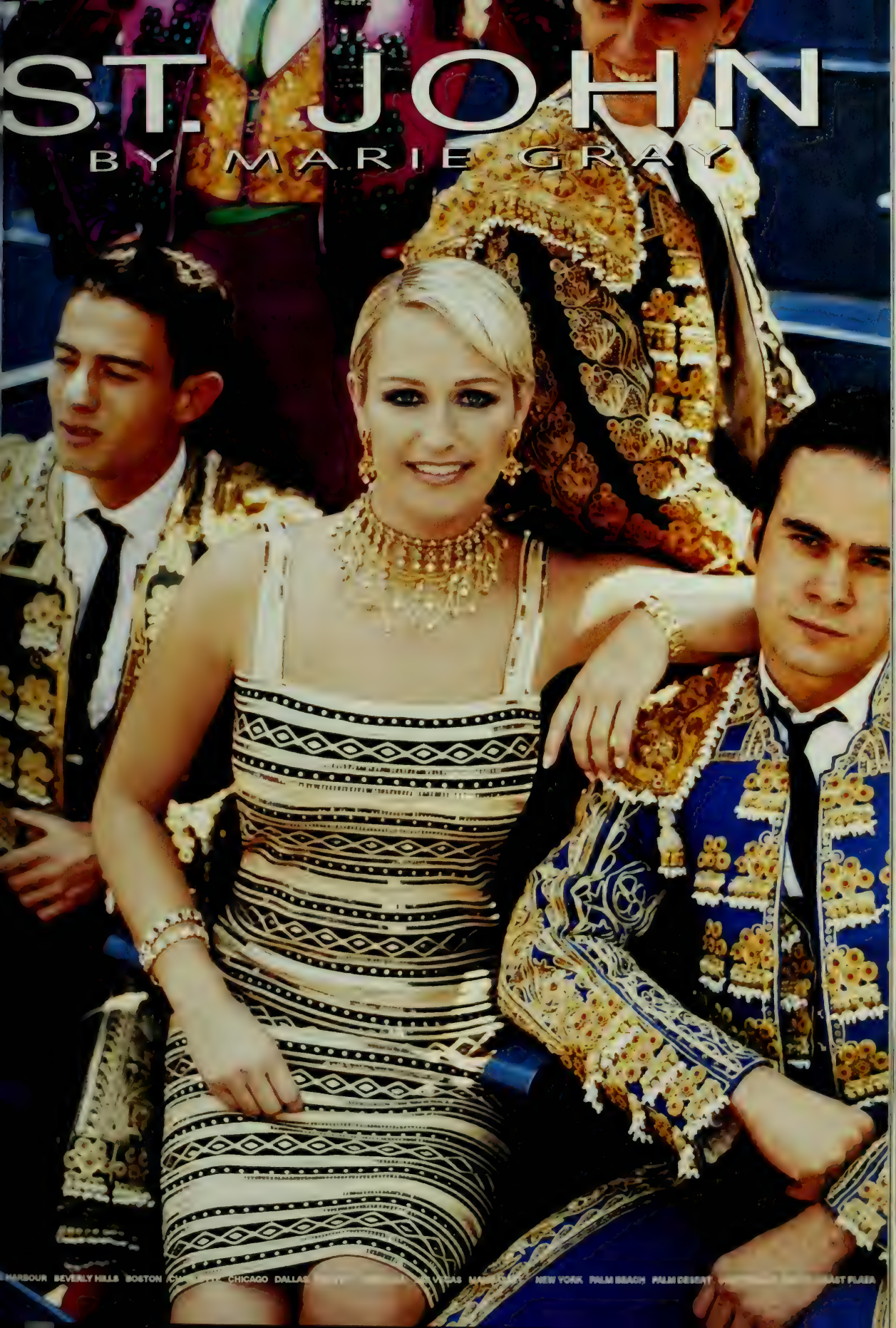



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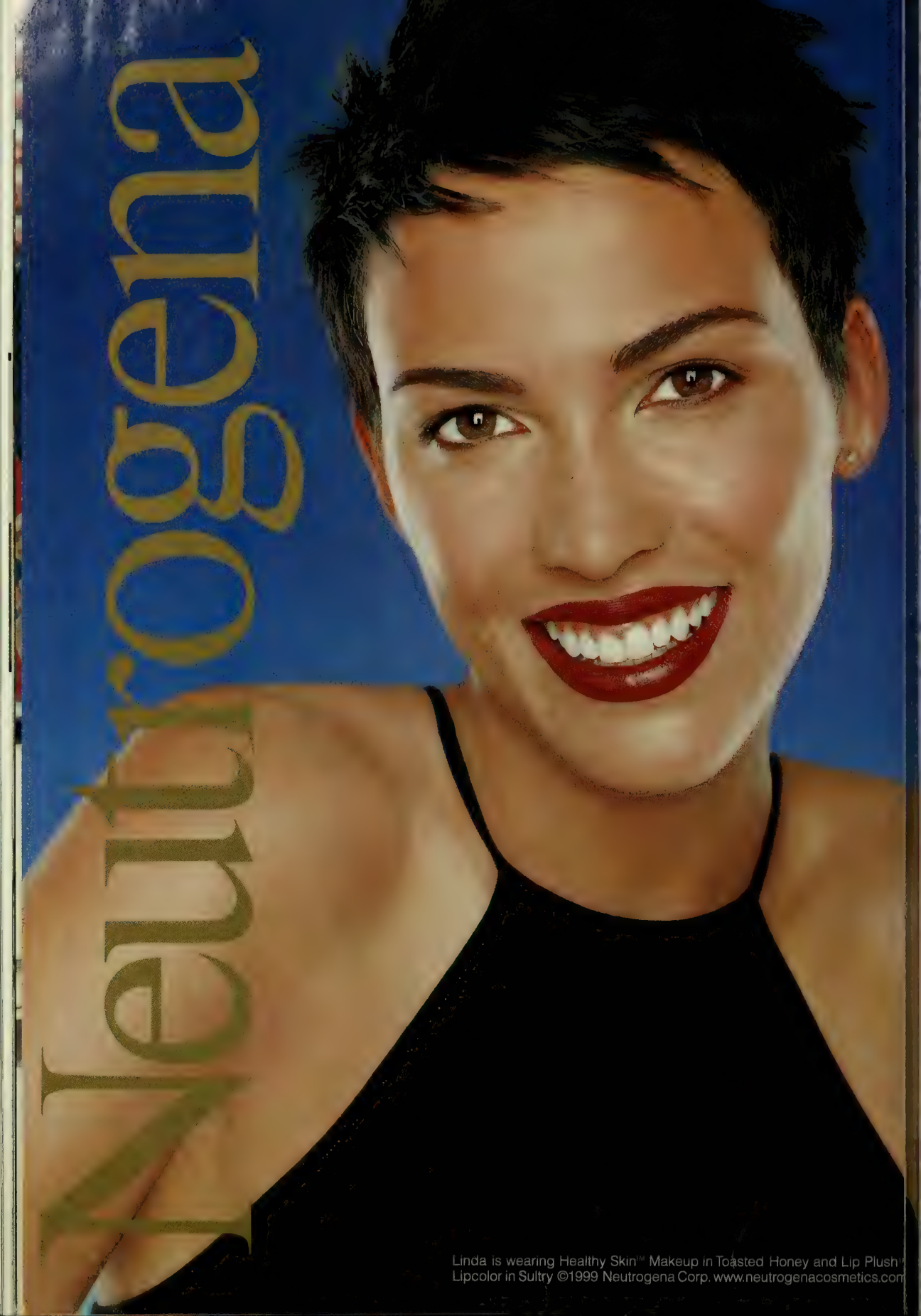

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VANITY FAIR

NOVEMBER 1999 № 471

Features

SPLIT PERSONALITY | 236

Master of hyperphysical comedy, Jim Carrey has stretched the edges of re with his portrait of cerebral stand-up Andy Kaufman in Miloš Forma *Man on the Moon.* Steven Daly explores both sides of Carrey's brain. Photographs by Annie Leibovitz.

BOND GIRLS ARE FOREVER | 242

Four decades of Bond Girls are captured by Annie Leibovitz, while 0 expert Bruce Feirstein memorizes their dossiers.

FORT SUMNER | 248

As Viacom C.E.O. Sumner Redstone creates the world's second-largest media company, Judith Newman probes the drive that took him from ownership of a handful of movie theaters to a $37 billion deal with CBS's Mel Karmazin. Portrait by Sam Jones.

EYE OF NEWTON | 254

A. M. Homes spotlights Helmut Newton, whose new book, *SUMO,* w 66.1 pounds and binds together the photographer's most sensual visio

THE QUIET KING | 256

Engraved in America's memory by such films as *High Noon* and *Meet John Doe,* Gary Cooper made stardom look easy. As Cooper's daught publishes a memoir of the man, Tom Hanks assesses the profound imprimatur of the actor.

20TH CENTURY DREAMS | 260

Why didn't Groucho Marx and T. S. Eliot share cigars? In an excerpt from their new book, *20th-Century Dreams,* Nik Cohn and Guy Peella see a hundred years of missed opportunities.

FLIGHT OF THE MONARCHS | 268

Millions of monarch butterflies migrate south each year, but for decad scientists couldn't figure out where this orange-and-black blizzard wound up. Finding them reignited a feud, Alex Shoumatoff discovers, and keeping them alive is a bigger battle. Portraits by Robert Maxwell.

MOTHER OF ALL PUNK | 274

Betsey Osborne enters the textured world of punk poet Patti Smith, whose eighth album draws inspiration from the Constitution, the Bible, and Jerry Garcia. Photograph by Annie Leibovitz.

AT THE COURT OF PICASSO | 276

In an excerpt from his memoir, John Richardson recalls Pablo Picasso's years: the eccentric Cannes villa, the worshipful inner circle, and the last sacrificial mistress, Jacqueline Roque, who gave form to the master's life a

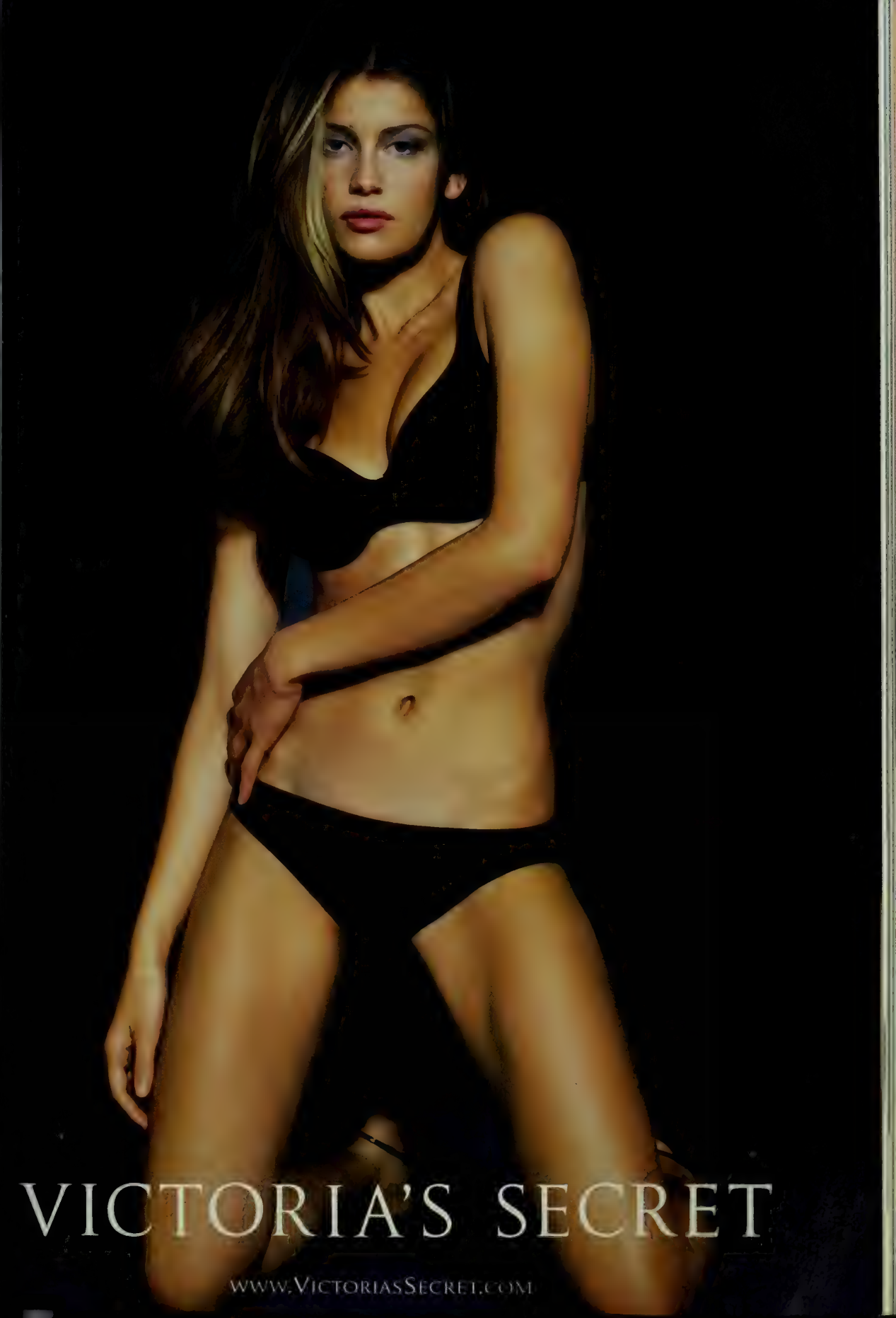
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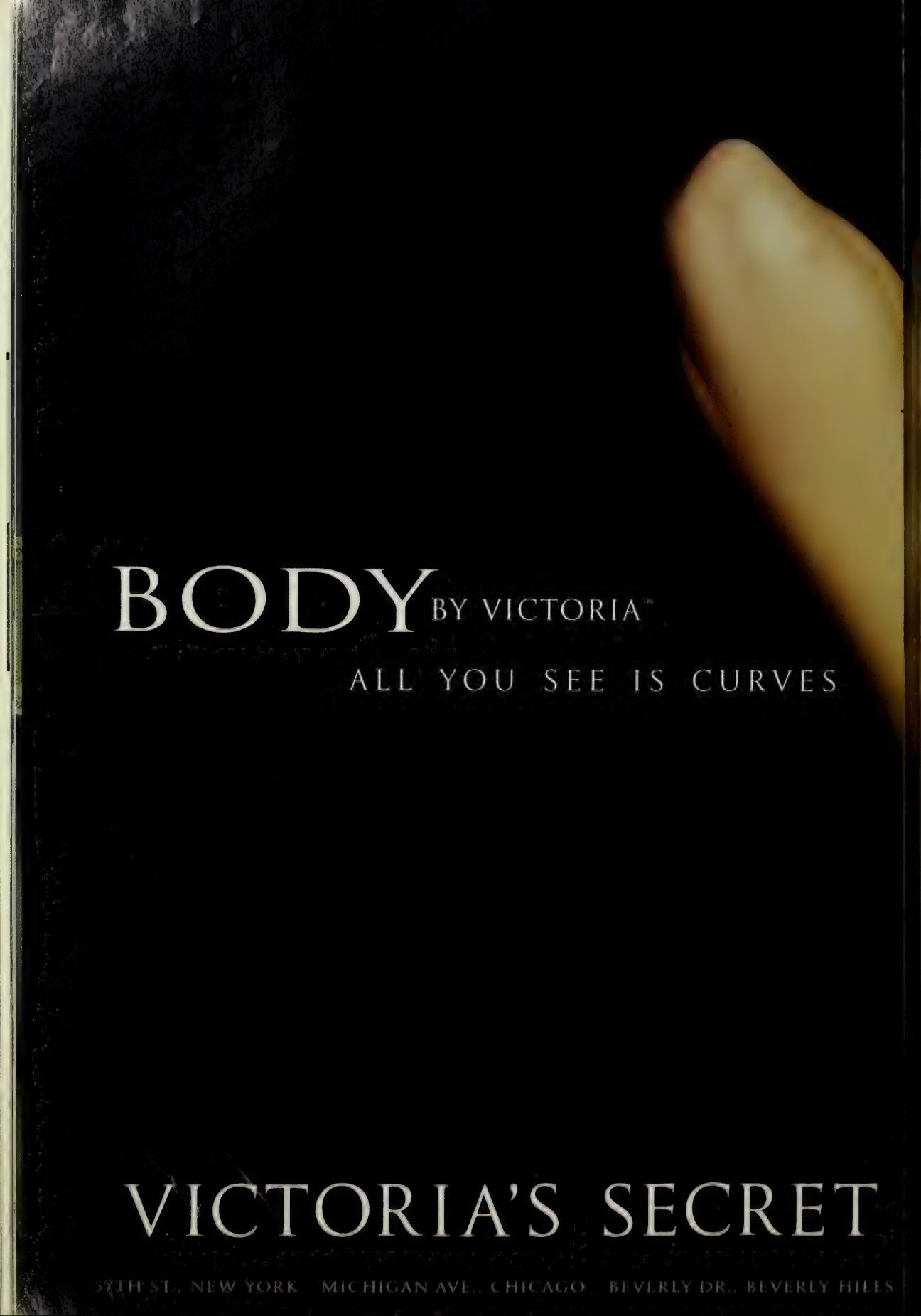
THUNDER IN THE BLACK MOUNTAINS | 111

For 10 years Serbia's jackal, tiny Montenegro is finally threatening to v for independence. If the NATO powers dither, Christopher Hitchens fore a nasty final chapter in the Milošević wars.

NEWTON'S ODALISQUE | 254

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VANITY FAIR

agenda

ADVERTISING AND PROMOTION • EVENTS AND OPPORTUNITIE

NPR Celebrates Two Decades of Morning News

NPR's *Morning Edition*, public radio's most listened-to program, celebrates 20 years on the air November 5, 1999. Since the program debuted, more than 5,000 programs have aired, and each day more than eight million listeners tune in to hear their daily dose of news, interviews, and commentary. Legendary host Bob Edwards has interviewed well-known guests ranging from Lauren Bacall to Cab Calloway. Analysts and commentators including Cokie Roberts, John Feinstein, Frank Deford, and cowboy-poet Baxter Black also complement the program.

A Modern Affair

On July 15, more than 400 guests and members of the Modern and Contemporary Art Council gathered at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art for the first annual Junior Benefit Gala. The evening, sponsored in part by Emporio Armani and *Vanity Fair*, included dinner, dancing, and a private viewing of "Diego Rivera: Art and Revolution."







Left to Right: Lauren Holly smiles for the camera with Geyer Kosinki of Industry Entertainment and Scott Stuber, Vice President of Production at Universal Studios; Sisters on the town: Tessa and Wendy Benson; Charlize Theron.

Magnificent Obsession Sweepstakes

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Kristy On the Scene

You've met Ian. Now meet his best friend stellar relationship advice-giver, Kristy. She freelance computer consultant, and a hy nightlife-loving, straight-shooter kind of girl hails from conservative New England. Kris the newest player on the scene in Calvin Kl cK one fragrance advertising campaign, wh an eclectic cast of characters, including K and Ian, trade e-mails with consumers and about love and work, and share insights ab life. To learn more about Kristy, her la jealousy of Ian's relationship with Tia, and o juicy tidbits, e-mail kristy@cKone.com. Click share your stories with the characters from world's first shared scent–cK one.

Beaver Creek, CO

North America's Grand Mountain Reso offers European-style charm in a gorge mountain setting. For more information reservations, please contact us at 888-6 9928 or www.beavercreek.com.

Great Getaways with Toyota Avalo

Roomier and more inviting than ever bef the new 2000 Avalon, Toyota's pren touring sedan, is ideal for getting away. Fr its spacious, well-conceived interior to carefully refined styling, the Avalon posse a quiet elegance that is both friendly unpretentious.

Before planning your next escape, be sur turn to Toyota Avalon's Great Getaw special section in this issue to disco some of the country's hot spots local treasures, including spas, museu restaurants and hotels.

Plus, learn how to earn a variety of rewa and travel benefits from Hilton Hotels Princess Cruises when you purchase all-new Avalon.

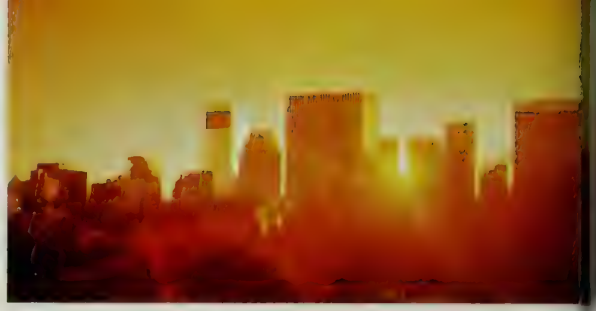


Toyota Avalon presents

Great Getaways

Escape from your daily routine with an exciting urban adventure. Whether dining at a local hot spot, exploring an amazing antiques market or visiting a spa for a rejuvenating rest, an incredible getaway filled with culture, recreation and cuisine awaits. Here, the new Toyota Avalon provides a road map for fun.





San Francisco



Unbeatable Bookstore
City Lights Booksellers, 261 Columbus Ave., (415) 362-8193
The Beats go on at this legendary literary locale, opened by poet and Kerouac buddy Lawrence Ferlinghetti. The country's first all-paperback bookstore, it features the most impressive array of Beat literature around.

Relaxing Retreat
Sonoma Mission, 18300 Sonoma Hwy, (707) 938-9000
Voted "Best Resort/Spa in the World" the last three years by readers of *Gourmet*, this 200-room spa is famed for its thermal mineral treatments. Just over an hour's drive from the city, it offers Roman baths, herbal steam rooms and 60 traditional services such as reflexology, aromatherapy and mud wraps.

Bay Area Appetite
Farallon, 450 Post St., (415) 956-6969
Expensive. Go "under the sea" at this beautiful restaurant, named after the islands visible from the Golden Gate Bridge. It's decorated with sea-urchin and jellyfish chandeliers, and its seafood menu includes three different kinds of caviar.

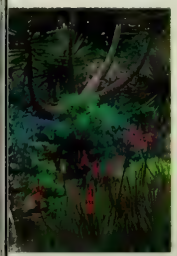


Globe, 290 Pacific Ave., (415) 391-4132
Moderate. Rumor has it that local chefs dine at Globe, said to be the best California bistro in the city. Simple dishes are presented in a casual, chic setting that includes a curving zinc oyster bar.

House of Nanking, 919 Kearny St., (415) 421-1429
Inexpensive. This "hole in the wall" serves up the best food this side of China. Ask the brusque but efficient waitstaff to help you choose between the crispy sea bass with vegetables or a custom-made noodle dish.

Center Stage
The San Francisco Opera, 301 Van Ness Ave., (415) 861-4008
Fall productions at this renowned, 76-year-old opera venue include *Lucia di Lammermoor* by Gaetano Donizetti and *Idomeneo* by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.





Earthly Delights
Strybing Arboretum & Botanical Garden, Ninth Ave. (at Lincoln Way), (415) 661-5191
This 70-acre Garden of Eden in Golden Gate Park is a masterpiece of landscape design, overflowing with beautiful treasures including a duck pond, an arbor and a subtly placed statuary.

Where to Stay
Hilton San Francisco, 333 O'Farrell St., (415) 771-1400
With its five restaurants, a health club and one of the only outdoor pools in the city, visitors will find it difficult to tear themselves away from the Hilton San Francisco. The towers of this Union Square hotel offer unparalleled views of the city and the Bay.



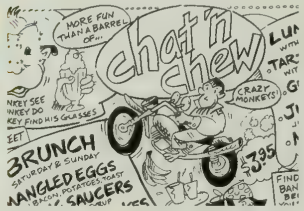
New York

Shop Talk
Paragon Sporting Goods, 867 Broadway, (212) 255-8036
Since its opening in 1908, millions of active visitors have passed throug the doors of this Union Square sporting goods emporium, reveling in tennis racquets, team sport equipment, snowboards and in-line skates.

Portico Bed & Bath, 139 Spring St., (212) 941-7722
Minimalism is the mantra at this SoHo furnishings store. You'll find soft cotton sheets in a variety of muted shades, aromatherapy bath-and-bo items to satisfy your skin and soul, and gorgeous wood beds and cabin

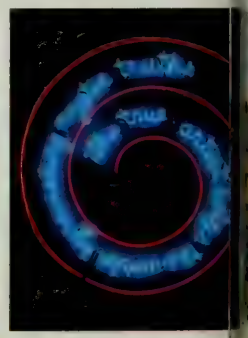
Big Apple Bites
Gramercy Tavern, 42 E. 20th St., (212) 477-0777
Expensive. Enjoy favorites such as tuna tartare at this neo-American tavern. Dining impresario Danny Meyer and chef Tom Colicchio pamp diners in a charming setting that's reminiscent of a Vermont lodge.

Carmine's, 200 W. 44th St., (212) 221-3800
Moderate. You'll cry "Mama Mia!" at the gargantuan plates of pasta that are par for the course at this "family-style" restaurant. Its bustling bar a and always-festive atmosphere make it a popular pre-theater destinati



Chat 'n Chew, 10 E. 16th St., (212) 243-1616
Inexpensive. Comfort yourself at this greasy spoon with stick-to-your-ribs favorites such as burge macaroni and cheese and chocol shakes. Quirky waitresses, rustic surroundings and upbeat music a to the playfulness.

Museum Watch
Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave., (212) 570-3676
The American Century: Art & Culture, Part II, 1950-2000
This comprehensive exhibit—consisting of more than 600 paintings, sculptures, photographs and prints—explores the evolution of the American identity in the last half century as seen through the eyes of the country's artists.



Broadway Stars
Putting It Together, Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th Street, (212) 239-6200
Previews begin October 30; opening night, November 21
Veteran performer Carol Burnett returns to the Great White Way this fall in *Putting It Together*, a review featuring the music of beloved compos er/lyricist Stephen Sondheim. Two-time Tony Award-winner George Hearn co-stars with the show-stopping redhead.

Where to Stay
Hilton New York, 1335 Ave. of the Americas, (212) 586-7000
Located in Midtown near Rockefeller Center, this 2,041-room hotel is within walking distance of many terrific attractions, such as Central Park, the Theater District and Fifth Avenue shopping.







Los Angeles



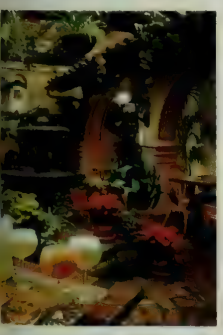
Panoramic View
Griffith Park, 4730 Crystal Spring Dr., (323) 665-5188; Griffith Observatory, 2800 E. Observatory Rd., (323) 664-1191
Hop in your car and head to this 4,100-acre park in the Santa Monica Mountains, home to the L.A. Zoo, The Greek Theatre, golf courses, and bridle and hiking trails. The Griffith Observatory offers an outstanding view of L.A. and the famous Hollywood sign.

Healthy Hollywood
Erewhon Natural Foods, 7660 Beverly Blvd., (323) 937-0777
ile perusing the excellent selection of organic veggies and vitamins at health food utopia, you may also catch a glimpse of the next Leo or yneth, lounging around the juice bar.



Celebrity Style
Anthropologie, 320 N. Beverly Dr., (310) 385-7390
Movie industry insiders find everything from antique pottery to Indian-inspired dresses at this popular store. The keen buying staff saves you a trip by hand-picking the best items from European, Asian and American antiques markets.

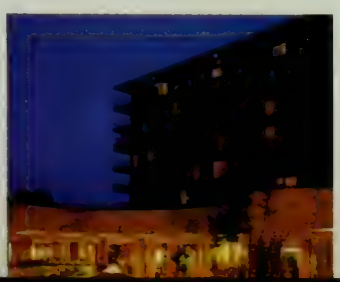
Star Dining
Colonial, 8783 Beverly Blvd., (310) 289-0660
ensive. Grab a few friends and (if you can) a table on the exotic patio his hip Vietnamese hangout. It's the ideal destination for people-watch-cocktail sipping and glitterati gawking. The food's pretty amazing, too.



El Cholo, 1025 Wilshire Blvd., (310) 899-1106
Moderate. You'll go "loco" for what many consider the best Mexican food in the city. Enjoy delectable specialties such as guacamole and margaritas at great prices.

Art's Deli, 12224 Ventura Blvd., (818) 762-1221
Inexpensive. This Studio City deli—near L.A.'s "sitcom factory"—is always filled with TV writers, munching on gigantic pastrami sandwiches while jotting down jokes on napkins.

ere to Stay
Hilton Beverly Hills, 9876 lshire Blvd., (310) 274-7777
Beverly Hilton is a regular t to big celebs and big-name nts, including the Golden be Awards. Moguls and vie stars lounge around its uaStar Pool, popular for ver breakfasts and luncheons.



Washington D.C.

Worldly Goods
Eastern Market, 7th St. SE (at C Street)
This Capitol Hill market is a commercial centerpiece showcasing arts, crafts and cuisines of the many cultures that converge in D.C. On Saturdays, African pottery, South American sweaters and Eastern-inspired silver jewelry share space with fresh flowers, fruits and vegetables.

Mod Museum
Hirshhorn Museum and Sculpture Garden, Independence Ave. (at 7th Street), (202) 357-2700
Regarding Beauty: A View of the Late Twentieth Century
This often-provocative repository houses an exhibit of 88 pieces by 36 artists—including Pablo Picasso, Andy Warhol and Louise Bourgeois—that question, comment on or reconsider beauty.


Matthew Barney, CR4 Chaser el eld, 1994, (detail)

History Lessons
Mount Vernon, southern end of George Washington Pkwy., (703) 780-2000
Only 16 miles south of the city, this historic destination is within an easy drive of D.C. Once home to George Washington, it boasts stately, historic rooms and exotic gardens. Take a hike on the grounds' pristine quarter-mile trail that leads past Washington's cobble quarry. Open everyday of the year.



Capital Cuisine
1789, 1226 36th St. NW, (202) 965-1789
Expensive. Situated in a romantic, Federal-style townhouse in residential Georgetown, this American restaurant is a favorite for its beautiful décor and excellent food by renowned chef Ris Lacoste.

Pizzeria Paradiso, 2029 P St. NW, (202) 223-1245
Moderate. Climb a stairway to this slice of pizza heaven, located on the second floor of a Dupont Circle building. Each pie is made of fresh ingredients, cooked to perfection in a wood-burning oven until its crust is crispy.

Luna Grill and Diner, 1301 Connecticut Ave. NW, (202) 835-2280
Inexpensive. City politicos campaign for a table at their favorite diner, which also scores with journalists hungry for more than a juicy story. Don't miss the Eggplant Parmigiano sub and a "daily green plate special" for vegetarians.

Where to Stay
Hilton Washington, 1919 Connecticut Ave., (202) 483-3000
Get pampered at this landmark 1,118-room hotel, featuring a fully staffed health spa offering sauna, massage and other spa treatments. Its unique shape, dramatic garden spreading across seven acres, hillside location and numerous service awards add up to a first- rate hotel experience.





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THE BIG O | 130
At 22, Orson Welles put his indelible mark on the stage with *The Cradle Will Rock,* the subject of Tim Robbins's next movie; three years later, he made *Citizen Kane,* the subject of an HBO original, *RKO 281.* In the end, James Wolcott points out, all is Welles.

DAMSELS IN DISSENT | 144
Though they champion modesty, motherhood, and free markets, today's youn conservative amazons bear little resemblance to Anita Bryant or Phyllis Schlafly And, writes Sam Tanenhaus, their target is Main Street, not Capitol Hill.

SEX AND THE SINGLE SALMON | 160
What bridges the gap between adolescent yearnings and mature delight? Fly-fishing, answers Robert Hughes, who recounts the education of an angl

AMERICA'S VERMEER | 172
As a major exhibition of Norman Rockwell paintings tours the United States, writer Dave Hickey shows how the promise of those rosy-cheeked kids lives on, far past the *Saturday Evening Post* covers that made American art history.

O.K., LADY, DROP THE SHAWL! | 182
Incredibly soft and expensive shawls made from endangered Tibetan antelope, shahtooshes have been must-have accessories for the world's wealthiest women. They're also illegal. Bob Colacello reports on a Newark grand jury that's leaving socialites cold.

ONE FINE RAY | 196
Julian Broad and Nick Tosches spotlight Kinks front man Ray Davies, who brings a brand-new voice, *sans* drumbeat, to his collection of stories, *Waterloo Sunset.*

THE CULT OF RUTH | 202
Ruth Draper's unforgettable comic monologues made her the toast of 1920s London and New York. In the 1990s, Susan Mulcahy finds that Draper still inspires stars such as Lily Tomlin and Mike Nichols, not to mention a very devoted biographer.

Vanities

GIMME SHELTON | 223
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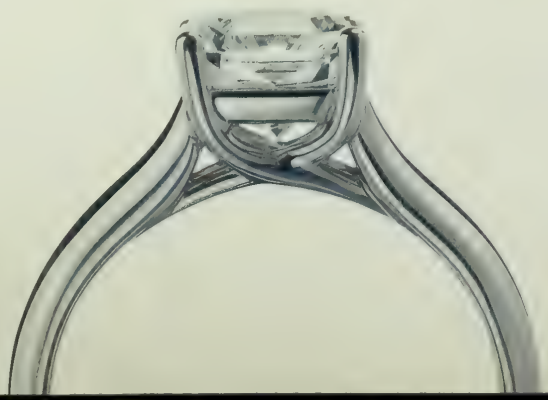
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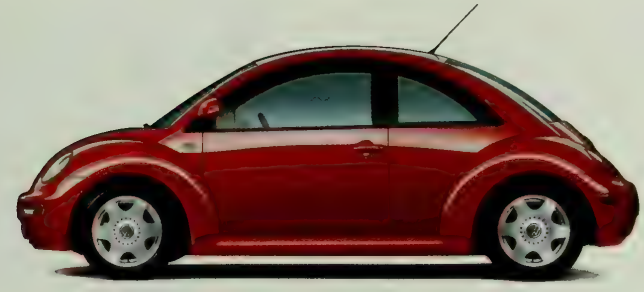


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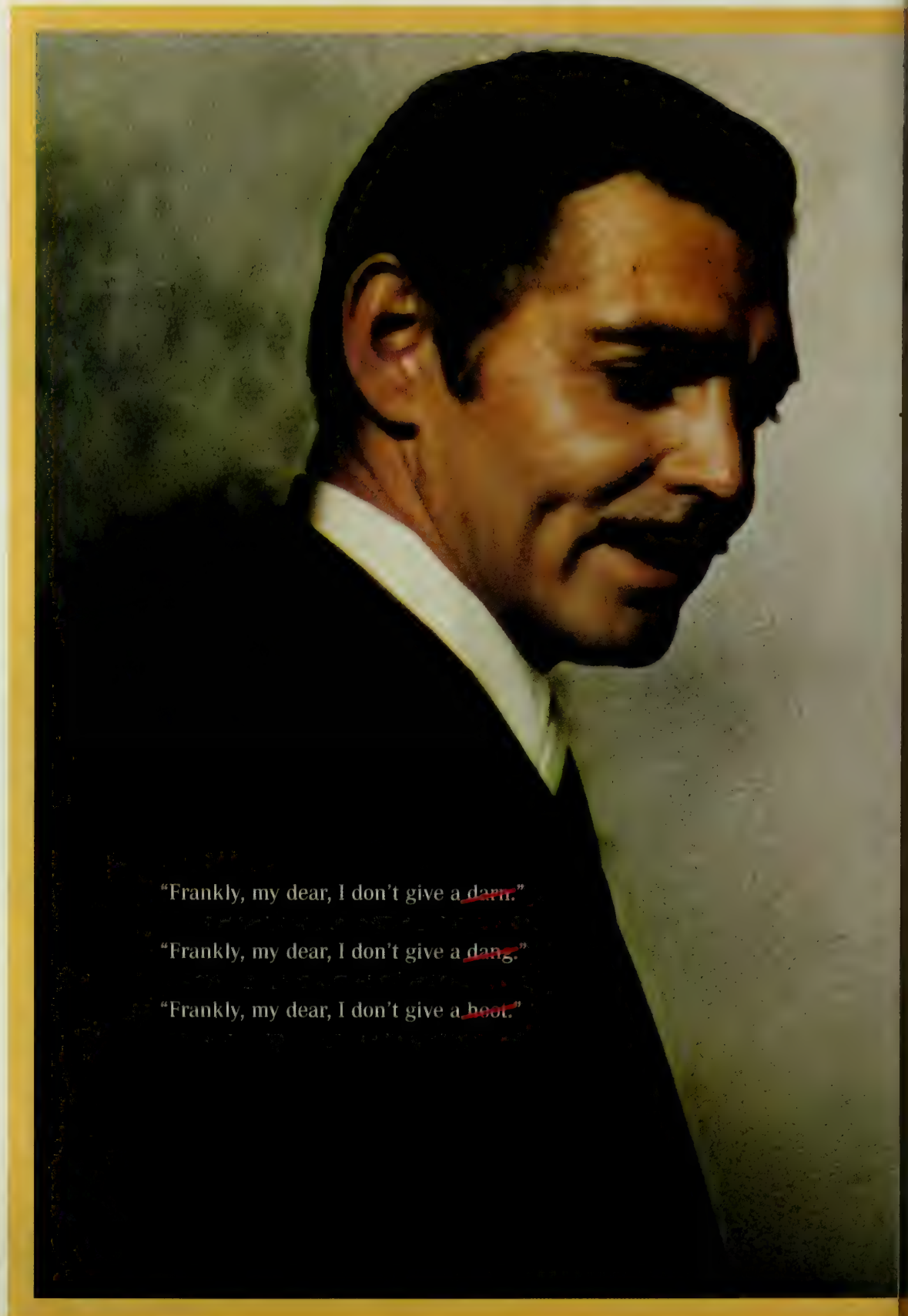
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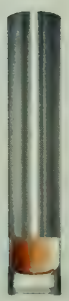
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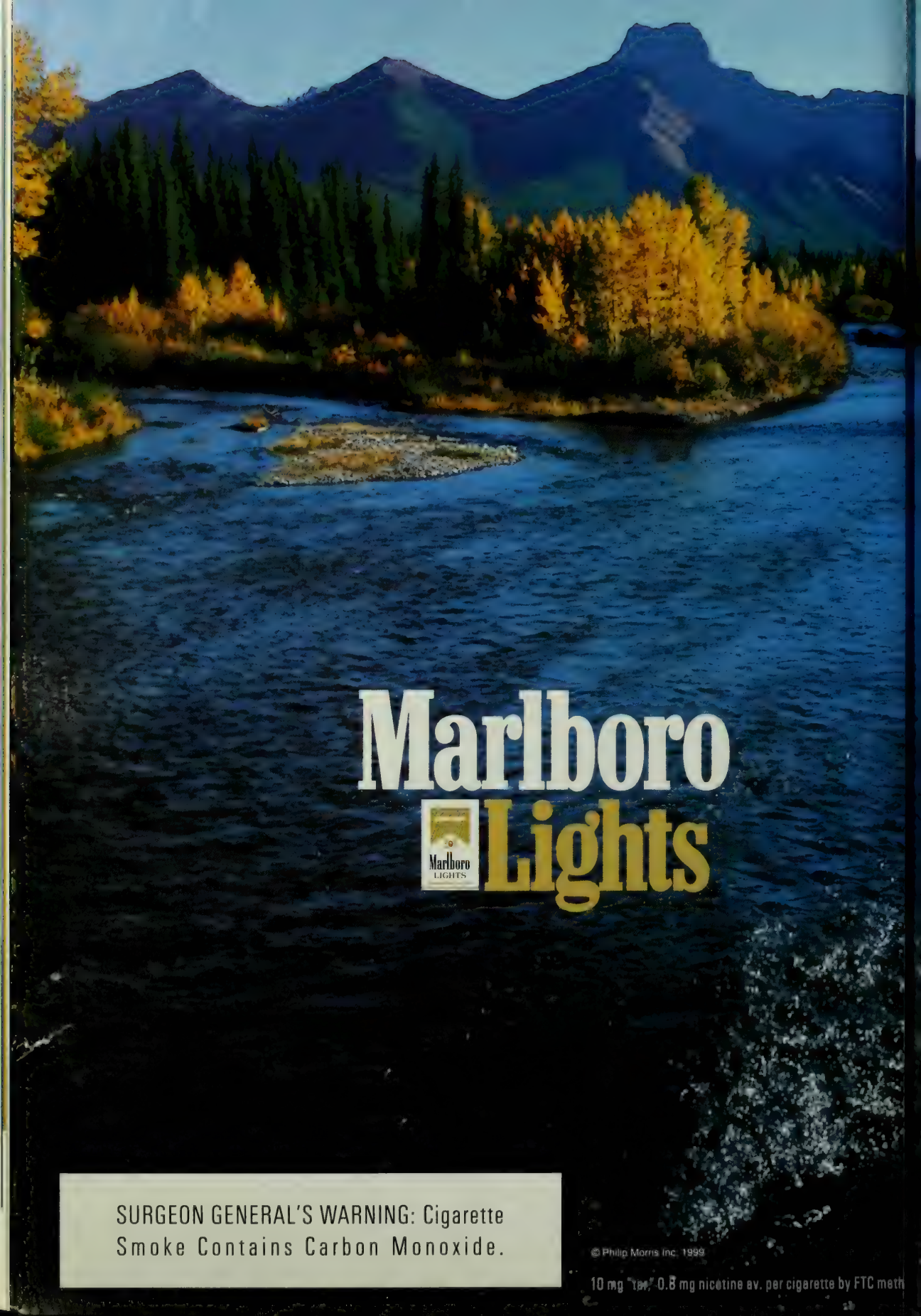
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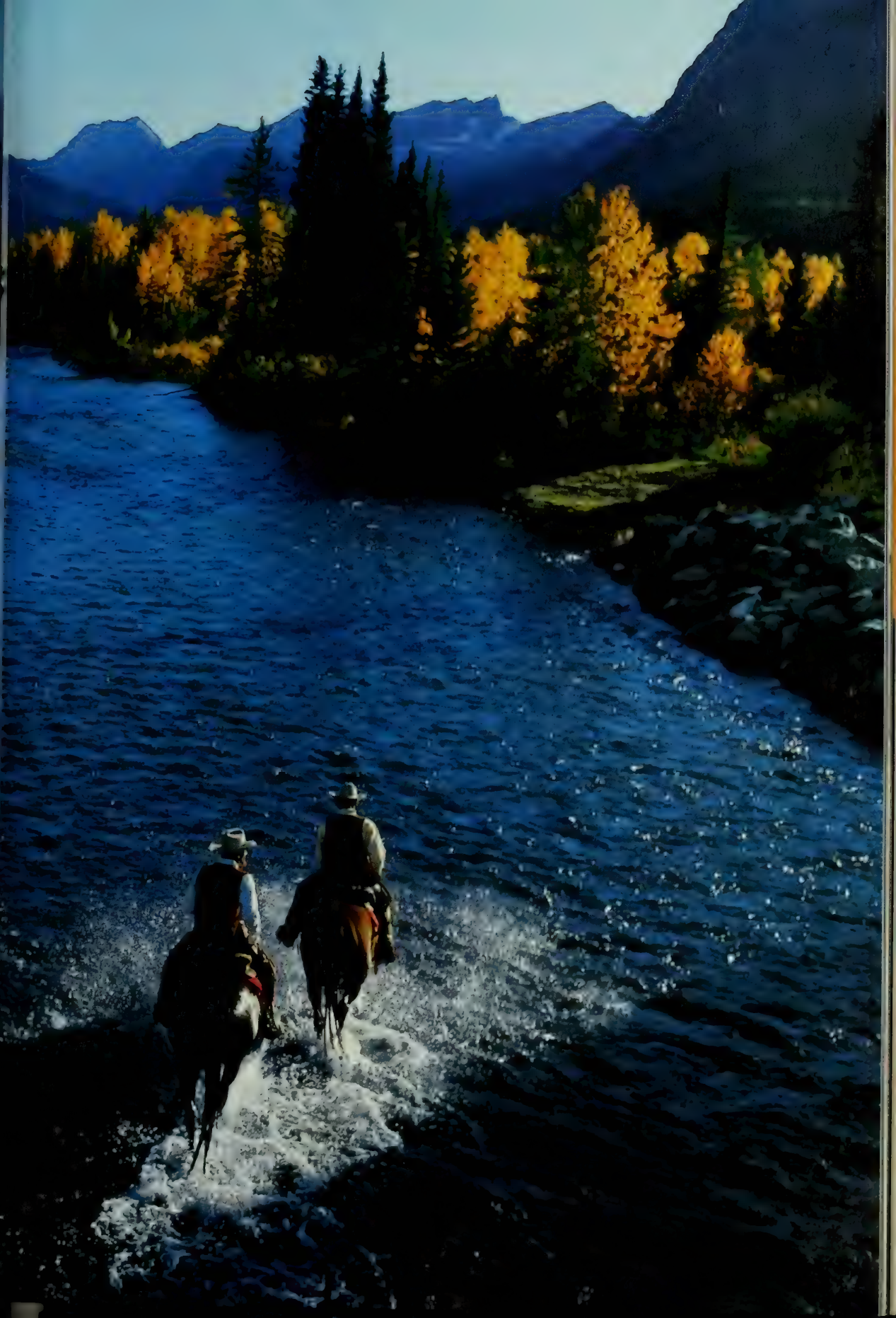

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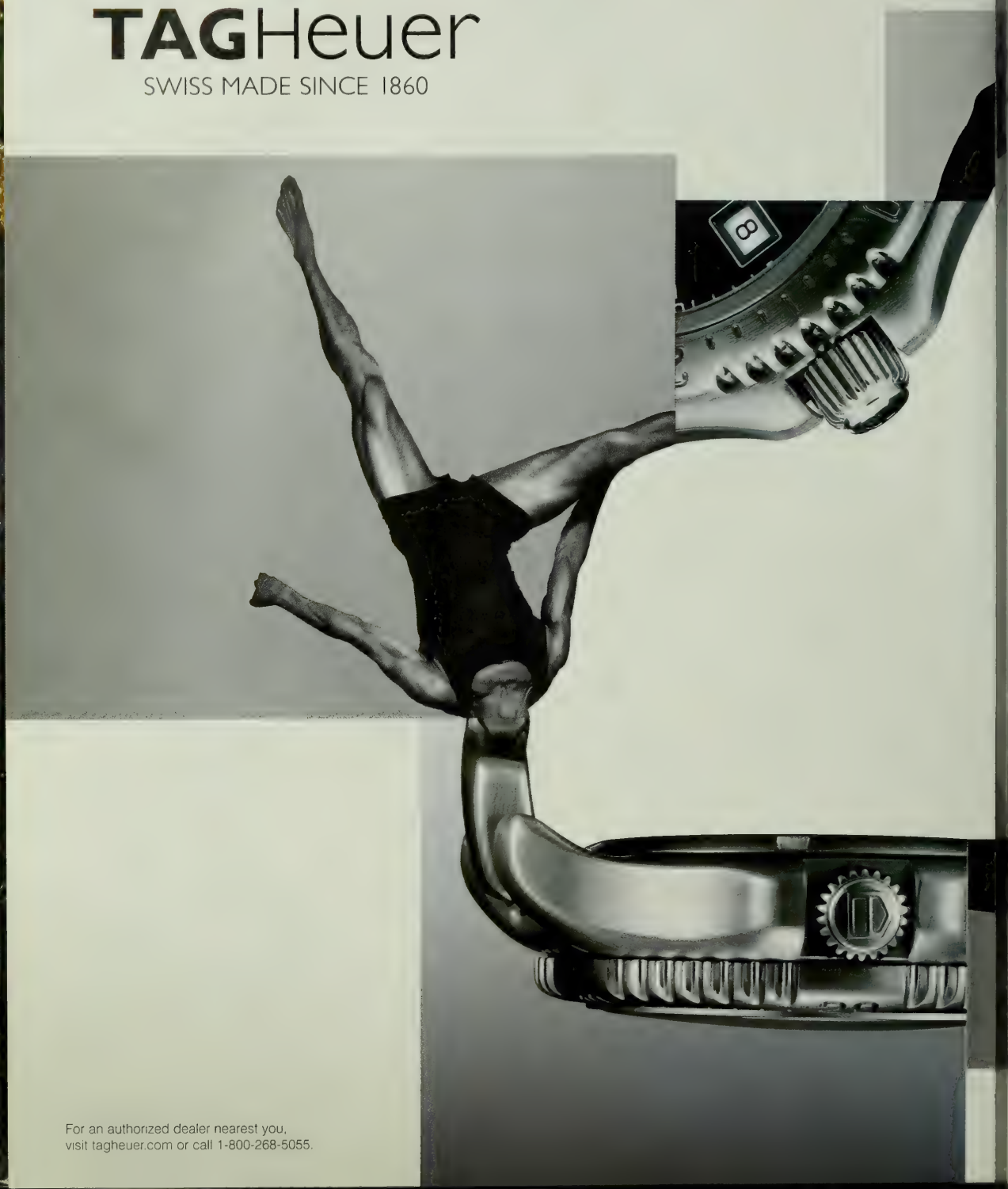
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Editor's Letter

The Tight Stuff



Personal connections between writers and subjects in this issue are as thick as autumn leaves. And some are even thicker. You don't get much closer than Judith Newman's tie to Sumner Redstone, the energetic, 76-year-old Viacom mogul who owns Paramount Pictures, Simon & Schuster, MTV, VH-1, and a slew of other big-league media properties. Newman and Redstone are related—yet they'd never met each other before she interviewed him for her profile on page 248. Newman started working on her story a year ago and turned it in this spring. I held on to it because I felt that, other than being a supremely well-run company, Viacom just wasn't going to be interesting to readers unless Redstone did something big. He called me in mid-August to ask if the story was ever going to run. I told him that I wasn't sure, that I couldn't think about it right then, because I was closing our October issue, but that I would call him the day after Labor Day and give him a definite response. Which I did. The answer was yes. As decisions go, this was an easy one: earlier that morning Redstone had announced his $37 billion merger with CBS.

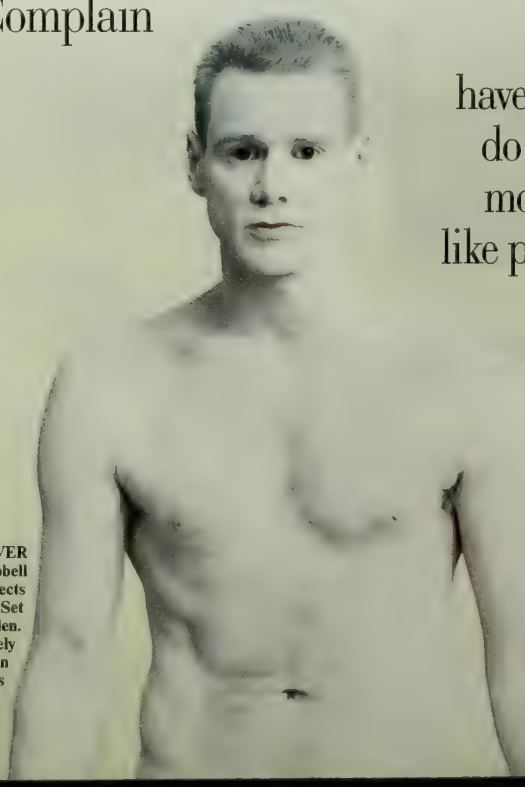
Bruce Feirstein. He, the co-author of *Real Men Don't Eat Quiche*—surely one of the most clumsily ripped-off book titles of all time, if you don't count Tom Wolfe's *The Right Stuff*—has provided the short write-up for Annie Leibovitz's portfolio of four decades of Bond Girls on page 242. Feirstein, a *V.F.* contributing editor, knows a bit about the subject: he wrote the screenplays for *GoldenEye, Tomorrow Never Dies,* and t coming *The World Is Not Enough.*

John Richardson, *Vanity Fair*'s house torian, is a little more than halfway th his acclaimed and monumental four-p ography of Picasso. He has taken a br to produce a glorious memoir, *The So Apprentice,* a breezy, picaresque jaunt th one of the great lives of someone curren ing. What a wonderful time Richardso lunching with Georges Braque, attendin fights with Jean Cocteau. And spendin spells in Provence with Picasso during the last 22 years artist's life. Richardson's colorful and evocative telling of years appears on page 276.

Robert Hughes and fish on page 160. O.K., this is a s Hughes, the legendary, Australian-born art critic for *Time* zine, has been a lifelong fisherman. I don't mean to gene but all good people fish. It's just a known fact. And Bob, fishermen these days who happen to write for a living, has a book about fishing. Except here, see, this is where Bob is ent. His book *A Jerk on One End* is terrific. So terrific th don't have to know a Rat-Faced McDougal from an Adam sistible (they're both flies) to enjoy it. I'm starting to sou Cindy Adams, aren't I?

Then there's Jim Carrey and me. He's Canadian. So an for that matter was Stephen Leacock, the great humorist words I paraphrased in my first sentence. What are the o all of this? Don't even ask. Spooky. —GRAYDON C

White Men Can't Complain



"I'm going to have to, at some point, do something that's more of a service—like painting in malls or something."

ON THE COVER
Jim Carrey's hair by Campbell McAuley. Special-effects makeup by Mark Garbarino. Set design by Rick Floyd. Styled by Bill Mullen. Photographed exclusively for *V.F.* by Annie Leibovitz on July 30, 1999, at Smashbox Studios in Culver City, California.


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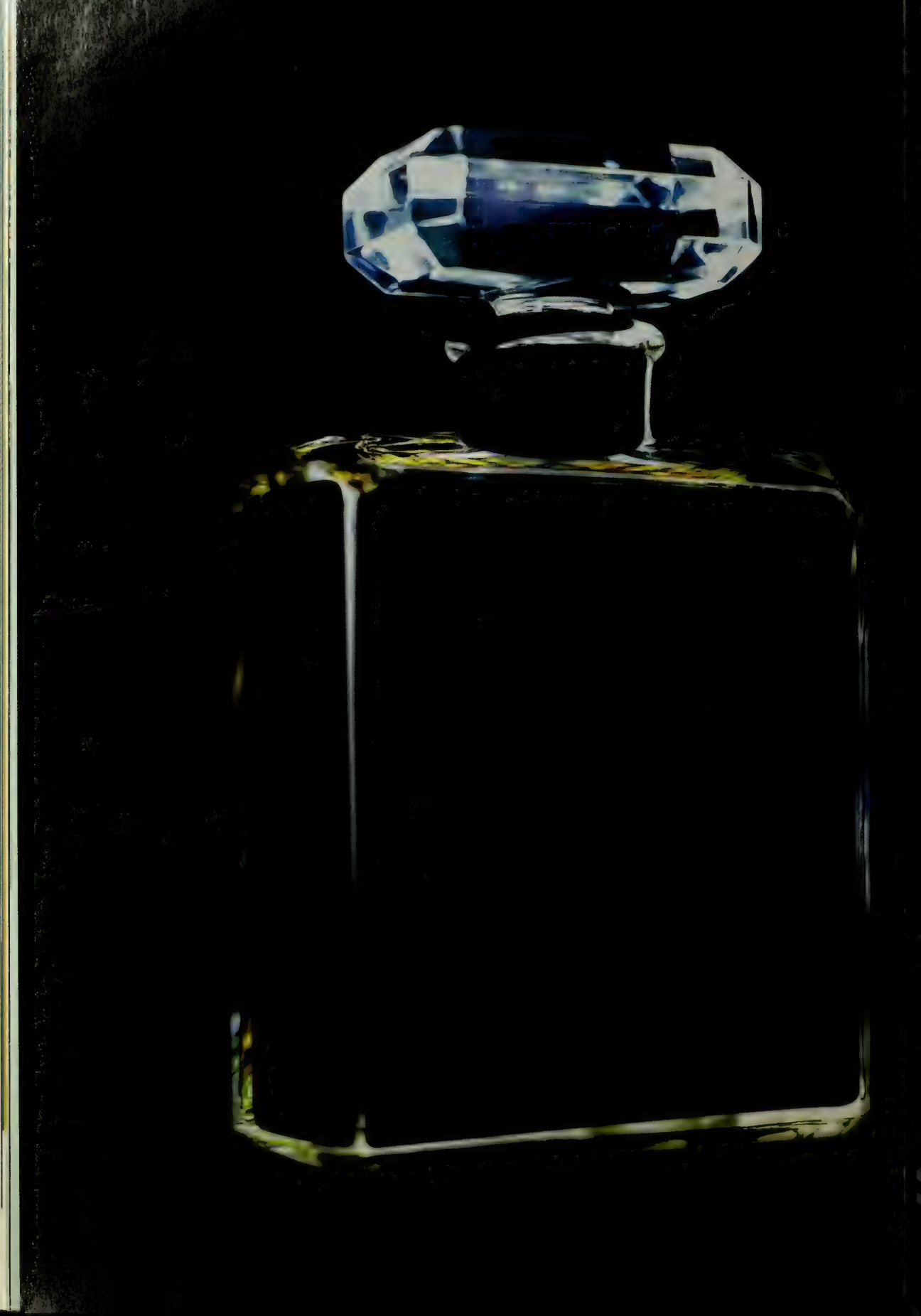
In the years following Picasso's death, contributing editor **John Richardson** often traveled to Notre-Dame-de-Vie to visit the artist's widow, Jacqueline. "I was perhaps the first of Picasso's associates to befriend her," says Richardson, who, in an excerpt from his memoir, *The Sorcerer's Apprentice,* recalls the years he and his companion, Douglas Cooper, shared with the aging master and Jacqueline, when she was still just Picasso's mistress. Richardson (in front of a Picasso portrait of Jacqueline) is beginning work on the third volume of his four-part Picasso biography. His memoir is due out this month from Knopf.



Having portrayed heroes who are at once sensitive and indestructible, **Tom Hanks,** perhaps more than any other leading man today, invites comparison to the great film stars of the 1930s and 40s. Little surprise, then, that Hanks, whose screenplay for *That Thing You Do!* proved his mettle as a writer, was asked to contribute the introduction to Maria Cooper Janis's book about her father, *Gary Cooper Off Camera: A Daughter Remembers,* due out this month from Harry N. Abrams. Hanks's tribute to Cooper, whom he calls "a mysterious and cryptic teacher of the art of acting on the screen," begins on page 256.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 84


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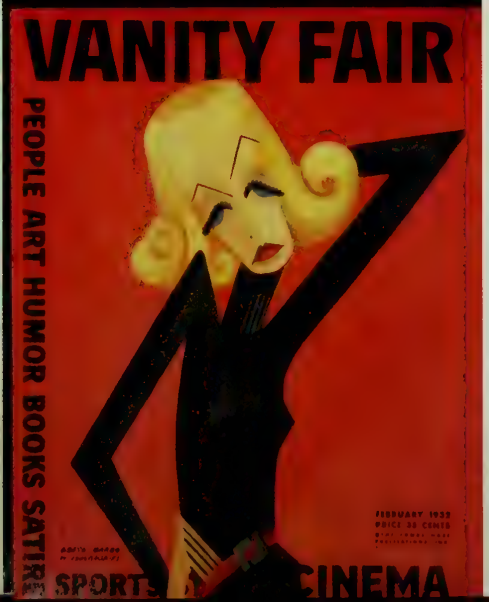
The early *Vanity Fair* ushered in the Modern Age: covering progressive trends, introducing personalities from Stravinksy to Garbo, and championing giants of portraiture such as Cecil Beaton and George Hurrell, Man Ray and Edward Steichen.

This landmark exhibition showcases scores of vintage images, by 22 master photographers, drawn largely from the collection of the Condé Nast Archive.

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GRETA GARBO COVER (BELOW) BY MIGUEL COVARRUBIAS



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80



Who but contributing photographer **Annie Leibovitz** would imagine covering Jim Carrey in a coat of white paint, or casting the actor as a Francis Bacon subject? As usual, the ideas came to her in a flight of fancy, while she was killing some time at Kennedy Airport. On page 242, Leibovitz mixes past and present again, capturing four decades of Bond Girls. As the turtlenecks and blazers demonstrate, Leibovitz (with Luciana Paluzzi, Shirley Eaton, and Honor Blackman) wanted to present a portrait of women—not of villains and vixens.



TIM SHEAFFER

For **Robert Hughes,** his latest b
*A Jerk on One End: Reflections o
Mediocre Fisherman,* a personal
of his lifelong love affair with fis
was a departure from his nonfict
his art criticism for *Time* magazi
"I wanted to give myself an opp
to write in the first person," Hug
"to write directly and honestly a
my childhood and about my rel
with my father." The author of
including *American Visions: The
History of Art in America,* Hughe
also hoped to "get people thinki
fishing in a slightly different way.
notes, "We poor anglers are bed
by a lot of things—the redneck s
the Hemingway stereotype."

This month, **Helmut Newton** emerges from behind the camera as a subject in his own right. The internationally acclaimed photographer has much to celebrate, including his 79th birthday, and the December arrival of *Helmut Newton's SUMO,* a 480-page retrospective of his career edited by June Newton, his wife of 51 years. Published by Taschen, the book weighs 66.1 pounds and will sell for $1,500. "The idea sort of knocked me over, and it knocked my wife over," says Newton, whose photographs have been a staple of the modern *Vanity Fair,* appearing every year since the magazine's 1983 revival.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 88





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Banana Republic launched its Web site in mid-October—just in time for the holiday gift-giving season. This unique e-commerce site offers 24-hour access and style advice, and replicates the relaxed shopping experience found in Banana Republic stores and through the Banana Republic catalog.

The new site includes a range of easy online shopping features and allows visitors to shop by Category (i.e., sweaters); by Look (i.e., our favorite looks for holiday); and by Personal Style (i.e., mix and match your favorite items). The site offers a full range of Banana Republic women's and men's apparel, shoes, accessories, personal care items, intimate apparel, and the home collection.

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Contributors

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84



This July, as society ladies started receiving subpoenas to appear before a grand jury investigating the sale of rare (and illegal) shahtoosh shawls, special correspondent **Bob Colacello** had a front-row seat at the unfolding drama of the summer social season. "I first heard about these subpoenas at a dinner party in East Hampton," says Colacello, whose report on the shahtoosh scandal begins on page 182. "And suddenly it seemed that everybody had something to fear and worry about other than the arrival of the Clintons at the end of August."



A. KOSTOPOULOU/ED ALL A.

For his new book, *20th-Century Dreams,* Irish writer **Nik Cohn** researched more than 250 celebr individuals, and "let my imagina float." Due out this month from Knopf and excerpted on page 26 the book contains invented dialo between playfully matched icons the century and elaborate illustrations by Guy Peellaert. "P old Guy did all the hard work, a I had all the flights of fancy," says Cohn, who has lived on New York's Shelter Island for the past 15 years. Not only has Cohn fantasized about the 20th century, he helped shape it. A short story he wrote in the 1970s for *New York* magazine became the basis for a decade-defining film and now a new musical: *Saturday Night Fever.*



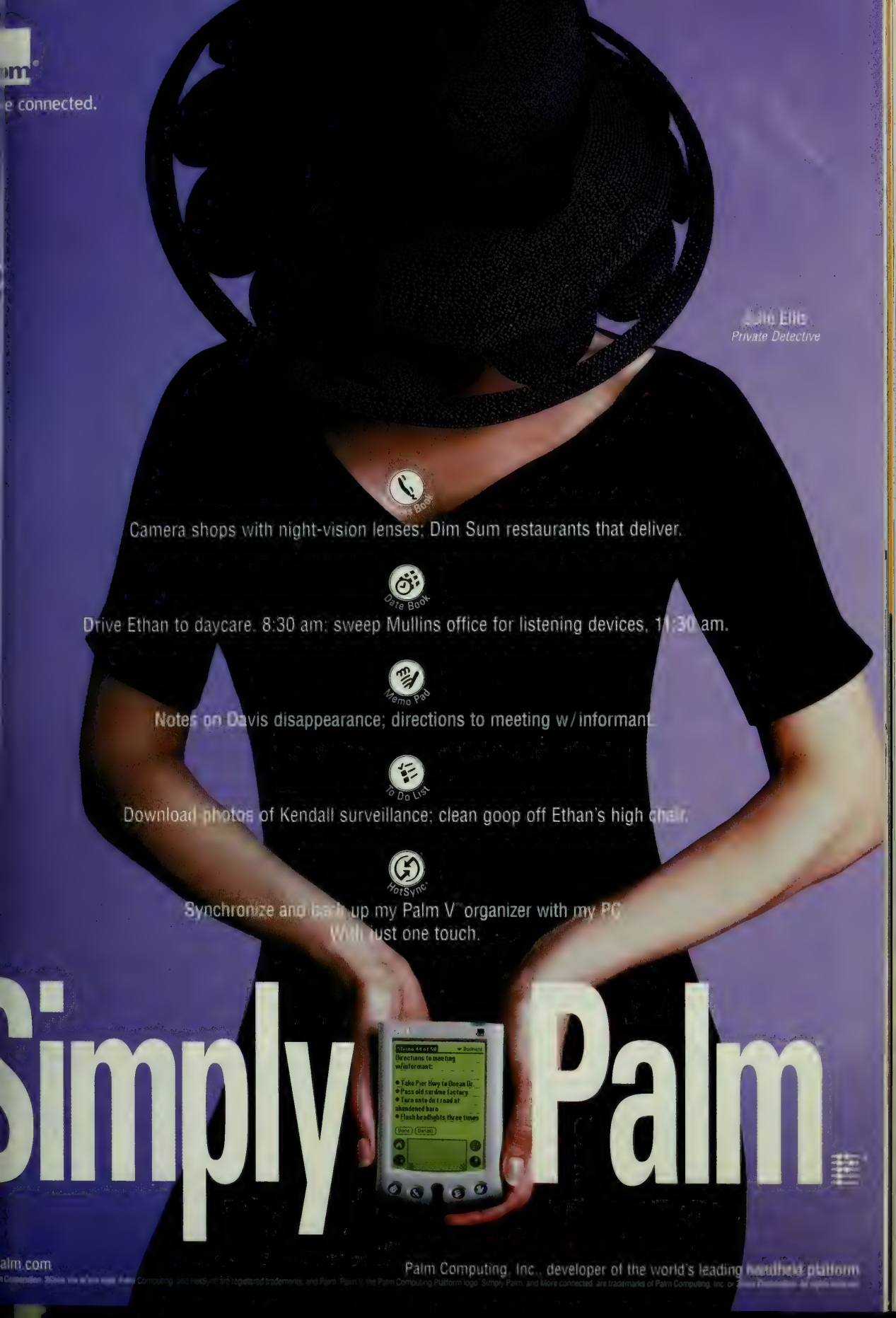
For contributing editor **Alex Shoumatoff,** writing about the monarch butterfly for this issue was "a wonderful homecoming." "I grew up collecting butterflies, mounting them, and making watercolor paintings of them," says Shoumatoff, whose family counts six generations of lepidopterists, dating back to Russia in the 1830s. "There is a butterfly my father caught that is named after him, called 'Shoumatoff's Hairstreak.'" Shoumatoff has written about butterflies in his books on the Amazon and Africa, and during his 10 years at *The New Yorker* he included a "signature" mention of butterflies in each of his articles.



REX PYSTEOT

Having worked as a reporter and editor for the *New York Post*'s "Page Six" during the 7 and 80s, **Susan Mulcahy** may have a pencha for dish. Yet she was drawn to Ruth Draper, the Wasp character actress whom she profiles page 202, precisely because "she wasn't really a gossip. Her humor isn't at anyone's expense. A former vice president of Paul Allen's Starwa Corp., for which she created the *Mr. Showbiz* Web site, Mulcahy is now a new-media consultant in Seattle.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 90


e connected.
Private Detective
Address Book
Camera shops with night-vision lenses; Dim Sum restaurants that deliver.
Date Book
Drive Ethan to daycare. 8:30 am; sweep Mullins office for listening devices, 11:30 am.
Memo Pad
Notes on Davis disappearance; directions to meeting w/informant.
To Do List
Download photos of Kendall surveillance; clean goop off Ethan's high chair.
HotSync
Synchronize and back up my Palm V organizer with my PC
With just one touch.
Simply Palm
Directions to meeting w/informant:
Take Pier Hwy to Ocean Dr.
Pass old sardine factory
Turn onto dirt road at abandoned barn
Flash headlights three times
Done
Details
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88



LAPA ROSS GNG.

For her profile of Viacom chief Sumner Redstone, **Judith Newman** had to carefully consider one major factor: the mogul, whom she had never met before, happens to be her second cousin. "My parents' thought was: Sure, take on the man who owns half the world. Good idea, Judith," recalls Newman. But the writer, not one to shy away from tackling media titans (she contributed to last month's "New Establishment" issue), suspects their fear originated elsewhere. "I think they're desperately afraid they'll lose their free movie pass," says Newman, referring to the gift Redstone sends annually.

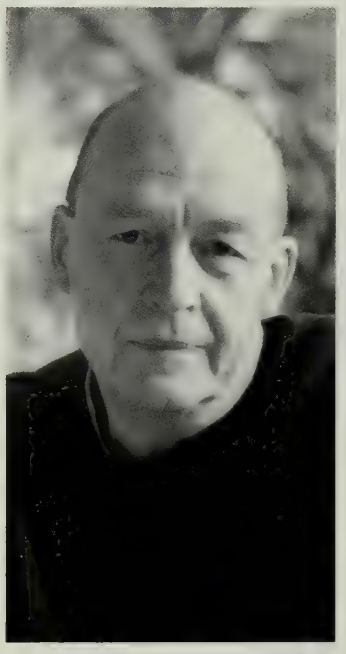


GASPER TRINGALE

When **Sam Tanenhaus** began reporting on the new wave of conservative women, he suspected that the old political stereotypes were changing. He had no idea just how much. For Tanenhaus, author of the acclaimed 1997 biography *Whittaker Chambers* and a former op-ed page editor at *The New York Times,* meeting these young women, who were culturally clued in and "radiating a certain confidence," was "a revelation." A new *V.F.* contributing editor, Tanenhaus is now at work on a biography of William F. Buckley Jr., which will be "a continuation of the history of conservatism that I'm trying to tell through my work."

During his 15 years as a book editor, **Doug Stumpf** worked with everyone from David Halberstam to Michael Chabon to Tina Turner. In 1994, Stumpf moved to *Vanity Fair.* "Coming here was a challenge because magazine editing can be quite different from book editing," says Stumpf, now a senior articles editor. "Happily for me, we have the luxury of working with superb writers, who often give us mini-books—articles with the passion, depth, and detail you'd expect to find between hard covers." Before taking his first job in publishing, Stumpf spent four years in the Ph.D. program in historical musicology at Columbia.





After falling in love with Nik Cohn's 1968 book, *Awopbopaloo Alopbamboom: The Golden Age of Rock,* Paris-based artist **Guy Peellaert** sought out the writer. Four years later, they collaborated on *Rock Dreams,* a book of collages featuring fanta meetings between rock stars tha became a cult classic. With thei new creation, *20th-Century Dre* excerpted in this issue, Peellaer and Cohn have broadened thei vision with imaginary encounte between celebrities of the centu from Groucho Marx and T. S. Eliot to Jackie Onassis and Cas Clay. Peellaert says that his pho collages, which are created on a computer, compose "a movie o paper." But he admits, "I don't have the slightest idea what the supposed to mean."

While the popular view holds that Orson Welles suffered a downfall as humiliating as Elvis Presley's, the director wasn't nearly as embarrassed as everybody thinks he was. "I remember his appearances on *Dean Martin* and he'd be howling with laughter," says **James Wolcott,** who on page 130 assesses two new films about Welles. "He protested more than he felt it. I think he enjoyed being seen." Welles, even at his lowest point, was always treated with respect, Wolcott reports. "If it were today and he were on *David Letterman,* he wouldn't be given five minutes!"





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A girl and her dog: Carolyn Bessette Kennedy with her dog, Friday, photographed by Bruce Weber in Glen Cove, Long Island.

AMERICAN BEAUTY

Carolyn Bessette Kennedy remembered; readers have a word with Esther Williams; welcome home, Pee-wee; Philadelphians set Dominick Dunne straight; George Mallory and the naked truth; congratulations, Elia Kazan; men, women, and measuring up; Packers on ice

With magazine covers all over the world devoted to John F. Kennedy Jr., it was truly refreshing to see his wife, Carolyn Bessette Kennedy, on the cover of September's *Vanity Fair*. Not only is Bruce Weber's photograph hauntingly beautiful, it is a moving tribute to John and Carolyn as a couple. Pure class, *Vanity Fair,* pure class.

JEANINE HUDGINS
Austin, Texas

THANK YOU, *Vanity Fair,* for the wonderful glimpse of Carolyn Bessette Kennedy. I laughed giddily through tears at the photograph of Carolyn giving her dog, Friday, a "toothy grin." When I am sad and feeling down, I will remember this photo and look at it again to lift my spirits. What a bittersweet delight! Tasteful tributes like these are what keep me a faithful subscriber.

ROSEMARY CARTER-MOLNAR
Litchfield, New Hampshire

AS I STARE at Carolyn Bessette Kennedy's photo, I can't help but wonder what she might have become. What she might have produced and what effect she mig have had on our society. Bruce Web captured the Carolyn J.F.K. Jr. fell f her personable, natural beauty and l love for life shine through.

RENEE CAMP
Detroit, Michi

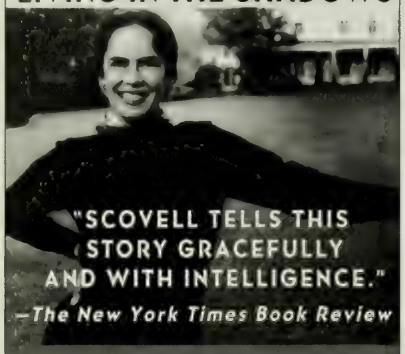
Kiss and Sell

ANOTHER IDOL SMASHED! I always co sidered Esther Williams a classy lady, b alas, by writing a memoir ["An Ideal H



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band," September] in which she "outs" Jeff Chandler's desire to wear women's clothing, she has proved herself to be just another long-forgotten Hollywood star eager to cash in on friendships with those who can no longer defend themselves.

I frankly don't care what Chandler wore at home or had in his closet. By Williams's own admission, Chandler was "good-hearted, a generous man who treated me with a love and respect I had never experienced before." Too bad she couldn't treat his memory in the same way. Shame on you, Esther!

DOROTHY P. SLATER
Dewey, Arizona

ARE YOU PROUD to have Esther Williams's article in your magazine? I think that you should not be. I think that the decision to publish it was very ill-advised indeed.

Mr. Chandler died tragically and prematurely at the age of 42, only a few years after the events Williams describes. His death occurred in a Los Angeles hospital in 1961, after complications from back surgery. As a result, the hospital paid a substantial sum which was put in trust for Mr. Chandler's daughters. I note that this tragedy is not even mentioned.

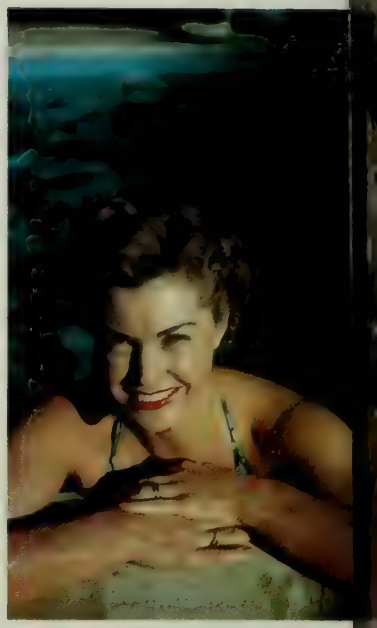
Mr. Chandler's daughters, Jamie and Dana, would be in their early 50s now. They may themselves have children and grandchildren. Has Williams spared any thoughts for them?

Mr. Chandler was not an A-list star, but he is said to have been at the top of the B-list. Some people think that he had the most charismatic screen presence of any male film star of the post–World War II era.

He does not deserve to have his privacy invaded in this pointless way, 38 years after his death. His daughters and their families do not deserve it, either.

ANGELA M. WOOTTON
London, England

I AM SO DISAPPOINTED by what Esther Williams has said about Jeff Chandler in her new book. As a child, I made a scrapbook of my favorite actor, Jeff Chandler. He was a gentleman of an actor and very handsome. When he died at such a young age after back surgery, it was the first time I lost a screen idol. It was very upsetting to a young, impressionable girl. What Esther Williams said about him and cross-dressing was disgusting. I am an author, and I hope I never have to stoop to destroying another person's image as a ploy to sell my



Making a splash: MGM swimming star Esther Williams in the 1940s.

books! Williams especially destroy my memories of *her.* You see, I a had an Esther Williams scrapbook a Esther Williams paper dolls. I used go to her movies and then go to a po and as I swam, I dreamed I was Est Williams.

CASSIE EDWAR
Mattoon, Illi

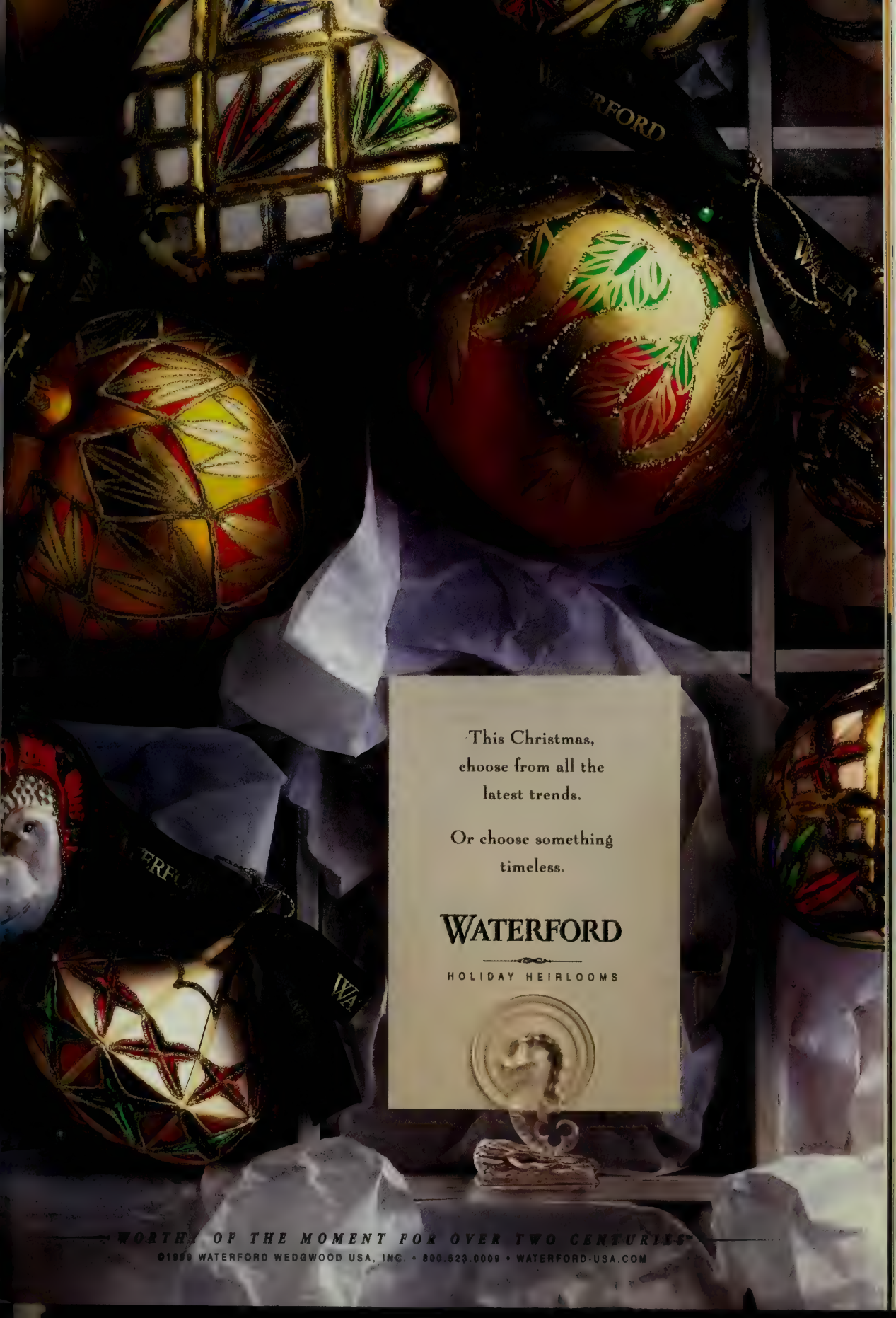
MOST OF US REGARD cross-dressing an off-putting, but harmless, aberrati Does it warrant an Edvard Munch–l scream? *No.* Get real, Ms. Willian What *is* harmful is to reveal a "sensit secret," indelibly betraying a kindhea ed friend and good man.

I am not outraged by Mr. Chandle red wig; I *am* by Ms. Williams's *b* mouth.

ROBERT SCHMALZRI
Pittsburgh, Pennsylva

Pee-wee, the Sequel

IN "RETURN FROM Planet Pee-wee" [Se tember], Bruce Handy paints a sensiti compelling portrait of the complex Pa Reubens. When I was a child, my Sat days never truly arrived until I was park in front of the television set with a bo of cereal, screaming along to the *Pe wee's Playhouse* theme song. For yea Reubens and his manic cast of suppo ing characters delighted me with th


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subversive humor and intrinsic sense of kitsch. It must have taken an enormous amount of courage for Reubens to speak about his 1991 arrest, but in doing so he has provided millions of longtime admirers a closer glimpse at the man behind the silly grin.

NICHOLAS FONSECA
Fish Creek, Wisconsin

IN MY 20s, I used to watch *Pee-wee's Playhouse*, coffee in hand, every Saturday morning. Now in my 30s, I have two small children and am thrilled to be able to rent these terrific videos for them as an antidote to the steady diet of Disney movies and children's programming that is either too moralizing or too saccharine-sweet.

As for what Mr. Reubens may or may not have done in an adult-movie theater: I don't care! Unlike those who made Handy's list of disgraced famous people, Reubens wasn't diddling an underling, sleeping with his girlfriend's daughter, or exploiting a prostitute. So why the moral outrage from Middle America? To me, this "incident" is as ridiculous as if he had been arrested at McDonald's for buying a hamburger.

DEIRDRE BRADLEY
Nepean, Ontario

MR. REUBENS has proved himself to be a rarity: a true gentleman who has handled unreasonable public humiliation with grace and dignity. I greatly look forward to seeing him again in films and elsewhere. Paul Reubens has been out of the public eye for far too long, and for all the wrong reasons. Welcome back, Pee-wee.

BETH M. BROWN
Syracuse, New York

THAT BRUCE HANDY put Cher on his list of disgraced people, which included O. J. Simpson, Michael Jackson, Woody Allen, and Marion Barry, is appalling. On one side we have an accused murderer, an accused pedophile, an adulterer, and a crack addict. On the other we have a woman who, for whatever reason, decided to be the spokesperson in an infomercial, and was at the helm of a catalogue that didn't happen to appeal to mainstream America. Please tell me where the comparison is justified!

Yes, Cher has risen above her failures and is once again in the Billboard 200. But that is because of her talent, not because of our propensity to turn the other cheek to scummy behavior.

In the 1960s after I had my tonsils out, the only gift I wanted upon my arrival home was a pair of bell-botto "just like Cher's." I admired her hair, l voice, her belly, and her humor. Frank I still do.

When Mr. Handy's "company of me are relegated to quiz shows, Cher will s be belting out the ballads with grace.

DAYNA LEE ELKI
Santa Rosa, Califor



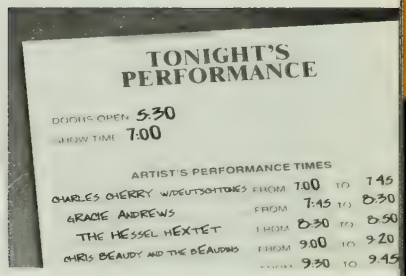
Inner Pee-wee: Paul Reubens, who acknowledges that Pee-wee Herman had a dark side, photographed by David LaChapelle in Miami on June 26, 1999.

Philadelphia Story

WITH "IN COLD, Blue Blood" [Septe ber], about the Dupont family and t killing of the junkie Pati Margello, Do inick Dunne has, once again, delivered spellbinding account of a society murd and a behind-the-scenes look into the vestigation. As always when reading o of his articles or books, I find myself gretting that it has to end. This makes r yearn for the next offering all the more.

BUCK WINTHR
Miami, Flor

PATI MARGELLO'S neighbors were ha py to see that Mr. Dunne and *Van Fair* offered at least a more balanc picture of who she was than has pre ously been presented. However, we ta major exception CONTINUED ON PAGE



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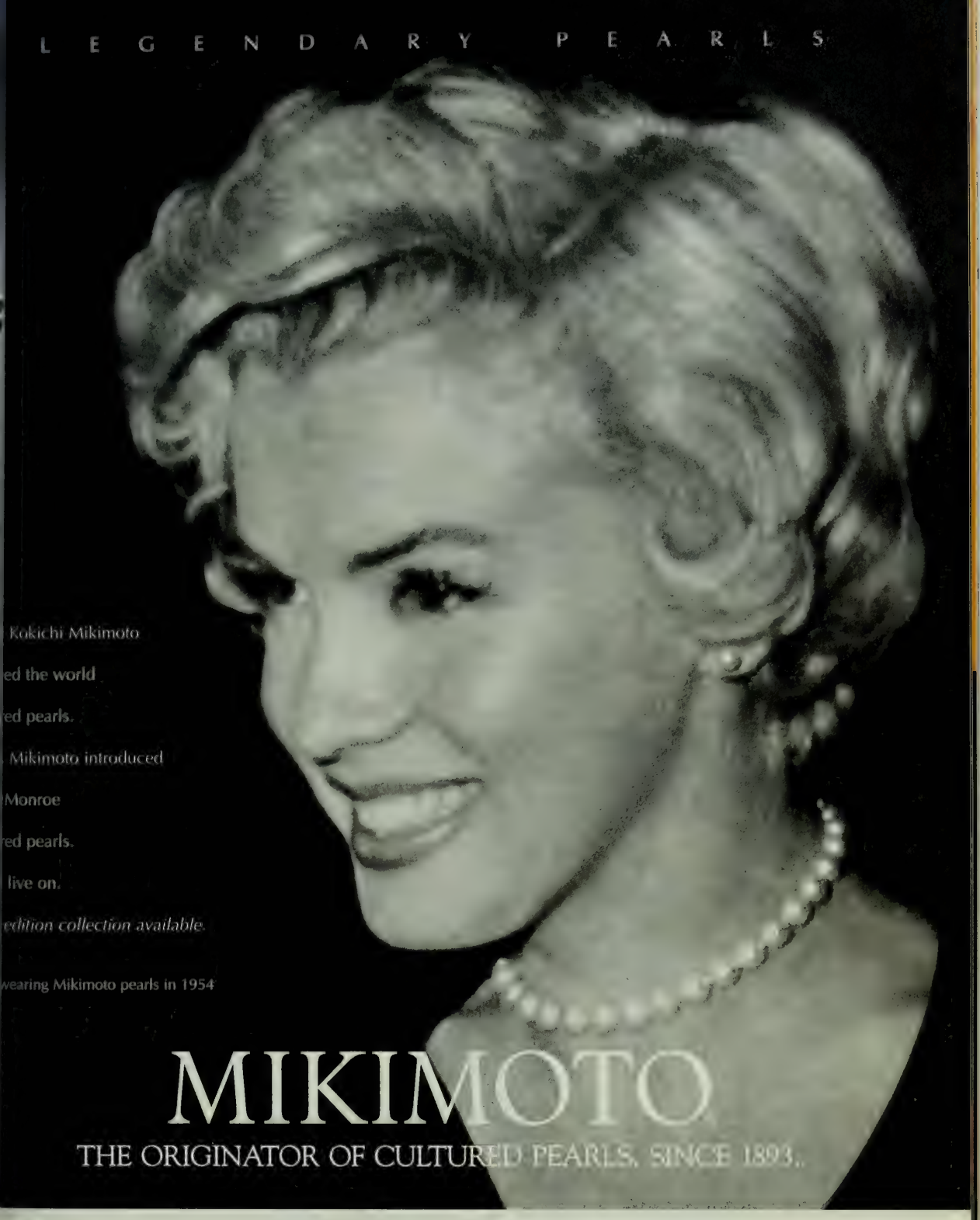
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Country man: Elia Kazan during the making of America, America, *his 1963 film about his uncle, a Greek immigrant to America.*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98 to our neighborhood's being characterized as "low-income" and "skid row." Our Zip Code has one of the lowest crime rates in the entire city. This portion of South Philadelphia is occupied primarily by homeowners, who are either employed or retired. In the blocks around Pati's boarded-up windows you will find teachers, physicians, police officers, small-business owners, lawyers, and other professionals. There are many shops, libraries, community centers, several hospitals, supermarkets, pharmacies, and the like. All we are missing is a bookstore, because, for some reason, there is a perception that we in South Philadelphia don't read.

MARSHA SHIFLET SANTORO
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Frozen in Time

IN "THE RIDDLE of Everest" [Bryan Burrough, September], you published a gruesome spread of George Mallory's bleached corpse, despite acknowledging in the text the distaste already provoked in some quarters by the publication of such photographs.

The difference between an Egy mummy and Mallory is that Ma though he has been dead for 75 has living relatives.

I lost my partner, Bruce Herro Everest in 1996. At least I am n the fortunate position of knowing having been cut free from the r tain, he can no longer be photogr for public consumption. If loved of the numerous dead Everest cli ask other climbers to take photog of the deceased for personal re fair enough. Surely it should b family's business to decide what pens to those photographs, not th tographer's.

I am as interested in the Mallor as anyone else. But would you w picture like this of your father or g father splashed across *Vanity Fair*?

SUE THOM
London, E

I'VE GOT A RIDDLE for you. Wh Howard Somervell and George M without pants on page 289? How you run such a provocative photo with no explanation? Other than t found the article fascinating, as most of your magazine.

ADRIENNE
Fair Haven, Nev

EDITOR'S REPLY: In the photograph, vell and Mallory are not wearing pants they have just finished fording a stream.

Hollywood Divide

I ENJOYED PATRICIA Bosworth's a on Elia Kazan ["Kazan's Choice," tember]. His genius has provided u wonderful movies and plays. He did he had to do during the McCarth and at the Oscars this year all hi leagues should have given him a ing ovation for having the guts to his country.

The tragedy of this generation i we are lacking directors like Elia K Our current ones have not made q films, because the pressure to be cally correct has stifled true geniu originality.

BETTE ANDREWS N
Victoria

ELIA KAZAN was not responsib the blacklist, but given the situ that the theatrical community fou self in at the time, he did not co himself with honor. I expect more

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an artist. I do not applaud him for his choice—to me, it diminishes his art.

MARY JO NEISH
West Hollywood, California

PATRICIA BOSWORTH'S "Kazan's Choice" is further evidence that the Big Lie about American Communists has succeeded. Contrary to what was said in your article, the House Committee on Un-American Activities was not investigating people's political ideas; it was investigating whether they were members of a subversive organization. It has recently been confirmed by K.G.B. files that the American Communist Party was directed and financed by the Soviet Union, which was responsible for murdering tens of millions of its own citizens and enslaving hundreds of millions of others. This party was acting to Sovietize America.

The Communist Party of America did actively try to infiltrate Hollywood. Not only did it use force to try to take over Hollywood unions, but its members also used fraud to dupe their capitalist studio employers by putting pro-Soviet and pro-Communist propaganda into their employers' movies. Therefore, the blacklist these employers subsequently used against the Communists was proper and moral. A basic right in America is to hire whomever you want. Don't capitalists have the right not to hire and give platforms to their enemies?

It is time that the big lies about American Communists be exposed and anti-Communist Americans such as Elia Kazan, Roy Brewer, Edward Dmytryk, and Ayn Rand be applauded for fighting for the freedoms so many today take for granted.

SCOTT McCONNELL
Director of communications
Ayn Rand Institute
Marina del Rey, California

He Said, She Said

THE PENIS RENAISSANCE is here, and Scott Turow's article ["Something's Up," September] was long overdue.

Trouble is, men are now being raked over the coals, and it hurts. Maybe turnabout is fair play, but the fact remains: women were never humiliated and given reason to feel inadequate quite to the extent that men are now. Imagine for a moment *Ally McBeal* episodes discussing the merits of the vaginas of various women on the show. That would be the same thing as what is happening to men and it takes one hell of a well-adjusted man to survive it unscathed, especially if he is not hung like a horse.

WAYNE P[illegible]
Tucson, [illegible]

I COULD NOT BELIEVE Mr. Turow's [illegible] arguments about the effects of the "[illegible] obsession" in films and society on the adolescent boy. I would point out that he is pining over the very issue of negative self-image that has plagued millions of young women for decades. The concept that men, the very executors of violence toward and objectification of women on screen, might feel insecure about the size (or lack thereof) of a body part is such a picayune notion that I can hardly believe it became an article, especially one written by the father of a 12-year-old girl.

LORIE SUM[illegible]
Loganville, G[illegible]

A Fan's Notes

YOUR ARTICLE about Vince Lombardi ["Lombardi's Way" [by David Maraniss], September], carried me away.

In 1967, I was in the sixth grade and was obsessed with the N.F.L. and the Packers. In my opinion the "Ice Bowl" was still the most exciting game ever played. There was a time when I could recite the game and tell you the name and position of every player involved. I read *Instant Replay,* the 1967 diary of Packer fullback Jerry Kramer, at least five times.

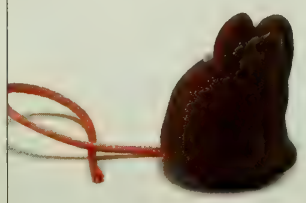
I haven't thought about that game in years, but Maraniss's article took me back to it as though it were yesterday. I could, once again, see the breath of the fans in the stadium and the players sliding around the frozen "tundra" of Lambeau Field. Thanks for the article. I can't wait to read the book.

RYAN TIBB[illegible]
Park City, [illegible]

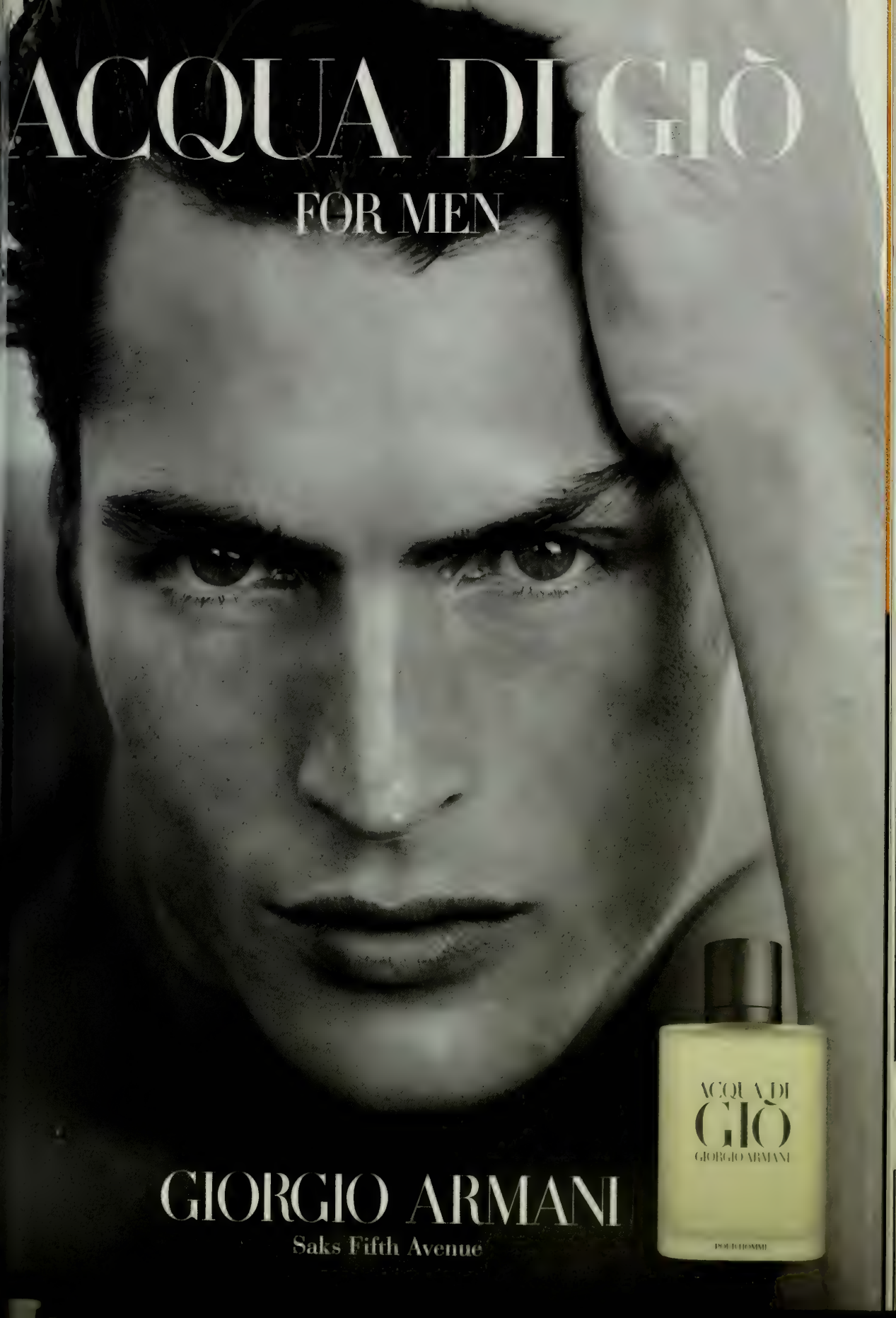
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hristopher Hitchens

THUNDER IN THE BLACK MOUNTAINS

Tiny, fierce, its unconquerable mountains roamed by wolves, Montenegro has been the last republic willing to remain part of Slobodan Milošević's demented "Greater Serbia." And now it, too, craves freedom. If the NATO powers keep dithering, stand by for a grim coda to Bosnia and Kosovo



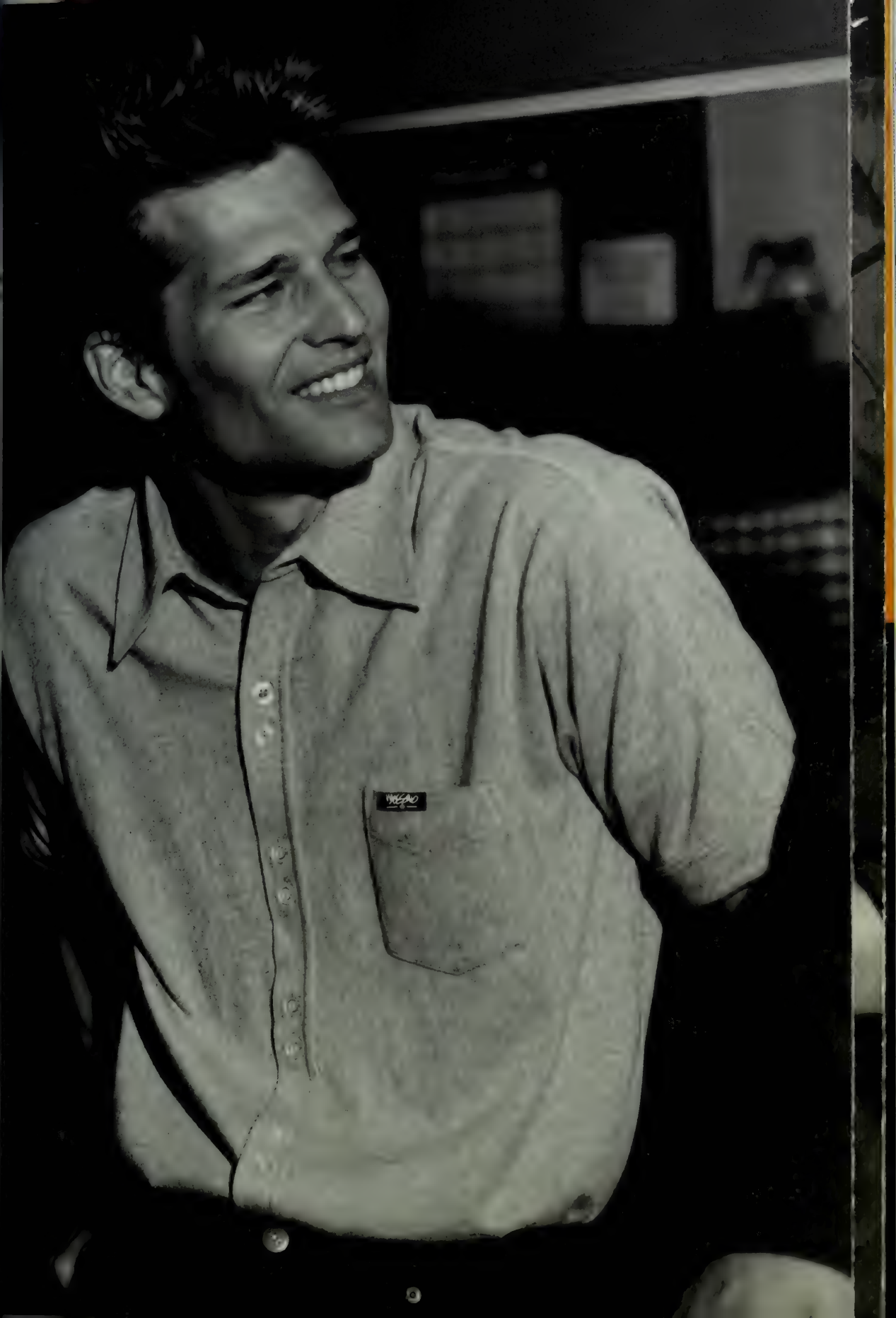
A SEPARATIST'S PEACE Montenegro's Gulf of Kotor, at the foot of the Lovćen massif, 1998. Montenegro may be the next Balkan republic to seek independence from Slobodan Milošević.

suppose," I said, gesturing in a polite-conversational manner at the fabulous escarpment of peaks that rose behind us, "that it's the mountains that have made Montenegro unconquerable." The priest with whom I lunching lowered his piece of fresh-d lamb. "No," he admonished me em-ically. "It is a site only for the eroti-of the wolves." There is true power eally good bad English, and I was way to getting the point but perhaps ing baffled, because the priest decided hrow euphemism to the winds. "For fucking of the wolves, with the other es. Only for this." In other words, he saying, nobody really wants to con-Montenegro. It's the place that god ot, the end of the earth, a wasteland iolence and poverty given over to ne copulation. (I later learned that in local vernacular there is actually a d—*vukojebina*—which is used pungently to denote the location of a wolves' motel.)

This is deep Balkans: a den of banditry and haunt of clans, with a "black" economy conjured from smuggling and extortion. If I had been told, of our delicious if basic lunch, that it was black lamb slaughtered by gray falcon, I would have been inclined to believe it. The "Black Mountain." Crna Gora. Montenegro. In whatever language you render it, the very name has a slightly Ruritanian ring (and the goings-on at the old Montenegrin court in fact inspired Franz Lehár to write *The Merry Widow*). But between the grimness and tragedy, and the operetta-scale farce, is being written the likely final chapter in the whole demented project of Greater Serbia. The final fratricide of the Milošević wars will probably take place here, the endgame of a half-diseased and half-romantic national frenzy.

Ten years ago, there were six republics within federal Yugoslavia. Two of them Slovenia and Croatia—split away as soon as they could, suffering light and heavy bombardment respectively from the Serb-dominated Yugoslav army (J.N.A.). Macedonia and Bosnia followed suit, with catastrophic consequences for the latter. Only Montenegro decided voluntarily to stay with Serbia, and to lend a drapery of illusion to the existence of a "Federal Republic of Yugoslavia"—the nightmare state of which Slobodan Milošević is still the "president." Montenegrins are close kin to Serbs and have a shared history of arduous and bitter resistance to the Turks, and to Islam. It was Montenegrin forces who were noticeable and aggressive in the hellish shelling and looting of the ancient Dalmatian city of Dubrovnik in 1991. It was a psychotic Montenegrin extremist—the failed shrink Radovan Karadžić, now wanted for war crimes—who acted as Milošević's surrogate leader in Bosnia. Milošević's own father was from Montenegro. The current "prime minister" CONTINUED ON PAGE 115





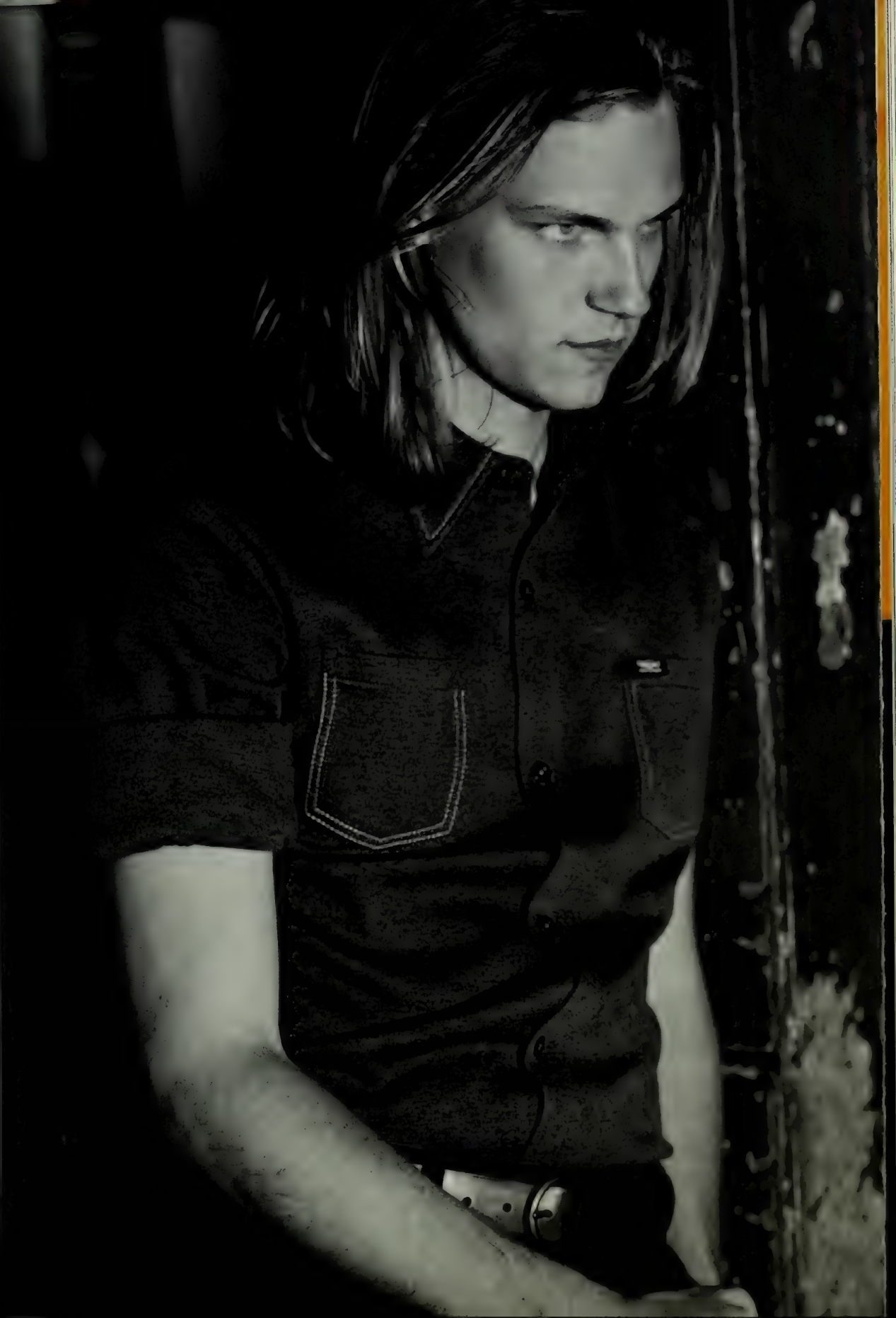


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TAXI



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 111 of rump Yugoslavia, Momir Bulatović, is a Montenegrin. For practical purposes, Montenegro has been Serbia's jackal over the past 10 years. But now, and against all expectations, a probable majority of Montenegrins want out of Yugoslavia and an end to Milošević's rule. It is as if Austria, having united with Germany in the Anschluss of 1938, had opted to reclaim its independence in 1944.

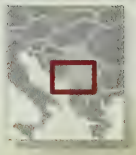
Land Without Justice was the harsh title given by the heroic Yugoslav dissident Milovan Djilas to his 1958 memoir of a Montenegrin childhood and youth. But it can be a mistake to stress only the bleak history of blood feuds and "ancient hatreds." The rocky interior of Montenegro, it is true, is arid and pitiless and impoverished, and enlivened chiefly by amorous yelpings from the wolf population. But on the coast around the luminous Gulf of Kotor there are gemlike cities that once paid allegiance to Venice, with gorgeous Catholic and Orthodox churches existing in amity. (The little town of Perast, a sort of micro-Venice complete with campanile and its own pair of miniature islands, is one of the most exquisite as well as one of the most friendly places in which I have ever set foot. It was there that I casually mentioned to a complete stranger the absence of any pictures of President Slobbo. "Milošević—son of a whore!" was his immediate reply: the better for being uttered in the Italian slang *figlio di puttana* that you often encounter along this coast. Out on the crystalline Adriatic water, a Serbo-Yugoslav gunboat provided a floating reminder of who is still in charge, as well as of the fact that Montenegro, for now, is Serbia's only coastline.) Then, after a journey up through the heartbreaking ranges, you can come to the cool and elegant antique royal capital of Cetinje. Here, amid the lime trees and wide walking streets and little piazzas, you can find a moment of old Europe as if preserved in aspic or amber. Before 1914, Montenegro was an independent kingdom. To this day Cetinje boasts, whether locked and shuttered or sometimes transformed into arts schools or music rooms, the former embassies and legations of Austria-Hungary, imperial Russia, and all the other powers that came to ruin in 1914. I happened to be there on the fourth of August, the 85th anniversary of the British Empire's declaration of war on Germany, and paid a call on the building where a plaque announced HIS MAJESTY'S LEGATION. The faded old villa-cum-mansion now did duty as a conservatoire. But though I spent a long moment looking back through the looking glass at the world of pre-deluge Europe, I had c on exactly the right day to look forwa to the day when Montenegro will ask its independence to be restored, and ognized again.













NATIVE SONS
From top: **Indicted war criminal and Montenegrin Radovan Karadžić; Yugoslav president Slobodan Milošević, whose parents were Montenegrin, July 23, 1997; Yugoslav prime minister and Montenegrin Momir Bulatović, April 22, 1999; Montenegrin president Milo Djukanović, March 1999; the region as it stands, September 1999.**

On his visit to Cetinje in 1929, Ev Waugh played up the Ruritanian a strongly, mocking the tiny Parlian building for having been "the legisla by day and the theater by night." He stressed the Corsican and Sicilian e noting the number of daggers and pi for sale and dryly suggesting: "Most h the owners were saving up to buy tridges for a stolen army rifle, anc snipe the neighbors in a more de manner from behind their pig-styes." man I had come to meet could have resented, at first glance, either the c cal or the sinister side of this caricat He was understood to be "close" to independence-minded young presiden Montenegro, the 37-year-old Milo Dj nović. But he held no formal position he wouldn't be quoted by name. He looked—though I had heard him scribed as a "spin doctor"—as if he spent a night in the ope an especially louche *vuk bina.* "Wolfish" was a w that leapt immediately mind. The experience much more like an enc ter with a watchful dissi than one with the unoffi spokesman of a governm However, he turned ou speak with passion and thority, and everything predicted to me came t so I am glad that I took many notes as we lowe our questing muzzles the slivovitz.

"The Fascist idea of 'G er Serbia' is now dead," announced without preliminaries. "I impossible without the nucleus of Mo negro." He was himself, he said, a blooded Serb (a number of Monteneg announce themselves as such) but a Mo negrin patriot first and foremost. "A since 150,000 Montenegrins also liv Serbia, our very existence is an argu for dissolving Yugoslavia and replacin with a confederation." (This might so like a contradiction, but bear in mind analogy above of Austrian nationalism opposed to German supernationalism.

There were free elections in Montene last year, which the anti-Milošević fo won in spite of intimidation from ar pro-Belgrade elements. So, said my fri "Milošević can CONTINUED ON PAGE

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A LONG WAY FROM HOME Young Kosovar-Albanian refugees cross the Kosovo-Montenegro border, April 1999.

The talk in cafés and bar in Podgorica revolves eternall around the questio "Which way will the army go?"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 118 never be president here again. Nor does he control any local ethnic forces who could help him try his usual tactic of racial partition." Then he told me what was going to happen. "In two or three days, the Montenegrin government will make a series of demands to Belgrade. We will ask for the name Yugoslavia to be scrapped and replaced by 'Commonwealth of Serbia and Montenegro.' We will ask for full control over all our armed forces, and for complete economic independence. We shall also propose a one-chamber parliament with equal rights for Montenegro, and a distinct and convertible Montenegrin currency." I put the most obvious question: What if Milošević refuses this amputation of his authority? "In that case we will hold a referendum on full independence, no sooner or later than next year." A day later, the Montenegrin authorities did make precisely this series of demands, tightening up the last point a bit by giving Milošević only six weeks to reply and announcing that if he responded in the negative there would be a referendum on complete independence this fall.

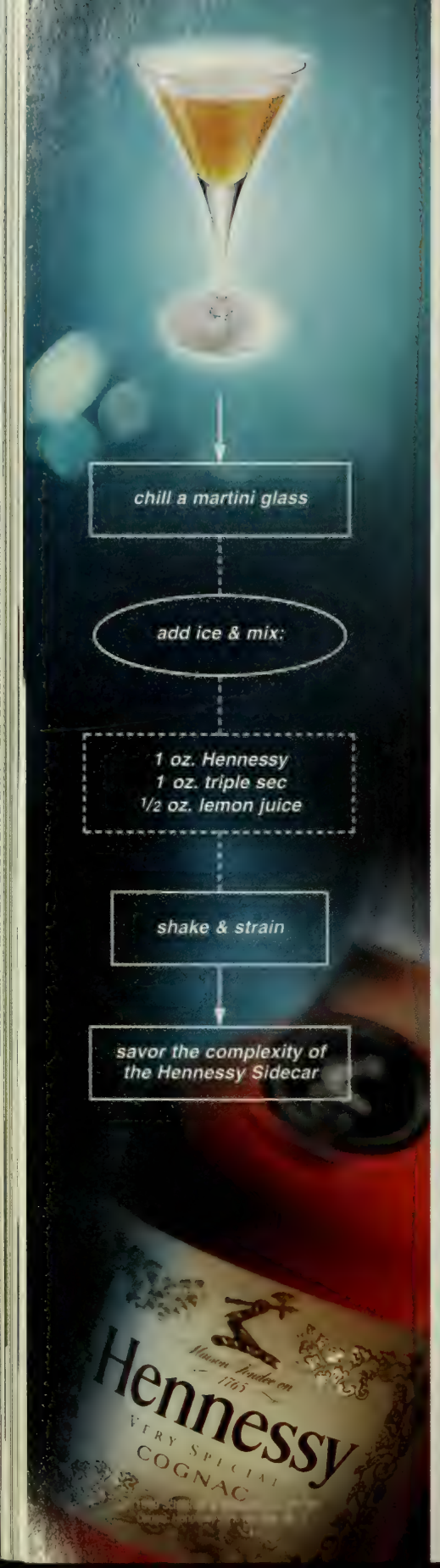
Some people think that President Milo Djukanović is bluffing. But I would not be so sure. As a former Milošević protégé and well-tailored leader of the Communist Youth, he has seen the dank and desperate Serb-dominated leadership from the inside and has come to appreciate that Montenegro is now shackled to a corpse. On the streets of his capital, and at airports and border posts, he is daily reminded that Montenegro cannot long endure half Serb and half free. The military is controlled from Belgrade, while the local police and militia are loyal to him. A volatile situation of "dual power" obtains. Several examples illustrate the point. During the Kosovo war, Belgrade attempted to establish martial law in Montenegro, and called up young Montenegrins to fight. The local authorities ignored the draft law, and Dragan Soć, the minister of justice, who received his own call-up papers, walked defiantly past the military court each morning on his way to work, giving a disrespectful salute. Djukanović invited members of the Muslim and Albanian minorities into his Cabinet, and allowed 70,000 Kosovo refugees onto Montenegrin soil. Not content with this snub to Milošević, he permitted leading Serb dissidents to take refuge in his autonomous republic, and permitted the circulation of anti-Milošević leaflets and magazines, many of which found their way back to Belgrade.

"Above all," I was told determinedly by the audacious Milka Tadić at the offices of *Monitor,* the leading magazine of the democratic opposition, "above all, and for the first time, Montenegro refused to fight in a Serbian war. We helped [Milošević] in Bosnia and Croatia, but these latest massacres are all his own, and for the first time our people were not shielded by the state from knowing all about them. Everyone can see what a horrible crime it was—if only because they were not involved." Now, she said with a triumphant smile, Montenegro has recognized the i ternational court at The Hague, and ha promised to cooperate with it. "So, ca you imagine a 'federal republic' where th president cannot pay a visit to the sist republic, because he would have to be a rested and deported to stand trial for wa crimes?" The offices of *Monitor* wer bombed twice by pro-Milošević thug during the Bosnian war: I can tell she ha waited a long time for the chance to sa this. And no, she said with a shrug, it not dangerous to speak that way, or "no anymore."

Ms. Tadić, editor of *Monitor,* is not i the least like a wolf. She's more like a fo And she's tall. Montenegrins are extremel tall—to my eye the tallest people in Eu rope. Taller than the Danes. I met Tadi in Podgorica, the relatively hideous an sprawling and purpose-built capital cit that was once Titograd. But one reaso the old ex-capital of Cetinje had seeme such a miniature was that its inhabitant gave me the impression that they wer walking around on stilts. Since Montene gro has about 650,000 inhabitants, whil Serbia boasts 10 million or so, it may be huge psychological advantage to be abl to call on so many lofty people, with suc a long martial tradition. (Down on th coast is the homeland of antiquity's Illyr an warrior queen, Teuta. Teuta is a favorit birth name for Albanian girl babies.)

As I write, Milošević has not persona ly replied to the Montenegrin *démarche* His chief political henchman, the ultra


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chauvinist Vojislav Šešelj, is, however, making blood-and-thunder speeches, saying that the J.N.A. will intervene by force in Montenegro "like the Americans would if California tries to go away." Mr. Šešelj's Chetnik militia has never lost a battle against civilians and was involved in some of the foulest work in Bosnia and Kosovo. I wonder, though, how it would acquit itself in battle against tough Montenegrins who are kith and kin. The talk in cafés and bars in Podgorica is just the sort of hushed conversation one used to hear in the banana republics of Central America, revolving eternally around the question "Which way will the army go?" Milošević keeps his Second Army in Montenegro, and its commanding officers are loyal to him as far as anyone can tell. But the mid-level of the officer corps is thought to contain many who are sympathetic to independence, or are unwilling to risk another dustup with NATO, or are just leery of being the last man killed in defense of an obviously doomed regime. During the Kosovo war, Montenegrin forces stood off Milošević's soldiers in a confrontation over Kosovar refugees, and this test of wills was as heady as it was novel. Just as one cannot make a child grow smaller, so the momentum and appetite for autonomy increase with the experience of it.

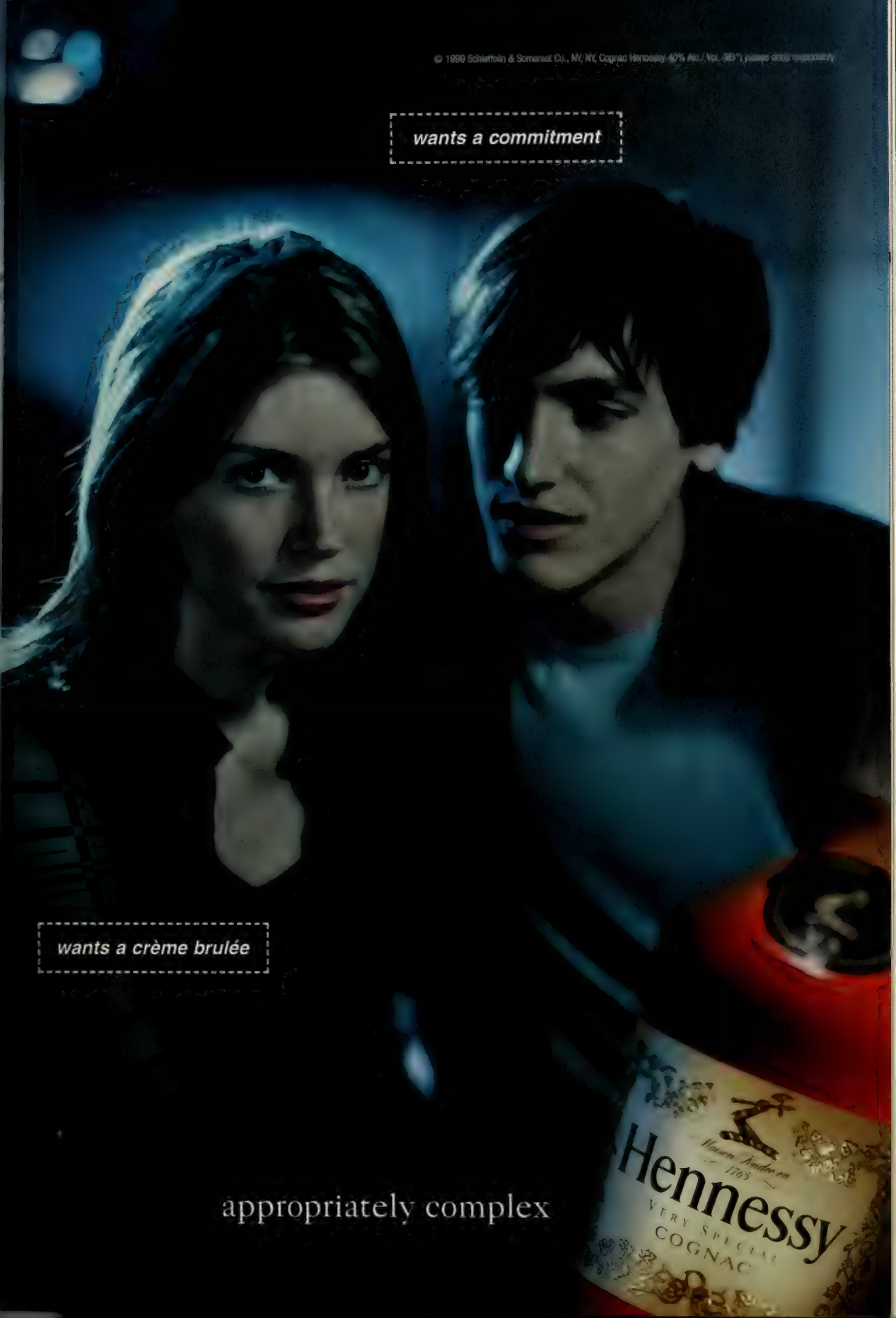
President Milo Djukanović is daily reminded that Montenegro cannot long endure half Serb and half fre

Montenegro is in an advanced and hectic stage of being a little bit pregnant. You can see it in the emerging battle of the colors: green, red, black, and white—the Montenegrin rainbow. Montenegro lost its independence in the First World War by impulsively siding with Serbia, by suffering Austro-Hungarian occupation as a result, and then by submitting to a 1918 plebiscite on joining the new kingdom of Jugoslavia. In fact, it was the only state on the Allied side in 1914 that went on to lose its independence at the end of the war. Serb troops were on hand to make sure that the 1918 plebiscite went the right way. Those who opposed the Anschluss had to mark ballot papers in green, and have ever since been known as *zelenasi,* or "the greens." The pro-Serb elements were white, or *bjelasi,* when white was the Russian shade for counterrevolution. Today, when you see a spray-paint slogan supporting Milo Djukanović, it will be lettered in vivid green, even though he and his rivals both used to prefer red. Montenegro was the reddest of the old Jugoslav republics: solid for the wartime Communist partisans with a very high proportion of party m bers until the very end of Titoism. however, pro-Belgrade slogans tend t scrawled in black. This is partly the hist color of Fascism—which is apt enou but also reminds people that the locall thodox prelate, a thickly furred old h gan named Amfilohije Radović, has be rhapsodic supporter of Serb ethnic cle ing. And, just to clarify matters, gree the Balkans is the traditional color Muslims—whose mosques have not Montenegro, been dynamited and de as they have everywhere else that i range of Greater Serbia's guns.

Anyway, when Milo Djukanović t his oath of office as Montenegro's p dent in January of last year, he did s the ancient former capital of Cetinje not in the "official" seat of governm

So that that old geopolitical cliché—" family of nations"—may be about to come a tiny new member. Did I say come? The NATO powers, including United States, have been very grudg and hesitant about attending the bapti or even acknowledging the conception parturition. Pompous noises are made the State Department about the "territo integrity" of the former Yugoslavia, a that bastard and hybrid were being k alive by anything but a death-support chine. (Milka Tadić said that she'd arg the point with Clinton at the July sum in Sarajevo, and as her eyes flashed her Amazonian limbs flexed, I wonde for an instant how he'd coped with real local version of a "strong woma Everyone knows why Europe and Ame are dithering: if Montenegro "goes," t there is no Yugoslavia, and if there is Yugoslavia, then there is no state Kosovo to be a legal part of, and there timorous statesmen who hope that highly spiced and heavily booby-trapp question does not come up on their wa But might it not be nice if, just for on there was a crux in the Balkans that not take our diplomatic masters compl ly by surprise? This one has been com for a long time: coming like Christm coming like a heart attack. There's no cuse for being unprepared. When wol couple, it's dramatic and impressive the more modest and reticent anim hardly dare peek. A wolf divorce is m seldom seen, but worth some serious tention for all that. □

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appropriately complex

James Wolcott



PAPER HERO Orson Welles as Charles Foster Kane in the 1941 RKO Radio Pictures film *Citizen Kane.*

THE BIG O

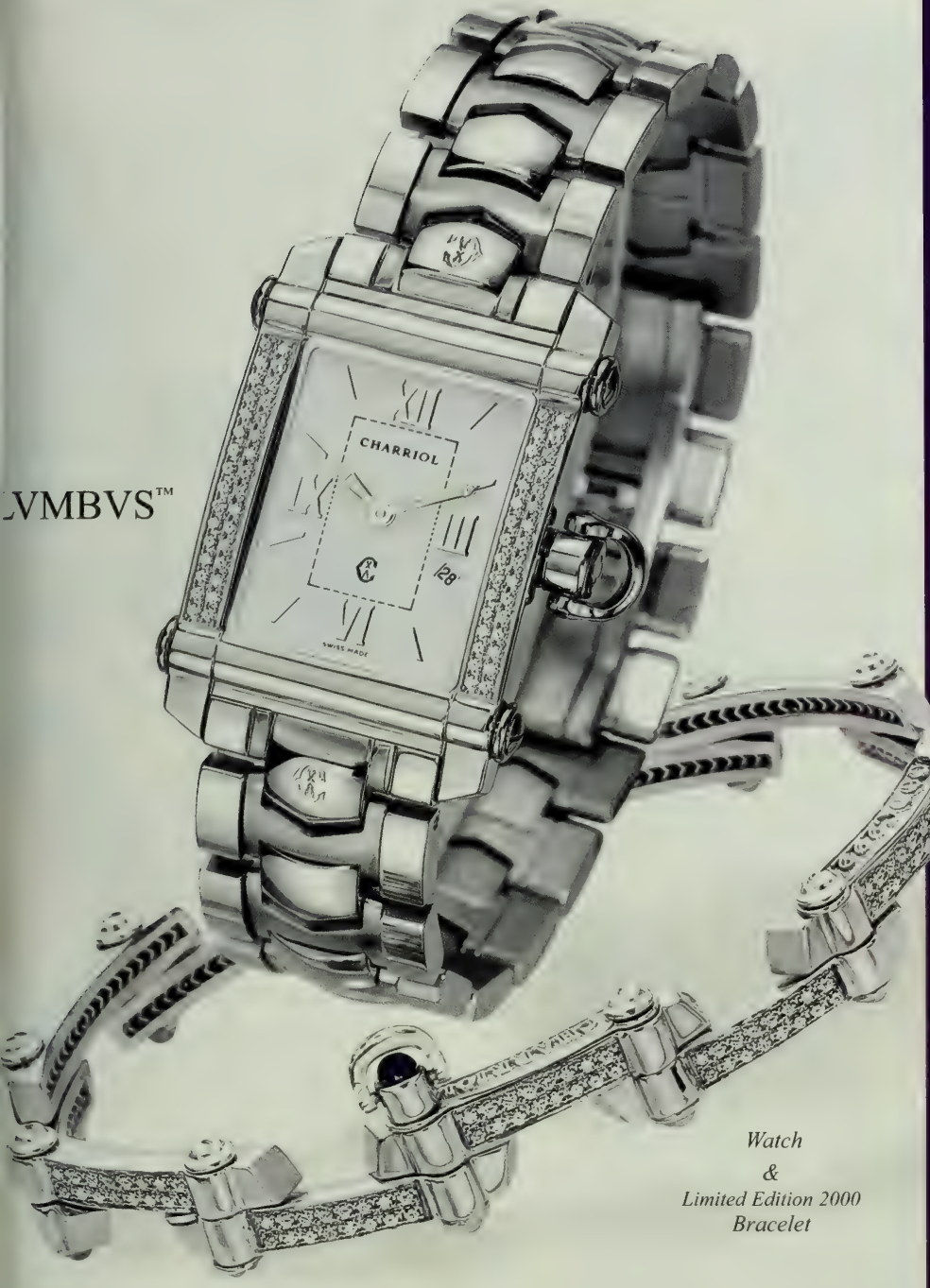
Two new films–*Cradle Will Rock,* Tim Robbins's epic about Orson Welles's 1937 stage sensation, and *RKO 281,* HBO's movie on the making of *Citizen Kane*–are vibrant reminders that, by his 30th birthday, Welles had revolutionized both America's theater and its cinema

To be famous young and to make fame last–the secret of combining the two is glandular: it depends on energy.

—Kenneth Tynan, *A View of the English Stage.*

In 1992 the U.S. Postal Service asked consumers which Elvis Presley commemorative stamp they wanted to see issued: early Elvis (sleek hepcat) or later Elvis (stuffed sausage), take your pick. It was a personality contest pitting an icon against itself. Side by side, the Elvis stamps represented more than different phases of the same celebrity career; they implied a rival split—a broken promise. The later, showbiz Elvis seemed like a gross distortion of his earlier, rollicking self, perhaps even a betrayal. It's a classic American story, written in the flesh. Long before Elvis went viva Las Vegas, Orson Welles—actor, director, and oral god—knew what it was like to be hounded by his former youth and constantly reminded how he had fallen short. Like Presley, Welles suffered the public mortification of becoming a before-and-aft spectacle: a handsome messiah turne blob. He too became a punching bag f every comic's fat jokes, only Welles ha no Graceland in which to hunke Where Presley sandbagged himself wit junk food in front of the TV, Welles con ported himself with ceremonial pom holding court at Ma Maison with his ya py dog, Kiki. A true king does not hide.

Born in 1915, George Orson Welles mad his stage debut at the age of 3, directed h first play at the CONTINUED ON PAGE 1



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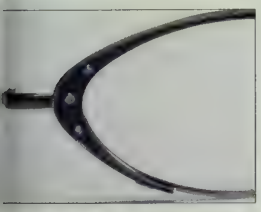
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Shortly after losing her only child to an accidental overdose, Vance established a drug abuse foundation in her son's memory aimed at educating and rehabilitating "transitional adults" in the grip of heroin addiction. "For a long time heroin enjoyed a successful career in the fashion industry," says Sheila, "My intention is to be part of sending a message from the fashion industry that heroin is far from chic or glamorous."







In practice of her philosophy, proceeds of Sama Eyewear directly benefit the foundation's efforts worldwide. "I have discovered that, in most everything we do," says Sheila, "we can make a difference in someone else's life."

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From top right: Luxe sunglasses (Power category). Models Bahnu, Gitti, and Zen ("1001 Nights", Balance and Serenity categories). And Sama's Los Angeles showroom.

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Wolcott

ONTINUED FROM PAGE 130

ge of 10, joined an Irish the-:er company at the age of 5, mounted dazzling pro-uctions of Shakespeare in is early 20s, and, at the age f 25, directed and starred in *'itizen Kane,* perhaps the reatest American film of the ound era. Not bad for a aby face. Six feet tall at the ge of 14, he never shirked eing larger than life. Ken-eth Tynan (another boy onder) perceived how such owmanship lapped over ito salesmanship. Reviewing Velles's thrilling staging of *loby Dick* in 1955, the En-lish critic wrote of Welles's erformance as Ahab, "He as a voice of bottled thun-er, so deeply encasked that ne thinks of those liquor dvertisements which boast iat not a drop is sold till it's even years old." Such pre-cience! Decades later, jump-ig from youth to elder-tatesman status with no pparent interval of middle ge, Orson Welles would be-ome household-famous and idely parodied as the 1980s pokesman for Paul Masson ine, intoning the tag line We will sell no wine before s time" as if it were a bibli-al injunction.

Between product endorse-ients, Welles made papal isits to the talk-show sets f Johnny Carson, Merv Grif-in, and Dick Cavett—where e did magic tricks, fondled cigar, and expounded about opical issues as if he were the Vinston Churchill of Beverly Hills—and classed up the dais f the Dean Martin roasts, roar-ng with medieval laughter at he scripted ad-libs. A director who had been bracketed with Jean Renoir nd Federico Fellini, he sank to narrating he trailer for *Revenge of the Nerds.* In his vaning years Welles felt compelled to ped-lle his blue-ribbon voice because he was inable to get his own cockamamy films inanced. The comic-impressionist Rich Little, a puzzled cast member of Welles's on-again, off-again epic, *The Other Side of he Wind,* told me in an interview years ago hat when an expensive camera got smashed on the set during a car stunt, Welles said vith a philosophical sigh, "I'll have to lo another commercial to pay for that."

A movie studio, Welles famously remarked, was "the biggest electric train set any boy ever had."

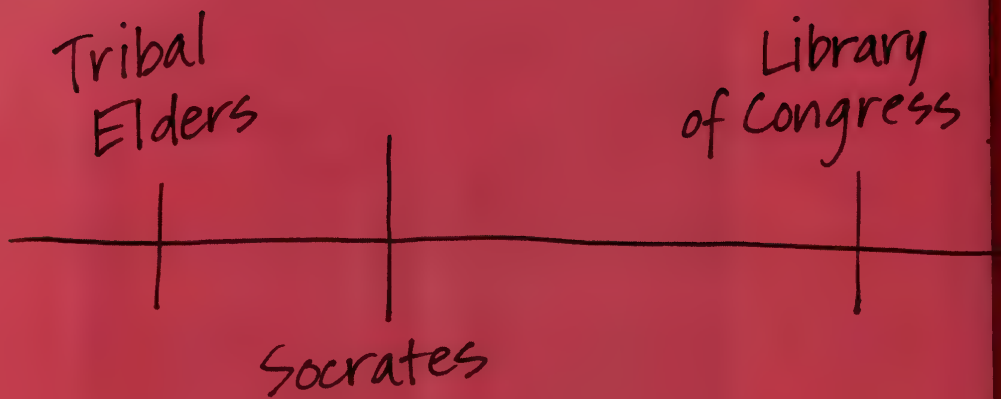


ACTION! ***From top:*** **Welles with *Citizen Kane* co-writer Herman J. Mankiewicz, whom Pauline Kael credited with much of the film's brilliance; Welles directs a scene on the set.**

Along with *The Other Side of the Wind,* Welles's unfinished or unreleased films include *Don Quixote, The Merchant of Venice,* the documentary *It's All True,* and *The Dreamers.* When he died of heart failure in 1985, friends and supporters lamented that his commercial fame had eclipsed his artistic legacy. The only Orson Welles many baby-boomers ever knew was the large round object they saw on TV.

Amends are finally being made. Last year saw the reissue of Welles's antsy *film noir Touch of Evil* (1958), in a new print which, among its other honoring of Welles's original intentions, removed the distracting credits from the opening sequence —a three-minute-twenty-second tracking shot executed in one continuous take, a virtuoso feat requiring the combined skills of an orchestra conductor and a traffic cop. Done before the invention of the Steadicam, the looping penmanship of Welles's camera in *Touch of Evil* has become the most frequently forged signature flourish in American film, imitated and embellished by Martin Scorsese (*GoodFellas*), Robert Altman (*The Player*), Paul Thomas Anderson (*Boogie Nights*), and Brian De Palma (*Snake Eyes*). This year will be an even bigger Welles festival with the release of Tim Robbins's *Cradle Will Rock,* an all-star docudrama about one of Welles's most controversial theater productions, and *RKO 281,* an HBO original film, which haunts the soundstages during the making of *Citizen Kane.*

Why all of this backing and filling now? It's partly a belated tribute to the tremendous wingspan of Welles's influence. The opening to *Touch of Evil* is only the tip of the inheritance. His 1938 radio direction of H. G. Wells's *The War of the Worlds,* in which a Martian invasion was dramatized as an emergency broadcast, was the forerunner for the fake vérité of *The Blair Witch Project. Citizen Kane* bequeathed a bottomless Christmas bag of re-usable images and reference points to pop culture, from "Rosebud" to the snow globe to Kane himself as the dead soul of Daddy Warbucks. (With its doctored newsreel footage and schnooky antihero, Woody Allen's *Zelig* is *Citizen Kane* seen through the wrong end of the telescope.) The funhouse-mirror shoot-out in *The Lady from Shanghai* has become a diamond set piece in the highlight reel of *film noir.* (Allen restaged it in *Manhattan Murder Mystery.*) The Shakespeare boom of the last 10 years—stretching from Kenneth Branagh's foursquare adaptations of *Henry V* and *Hamlet* to the crazy quilt of Al Pacino's *Looking for Richard* to the Fascist swank of Ian McKellen's *Richard III*—owes plenty to Welles's stage and film



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adaptations of *Macbeth, Othello, Julius Caesar,* and Falstaff's saga (*Chimes at Midnight*). It was Welles more than anyone who demonstrated that Shakespeare wasn't a marble bust to be handled with kid gloves but a hardy perennial whose words could be sown to the wind. Shooting all over Europe under haphazard conditions, Welles patched together works in which the stunning pictorial passages (the mud-caked battle in *Chimes at Midnight*) compensated for the poor dubbing, stitchy editing, and oddball casting. At his best he seemed able to animate everything and everyone around him with his own physicality. He summoned the elements.

When you read about Welles's stage productions, such as his "voodoo" *Macbeth,* his modern-dress *Julius Caesar,* or the *Moby Dick* that Tynan praised, they don't sound corny or dated, as so many theatrical landmarks do. They still capture the mind's eye. Welles shook preconceptions like dust from a rug, and you can see what made his productions crackle. Robbins's *Cradle Will Rock,* opening next month, gives itself the dual task of re-creating the cultural-political ferment of the 30s and communicating the virgin excitement of a Wellesian event. I've never been a fan of Robbins as a director—*Bob Roberts,* his satire about a folkie presidential candidate, whittled the smugness of *Nashville* down to a single guitar strum, and the acting in *Dead Man Walking* struck me as too Academy Award–conscious—but *Cradle Will Rock* is a fabulous promenade. Where most Depression-era dramas look hangdog, the colors here really pop. A mini-epic which mingles famous and fictional characters in the spirit of E. L. Doctorow's *Ragtime,* it makes the past look newly painted—young again.

Some history: The original production of Marc Blitzstein's *The Cradle Will Rock,* a musical which wedded hard-driving American rhythms to the socialist allegory of Bertolt Brecht, ran into federal interference and Red-scare intimidation shortly before its premiere in June 1937. When the theater was padlocked by the Works Progress Administration, Welles seized the moment like a born general. Since the actors' and musicians' unions forbade the cast to perform, Welles hit upon the ingenious solution of having the cast buy tickets like patrons and perform from their seats when they heard their cues. After a mad scurry for a suitable venue, Welles and company lucked into the Venice, a theater on 59th Street which had seen better days. As Simon Callow relates in his 1995 biography of Welles (*Orson Welles: The Road to Xanadu*), "The actors then trooped down the several blocks to the old theatre in company with their excited audience (who had been regaled outside the sealed theatre with pamphlets saying YOUR FRIENDS HAVE BEEN DISMISSED! YOU MAY BE NEXT!)." After Welles and his collaborator John Houseman made speeches, the spotlight fell on Blitzstein at the piano. As he played the score, the cast of *The Cradle Will Rock* popped out of the audience to sing their parts, some of them standing in the aisles and dancing to the music. The actors and the audience seemed to join forces. When it was all over, the audience unleashed a wild enthusiasm that Blitzstein himself characterized as "roaring pandemonium." Welles had staged another coup.



Welles's radio adaptation of *The War of the Worlds* was the forerunner for the fake vérité of *The Blair Witch Project.*



RADIO CRAZE
Welles's 1938 Halloween-eve broadcast of H. G. Wells's *The War of the Worlds* set off a national panic. *From top:* Welles is grilled by reporters following the incident; the mischief-maker at the microphone.

As with the premieres of Stravinsky's *The Rite of Spring* and Beaumarchais's *The Marriage of Figaro,* the importance of *The Cradle Will Rock* has been magnified over time into a seismic movement—a symphonic wake-up call. So entwined is the lore of *The Cradle Will Rock* with Welles's own legend that Welles was set to direct a film on the subject in the 1980s and relive old glories. Shortly before filming began, the financing dried up and once again Welles was left dangling. (What makes this setback a keener disappointment in retrospect is the fact that Welles himself was to have been played by ... Rupert Everett. The young Rupert Everett as the young Orson Welles is a terrible thing to be robbed of. Robbins's *Cradle Will Rock* is an act of fidelity, finishing what Welles was never able to start. (Though for some mysterious reason the title was shortened.) The opening sequence, which reveals Emily Watson (playing an older version of the Little Match Girl and exuding freshness in a role that could have been a dip in corn syrup) sleeping behind a movie screen and trailing her out into the impoverished streets in one long fluid passage, is a tour de force that fuses *Citizen Kane* and *Touch of Evil,* as if the filmmakers were channeling Welles. Its cumulative force overwhelms its blemishes (backstage scenes frantic with rhubarb bustle, John Cusack's weak stem as the young Nelson Rockefeller, overeditorializing shots of Diego Rivera mural being destroyed). As Blitzstein, the always underrated Hank Azaria has dark, insomniac eyes as he hunches on a park bench, the stern example of Bertolt Brecht pecking at him. Cherry Jones makes competence and cheerful fair-mindedness seem like states of grace as Hallie Flanagan, the head of the Federal Theatre Project; Cary Elwes seems ready for a Whit Stillman comedy as John Houseman; and, hooray, Bill Mur



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ray, as a vaudeville ventriloquist who rats about Communist infiltration before finding redemption, has never alternated more brilliantly between shine and corrosion. The final shot of the film, involving the funeral procession of Murray's ventriloquist's dummy, is a devastating stroke.

Ironically, the famous face that gets most lost in the shuffle belongs to the character of Orson Welles himself. Angus MacFadyen plays Welles with buoyancy and aplomb, but he doesn't stand out enough in the Altmanesque tableaux. Welles's relationship with his colleague and later nemesis John Houseman, who, like Welles, ripened into a florid actor (*The Paper Chase*) and sage TV pitchman ("They make money the old-fashioned way," he pronounced on behalf of Smith Barney, "—they *earn* it"), is reduced to a flurry of bitchy spats, and Welles seems more of a fancy cog in the machinery than a prime mover. Perhaps this downsizing of Welles to normal scale reflects Robbins's own left-wing perspective—a belief that Welles was as much a product of his times as any other notable, that it isn't men who make history but history that makes men. Whatever the explanation, it leaves a slight blur on the screen where a major pulse point should be, and devalues the power of personality. A magnate such as Nelson Rockefeller may have straddled the globe, but it is Orson Welles whose nocturnes continue to resonate. As a director and broadcaster, he seemed to occupy a skull-cavern, equally at home with literary melodrama and pulp suspense. (His was the most famous voice of the radio serial *The Shadow*.) Even when Welles was young and all-conquering, his hearty spirits were darkened at the edges by the early deaths of his mother and alcoholic father. His refusal to shy away from the prospects of death and ruin is so singular, it's practically un-American.

CRADLE ROBBING
Angus MacFadyen as Orson Welles in Tim Robbins's epic *Cradle Will Rock*; Cary Elwes, Hank Azaria, and MacFadyen as John Houseman, Marc Blitzstein, and Welles, respectively; Elwes and MacFadyen.







Welles's first and best film, *Citizen Kane* (1941) is a memory play and gothic psychodrama enacted largely inside a lavish crypt—a furniture-showroom wing of Coleridge's Xanadu. The snow globe that rolls out of Kane's hand on his deathbed might as well be his brain slipping its master's leash. Few would deny the film's place at the pinnacle of American cinema, but how much of *Citizen Kane* was truly Welles's wizardry? In a revisionist essay called "Raising Kane," which appeared first as a two-parter in *The New Yorker* in 1971 and later as the introduction to the shooting script for *Citizen Kane* (*The Citizen Kane Book*, 1971), Pauline Kael tilted the spotlight from Welles to screenwriter Herman J. Mankiewicz (*Dinner at Eight; Pride of the Yankees*), whose contribution, she argued, had been short-sheeted by the credit-hogging Welles. Mankiewicz, a sour-pickle wit in the Algonquin Round Table manner (it was he who said of Welles, "There, but for th grace of God, goes God"), did a draft the newspaper-mogul saga called simp *American*. Many of the gems ascribe to Welles's protean genius were Manki wicz's ideas. "If one asks how it is th Herman J. Mankiewicz, who wrote th film that many people think is the grea est film they've ever seen, is almost u known, the answer must surely be n just that he died too soon but that h outsmarted himself. As a result of h wicked sense of humor in drawing up Welles's character for Kane's, his own a thorship was obscured. Sensing the uni of Kane and Welles, audiences assum that Kane is Welles's creation," Ka wrote. "Herman Mankiewicz died, an his share faded from knowledge, bu Welles carries on in a baronial style th always reminds us of Kane."

Kael's essay may have been conceive as an attempt to retrieve Manki wicz's reputation from neglect an reaffirm *Citizen Kane* as a collabor tive triumph rather than a one-ma circus (she also elaborated on th cinematographer Gregg Toland invaluable contribution to the film but it wasn't taken that way b Welles's friends and auteurist follow ers. They were sizzling mad. Welle loyalists saw "Raising Kane" as torpedo job intended to tarnish h greatest achievement. Leading th defense was the director Peter Bog danovich, who wrote a lengthy r poste (with Welles's guidance) fo *Esquire* called "The Kane Mutiny." Bogdanovich poked a number c cannonball-size holes in Kael's piec quoting from an affidavit offered i 1941 which contained sworn test mony as to how much heavy rev sion Welles had done on Mankie wicz's script; mockin her speculation that on of the most meticulous ly rehearsed and lit se quences in *Citizen Kan* was caught by accider by the film crew mor keying around on th set (which he later de rided as "a wildly naïv fantasy of the filmmak ing process"); and, in his most effectiv rhetorical steam eruption, telling th jury: "To believe that Welles—who notc riously had absolutely no compunc tion in blue-penciling Shakespeare Marlowe, Shaw, or any classic h touched, and reshaping them as well and who rewrote and reworked ever single radio script or movie acting rol he got, would sanctify the deathles

Cradle Will Rock is an act of fidelity, finishing what Welles was never able to start.

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prose of Herman J. Mankiewicz is an impossible character-switch to buy." Even Mankiewicz's admirers conceded that he never wrote anything afterward which approached *Citizen Kane* in richness or scope (whereas Welles's next directorial effort was that subversive curio of small-town life *The Magnificent Ambersons*). But the damage was done. "Cleaning up after Miss Kael is going to take a lot of scrubbing," Welles wrote Bogdanovich. Kael's essay entered the critical canon, leaving a taint on Welles's reputation that no amount of elbow grease could remove.





Herman J. Mankiewicz said of Welles, "There, but for the grace of God, goes God."

WELLES
And this is the Great Salt Lake. Where Christ stands and says "What does it profit a man to gain the whole world, if he loses his soul . . . ?"

MANK
And John the Baptist replies, "A night with Rita Hayworth."

—From a shooting script for *RKO 281,* by John Logan.



RAISING *KANE*
***From top:* Liev Schreiber as Orson Welles in HBO's film about the making of *Citizen Kane, RKO 281;* John Malkovich as Herman Mankiewicz, and Schreiber; Roy Scheider, left, as RKO chief George Schaefer, and Schreiber.**

Premiering on HBO this month, *RKO 281,* written by John Logan and directed by Benjamin Ross, could be read as an attempt to forge a truce between the warring factions represented by Kael and Bogdanovich, and give everybody connected with making *Citizen Kane* penance. Inspired by the PBS documentary *The Battle over Citizen Kane,* written by Richard Ben Cramer and Thomas Lennon, this fictional dramatization found a home at HBO after Hollywood studios nixed the project as a feature film. The script's portrayal of the studios' twitchy fear of gossip columnists and pressure groups may have offended Hollywood's corporate pride. Unlike most of the biopics popping up on cable these days, fancy scrapbooks dominated by the wardrobe-and-props department (where vintage cars and Speed Graphic cameras are buffed into service as some la-di-da star negotiates the potholes of Memory Lane—Halle Berry's Dorothy Dandridge biography on HBO being the latest hokey example), *RKO 281* has an inside feel for the tension levels that travel from the executive suite down to the talent pool. The cast is up to the stress test. It may be the best-cast cable film ever: John Cromwell plays William Randolph Hearst as a dignified but deadly ice pick, David Suchet wears his suit as a beetle shell in the role of MGM's Louis B. Mayer, Brenda Blethyn parks her broomstick with the maître d' as Louella Parsons, and Roy Scheider tries to defuse crises with political handshakes as George Schaefer, the put-upon chief of RKO; even Melanie Griffith isn't bad as Marion Davies once you get past her clown lipstick. As Welles, Liev Schreiber has too much shy reserve to convey the lion cub in full roar, but he's wonderful in the quieter scenes, wrestling with doubts, slumping under th weight of the world's expectations.

A movie studio, Welles famous remarked upon arriving at RK was "the biggest electric train s any boy ever had." But the unpre edented free hand he was give also gave him the freedom to fa on his face. Anything less than g nius would be viewed as antic max. Although Welles's swollen eg tism takes some kidding—"Telegra from the Christ child," announc Simeon Andrews as John Hous man—it's clear that Welles is the ca alyst and mad captain on the set *Citizen Kane,* drilling a hole in th studio floor in order to get the sh he wants, keeping himself hoppi on Benzedrine as everyone el flags. Although *RK 281* is a "making o film (*RKO 281* bei the working title of *C izen Kane*), it actual gains predatory thru and intrigue after *Ci zen Kane* is wrappe and William Randolp Hearst attempts to k it by calling on eve dirty trick in the press-lord playbook. H fails, and his failure tolls the end of h reign. A toppled despot, his fortune e gulfed by debt, his secrets exposed f public ridicule ("Rosebud," the name Kane's sled, being Hearst's pet term f Marion Davies's nooky-nook), Hearst drif through his San Simeon mansion like withered balloon on a stick. Yet in strikin down a king, Welles has unwittingly deli ered a self-inflicted wound. In the scrip Welles and Hearst meet one last time in hotel elevator shortly before the openi of *Citizen Kane*. Welles is full of sass, ha ing plucked this old American eagle. B Hearst gets the final say:

HEARST
Congratulations. You've fulfilled your artist fantasy. I wonder, though. Do you really thi they'll let you get away with it?

WELLES
Get away with what?

HEARST
Do you think they'll ever let a man like yo have that power again?

They didn't. After Welles complete *Citizen Kane,* he embarked upon *Th Magnificent Ambersons,* based on Boot Tarkington's novel. *The Magnificent Am bersons* wasn't the cymbals-clashing opu *Citizen Kane* was; it needed more carefu tending. When Welles made the mistake agreeing to go to Brazil on a cross-cultur

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ission to do a documentary, *The Mag-ficent Ambersons* was manhandled in s absence. The extensive cables he sent ggesting edits and fixes were exercises futility, and new scenes jarringly out of aracter with the rest of the film were ot by another director in the wake of a sastrous audience preview where plain lks like me and Maw offered such well-nsidered sentiments as "It stinks" and People like to laff, not be bored to ath." Reeling from the tattooing he ok from such rejection slips, George haefer sent a cable to Welles saying the o of them needed to have a "heart to art talk": "Orson Welles has got to do mething commercial. We have got to t away from 'arty' pictures and get ck to earth." Welles later said that this bacle was the turning point in his ca-er, not only because *The Magnificent mbersons* flopped, but also because the rception was that he had orphaned it order to shake his can-can at the carni-l in Rio. (It didn't help that Welles used a minor scandal in South Amer-a by chucking furniture out of a win-w.) As Welles later wrote to Bogdan-ich, "When I'd left, the worst that can said for me was that I was some kind artist. When I came back I was some nd of lunatic."

One of the key recurring words in *The Magnificent Ambersons* is "comeuppance," and Welles royally got his. He may have been unconsciously courting it. He went on to marry Rita Hayworth, direct and star in other movies, do ponderous voice-overs as if he were an after-dinner speaker at the Last Supper, play a mothball Mer-

Unlike Welles, today's creative fidgets believe all the world's a screen, all the players clickable icons.

lin in low-budget films by apprentices such as Brian De Palma (*Get to Know Your Rabbit*) and Henry Jaglom (*Someone to Love*), and become caretaker of his own legend wherever there was a live mike. But never again was he allowed to play with the studio train set. The steady output that marks Hollywood directors such as John Ford, Howard Hawks, and Raoul Walsh was denied him. His glandular energy never left him, but it was scattered and squandered piecemeal.

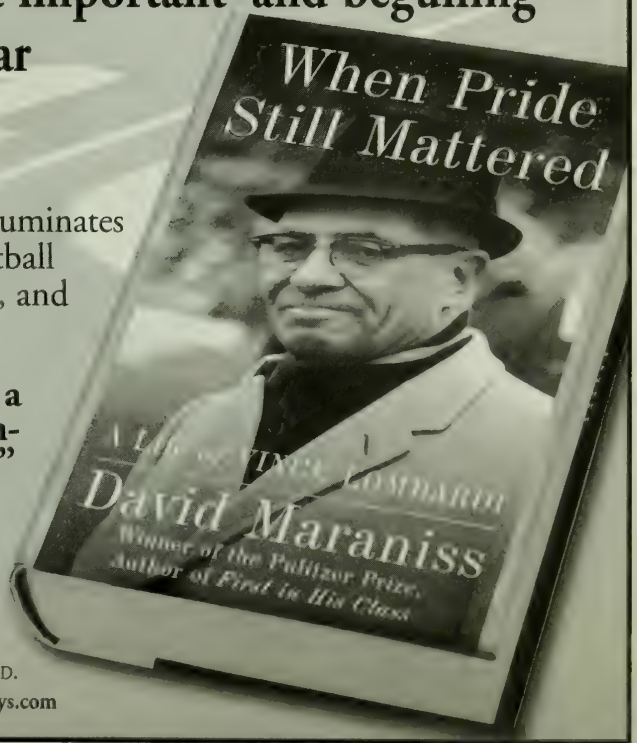
For all of the launchpad excitement of *Cradle Will Rock* and *RKO 281*, both movies end bittersweetly, reflecting this sense of letdown. In *RKO 281*, it's the knowledge that Welles's bright future is destined to dim that casts a shade of melancholy; in *Cradle Will Rock*, the awareness that the upheaval triggered by Blitzstein's musical will prove a false dawn. One is a personal tragedy, the other a cultural indictment, as the theater community shuffles off to the neon graveyard that is Broadway. I hesitate to invoke the dread m-word, but *Cradle Will Rock* and *RKO 281* seem to share a sense of regret and frustration as the new millennium approaches that pop entertainment isn't enough, that our deeper hungers aren't being met, and that the future looks even more focus-grouped, pre-fab, and sanitized for our protection. Unlike Welles, a hero-artist who personified the Shakespearean dictum that all the world's a stage, today's creative fidgets believe that all the world's a screen, and all the players clickable icons. Advances in technocratic sophistication can't make up for the loss of magic, ritual, and bodies in space—can't lead us out of the impasse. Perhaps Orson Welles is being resurrected as an inspirational figure because there's no one else around to point the way. □

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DAMSELS IN DISSENT

The politics of left and right have increasingly blurred, giving rise to a new breed of female conservatives–think Wendy Shalit, Danielle Crittenden, Amity Shlaes, Virginia Postrel–who want to rock the country's hearts and minds, not its votes. And while the message is often retro, the medium is cool

BY SAM TANENHAUS



Wendy Shalit's voice, soft and genteel, rises easily above the lunchtime din at Le Marais, the popular kosher steak house in midtown Manhattan, near Times Square and the Diamond District. Gentility and force converge neatly in Shalit. Demurely clad in an ankle-length skirt and button-down shirt, open at the collar, she offers the radiant image of the Jewish girl next door, the sort who might take graduate courses while still in high school or read *The Faerie Queen* for fun because everybody else is reading Shakespeare. She also excels at staying on message.

"Look, no one wants to give the young advice anymore," she says over her single portobello mushroom and Diet Coke. "The culture is telling them to let it all hang out and don't be prudish. Be cynical and be jaded and don't care about anything.... All the advice that comes from the pop culture ... is not in line with reality. I want to get the advice in line with reality, to say, 'This didn't work at all. We tried it, it resulted in a lot of unhappiness.' The problem in resuscitating [that] advice is that it has now become political."

Politics the problem? Some would say it has been Shalit's ticket. Since arriving in Manhattan in 1997, hard upon her graduation from Williams College, she has become the wunderkind of the neoconservative circuit, a star attraction at weekly Manhattan Institute lunches, monthly gatherings of the Fabiani Society, a conservative social club, and seasonal cocktail parties at *The New Criterion,* the highbrow conservative arts monthly edited by Hilton Kramer. But while others twice her age are still struggling to break out of that dense but enclosed universe and get a hearing in the larger world, Shalit, who turned 24 this summer and is a contributing editor at *City Journal,* the policy magazine that is required reading in the Giuliani administration, is on a direct path to celebrity.

It helps to have written a controversial book. Shalit's *A Return to Modesty,* now in its fifth printing, denounces the culture of promiscuity and pleads for the revival of forgotten codes of courtly love. When I spoke with her, Shalit (pronounced sh*leet*) was preparing "study questions" f inclusion in the paperback, due out in Ja uary. Not bad for someone who was si ting in college classrooms herself two yea ago. Then again, how many authors ca boast jacket blurbs from both the radic feminist Andrea Dworkin ("I do so ve much appreciate her concern with sexu violence and female degradation") and th dowager conservative Gertrude Himm farb ("Nothing less than a prescription f a new sexual revolution")?

Shalit's book does indeed offer som thing different: Victorian prudery con bined with *Reviving Ophelia*–style fem nism. Men, she maintains, should hono women, who in turn should preserve the treasures for the marriage bed. Above a parents should protect their children. Th steep cost of not doing this can be me sured in the alarming numbers of youn women who fall prey to eating disorder depression, suicide, and date rape–th litany recited by feminists, only in Shalit view it is not the "patriarchy" that is t

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blame but the sexual revolution. To her, *in loco parentis* are hallowed words.

This has sent pundits on the right such as columnist George Will and David Gelernter, the Yale professor and social critic, into raptures while it has brought hard jabs from the left. "Stream-of-consciousness ramblings on boyfriends, college and virginity," pronounced Kim Phillips-Fein in *The Nation,* "gussied up into a book by which Shalit herself will certainly be embarrassed in a few years." "Oh, she makes me sick!" Camille Paglia told *The New York Observer.*

Shalit shrugs. "You have to be able to take the attacks. You have to be able to learn from them and to distance yourself, and say, 'What can I learn from this?'"

One lesson is that in the world of female intellectuals the political is resolutely the personal, especially for a writer who dares probe the gaping wound known as liberal anxiety. "The former progressives have become today's reactionaries," says Shalit, while she and a number of other young conservative women are leading "a counterrevolution." While many on the left are writing them off as throwbacks, the real message is that these "retrochicks" and "born-yesterday babes" (as one outraged feminist, film critic Molly Haskell, has called them) look more like the coming thing, heralds, or sirens, of a genuine conservative chic. The more acute thinkers among them may be going even further, shaping a new politics untethered to tired left-right dichotomies.

"If you say you're conservative, that's a big freight load of stereotypes. Fundamentalist, moralizing, trying to get into people's bedrooms . . . it's an embarrassment."

They ignore partisan debates, as a rule, focusing instead on shared generational experiences. Check out the *New York Press,* the downtown weekly that's emerged to challenge the aging, liberal *Village Voice* and you'll find the new sensibility at work: young, anti-Establishment, smartly clued into the culture—and, often as not, right wing.

In the forefront, at least as far as media exposure goes, is Shalit, part ingenue, part vixen, all smiles as she goads her feminist elders into battle. "They can't stand the fact that [Wendy's] so smart, so squeaky clean, apple-cheeked," says the 31-year-old writer Norah Vincent, another new-wave conservative who writes a regular column for the gay magazine *The Advocate.* Vincent also happens to be a graduate of Williams and was impressed enough by Shalit's analysis of the 90s college scene to pitch a review of *A Return to Modesty* to the editor of "a major newsmagazine"—she won't say which one for fear of repercussions. "The editor said, 'Sounds great, I'd love you to do it. Do 1,500 words and get it in as soon as you can,'" says Vincent, who happily complied. "He called me back a week later. He was so pissed off, madder than any editor I've ever dealt with." He told Vincent he was not going to run the review. Why? It seemed he was expecting an all-out attack. "I was so appalled," says Vincent, whose balanced appraisal eventually appeared in *Salon.* She later recounted her saga to Shalit, who "laughed it off and said, 'I'm so used to it.'"

It's true. Young as she is, Shalit is a seasoned combatant in the culture wars. She had just finished her sophomore year when *Commentary,* the flagship neocon monthly, published "A Ladies' Room of One's Own," her witty account of her futile search for a single-sex bathroom in Williams's dorms. The essay was not a hit on campus. "Wendy was at Williams during the worst of political correctness," says Mark Gerson, a 27-year-old author and investment banker who was a senior when Shalit was a freshman. "A lot of personal hostility was directed at conservatives." After pornography was slipped under Shalit's door and a mouse placed in her room, the administration hustled her off campus and gave her an unlisted phone.

The outside world was more receptive. Shalit's essay, reprinted in *Reader's Digest,* brought in a flood of mail. She also heard from Adam Bellow, 42, then the editorial director of the Free Press, the conservative Simon & Schuster imprint known for launching incendiary best-sellers such as *The Real Anita Hill* as well as important theoretical works such as the social scientist Francis Fukuyama's



BOOK 'EM
Literary agent Lynn Chu, whose clients include Newt Gingrich, photographed on September 7, 1999, in New York City.

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NEIMAN MARCUS
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE



FRAGRANCE FOR MAN

The End of History and the Last Man. Impressed by Shalit's "intelligence and literary control," Bellow suspected he had found another Katie Roiphe—whose 1993 book, *The Morning After: Sex, Fear, and Feminism on Campus,* a debunking of the date-rape epidemic, had led to a cover story in *The New York Times Magazine* and angry attacks from high-profile feminists.

A *Return to Modesty* immodestly invites close scrutiny. The book's jacket features a Dürer nude coyly shielded by fig leaves, complemented by a picture of the photogenic author. That packaging alone helped Shalit secure the kinds of media gigs, such as NPR interviews, that are normally off-limits to conservative authors, in the opinion of Bob Newman, whose Boston publicity agency handled Shalit's extensive radio tour. Newman has found that Shalit and Danielle Crittenden, another client and attractive conservative author, are naturals for an emerging demographic, young and female, stimulated less by "hot issue" topics—the partisan red meat of Rush Limbaugh and company—than by "lifestyle" issues: sex, marriage, family. Liberal women have views on these subjects, too, but they are less practiced in debate and tend to be stuffy and humorless. The new conservatives, says Newman, understand the "need to be provocative, push buttons, be sexy."

The new conservatives understand the "need to be provocative, push buttons, be sexy."

Ah, yes: sexy, but not too. Let's see—there was the full-page photo of Shalit giggling attractively in *People,* the fetching head shot in *Time* (posing with her cat, Milton, as in Friedman, the Nobel Prize–winning economist). And there is the flow of piquant gossip. Shalit won't discuss her romantic life ("That would not be modest"), but she has been linked recently with a Manhattan attorney and before that with John Podhoretz, editorial-page editor of the *New York Post.* "The funny thing about Wendy is she's a serial dater," says an acquaintance. O.K., but what's a young female neocon to do? You won't find love unless you look for it.

The point is that however much Shalit may deplore modern courtship rituals, she's as steeped in them as the next twentysomething; she still lives in this world. That becomes plain enough when I confess that before reading her book I was not familiar with the expression "hooking up." I can see Shalit is stunned. She tries to help me along. "Even as in 'I hooked up with him last night'? Like that?" Come to think of it, once I'd been watching, well, Jerry Springer, and saw a college-age pair sheepishly admit to having casually "hooked up" one night, a revelation that sent a third guest, morosely silent to this point, leaping out of his chair, fists flying. I'd caught the drift but didn't realize they were employing . . .

"A term," Shalit says firmly. "It's very bizarre. It used to be 'making love' and then 'having sex.' And now it's 'hooking up,' like airplanes refueling." The tone is clinical, detached, amused: Lolita explaining the facts of life to Humbert Humbert. But unlike Lolita, Shalit remains sheathed in purity. So how come she knows so much, or thinks she does? "I have zero intellectual modesty," she explains.

In truth this damsel in distress—with her mingling of rebellion and reaction, her earnestness tinged with camp, her blatant chutzpah—is a finished product of our particular cultural moment. More in step with the age than she lets on, she has constructed a worldview out of her emotions and locked onto her "target market" with the skill of one well versed in media techniques. (There were, perhaps, hard lessons to be learned from the example of her older sister Ruth, once a rising star at *The New Republic* who was brought down by repeated allegations of plagiarism and left the magazine this year to pursue a new career in advertising.) Wendy shows me her backpack from the Body Shop; she has torn off the original label, which read, "Animals in Danger," and replaced it with one of her making: "Conservatives in Danger." The message may be retro. The medium is cool.

Shalit is by no means the isolated, marginal figure depicted by her critics, and we can expect to see many others like her, unintended creations of that incubator of modern reactionism, the college campus, with its graying professoriat in thrall to New Left slogans, "poststructuralist" curricula plying the invidious dogmas of race and gender "difference," and enfeebled administrators handing out condoms as a send-off to spring break.

The pre-packaged leftism of American campuses isn't news, and it's easy enough to laugh off hypersensitive speech codes and the like, but what do you make of it all at age 18, just arrived on campus and ripe for first impressions of the bigger world? You might well find yourself in the posit of Pia Nordlinger, who was apolitical wh she entered Kenyon College in 1992 was bewildered to discover that "the fe nist presence was so strong and militar Obviously the feminists had "won the c ture wars," says Nordlinger, so why w they still "preaching from the classroo Couldn't they see what any undergradu knew in her bones, that yesterday's b dissent had become today's regnant ort doxy? The disconnect made Nordlinger examine all she saw. For instance, dur "take back the night" demonstrations which young women protested the high cidence of date rape, Nordlinger found h self sympathizing with the sentiment, was "frustrated by the tone . . . the celeb tion of victimhood." On "Denim Day," ganized to support homosexuals, No linger wore khaki. A small protest, bu led to others. Now, at age 25, she wri conservative editorials on city and st policy for the *New York Post.*

Then there is Kanchan Limaye, also The daughter of Indian émigrés, b physicians, she gave little thought racial politics growing up in San Anto or during college at the University Texas at Austin, where she enrolled 1992. Only when she went east to the lumbia School of Journalism did she counter "liberal racism done by peo who were trying to be overly tolerant making fools of themselves." There w an awkward session with a professor wh she had asked about job prospects. "said something like 'There's lots of portunities for people like you out the and he started pulling up this stuff on Web about disadvantaged women. An was, like, 'I know you're trying to h me, but don't use that kind of line, a it's really quite insulting.' I thought to n self, Is this how blacks are treated? wonder this builds a kind of resentm and anger and a feeling of separatism."

Now an art critic, Limaye also writes says such as "Is There Life After Race for *Reason,* the libertarian monthly, a like Shalit, she attends the Fabiani Societ gatherings on the first Tuesday of ev month at the Princeton Club. But even t group remains a heavily male preserve, a was reminded when I dropped in on meeting. The guest speaker, William Stern, a contributing editor at *City Journ* delved into the minutiae of "state capit ism" as if he were addressing the lo Lion's Club. Of the several dozen gue only a handful were female, and the ro seemed bathed in old-fashioned Ivy Leag gloom: men in business suits three deep the bar and forming a scrum at the chee and-fruit table. Limaye, slender and we


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MAKING MOMMY TRACKS Danielle Crittenden, author of *What Our Mothers Didn't Tell Us*, photographed on September 7, 1999, in New York City.

ing what she later described to me as "an ankle-length, body-hugging, translucent Ralph Lauren V-neck sleeveless cotton summer dress, striped in sunset pastels, atop a salmon-colored DKNY camisole"—she used to be on the staff of the lifestyle magazine *Avenue*—seemed to have swept in from a fashion shoot, at least in contrast to the more matronly appearance of the other women present. "The first time I went I was sort of shocked," she says of the Fabiani Society. "It's just a boys' club.... It's a little odd." So there's more work to be done on the right? No question. "When you talk about changing agendas or redefining conservatism, that's one of the ways [in which] it needs to be redefined. There's a kind of objectifying of women that isn't necessarily fair or accurate. It's kind of weird."

Ten years ago, when I began exploring conservative intellectual circles in New York, most of the women I met seemed appendages, stuck in the role of pre-feminist helpmate, ferrying dishes from dining table to kitchen. Few looked happy about it. You could feel the pressure of unused intellect. Even today the phrase "woman conservative" conjures up scary images of Anita Bryant and Phyllis Schlafly declaring war on homosexuals, or possibly the "complete housewife" greeting her warrior husband in a Saran Wrap negligee, iced martini in hand. There were, of course, more sophisticated voices: dreamy Peggy Noonan, the former Reagan-Bush speechwriter, or acidic columnist and talking head Mona Charen. They were the female auxiliary of the Republican Party, bolstering the domestic front in the long siege against liberals. While the men droned on about first-strike capability and throw weight, the women decried "abortion on demand" and rhapsodized about "the mommy track."

"If you say you're conservative, that's still a big freight load of very negative stereotypes," says Lynn Chu, a 43-year-old Manhattan literary agent whose right-wing stable includes Newt Gingrich, social scientists James Q. Wilson and Abigail and Stephan Thernstrom, *The Weekly Standard*'s David Brooks, and Virginia Postrel, another important young theorist. "Fundamentalist, moralizing trying to get into people's bedrooms . it's an embarrassment, always has been We go so far as to say [to clients], 'Look you've written for *National Review*. Wh don't you just take that out? Don't eve tell [book] editors.'" Another problem, a Chu sees it, is the typical mind-set of ide ological conservatives. "They're not com fortable graciously occupying the main stream as if they belonged. They would rather keep churning out screechy polem ics about how awful everything is."

The new wave is fluent in subtle tongues. The thinking may be familiar, bu

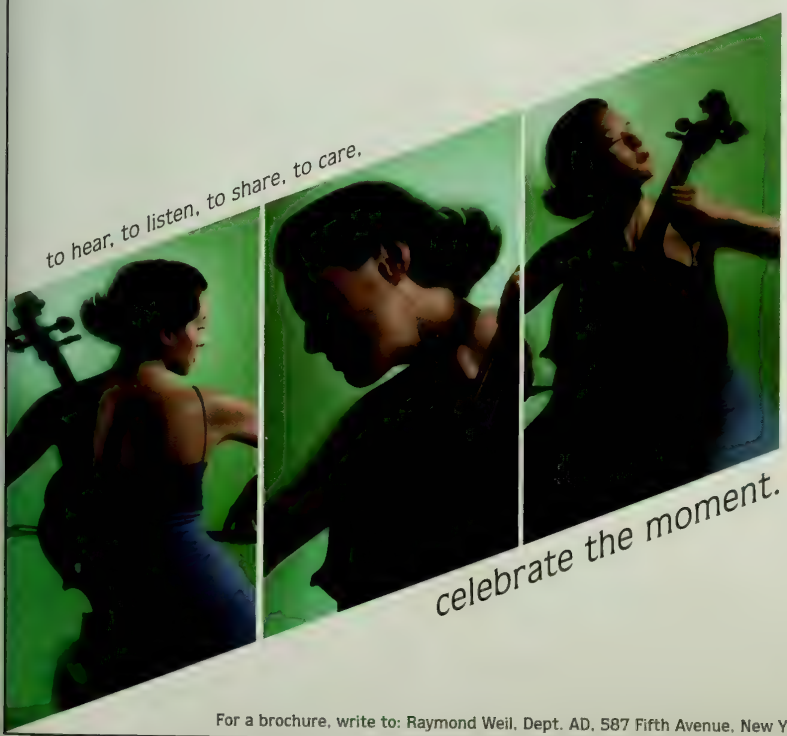
"When you criticize feminists, they keep talking about the 1950s. I wasn't even *born* in the 1950s."

the vocabulary has been remodeled along generational, rather than partisan, lines This is partly a consequence of the Clin ton presidency, which has demonstrated that conservative ideas (such as curtailing the welfare state) can prevail if packaged humanely or "compassionately," as George W. Bush would say. Another who can speak the new language is Danielle Critten den, aged 36. A leading player at the Inde pendent Women's Forum, the Washington based conservative organization, she was the first editor of its magazine, *The Wom en's Quarterly*. She and her husband, Da vid Frum, an author and contributing editor at *The Weekly Standard*, form one of the capital's pre-eminent power couples But Crittenden's book, *What Our Mothers Didn't Tell Us: Why Happiness Eludes the Modern Woman*, which combines a tar critique of the feminist legacy with a plea to young women to put family ahead of career, seems pitched across the political spectrum.

"I probably don't vote the way Danielle does, but on the personal side I agree with her," says Cynthia Gitter, the Simon & Schuster editor who first suggested to Crittenden that she write a book. At the time Gitter was 30 and had been in book publishing for almost 10 years. "I was raised as a red-blooded American woman, postfeminist," convinced "I should have a career, not just be a housewife." Then, in 1995, she read an op-ed piece by Critten den in *The New York Times* pointing out the curiously low value placed on mother hood in American culture, and "it struck a chord." Gitter had no idea who Crittenden was or what her politics were. She knew

RAYMOND WEIL
GENEVE



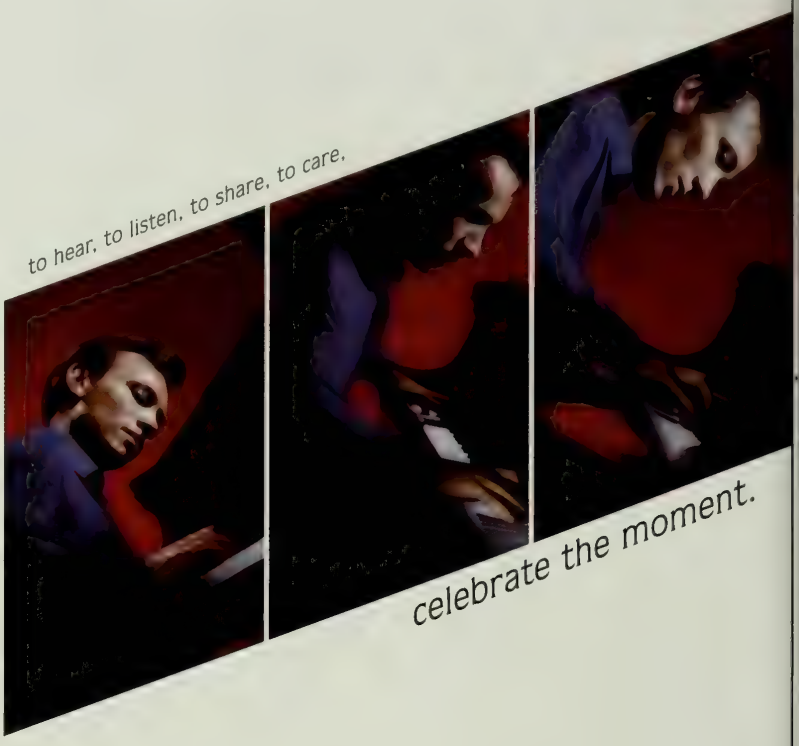


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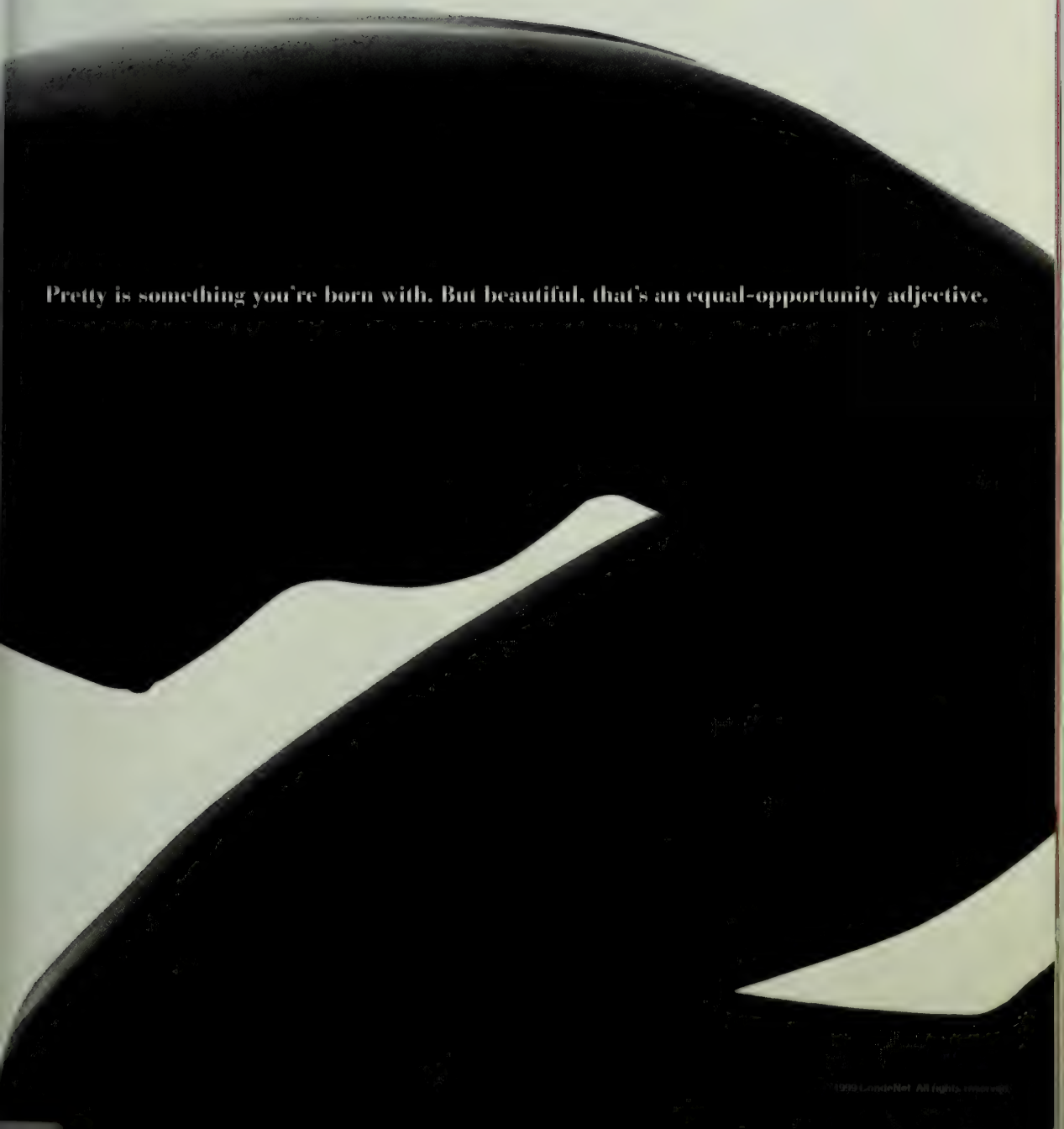


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Fitness from the outside in



only that "my friends talk about these same issues" and "I wasn't the only one who had an interest in this."

Gitter steered Crittenden through the writing of a book proposal and showed it to various higher-ups, all women. Everyone agreed the commercial prospects were strong, but Crittenden's anti-feminist arguments affronted some editors, women in their 40s. One editor, who read the proposal on the subway, was so incensed she nearly missed her stop. There was talk of shunting the book over to the Free Press imprint rather than embarrassing the parent house. But Gitter persisted. Eventually, Crittenden was summoned for a conference. "[Simon & Schuster] flew me up to New York and I had to sit at a long boardroom table," she remembers. "I was at one end, and there was this row of women editors, and Cindy's sort of sitting next to me quietly and nervously" while Crittenden was cross-examined for 20 minutes. "'How can you say this?' 'What do you mean [by that]?'" The cool and polished Crittenden sailed through. "She's been attacked so many times she knows where the arrows are going to come from," says Gitter. *What Our Mothers Didn't Tell Us,* published a year ago, has since gone into four printings.

The questions Crittenden poses—"Is work really more fulfilling than raising my children? Why is the balance between being a good mother and working so elusive? By giving up my job, am I giving up my identity?"—have nothing to do with politics and everything to do with lifestyle. Only today the two are inseparable, so the book has lit as many brush fires as *A Return to Modesty,* with which it has been paired in a number of reviews.

Crittenden, too, has been assailed from the left. Indeed, she offers an easy target since her résumé belies her book's thesis: she has been a working journalist all her adult life. She and Frum, who both grew up in prominent and prosperous Toronto families, inhabit a large, elegant home in Washington, with a backyard cabana for overnight guests. "The overall impression," says one visitor, "is of both wealth and studied manners." Another says it reminds her of a house in Bloomsbury. When the children were young, a nanny helped with the two kids, who are now enrolled in private schools, freeing Danielle to write. Her next project is a book on heroines, who have surrounded Crittenden throughout her life. Her mother-in-law was Barbara Frum, the revered CBC journalist and interviewer, who died in 1992 after a long battle with leukemia. Crittenden's mother, too, was a professional journalist who raised a family. So where does Crittenden get off scolding working moms? She acknowledges the point, adding, simply, "I'm an extremely ambitious person." But Crittenden also says her résumé isn't the point. What is, then? That "kids change you. You can't know this when you're 22." True enough. It's a discovery many women her age seem to be making. Crittenden blames feminists who dropped children to the bottom of the agenda. "You look to older women to tell you what it's like, and I don't think they [feminists] were truthfully telling us." According to Crittenden, they were too busy making gains in the workplace to give much thought to families. "When you pop up and start criticizing them, they're not even prepared to deal with you.... They keep talking about the 1950s. I wasn't even *born* in the 1950s."

The new female conservatism is less about the past than the future. It also reflects the changing contours of American political culture. As Francis Fukuyama recently told *The New York Times,* "All the big issues that used to divide the left and the right—the Cold War, inflation, crime, welfare—have just collapsed as partisan issues." We have become, instead, a nation of soccer parents, preoccupied with schools, health care, child care, the family-friendly workplace. Consider: a decade ago when Tipper Gore campaigned for warning labels on rock albums, she became the butt of jokes. No one's laughing anymore, not in the era of the V-chip and Columbine High School, not with the unreconstructed liberal Hillary Clinton worried about sex and violence on TV and smoking in movies. Quick: who is more concerned about Internet porn, liberals or conservatives? The answer is: both. The old categories no longer apply.

Quick: who is more concerned about Internet porn, liberals or conservatives? The answer is: both. The old categories no longer apply.

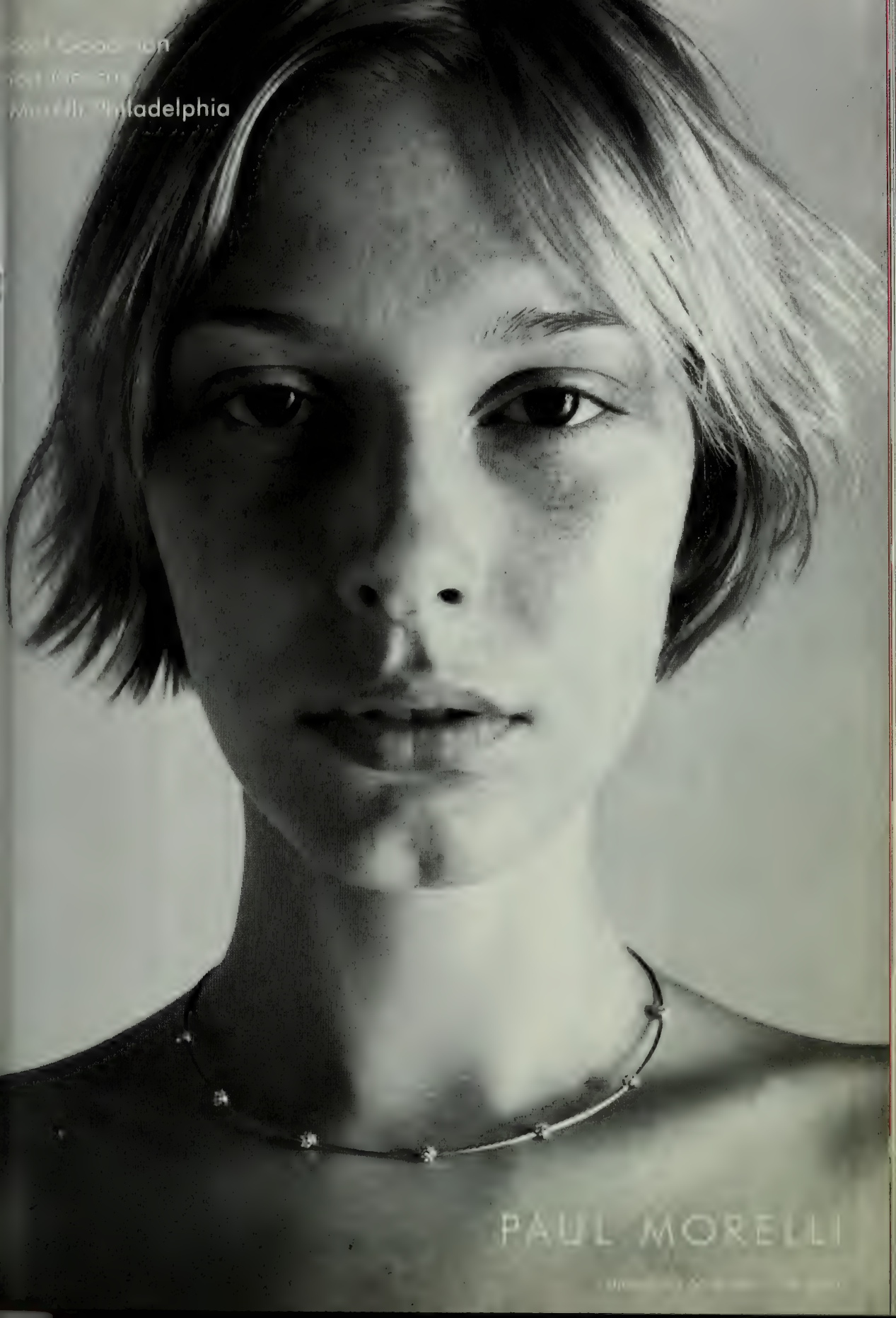
Even atop the citadel of ideological conservatism, the editorial page of *The Wall Street Journal,* you can hear Amity Shlaes quietly observe, "To decide to be allied with one party or the other is not a great idea." A protégée of Robert Bartle the *Journal*'s fiercely partisan edit Shlaes has risen steadily up the ladd overseas correspondent, op-ed page e tor, and now, at 39, the youngest memb of the *Journal*'s editorial board. Yet s says she didn't register as a Republic until 1996 and did so only to cast a vo for Rudy Giuliani in the mayoral primar

Shlaes is possibly the right's most po erful female journalist, anchored at t *Journal* since the mid-80s, when s helped make it "the central ground zero conservatism, or of young conservatism according to Crittenden, whose husba was in Shlaes's class at Yale and later h colleague at the *Journal.* It was Shlaes w tipped off the Independent Women's F rum that Crittenden might be a good choi to edit *The Women's Quarterly,* when it w getting off the ground in 1994. The moth of three—her husband, Seth Lipsky, f merly her editor at the *Journal,* is now t editor of the *Forward,* the prestigious Ne York Jewish weekly—Shlaes remains a d mom to junior conservatives. "I think sh brilliant," says Shalit, whose byline has b gun appearing on the *Journal*'s op-ed pag "I really look up to her."

It's not hard to see why. For a work day journalist, Amity (as everyone ca her because "I'm the only one") radiat an eerie, almost lunar calm. Maybe it's t view from her office, on the ninth floor the Dow Jones Building, which overlook a smooth expanse of New York Harbor. am visiting in the midst of a small crisis: federal judge has shocked everyone, inclu ing his clerk, by delivering an opinion (o Internet commerce) ahead of schedul This means Shlaes has two hours to obta a précis of the decision, redraft an edito al for the next day's paper, answer queri from her editor—and give me the intervie she has promised. But she treats all this a a mild inconvenience, like the baby-sitter running a little late.

With her trim figure, short copper ha and smart red jacket, Shlaes could pas for a stylish college professor. Indeed, lik many editorial writers, she is inclined t lecture, though in a nurturing way. "Wha does liberal mean?" she asks betwee phone calls to the judge's chambers. "Wha does liberal mean in Europe? It mean like John Stuart Mill, oriented toward th individual, *lib-er-ty*"—she draws out th syllables, as if to give me time to get th spelling right.

Shlaes's odes to capitalism sound rot but are grounded in firsthand exper ence. In the 1980s she lived in Ge many as a graduate fellow and then i Brussels as a journalist, experiences whic she drew on for her first book, *German*


Philadelphia
PAUL MORELLI

The Empire Within, published in 1991. "You can learn a lot about economics when you go to a country where the economy doesn't work. A lot of what social democrats in America thought might work out existed in East Germany and didn't work out there. That made me more a free-marketeer."

It also reinforced the informal teachings of Shlaes's father, a real-estate developer in Chicago. She grew up in Hyde Park, seat of the University of Chicago and the redoubt, in the 60s and 70s, of free-market theologians Friedrich Hayek and Milton Friedman. Shlaes opens her wallet and shows me a snapshot of Friedman, "the smartest man in the world," posing with one of her children. It's all a family affair. Which may explain why Amity's new book, *The Greedy Hand: How Taxes Drive Americans Crazy and What to Do About It,* is organized around the life cycle. It includes chapters on "Your Clothes," "Your Work," "Your Marriage," "Your House," "Your Baby," "Your Retirement," "Your Death."

A few years ago the idea of a tax book sensitive to female experiences would have seemed peculiar, to say the least. But, as Shlaes points out, "women create businesses at twice the rate men do." (Actually, the ratio is closer to three to two.) "Women are increasingly involved in financial stuff, and they have money, stock, a stake in society, a stake in the market. I like to write to women because I'm a woman, but first and foremost, women are people." The book's appeal is decidedly un-gender-specific—fans include Republican leaders Dick Armey and John McCain. It's not clear how many converts she's won, but with its smooth prose and lively anecdotal style, *The Greedy Hand* has been the biggest hit of the new wave of conservative books, reaching 16th place on the *New York Times* best-seller list and No. 1 on the Amazon.com sales ranking.

Shlaes's simple credo—"First and foremost, women are people"—is an exercise in classically liberal tolerance. In fact, she is paraphrasing *The Feminine Mystique.* Betty Friedan, too, called for "woman to be seen as a human being of limitless hu man potential" rather than perceived ju "in terms of her sexual role." She, too foretold a time when women would pu sue the same worldly goals as men instea of inhabiting a parallel universe. I as Shlaes about Friedan and her legacy. "M mom was in Betty Friedan's generation more or less. My mom went to Smith like Friedan. "I went to Yale. And the rea son I am where I am is because my mo got where she was pretty early. If m mom had stayed home I think a lot o this would be much harder for me. I'd be like, 'I can't be a good mom, becaus moms stay home.'"

In fact, Shlaes's mother was a Demo cratic activist in Chicago who worked fo reform candidates such as Adlai Stevenso III while raising three children. "She ha an office, she had a secretary. She ha whatever the predecessor to the Filofax i She made lists, lots of lists, everywhere She had her own car in the city. I was s proud of her. My mom was in the rea world and she knew important people Today, Shlaes's mother "has a little troubl with my politics, but I say to her, 'Mom, you were my age you'd feel the way I do.'

So where will the new conservatism lead? The answer is not to be found i New York or Washington. It is thou sands of miles away, in California, in th writings of its blonde political sage, Vi ginia Postrel, the author of *The Futur and Its Enemies,* a quirky, bold, and orig nal attempt to redraw the terms of polit cal debate for the next century. Since it publication last year, *The Future and It Enemies* has acquired demi-cult status i the high-tech world. Postrel's admirers in clude Jeff Bezos, the founder of Ama zon.com, and Bob Metcalfe, the inventor of Ethernet and the founder of 3Com Though a fan of Silicon Valley, Postrel i not a groupie. "She knows how the com munity ticks, how the people live an work," says technology guru Esther Dy son. "She lives in L.A. She's not blinde by the glitter of the lights in Silicon Valley She's in touch with reality."

If Los Angeles has become the rea world, the 21st century must indeed b



THE TAX WOMAN
Amity Shlaes, member of *The Wall Street Journal*'s editorial board and author of *The Greedy Hand,* photographed on September 7, 1999, in New York City.

"To decide to be allied with one party or the other is not a great idea," says one of the right's most powerful female journalists.

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closing in fast. Unlike most thinkers on the right--or left--Postrel seems as much at home in the next century as in this one. She is decidedly not an enemy of the future. Yet she is often miscast as a doctrinaire conservative. In a review, *The Kansas City Star* even lumped her book in with Shalit's, to Postrel's bemusement. "I have nothing in common with her," says Postrel, who ran a skeptical review of *A Return to Modesty* in *Reason,* the libertarian magazine she edits. "I don't think the Wendy Shalit prescription is one that's going to appeal to most women. Insofar as it says, 'It's all right to be different and take a different stance toward modesty, and you're not the only one in the world,' this is fine. It's sort of like coming out of the closet.... But I don't think the general prescription of some sort of return to a world in which women find protection by being bound to men is going to work." (Postrel is more in tune with Shlaes, who has published her in *The Wall Street Journal* and whose book was praised in *Reason.*)

Virginia Postrel has created a new political vocabulary, part Ayn Rand, part *Star Wars,* that pits "dynamists" against "stasists."

What works and what doesn't are major questions for Postrel, a devout empiricist and also something of a visionary. Many political thinkers agree the old terminologies of right and left are spent, but only Postrel has created a new vocabulary, part Ayn Rand, part *Star Wars,* that pits forward-looking "dynamists" against outmoded "stasists." Dynamists embrace "a world of constant creation, discovery, and competition." They thrive on unpredictability and believe in the trial-and-error mechanisms of the open marketplace. But stasists always want somebody in charge, setting limits, putting the brakes on original minds. "Ours is a magnificently creative era," Postrel writes. "But that creativity produces change, and that change attracts enemies, philosophical as well as self-interested." Republicans are as guilty as Democrats because they, too, insist "there must be a single blueprint for everyone."

The reaction from reviewers has been respectful but questioning. In *The New Republic,* Boston University sociologist Alan Wolfe called *The Future and Its Enemies* a "lively, engaging, and thought-provoking book," but rejected its thesis that the unfettered marketplace makes a good model for society at large: "Chaos theory is fine for numbers. As a principle for how humans ought to live, it is extremely unimpressive." Others think Postrel's dynamism is merely a revamped edition of the old down-with-government, up-with-the-market liturgy. They are right, to some extent. But Postrel works intriguing new angles. For example, Pat Buchanan and Ralph Nader are both stasists, as are Al Gore and Ross Perot. Dynamists include urbanists Jane Jacobs and Joel Garreau. One of the rewards of living in California is watching dynamism flourish on all levels. Postrel, fervently pro-immigrant, praises the Cambodian refugees who own 80 percent of California's doughnut shops and champions hair braiders from West Africa who practice their intricate craft in defiance of state licensers. While mainstream conservatives, such as her occasional sparring partner David Frum, bemoan the decline of traditional standards, Postrel, a pop-culture addict, extols *Dilbert* and *Buffy the Vampire Slayer.* "New art does not replace old art," she writes. "We do not lose *King Lear* to get *Ran* or Laurence Olivier's *Henry V* to get Kenneth Branagh's." (Not that Postrel and Frum are hostile adversaries. In fact, he and Crittenden threw a dinner party for Postrel in Washington when her book came out. The guests included *Washington Post* columnist James K. Glassman and Ruth Shalit, who got an early break in journalism in the pages of *Reason* but was later quoted in *George* dissing *Reason* as a "fourth-rate libertarian magazine." Postrel is still annoyed by the insult.)

Postrel may be the only woman in America whose ambition since college was to edit a journal of ideas, and not just any journal but the one she does in fact edit. *Reason*'s circulation of 55,000 places it midway between *The New Republic* (94,500) and *Commentary* (about 25,000); Postrel has been in charge of the monthly since 1989, taking it over, at age 29, after stints as a reporter at *The Wall Street Journal* and *Inc.,* the business publication. In her 10 years at the helm of *Reason,* Postrel, whose monthly column is its principal attraction for many readers, has made it the house organ of what looks like the emerging politics of Generation X, a fusion of the anti-Establishment credo of the 60s and the free-market theology of the 80s. "The right won the economic argument, and the left won the cultural argument," says Rich Karlgaard, the publisher of *Forbes,* which features a regular column by Postrel.

Postrel uses her many platforms to promulgate her philosophy, which is more or less libertarian, though the word makes her nervous because so many people associate it with the fringe Libertarian Party, which Postrel, a self-described Reagan Republican turned independent, has no connection. If she lived in New York or Washington she would be famous. But she prefers L.A. "Everything crosses here. Different cultures are represented, different ideas, different parts of the economy. It's a North American place, Latin America place, Pacific place, not an Atlantic place, though a lot of people here are from the Atlantic Coast." Postrel's task is to make sense of it all. She is like a master DJ who sequences the latest riffs from the hard sciences, the social sciences, business, and technology, to name only the most obvious sources.

I catch up with her in San Jose, on a Sunday afternoon in July. She and her husband, Steve, 39, who has a Ph.D. in economics from M.I.T. and teaches at the University of California at Irvine's School of Management, are in town for the inaugural dinner of the Civil Society Institute, the brainchild of economists at Santa Clara University who are on a mission to spread the gospel of "classical liberalism." Where else but in Northern California would a Jesuit university sponsor a libertarian think tank backed by Silicon Valley dollars? The Postrels are a handsome couple, he tall and dark, she tallish, with flowing locks. A makeup artist once told Postrel she was the palest person he'd ever worked on apart from the singer Annie Lennox. Today that striking pallor is accentuated by a navy-blue suit, a cobalt-blue silk shirt, and matching nail polish. (In her *Forbes* column she cites nail salons as examples of the dynamist economy and quotes statistics--from *Nails* magazine--to prove it.)

It is late afternoon, murderously hot, but the Postrels have elected to walk rather than drive their rental car from their hotel to the Capital Club, 15 minutes by foot. The Postrels met as Princeton undergraduates in 1978. They lived in the same dorm, a floor apart, and have been together ever since. They are the kind of couple who always seem to be in the middle of a conversation, which in their case unfolds in a private idiom composed of abstruse economic terms, advertising buzzwords, literary references, and Internet argot. At the moment they are elucidating the principle of the "evoke


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et" a popular marketing phrase meaning, in essence, a well-positioned brand name. They are using it in reference to the fact that East Coast editors seldom invite Virginia to comment on the many topics on which she is alarmingly well informed. Steve's theory is that Virginia's name is not "evoked" for the editors "because she's a woman, and when they think of 'women intellectuals' they don't think of her, because she doesn't specialize in 'women's issues.' So maybe her brand position is a little stuck in the middle."



LIVING FOR TOMORROWLAND Virginia Postrel, editor of *Reason* and author of *The Future and Its Enemies,* photographed on September 3, 1999, in Culver City, California.

Postrel catalogues how the future looked to pessimists in the 1960s: "no grass, no trees, no Internet billionaires, no feng shui consultants, no female soccer stars."

With the heat rising up from the pavement in blasts, we're all dripping by the time we reach the Capital Club. One hundred eighty-five guests gather in the ballroom, which has a coffered wood ceiling, exquisitely patterned, and palm trees strung with tiny white lights. In her keynote remarks, delivered in a throaty voice, Postrel gives an amusing catalogue of how the future looked to pessimists "when I was a little girl back in the 1960s": a bulldozed, featureless America, disfigured by high-rises, "no dirt, no grass, no trees, no backyards ... no old-fashioned houses, no suburbs, no shopping malls ... no blue jeans, no sneakers or skateboards ... no Goth teenagers, no evangelical Christians, no Internet billionaires, no feng shui consultants, no brown-skinned immigrants, and no female soccer stars."

I glance at my table companions. There is a 25-year-old law student who hopes to set up a "bicoastal practice," the coasts being California, where she has been educated, and Singapore, where she was born and raised. Across from her sits a young Cambodian who tells me he is fed up with the two major parties since both are incurably out of touch. Taking in this crowd, it is possible to think a rainbow coalition of geeks will, after all, inherit the earth.

Later I ask Postrel, the Reagan Republican, if anyone in politics today speaks to the new generation. The answer is no, not a single one. They are all stasists, marooned in creaking ideologies. That includes the current crop of presidential contenders. Recently George W. Bush's advisers invited Postrel to Austin "as part of a group to talk about issues involving high technology and the 'new economy,' a term I don't like," she says. "I told them, 'You realize I am not joining the campaign. I would be happy to do this, but I would do this for any of your opponents that I believed was sincerely interested in my ideas.'"

The optimism of the new conservatives may be their most salient trait, along with their amusement at their fearful elders. There was a time, perhaps, when the jitters were justified. It was not so long ago that we felt overwhelmed by a monolithic Soviet empire, nuclear stockpiling, racial unrest, urban decay, suburban anomie, alienated youth. Some of those perils have been met and mastered. Others haunt us still, in ever evolving forms. Yet who dared dream, a quarter-century ago, that America would remodel itself into what it is today, the world's lone superpower, affluent beyond reckoning, with a popular culture that still sets global rhythms? But our political discussion hasn't caught up. Even in the Clinton era it remains captive to the old categories, the old terms, the old pieties. The past is hard to give up. This is understandable. So is the elders' indignation at seeing young women, born in the 60s and 70s, taking for granted so much that was won only after long, hard struggle: Ivy League degrees, glamorous careers, numberless choices. But that is how social movements work. In fact, it's the idea, isn't it? The pioneers make sacrifices so the next generation can move on, unencumbered by sour memories of the past, free of the old demons.

I'm reminded of something Wendy Shalit told me about her college days. She had decided to begin a study on modesty and informed her professors. Several cautioned her not to do it. Another said he sympathized with Shalit's outlook, though he didn't want it known. Shalit should go ahead, he said, since she was already a pariah. "And this was somebody who had tenure! I just thought, What a coward! What is he afraid of? We're gonna die anyway. Not to be morbid." □

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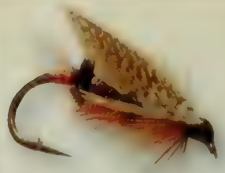
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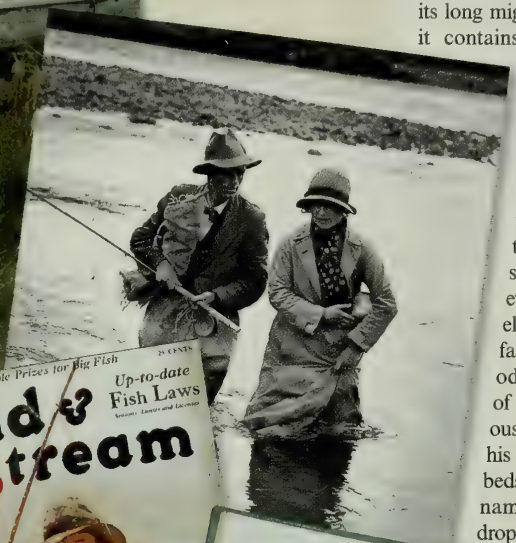
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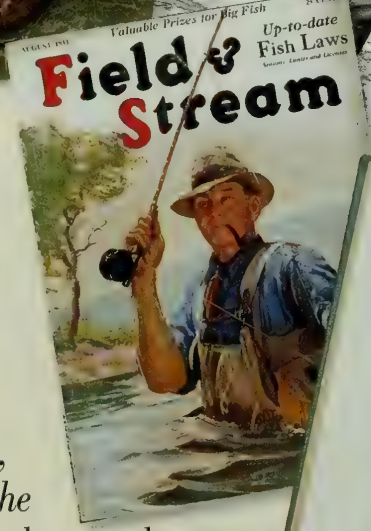
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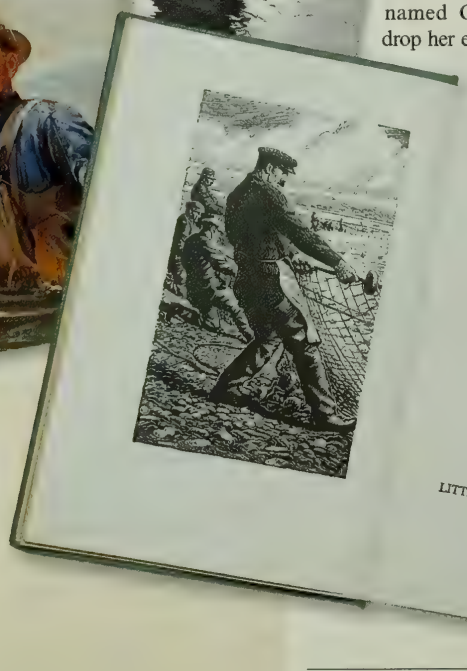




A FISH CALLED SALAR ***Clockwise from left:*** **the author with a 20-pound Atlantic salmon he caught on the Whale River, Quebec, 1995; a Baron salmon fly; the Duchess of York gets her feet wet, New Zealand, 1927; a 1933** ***Field & Stream*** **cover; the title page of Henry Williamson's** ***Salar the Salmon.***







SEX AND THE SINGLE SALMON

In 1950s Australia, the story of *Salar the Salmon* set a pre-pubescent boy on the road to manhood–and a lifelong love affair with fly-fishing. The first lure may have been sex, as the author recalls, but the rewards were pure and lasting

BY ROBERT HUGHES

Unlikely as it may seem, m first identifiably sexual mem ories are associated with fis and fishing. Back in 195 when I was 11 years old, came across a book in m father's library: *Salar th Salmon,* by Henry Willian son. This short and elaborat ly written book is sometime referred to as an "anglin classic"—but actually it isn about angling at all, at least not from th viewpoint of the angler. It is about li underwater, into which human enemie sometimes intrude; it is a novel whos central character is an Atlantic salmo ascending its home stream to spawn afte its long migration. It is pre-Disney, in tha it contains no trace of the patholog cally sentimental grafting o human characteristics ont nonhuman creatures that ha overrun the childish imagina tion since Bambi, the faw with no anus, first hit the si ver screen. In its depiction o the Darwinian world in whic sea creatures actually live, wher everything is prey to everythin else, it seemed alien and utterl fascinating. At the end of hi odyssey, having run the gauntle of seals, otters, nets, and a villai ous lamprey, Salar finally reache his biological Ithaca: the spawnin beds, or redds. There, a hen salmo named Gralaks—"ripe, ready t drop her eggs"—is scooping a troug in the gravel to spaw

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Excerpted from *A Jerk on One End: Reflections of a Mediocre Fisherman,* by Robert H to be published this month by the Ballantine Pub Group; © 1999 by the author.


SLATES
CLOTHING

in. Salar moves in on her. "She jerked and shook on her side, as though trying to touch the back of her neck with her tail. Eggs dribbled quickly from her.... [Salar] moved forward, feeling as though he were being drawn from underneath by a lamprey of sweeter and sweeter sensation. His milt flowed from him in a mist.... For a few moments Salar lay in ecstasy on the redd." And, lucky devil, he just keeps going.

"As the days went on, Salar became heavy with weariness. Most of his milt was shed; in slow pulse after slow pulse his life's sweetness had been drawn from him, leaving with each emptiness a greater inflaming desire, which during the day lapped about the wasted body with dreams of an everlasting sea of rest; but when darkness came, and the water was ashine with stars, he felt himself running bright with the river, and sweetness returned to him on the redd beside Gralaks."

Phew. A tad overwrought, you may think, though I didn't at the time. A flagrant bit of R.B.P. (rich, beautiful prose) it may be, though not inherently sillier than the sex scenes in *Lady Chatterley's Lover,* which of course I had never even heard of. Perhaps you had to be there—a pre-teen with unidentified longings beginning to stir in him, in a family and a culture that were single-mindedly bent on maintaining his purity for as long as possible. In Australia in 1950 there were no sex manuals, magazines full of naked girls with staples in their navels, or novels with "explicit" passages. Even less could you download, from the Web, pictures of alleged schoolgirls doing bizarre things with enormously endowed ponies. Such improvements were far in the future. The strictest censorship reigned in civil life, and in Catholic life it was even stricter. One was meant to confess one's "impure thoughts" to the priest, but this I never did. Somehow it just seemed too compli-





cated to explain to Mo signor O'Regan, in t dark and stuffy co fines of the confession booth of St. Mary Ma dalene's at Rose Ba how I had been led them by a description spawning fish. He mig have thought I was son kind of pervert in t making, not just an o dinary pre-pubescent si ner. It was one thing risk the fires of hell, b quite another to loo like a fool. Besides whic although Henry Willia son had told me wh fish got up to, I was still far from cle about what people did.

The other memory comes from 195 the year after my father died, whe I was 13. Gradually the clutter stuff he left behind in cupboards an drawers had been winnowed out: roc and guns going to my elder brothe clothes sent to Catholic charities. B a lot of small things remained, and sinc nobody wanted to throw them away, would sometimes paw circumspect through the contents of the drawers, tr

"People who use live bait on trout are not fit to fish. They are thugs. They are barbarians



CASTING CALL
***From top:* trout fishing along the Snake River near Jackson Hole, Wyoming, circa 1950; taking a break, circa 1940s, on the Miramichi River, New Brunswick, Canada; a 1945 fishing-line advertisement in *Outdoors* magazine; a U-No salmon fly.**



ing to recover some detail other of the life of a ma whom I deeply loved but no would never know as an adul It was in this way that I cam across the first visual image a semi-naked woman that had ever seen. It was not photograph. It was molded, i clear Lucite, on the spool o which an American fly-fishin line had been coiled. The bran name was Rain-Beau, a pun i Art Deco lettering. I forget th manufacturer's name. It ha been made in some plac called Milwaukee, far away i unimaginable America. Luck Americans, to have such things on the fishing gear! The scene was a river, wit Lucite eddies flowing past Lucite rock Smack in the center, next to a rock, wa the girl. Her actual height was perhap two inches, but she looked willowy and, was sure, tall. A mane of hair cascade down her back, coiling like the eddies i the water. Though it was Lucite, I wa convinced she was blonde. She wa fly-fishing. Her rod was bent in a

slates



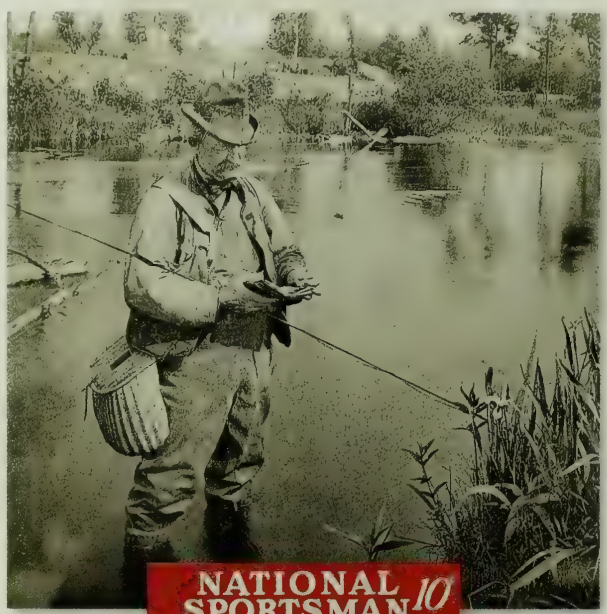
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are under the pull of a trout, which could be seen leaping. Her backside and legs were hidden, although suggestively, in waders. But you could see her bare back and, most important, the profile of her breast. It was perky and, as such dimensions go in two-inch-high girls, quite large. I thought her mysterious and entrancing—a sexpot nymph of the stream. (Indeed, from then on I could not hear the word "nymph" uttered, as it often is by fly-fishers, without thinking of her.) For sure, you never saw girls like that on Rose Bay pier, only other scrubby small boys with freckles, Rugby scabs, and handlines, along with a few old codgers on the dole. Unconsciously, I suppose, I thought of her as a reward of the more refined and difficult kind of fishing that had begun to invade my imagination: fishing with a fly in rivers, not with bait in the sea.





For by then I was deep into fly-fishing, more in theory than in everyday practice, since there were no trout-bearing rivers near Sydney. My father had been a keen fly-fisherman, and so were my elder brothers. He was a strict purist when it came to any sport, but particularly about shooting and fishing. *Assume that any gun you touch is loaded. Never point it at anything you don't intend to shoot at. Never shoot anything alive unless you mean to eat it. And never, under any circumstances, fish for trout with anything but a fly.* This prohibition had both practical and moral aspects. The practical one was that fly-fishing was usually a more effective way to catch trout than live-baiting: you could, indeed must, figure out what they were feeding on and then choose a fly to match the food, whether that happened to be larvae on the stream bottom, smaller fish, or insects descending on the water. Your fly box, with its wide palette of different patterns, gave you the means to do this more efficiently, and of course more elegantly, than barging around on the riverbank catching beetles in your hat. The moral aspect was related to the elegance.

From the time I was seven or eight, after my father had been released from service as a flying instructor in the Royal Air Force, the whole family—or as much of it as could be assembled—would go camping together on the Murrumbidgee River, in a valley named Yaouk, near Jindabyne, 300 miles south of Sydney, in the foothills of the Australian Alps. The tent—a many-roomed structure of heavy canvas, with a bewildering array of poles, pegs, and guy ropes—would be packed into a two-wheeled trailer, along with the rest of the gear: grill, bush oven, kerosene lamps, Primus stove, cooking utensils, a folding table and chairs, rod cases, a pair of shotguns, a .22 single-shot rifle, duffel bags of clothes, food, books, and the Thunderbox, a folding single-hole wooden lavatory seat. The Hughes clan did not travel light, and this mass of stuff, tarped over and roped down, rose quite high above the sides of the trailer. It was as if we were heading for Africa, though without native bearers. The whole shebang was then hitched to the family car, a turtlelike machine called a Chrysler Airflow. We would pack ourselves in and set off. Due to the primitive state of Australian roads then, the trip would take 10 hours, evening to breakfast-time, with occasional stops for car sickness. But it was worth it. One arrived in the dry rackling paradise of the Australian bush: a golden valley, resonant with birdcalls, through which the Murrumbidgee flowed gin-clear over its pebbled bed with backwaters full of undisturbed wild duck. It took all morning to unpack and raise the tent, and then there was lunch, but by afternoon we'd be free to fish.



FISH FOR A QUEEN
***From top:* the former Duchess of York, by this time the Queen Mother, New Zealand, 1966; President Grover Cleveland selects the perfect fly for the job; a Harry Livingston illustration on the June 1939 cover of *National Sportsman*.**

Not that I was—at first. At nine I was not old and responsible enough to have a trout rod of my own. These rods were precious and, in postwar Australia, irreplaceable. They were exquisitely slender three-piece split-cane rods, handmade before the war by the English firm of Hardy's. The days of the mass-produced fiberglass or, later, boron-graphite fly rod were far in the future. Cane rods were inordinately prone to damage, and a whole etiquette of handling attached to them. You couldn't lay one on the ground, in case you stepped on it and broke it. You had to lean it up against a tree, always vertical. Walking to the river, you had to carry the rod in three pieces, never assembled, so as not to run the tip into a bush and bust it. And so on and so forth; a samurai in dealing with his sword could hardly have been more circumscribed by ritual usage. The first year I went to Yaouk, I was not allowed to touch the rods, though I would do so, surreptitiously, marveling at their lightness and finesse. The second year I was allowed to practice casting, always under adult supervision. Not until my third visit there was I turned loose on the



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later, on my own. The result was not good.

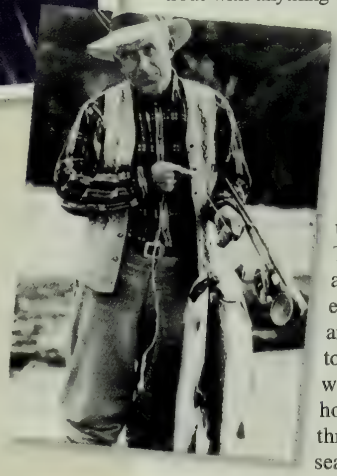
I can see the pool still. Half a mile upstream from camp, with perfect solitude and a silence broken only by a crow saying at intervals, as Australian crows morosely do, *fark*. Thirty feet wide, glass-clear, with deep dark overhangs. In the middle, several rocks; and behind each of them, hanging in the eddy, a trout, just like the ones I had studied in the river before and scrutinized in the diagrams of my various trout books. Except that now I had a rod and some flies. All over the pool, fish were rising, not just dimpling the surface with demure rings, but slashing at the grasshoppers falling into the stream. The air was alive with grasshoppers. All thumbs, I managed to tie a fly to my leader. The first clumsy cast snagged me in a bush. The second, in a gum tree. The third landed in an ugly hurrah's nest of tangles on the water. The fourth, likewise. It was a nightmare. And when I finally got some semblance of rhythm into my casting, the trout ignored the flies, which didn't look like grasshoppers. This went on for half an hour, maybe more. Finally, sweating with frustration, I decided to break the great taboo. I got out my pocketknife, scraped the feathers off the largest fly I had, knotted the bare hook on, and impaled a fat, kicking hopper on it. Then I flipped it into the water. It floated, struggling, past the nearest rock. Instantly there was a swirl, and for the first time in my life, I was connected to a trout, and through it to the rest of the universe. It wasn't a giant—a brown, maybe two pounds—but it fought like a Kilkenny cat, making long, erratic runs and jumping into the air to show its golden spotted flanks. I did everything right. I dipped the rod tip when it jumped. I didn't freeze on the reel when it ran. I led sideways to tire the fish more. I knew what it was going to do and saw everything it did. I was in ecstasy. And at last, having fumbled the landing net from the hook on my belt, I was floating the exhausted fish into the mesh when the voice of Jehovah fell on me, like a ton of bricks, from the sky.

"Let that fish go!" it commanded.

I straightened up and looked wildly about me. Nothing. Then, to my horror, the head and chest of my father rose into view from where he had been watching everything I did, behind a big fallen eucalyptus trunk on the far bank.







WHAT'S MY LINE? ***From top:*** **salmon fishing on the Miramichi River, New Brunswick, circa 1950; singer Bing Crosby with his catch; Western writer Zane Grey, in New Zealand, 1926; an advertisement in the April 1939** ***National Sportsman.***



"Release that fish!" he boomed.

I twisted the hook from its jaw and watched it half drift, half swim away downstream.

"Now come over here."

Filled with foreboding, I waded across the pool. I noticed, with worse foreboding, that Dad had unbuckled his belt and was pulling it out of the loops. He gently took the rod from my hand, leaned it carefully against the fallen trunk, and then less gently seized my arm, spun me around, and delivered a slashing stroke of the belt to my backside. It didn't hurt much.

"I saw that," he said grimly. "You got that trout with a hopper. You will never do that again. People who use live bait on trout are not fit to fish. They are thugs. They are barbarians. They might as well be using dynamite. Now, get back to camp."

Sniveling, hot with shame, I followed him. I was allowed back on the river the next day, and I have never since fished for trout with anything but an artificial fly. Perhaps in some spirit of expiation toward the god of fishing purity I began to transfer the hobby mania that kids are apt to have away from building model airplanes and onto the tying of trout flies. There were copious examples at home, together with pattern books and the gear you needed to make flies: a tiny vise with pointed jaws to hold the hooks, forceps, thread, wax, varnish to seal the final knot behind the hook's eye, and dozens of small cellophane envelopes containing feathers. I turned them out by the score, perky confections of fluff and hackle that, for all I knew, had no similarity to Australian insects; but the ritual, that was what mattered. And sometimes they worked.

The first time I caught a trout on a fly of my own making was on a stream called Spencer's Creek, a tributary of the Snowy River that flowed down a bony, bare hillside near Mount Kosciuszko, the highest peak in Australia. I remember the near-abstract perfection of that stream: no entangling bush-

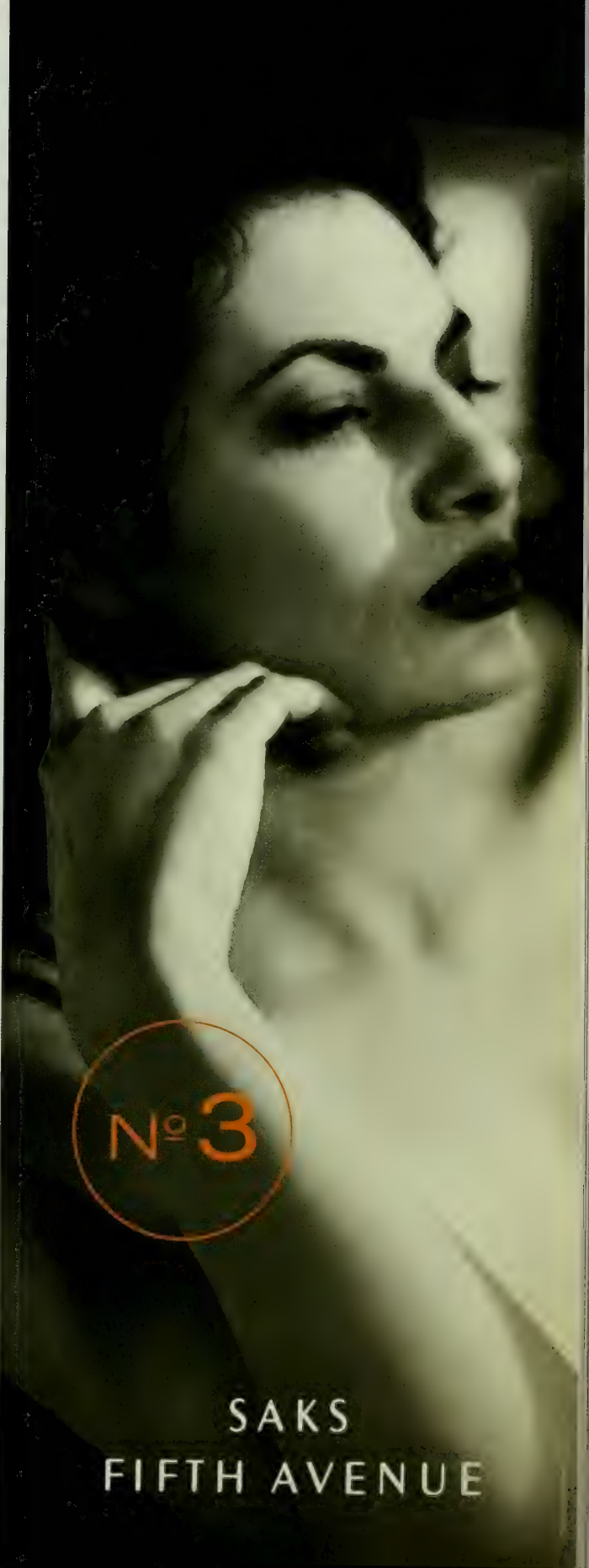
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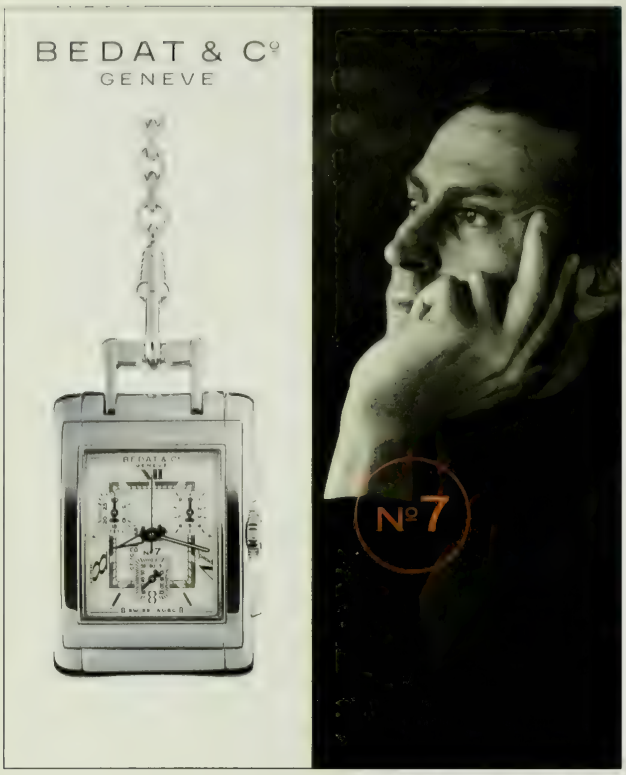
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es, just big ledges of elephant-gray rock, snow-worn into gentle voluminous curves with sudden facets where the boulders had broken off, with the hillside mantled in wiry flattened grass and snow daisies rising out of the water. I was 13 and fishing on my own, having walked a long way in from the road. There was a pool, maybe a hundred yards long, clear as green glass. I looked down on it from a smooth spur of granite. And there, hovering behind a large sunken rock, was a big trout. These elements—fish, rock, water, landscape—came together with astounding clarity, and I felt like their possessor. To complete the circle I must catch the fish with a fly I had tied myself, and no other would do. I picked out a March Brown, knotted it to the leader, and made one cast. I felt what tennis players or golf players do when the stroke is as sweet as it can be. The line shot out with a slight upstream curve; the leader turned over just as the books said it should; the fly parachuted softly onto the water, the transparent current bore it past the rock, and the fish rose to it. Fifteen minutes later I had him on the bank: a deep-bodied rainbow. I made a fire of snow-gum twigs and, when it had burned down, roasted him in the embers for lunch. The charred skin and scales came clean away, and his flesh was a deep pink from his diet of crayfish. I ate every scrap of him. I had never tasted anything as delicious, or as sacramental. Later, on the way back to the road, it occurred to me that I had at last done something, in relation to fish, of which my father would have fully approved. But he was dead, and beyond approving anything.



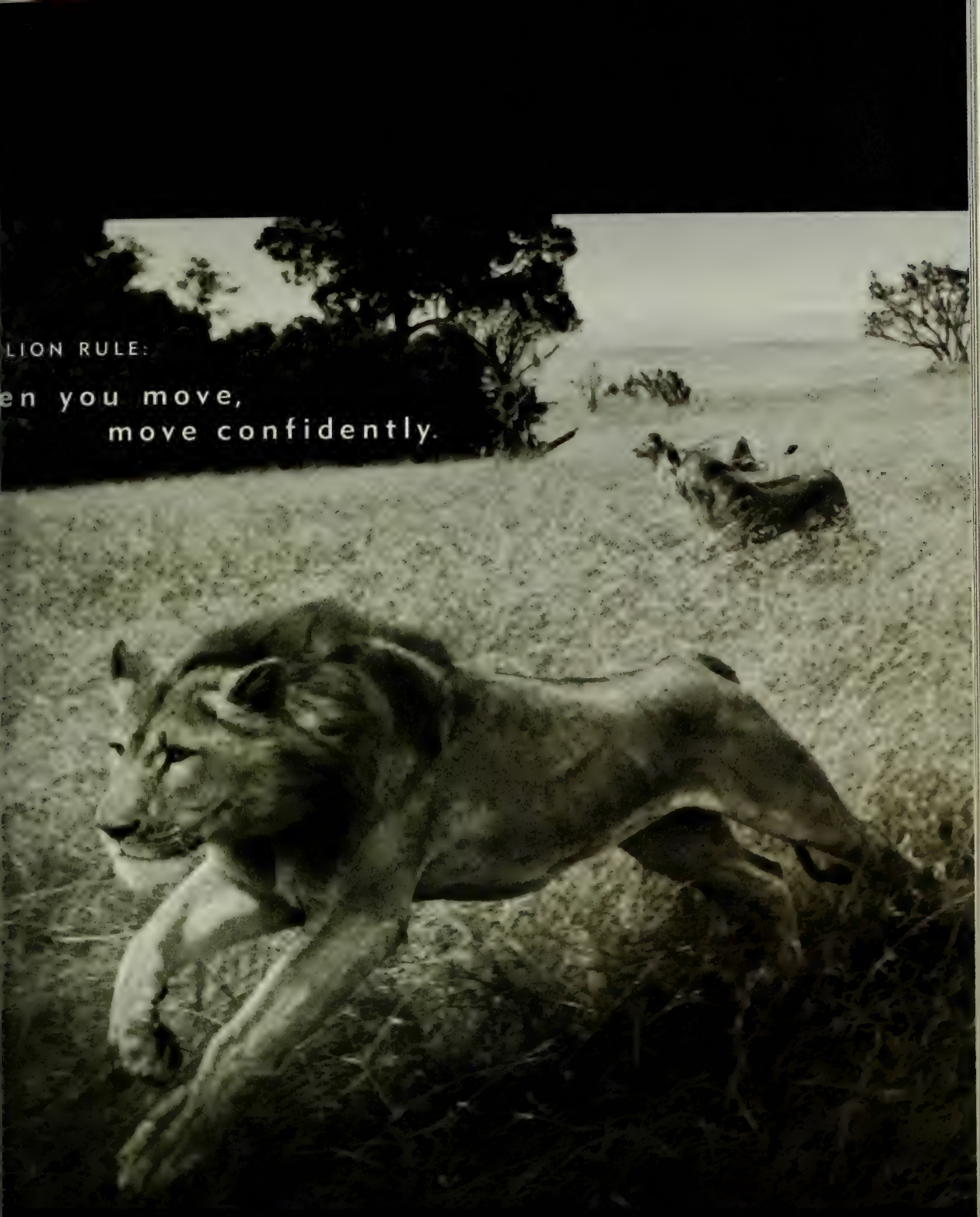




Just how the salmonids—trout, salmon, char, grayling, and their various relatives—came to be regarded as aristocratic game fish and the numerous other freshwater species as coarse is an interesting question with no simple answer, but no sociologist (or none that I can find) seems to have gone deeply into it. The discrimination began in the 18th century and had become fixed in England by the mid-19th. My own guess—perhaps a rather obvious one—is that it descended from the intense concern with property laws in Georgian England. Stable property, and the absolute right to control public access to it, was one of the prime clear signs of social stability for a landowning class that often felt threatened from below by agrarian unrest. One of the highest marks of a desirable landholding was that, to use a much later phrase, "a river runs through it," and that this river should hold fish, whose safety from proletarian an intrusion must be upheld by law. Georgian England witnessed a continuous struggle between fish thieves and fish owners, spurred not so much by the economic importance of the fish to the landowner as by its symbolic value. The monster of all property acts, the Waltham Black Act of 1723, was passed in response to some minor agrarian uprisings in Hampshire, and it prescribed the gallows for some 50 different offenses to property, including the theft of live fish from streams and ponds—this at a time when attempted murder of live humans was still classed as only a misdemeanor. In English social portraiture, the creel of freshly caught trout joined the game bag of dead fur and feathers as one of the marks of the gentleman, at ease in his acres.

As the English countryside was transformed by the Industrial Revolution, both the old landed gentry and the new mercantile one, whose coal mines and ironworks were fouling the streams and blackening the meadows of an earlier England, naturally wanted to have their own unpolluted crystal rills, the image of whose purity was the trout. It was an Arcadian fish, which could live only in clean running water, unlike the lowly tench or carp, which could stand any amount of mud and gunk. Its flesh was firm and delicious. It looked supremely elegant with its quicksilver flanks and rosy speckles. Its proportions were refined and its presence mild and elusive (the grayling was also called an umber, from *umbra*, Latin for "shadow"). Trout were fastidious. They spooked easily, thus summoning from the fisherman his reserves of those gentlemanly qualities, delicacy and circumspection. To fish "fine and far" (with a light leader, standing well back and making a long cast) was first enjoined as a

OVER THE RAINBOW
From top: **Herbert Hoover, midstream; legendary fisherman Lee Wulff, 1947; an illustration by A. B. Frost; an Abe Mohn salmon fly.**



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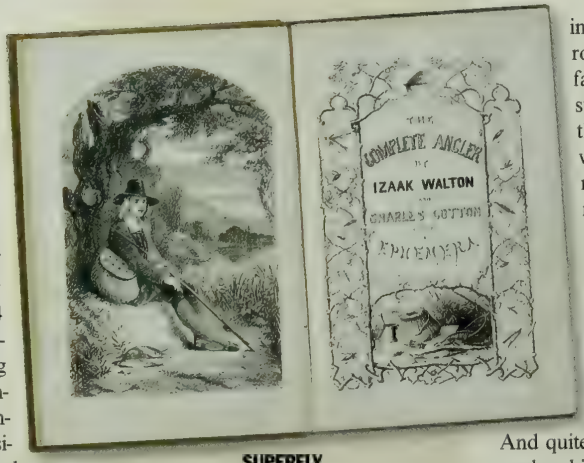
practical technique by Charles Cotton, who in 1676 added the section on fly-fishing to Izaak Walton's *The Compleat Angler;* by the 19th century it had become a stylistic imperative, a sign of class, like keeping a straight bat at cricket, which was also in those days a gentleman's sport. Trout fought bravely but surrendered gracefully. Once in hand, they could not jag you with spines, cut you with their gill covers, or inflict bites with their teeth. Nor were they covered with thick slime. The gear of fly-fishing was clean, minimal. One handled a neat little tuft of feathers. One did not have to bother with the sometimes noisome baits used for coarse fish: slimy minnows, smelly pastes, the "ground bait," or chum, or especially the pallid maggots, known euphemistically as "gentles," associated with corruption and the grave. (You wouldn't want to know what went into some of those compound baits. One 17th-century recipe included human fat and powdered bones, "mummy," cat fat, and grave earth—everything but Tartar's lips and the liver of a blaspheming Jew.)





The whole iconography of trout fishing befitted a gentleman—that is, a person of independent income, preferably landed, with ample leisure and a calm, philosophical disposition. Such a man, wrote James Saunders in *The Compleat Fisherman* (1724), "must have all his Passions at his Command, he must govern his Temper with an absolute Sway, and be able to sustain his Mind under the greatest Disappointments." In sum, he ought not stamp on his rods in frustration, curse and swear, or—as one particularly gross Australian media mogul did in the presence of a friend of mine in Alaska a few years ago—yank out a hogleg .44 magnum and blow to shreds a landed salmon in pettish rage at being told he must release it. The true gentleman angler could not, by Saunders's reckoning, be a "Man of Business," because if he left his countinghouse to go fishing he "makes the Sport become a Vice in his Morals; his Angling is a Crime." Nor should he make fishing into a business, which lowered its tone. Such assumptions permeated the English literature of angling, which grew larger through the 19th century and into the 20th. Not only was the artificial fly better than natural bait, but the dry fly, which floated on the surface of the water, was morally superior to the wet fly, which did not; and both had a stylistic edge over the nymph, which had no wings and drifted along the bottom, emulating the larval stage of the insect. To catch a trout on a tiny fly, tied on a No. 16 or even No. 18 hook attached to a leader of gossamer thinness, was clearly a more elegant achievement than getting one on larger tackle. In due course the whole Victorian-Edwardian Bushido of fine-tackle, dry-fly fishing would migrate from the chalk streams of Kent to the rivers of America, where it grew enormously. The chief transmitter of this fanaticism was an Englishman, Frederic M. Halford, whose bizarrely snobbish book *Dry-Fly Fishing. In Theory and Practice* (1889) won numerous converts in the United States. Though they got rid of Lord North and George III long ago, Americans are ravenous for Anglo-derived signs of style, and large businesses, such as Ralph Lauren's fashion empire, have been raised on packaging these fictions to eager customers. Hence the annual appearance on the rivers of New England, such as the Batten Kill, of dedicated anglers wield-

I had at last done something, in relation to fish, of which my father would have fully approve



SUPERFLY
From top: **Dwight Eisenhower in Colorado, 1952; the author with a nine-pound brown trout, New Zealand, 1992; a 19th-century edition of Izaak Walton's 1653 classic,** ***The Compleat Angler.***

ing implausibly fragile two-weight rods, preferably made of old-fashioned bamboo rather than state-of-the-art synthetics. With these they "present" (the verb, with its ceremonious aura, is significant) diminutive flies to trout rarely more than a pound in weight—fish so jaded from being caught and released that they can tell an Orvis-tied Gray Wulff or Rat-Faced McDougal from a homemade one. In the country of gorge-and-puke consumption the catch-and-release angler rejoices in his ethical apartness. And quite right, too, because if American anglers killed the trout they caught, there would soon be no trout left.

Catch-and-release, apart from its virtues in preserving the fish population, is the liar's friend: all trout grow when you let them go. □


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AMERICA'S VERMEER

Norman Rockwell's illustrations for *The Saturday Evening Post* applied European tradition to an American narrative: the promise of youth. An exhibition opening at Atlanta's High Museum of Art and a new book reveal why the inventor of democratic history painting remains such a charmingly sustaining presence

BY DAVE HICKEY



FORMAL RESPECTS *After the Prom*, 1957 (oil on canvas, 31¼ in. by 29¾ in.; private collection).

The icons of a living culture do not begin as canonical works preserved in books and museums and taught in university classrooms. They begin as treasures of living memory, and when official canonization is not forthcoming, they either fade from that memory or remain and survive there, as Norman Rockwell's *After the Prom* has remained and survived in mine. I remember its appearance on the cover of *The Saturday Evening Post* on May 25, 1957 (when I was as young as its protagonists). Reconsidering it now, I find myself hard-pressed to come up with a better example of Rockwell's penchant for giving us, as John Updike puts it, "a

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little more than the occasion strictly demands." With *After the Prom,* Rockwell has given us a great deal more than the occasion demands: a full-fledged, intricately constructed, deeply knowledgeable work that recruits the total resources of European narrative picture-making to tell the tiny tale of agape he has chosen to portray—all this for the cover of a weekly periodical whose pages will curl and melt before we have forgotten Rockwell's image.

The *Post* version of *After the Prom* is a reproduction of a painting done in oil pigments on an easel-size, rectangular canvas that is about 13 percent taller than it is wide. In the narrative of the painting, Rockwell has positioned us so we are at once inside and outside the story. We have just entered a small drugstore in an American town on a spring evening and now stand facing a 1930s-era soda fountain bathed in golden light and populated by local citizens in 1950s-era clothing. A soda jerk is on duty behind the counter. In the right center of the picture, a blonde girl in a white formal dress and a brown-haired boy in a white dinner jacket and dark slacks sit facing each other on counter stools so that we see them in profile.

Rockwell's prescient visual argument that "the kids are all right" was far from de rigueur. It was exactly what was needed.

The boy perches on his stool in an erect posture, holding the girl's purse and gloves before him, with her pale-pink sweater draped across his forearm. He looks on proudly as the soda jerk leans across the counter to inhale the fragrance of the girl's gardenia corsage. She lifts the flowers from her shoulder to present them to him. The third customer at the counter (partially cropped by the left edge of the picture) sits on a stool with his back to us, holding a cup of coffee in his right hand. He glances over and smiles as the soda jerk sniffs the gardenia. A workingman and almost certainly a war veteran, he wears a tattered bomber jacket, an air-force cap with a visor, and khaki pants.

The small-town consanguinity of the group is emphasized by the fact that all four figures in the painting bear a vague resemblance to one another. The boy and the soda jerk, who have the same nose, chin, and eyebrows, are almost certainly brothers. Everyone in the picture is smiling the same small smile, and we, as beholders, both inside and outside this cozy scene, are invited to smile as well. We are inside the store but not up at the counter. Even so, the open picture plane still welcomes us. It implies that, even though it is best to be a part of the community, just being a part of the society is not so bad, because even though we cannot smell the gardenia, we can inhale the atmosphere of the benign tableau arranged around it. The clustered burst of white in the center of Rockwell's painting constitutes *our gardenia;* we stand in the same relationship to that white blossom of tactile paint as the soda jerk does to the girl's corsage.

To compose this scene, Rockwell has divided the vertical rectangle of his picture in the traditional European manner, by laying the short side of the rectangle off against its long side, creating tw overlapping squares whose intersecting diagonals create the pic ture's armature. The bottom line of the upper square runs alon the tile line at the base of the stools; the top line of the lowe square runs exactly through the boy's sight line (marking one o the horizon lines in the bent space of the painting). The whole ac tion of the picture occurs within the overlapping area of the tw squares—at, or just below, our eye level. The counter, the kick rai and the floor tile create a harmonic sequence of strong horizontal that intersect the regular verticals of the stools, the wood paneling and the signs on the wall behind the counter. This in turn create an architectural grid into which the human figures are arranged i an intricate pattern of rhyming angles.

The front edge of the girl's dress, her upper arm, and th soda jerk's extended left forearm all lie on left-slanting 45-degre angles. The veteran's lower leg and the boy's upper leg lie o right-slanting 45-degree angles that reinforce the right-slanting 4 degree sight line of the soda jerk as he gazes at the gardenia. Th boy's upper leg intersects the front o the girl's dress at a right angle jus above the horizontal center line o the painting; this creates an inverte triangle that cradles the intimate ac tion of the picture. The upper leg o the veteran and the boy's lower le lie exactly on a falling 30 degree line that traverse the picture, so their ben legs create two symmetr cally opposed 70-degre angles, like arrows, point ing to the girl, who is th center of all their atter tion. The pencil behin the soda jerk's ear—als on a 30-degree angle— points out the girl as wel



DECONSTRUCTING NORMAN: All the action occurs within the overlapping area of the two squares, a European tradition Rockwell adopted in his paintings.

In his most elegant fo mal maneuver, Rockwe takes the right-pointing tr angle created by the work ingman's bent leg and th left edge of the canva and rotates it 90 degree to the right so it reappear as the upward-pointing tr angle created by the sod jerk's bent left arm an the top of the counter. I this way, Rockwell invest the static, symmetrical encounter between the boy and the girl wit dynamic balance by shifting its center of gravity about 13 percen upward and to the right, as indicated by the direction of the point ing triangles, to a point marked by the inverted triangle that cradle the central action. This device, combined with his cropping of th counter on the left and right, creates a picture that, although har monious and delicately balanced within itself, does not feel sel enclosed or claustrophobic. It still opens out; it still includes us.

To achieve this peculiar blend of inclusion and exclusion, Rock well employs a pictorial strategy invented in late-18th-centur France and subtly alters it to his own purposes. As Michael Frie points out in *Absorption and Theatricality: Painting and Beholder i the Age of Diderot* (1980), one of the idiosyncratic inventions of th period was the practice of inserting a surrogate beholder into na rative pictures—a character whose response to the action we ma take as a cue and through whose eyes we are presumed to see th

Excerpted from *Norman Rockwell: Pictures for the American People,* by Maureen Hart Hennessey and Anne Knutson, to be published this month by the High Museum of Art, Atlanta, and the Norman Rockwell Museum at Stockbridge in association with Harry N. Abrams, Inc. Text © 1999 by the authors. Compilation © by the High Museum of Art, Atlanta, and the Norman Rockwell Museum at Stockbridge.



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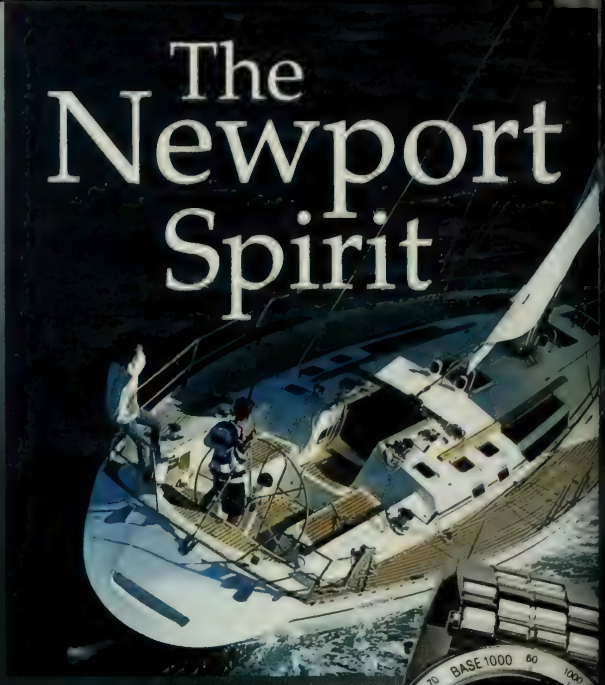
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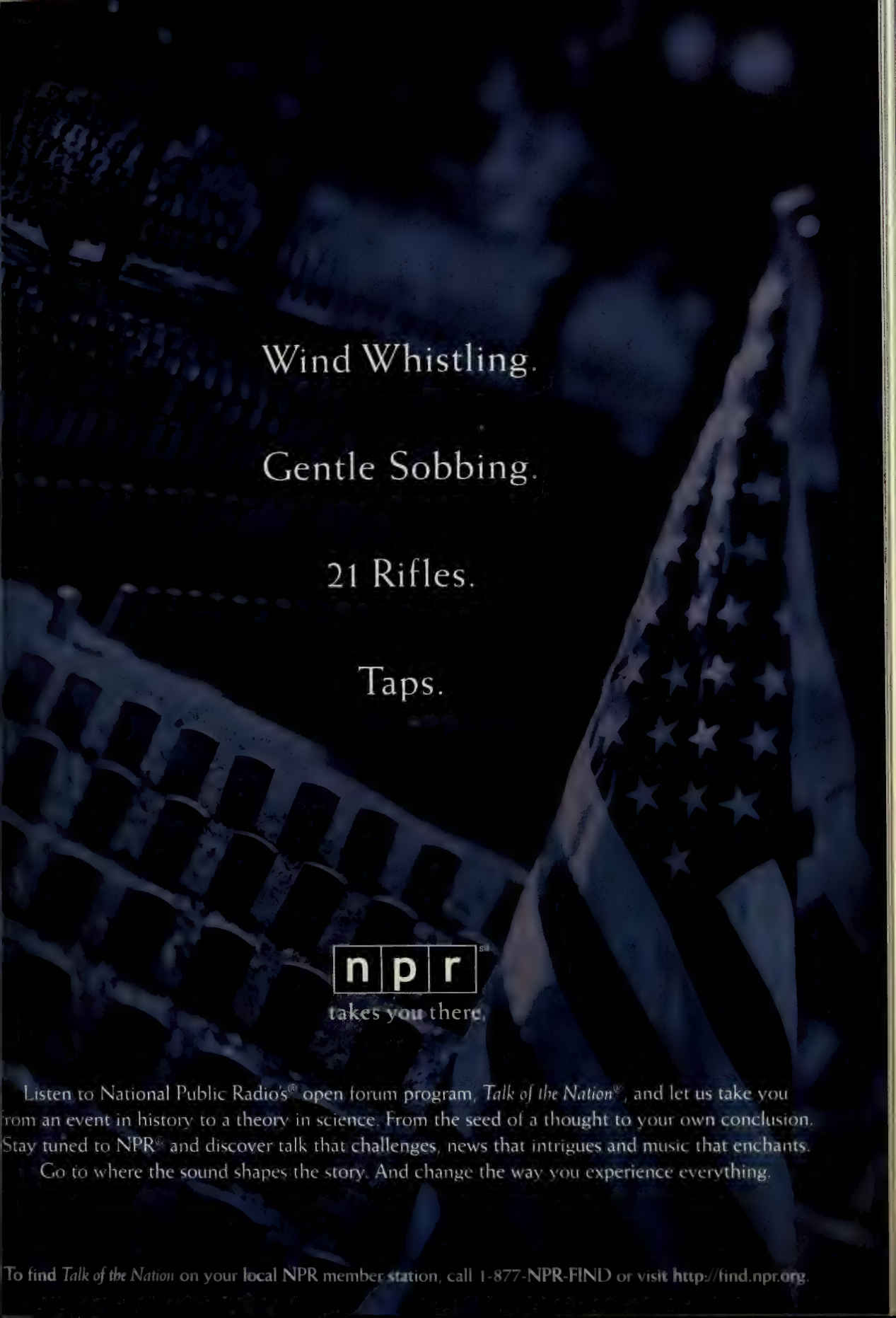
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cene portrayed in its optimum configuration. This device is employed as a naughty joke in Jean-Honoré Fragonard's *The Swing,* where the surrogate beholder has a revealing view of the young lady in the swing that is not available to us. In Jacques-Louis David's *Belisarius Receiving Alms,* we see Justinian's great general, unfairly disgraced and blinded by the emperor, reduced to begging in the street. One of Belisarius's soldiers stands in the background, facing us, witnessing the scene we see from the opposite side. His horror and alarm cue our own responses, and his presence renders the action of the painting self-enclosed, as if we were seeing this drama from outside the moment and behind the proscenium.

In *After the Prom,* the soda jerk is our surrogate beholder (or inhaler, in this case). His response is clearly a cue to our own, but with a difference. Eighteenth-century paintings of this sort, such as Jean-Baptiste Siméon Chardin's *House of Cards* or Fragonard's *Young Woman Reading,* insist on the privacy of the experience—of the young man building his house of cards or the young woman engrossed in her romantic novel. By extension, the private experience of absorbed beholder inside the painting is presumed to be analogous to that of the absorbed beholder outside the painting; both are presumed to be engaged in internal activities outside the realm of the social. In *After the Prom,* however, the soda jerk is not alone. He is himself beheld by the three other figures in the painting. He inhales the fragrance of the gardenia that is symbolic of young love, and he visibly responds; the other figures in the painting respond to his responses, and to one another. We respond to the totality of these responses, but we are not alone, either. We are but one of many citizens glancing at their weekly issue of *The Saturday Evening Post.*

The innocent relationship between the two young people, then, is less the subject than the occasion for Rockwell's picture. The generosity of the characters' responses, and of our own, is the painting's true, argumentative moral subject, and this was especially true in 1957, when Rockwell's prescient visual argument that "the kids are all right" was far from de rigueur. Having been a kid in 1957, I can testify to the welcome reassurance of Rockwell's benediction. It was exactly what was needed because, even though we all remember that America's children rebelled against their parents in the 1960s, we tend to forget that American parents rebelled against their own children in the 1950s—that in the midst of the postwar boom they began to regard their offspring as spoiled, hedonistic delinquents who had not fought World War II or suffered through the Great Depression and were now reaping the unearned benefits of their parents' struggle. This attitude is the target of the reproach implied by the veteran's response. His benign smile seems to say: "This is what I was fighting for—this is the true consequence of that great historical cataclysm, this moment with the kids and the gardenia corsage."

In the history of America's democracy and popular culture, he was the first and maybe the last visual artist who aspired to charm us all.

Rockwell's picture, then, opposes the comfortable, suspicious pessimism of the 1950s and proposes, in its place, a tolerance for and faith in the young as the ground-level condition of democracy. And, strangely enough, this is probably the single aspect of Rockwell's work that distinguishes him as a peculiarly American artist. In all other aspects, Rockwell was a profoundly European painter of the bourgeois social world in an American tradition that has almost no social painters and even very few paintings that portray groups of people, except at ceremonial occasions in faux-democratic "history paintings" or as figures in a landscape. Rockwell painted mercantile society, in the tradition of Frans Hals, William Hogarth, Jean-Baptiste Greuze, Louis Leopold Boilly, and William Frith, but as an American he painted a society grounded not in the wisdom of its elders but in the promise of its youth.

This, I think, accounts for the perfect inversion of European convention in *After the Prom.* First, Rockwell was not painting a bucolic genre idyll, like one of François Boucher's romantic encounters of shepherd and shepherdess. He was investing this small-town flirtation with the seriousness of historical romance. In a comparable European painting by Nicolas Poussin or Giovanni Battista Tiepolo, however, we would see earthbound adult lovers surrounded and celebrated by floating infants. In Rockwell's painting, we have floating youths surrounded and celebrated by earthbound adults. Thus, the two adults in *After the Prom* are invested with considerable weight. The soda jerk leans theatrically on the counter. The veteran sits heavily on his stool, leans against the counter, and rests his foot on the rail. The force of gravity is made further visible by the draped sweater on the boy's arm and the hanging keys on the veteran's belt, while the two young people, in their whiteness and brightness, float above the floor—in one of the most complex, achieved emblems of agape, tolerance, and youthful promise ever painted.

Even as *After the Prom* was being painted, however, *The Saturday Evening Post* was in the midst of phasing out the kinds of paintings that Norman Rockwell had created for its covers since 1916. These covers were justifiably famous and much beloved, but the times were a-changin', and in the rush of things, Rockwell's vignettes of everyday life quickly succumbed to the rising vogue for celebrity icons among American media providers. As a consequence, the last great poet of American childhood, the Jan Vermeer of this nation's domestic history, concluded his career as a glorified paparazzo. For more than 40 years, Rockwell beguiled American citizens with generous and felicitous representations of themselves; he ended up painting pseudo-heroic portraits of their public surrogates and illustrating moral platitudes.

Of the first 310 covers Rockwell painted for *The Saturday Evening Post* between May 1916 and September 1960, 306 portray ordinary Americans. Only four portray celebrities (Dwight Eisenhower, twice, Adlai Stevenson, and Bob Hope). Of the last 12 covers he painted, between October 1960 and December 1963, 7 portray celebrities, 3 of which are paintings of John F. Kennedy. Included among Rockwell's last "noncelebrity" covers is one of those egregious, moralizing Victorian tableaux (April 1, 1961) of the sort once commissioned from the painter Lord Frederick Leighton: the "world's peoples" attired in ethnic regalia, across which text implores us to DO UNTO OTHERS AS YOU WOULD HAVE THEM DO UNTO YOU.

Yet Norman Rockwell remains—a sustaining presence in the public consciousness—a more important artist than his modernist and postmodernist detractors will ever acknowledge, and a more complex artist than his traditionalist defenders are likely to admit. His pictures were loved and respected not only by the American public but by artistic spirits as dissimilar as Willem de Kooning and Andy Warhol. During the 40 years since the zenith of Rockwell's career, the commercial illustrators with whom he competed for jobs have become historical footnotes—as have 99 percent of the modern artists whose work was presumed to be infinitely superior to his—as, in fact, has modernism itself.

During Rockwell's public vogue, popular narratives in all media were routinely compared to his way of looking at the world, and

even today the vast preponderance of these narratives begin by evoking some version of his domestic universe, then place that cosmos in jeopardy through the machinations of criminals, bureaucrats, aliens, or asteroids. All of this suggests that the American vision Norman Rockwell invented and refined—which was supplanted by the rise of celebrity culture in the 1960s—was that which was new. In the history of art, Rockwell was the last, best practitioner of a tradition of social painting that began in the 17th century. In the history of America's democracy and popular culture, he was the first and maybe the last visual artist who aspired to charm us all, and for nearly half a century he managed to do it.

Viewed from this perspective, the last anecdotal vignette Rockwell painted for the cover of *The Saturday Evening Post* (November 3, 1962) seems ominously prophetic. In this painting, *Lunch*

Rockwell had always been, in his own perception, a child at heart and an instinctive outsider.



ROOM WITH A VIEW: Norman Rockwell in his studio on Main Street in Stockbridge, Massachusetts, 1954. He had the window constructed so he could watch the world go by.

Break with a Knight, the night guard at the Higgins Armory Museum in Worcester, Massachusetts, sits in semi-darkness on the edge of a pedestal upon which a knight in full armor, astride his festooned and armored charger, presents a lance that disappears out of the top of the picture, so both horse and rider seem suspended from it, as if on a merry-go-round. The museum guard is tucked into the lower-right corner of the picture (the least dominant position in the rectangle). We hardly notice him at first, and when we do, it's clear that the little guy is tired and a bit bored. He sits there with an open napkin on his lap and pours himself a cup of coffee from his thermos. He seems prepared to wait out a long and tedious night amid his gleaming, posturing, heroic charges. At that moment, in the early 1960s, so were we all.

The painting of the night guard marks the end of what I consider to be the "real" (or at least the important) Norman Rockwell. The picture seems to be telling us that, and perhaps Rockwell knew it himself. Or perhaps he didn't. In any case, he eagerly participated in his own sanctification (or "maturation," as he would have called it). Having never had a proper "American childhood," Rockwell had always been, in his own perception, a child at heart and an instinctive outsider. During this period, as Rockwell underwent psychotherapy, he stopped thinking of himself as a big kid making pictures to make friends and started thinking of himself as a "mature artist"—as an authority on kids like his two friends, Erik Erikson and Robert Coles.

Psychotherapist Erik Erikson, a former student of Anna Freud's, was one of Boston's first child analysts and the author of *Childhood and Society* (1950), the book that introduced the term "identity crisis" into the lexicon of American childhood. Robert Coles's book *Children of Crisis* (1967) dealt with the effects of the civil-rights movement on children in the South, and his story of Ruby Bridges may have provided the inspiration for the young black girl walking to her newly integrated school in New Orleans, escorted by federal marshals, in Rockwell's *The Problem We All Live With* (1964). As strong and accomplished as this picture is, however, its cool, Davidian remoteness marks the end of Rockwell's instinctive identification with the citizens he painted and the beginning of his tenure as a member of the nation's new, therapeutic power elite.

Rockwell would never gain any real access to Erikson's and Coles's peculiarly psychologized and Germanic vision of culture and childhood, but from this time forward he would routinely mistake his friends' vocation for his own. He would generalize from particulars in the manner of a social scientist, rather than particularizing generalities as he had always done. Henceforth, like a painter king, he would paint his "subjects" rather than other citizens of the republic. He would illustrate "issues" rather than portraying other children of folly like himself. In his notes for a 1966 speech (although not in the lecture itself), Rockwell explains this shift. He begins by announcing, "There was a change in the thought climate in America brought on by scientific advances, the atom bomb, two world wars, Mr. Freud and psychology." In conclusion, he responds optimistically to this daunting roll call by declaring himself to be "wildly excited about painting contemporary subjects . . . pictures about civil rights, astronauts . . . poverty programs. It's wonderful."

Today it's clear that these remarks mark a turn for the worse



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in Rockwell's career, but it would be a mistake to blame it all on science, psychotherapy, and Kennedyesque rhetoric. The truth is that, even though Rockwell was one of the great visual narrators of the 20th century, he always thought of himself as an illustrator, and finally he became one. Throughout his career he was always casting about for the "big picture," for the "great subject" that would establish him as the important artist he correctly believed himself to be. In the end, sadly, he found the one and lost the other. His "big pictures" herald the twilight of his artistic importance. In his fatal misapprehension of his gifts, however, Rockwell was far from alone among American artists and writers. He was, in fact, no more the self-deluded Victorian than Mark Twain, who was similarly incapable of crediting his own comedic gifts—who thought *Huckleberry Finn* paled in its achievement beside his *Joan of Arc,* a novel which, in its platitudinous tedium, may be justly compared to Rockwell's "Four Freedoms" (1943).

None of this diminishes either Twain's or Rockwell's startling achievement, however. And even though Rockwell himself concurred with the then fashionable assumption that his "old hat" domestic manner had somehow been superseded by the "new" glamour of issue-oriented, celebrity journalism, that does not make it so, since nothing in Western culture is older than that. Homer invented celebrity journalism in *The Iliad,* and its return in the early 1960s (courtesy, one suspects, of wily Joe Kennedy and his tame Harvardeers) signified nothing more than the last, vulgar recrudescence of the "great man" theory of history—the dying swoon of an elitist idea that the virtue of a society resides in the concerns and personae of its leaders and heroes, rather than in those of its citizens.

The last great poet of American childhood, the Vermeer of this nation's domestic history, concluded his career as a glorified paparazzo.

In the history of Western art, this idea expresses itself in the traditional distinction between "history painting" and "genre painting." Genre painting concerns itself with "low" subjects, everyday people whose ordinary, inconsequent activities—eating, gambling, smoking, reading, singing, and playing the lute—are portrayed as evidence of human *vanitas,* as testaments to the perpetual evanescence of earthly desires. History painting, on the other hand, concerns itself with kings, heroes, gods, and saints and their *consequent* (which is to say historical) activities. Norman Rockwell's great achievement was in traducing this distinction and investing the daily activities of ordinary people with a sense of historical consequence. This, I think, best explains Rockwell's survival as an artist.

Put simply, Norman Rockwell invented democratic history painting—an artistic practice based on an informing vision of history conceived and portrayed as the cumulative actions of millions of ordinary human beings, living in historical time, growing up and growing old. Caleb Bingham is Rockwell's only American predecessor in this field, and his paintings are less historical narratives than provincial reportage, their emphasis falling more heavily on the place than on the times. Benjamin West's "democratized" history paintings simply substitute elected officials for crowned heads in the same pictorial universe. Rockwell's best pictures, conversely, treat each quotidian moment as a distinct historical occasion. Moreover, Rockwell presumed that this moment would remain available to us in the continuity of tumultuous micro-histories that define democracy in progress. It is exactly this sense of history as tumult, however, that makes Rockwell a very poor candidate for the position of conservative icon for which he is regularly nominated. He does, indeed, portray a simpler past in loving detail, but this devotional aura derives less from his reactionary tendencies than from the fact that he invariably portrayed the present as a historical moment, as if it were the past—or moving rapidly in that direction.

For Rockwell, the world was ruthlessly tumbling forward, so he passionately captured the moment as it faded. Antique manners and traditional values, however, were never his true subject. His most popular *Post* cover, *Saying Grace* (1951), which depicts a grandmother and her grandson praying before a meal in a crowded downtown restaurant, is routinely cited as evidence of his commitment to "family values": it is presumed to be a celebration of familial obedience, adherence to established religion, and respect for tradition. In fact, as Rockwell himself insisted, *Saying Grace* no more advocates public prayer than *After the Prom* advocates teen dating. Its subject is the crowd of secular onlookers (our surrogate beholders) who respectfully tolerate citizens with values different from their own. *Their* behavior is being celebrated, because in a democracy where everyone is different and anything can happen, tolerance is the overriding social virtue.

Thus, those who look for traditional values in Norman Rockwell pictures will discover a virtual cornucopia of difference and disobedience. Neither a scientific naturalist nor a conservative realist, Rockwell portrayed a world in which the minimum conditions of democracy are made visible. His best paintings insist that the atmosphere of benign tolerance—each tiny occasion of kindness, comedy, anxiety, and *tristesse*—far from being evidence of human vanity, is a critical element in the fate of the republic. The characters in Rockwell's pictures may be "types," then, but they are alive in time—never trapped in their particular historical instant, but living through that moment on a specific historical trajectory.

The kids in Norman Rockwell's America always grow up. They are growing up before our eyes, in fact, and in Rockwell's pictures they always grow up free. In 1956, Rockwell reprised on a calendar his famous *No Swimming* cover from 1921; he painted the same kids, 35 years later, fully grown but breaking the same rules with a new dog. That is the message: Democracy progresses in an untidy dance of disobedience and tolerance. So today I like to imagine the kids in Rockwell's pictures growing up as the kid who grew up looking at his pictures grew up. I imagine the kid with his bindle sitting at the soda fountain with the nice cop in *The Runaway* (1958) 10 years later. He is standing by a highway with his backpack, thumbing a ride to San Francisco. Or he is bleeding and battered on the streets of Chicago, having encountered an altogether different sort of policeman. I imagine the *Girl with Black Eye* (1953), who sits grinning outside the principal's office, a decade later burning her bra. I imagine the kids in *After the Prom* sitting around the campfire in some commune in New Mexico trying to recapture the golden glow of that night at the soda fountain.

I do this because these things actually happened, and more. Because Jack Kerouac took Norman Rockwell on the road to portray a big, flat, magical America full of kindness, comedy, and *tristesse.* Because Hugh Hefner took the grown-up kids from Rockwell's pictures into the bedroom and invented a new American iconography of girl-next-door domestic eros. Because all these kids showed up at Woodstock in search of that peculiar Rockwellian blend of tolerance and disobedience. They stood out there in the mud and waited for Roger Daltrey to sing their anthem: "The Kids Are Alright." They probably still are. □



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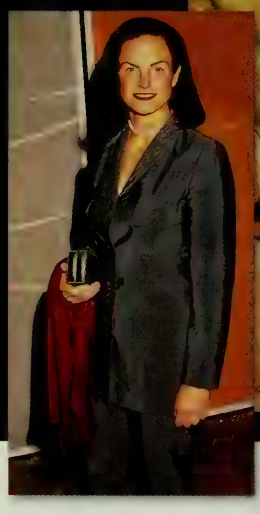
In July, dozens of the ultra-thin ultra-rich, including Nan Kempner, Christie Brinkley, and Beth Rudin De Woody, were handed subpoenas by U.S. marshals. Their shahtooshes—exquisite, expensive shawls made from endangered Tibetan antelope—were illegal, they learned. While some socialites surrender their wraps, others are going underground

BY BOB COLACELLO











HOT ACCESSORIES
A seized shahtoosh shawl, [illegible] at the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service in Newark, New Jersey. *Insets,* subpoenaed shahtoosh owners, *clockwise from above:* New York hostess Nan Kempner, real-estate heiress Karen LeFrak, mountain-climbing socialite Sandy Hill Pittman, and arts patroness Beth Rudin De Woody.

It is probably safe to say that the last thing the dowagers, heiresses, and trophy wives of New York's high society were expecting as they lunched on lobster salad at the Bathing Corporation in Southampton this past summer, or worked out with their personal trainers by their pools in East Hampton, or packed their Vuittons for the Paris couture shows, was a flurry of subpoenas from the United States District Court in Newark, New Jersey, of all places. But that's exactly what more than one hundred socialites and celebrities, including fashion icon Nan Kempner, supermodel Christie Brinkley, and arts patroness Beth Rudin De Woody, had hand-delivered to them at their country houses or Manhattan apartments by U.S. marshals in July: subpoenas "for person and documents or objects," ordering them to testify before a grand jury sitting in Newark and to bring with them "any and all shahtoosh shawls, other shahtoosh items, and items made from the Tibetan antelope, chiru or ibex."

The U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, it seems, is conducting an investigation into the illegal importation and sale of shahtooshes, the ultra-soft, ultra-thin, ultra-warm handwoven shawls from Kashmir, which in the past decade have become almost a fetish among very rich women, and a few male dandies, from Bel Air to Belgravia. Also known as "ring shawls" because they are so fine that a standard one-meter-by-two-meter shawl can be pulled whole through a finger ring, shahtooshes generally sell for from $2,000 to

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AGE OF INNOCENCE
Early buyers were not told that animals had to be killed to make the shawls. *Insets*, shahtoosh pioneers, *from top*, Parisian hostess São Schlumberger, San Francisco grande dame Denise Hale, and Susan Gutfreund, wife of John Gutfreund, former chairman of Solomon Brothers.



they drape in this special way that is extremely luxe."

The high prices of shahtoosh shawls have long been justified by variations on the claim that they are made from the chin hairs of wild goats or ibex which have been shed onto bushes, trees, and rocks and then painstakingly collected, tuft by tuft, by Tibetan nomads. In actuality, they are made from the wool of the Tibetan antelope, or chiru, a rare and endangered species found only on the desolate high plains of the Tibetan plateau in China. According to wildlife experts, these antelope are being slaughtered by the thousands by organized gangs of Tibetan and Chinese poachers to keep up with the burgeoning demand for shawls in America, Europe, Hong Kong, and Japan.

"Darling, everyone I know has one or two. Or three or four or five. This is the first time I hear it's illegal."

International trade in Tibetan-antelope wool has been prohibited since 1975 under CITES, the United Nations Convention on International Trade in Endangered Species of Wild Fauna and Flora, and, unfortunately for the buyers of shahtooshes, conservation activists at the World Wildlife Fund, the Wildlife Conservation Society, and the Tibetan Plateau Project have prodded governments to crack down on the heretofore largely unfettered shahtoosh trade. In this country, knowing violation of the law with intent to sell is a felony punishable by up to five years in prison and a fine of $250,000 for individuals or $500,000 for companies. Like ivory and tortoiseshell, shahtooshes are subject to confiscation by the U.S. Customs Service, a fact that has not been widely publicized until recently. As San Francisco grande dame Denise Hale said upon hearing of the Newark subpoenas, "Darling, everyone I know has one or two. Or three or four or five. This is the first time I hear it's illegal." New York socialite Karen LeFrak, who was subpoenaed and has turned her shahtoosh in to the Fish and Wildlife Service, adds, "I'm an animal-lover. I don't want to own anything illegal. I feel duped."

Strangely enough, most if not all of the subpoenaed women bought their shahtooshes at the most respectable venue imaginable: a charity sale held at New York's Mayfair Hotel, on Park Avenue and 65th Street, in November 1994, to benefit the Dream Team, an anonymous group which fulfills the wishes of terminal patients at Memorial Sloan-Kettering Hospital. ("We've brought Michael Jackson in to sing and talk to a dying child," explains one member. "We've paid for the parents of patients who are too ill to travel to come over from Italy or Yugoslavia or wherever for a last visit. It's a marvelous, marvelous charity.") Invitations for the all-day sale were sent out under the names of Kempner, LeFrak, mountain-climbing socialite Sandy Hill Pittman, and public-relations executives Virginia Coleman and Joy Henderiks. "Laurence Rockefeller was there before the doors opened," one of the organizers recalls. "He bought a slew of them. Nan had a lunch at home that day and brought a whole bunch of people to the sale afterward. People were buying them for Christmas presents. It was a total madhouse."

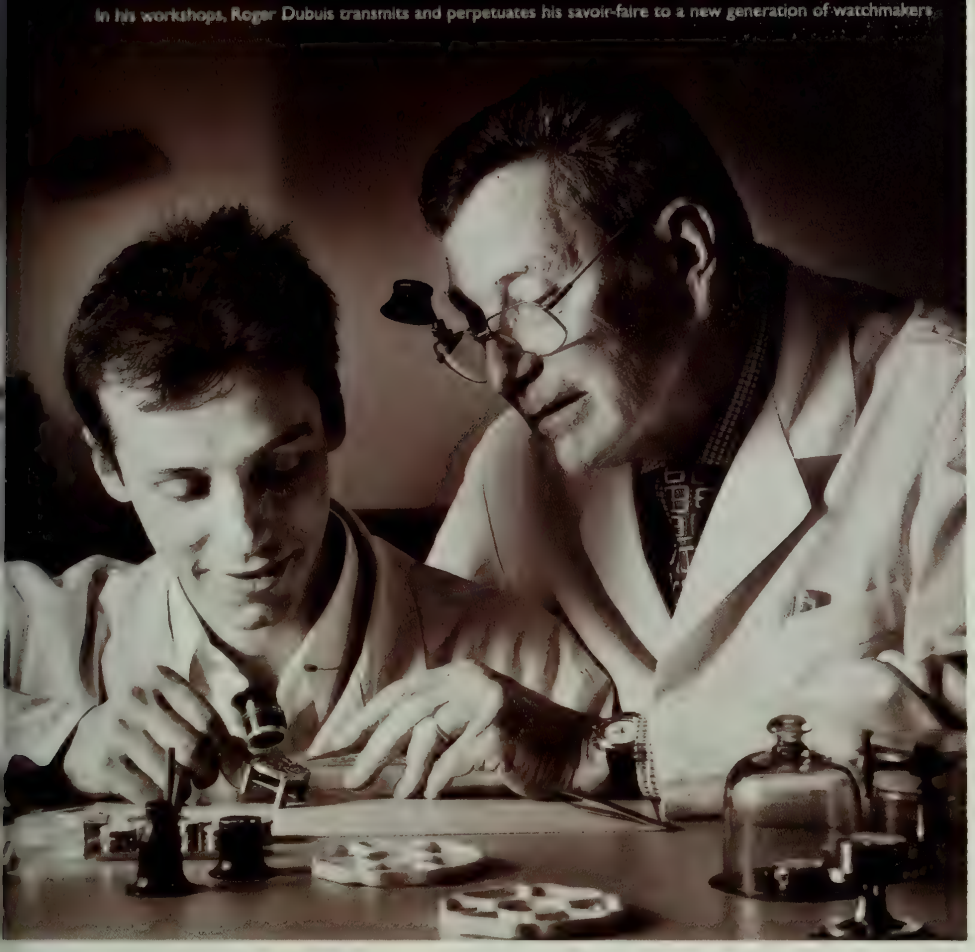
The shahtooshes were provided by Cocoon, a Hong Kong–based company owned by Linda Ho McAfee, who agreed to make a $10,000 donation to the hospital and also to give it a percentage of the day's receipts. Cocoon is well known to customers of Bergdorf Goodman and other specialty stores for its deluxe bed linens, including silk quilts at $3,500 and up, pearl-encrusted baby pillows ($500 to $600), and satin sheets starting at $3,000 a set. ("These are not *Playboy*-type satin sheets," one Upper East Side devotee gushes, "but truly elegant satin sheets that give your bed a voluptuous, luxurious, sexy look you can't get at Pratesi or Porthault. They come in colors like lemon, celadon, and ivory, and you have to FedEx them to a special place in Milwaukee to be cleaned. It takes forever to get them back, which is why you have to have at least three sets.") Cocoon, Linda Ho McAfee, and several of her associates, including Thomas and Anne Marie Perse, Janet Mackay-Benton, and Iqbal Memon are among the subjects of the current Fish and Wildlife investigation. According to knowledgeable sources, federal agents searching Cocoon's American offices found a list of shahtoosh buyers from the Dream Team sale. "Evidently there's a very significant paper trail, because lots of people bought them with credit cards," says one source. CONTINUED ON PAGE 18

$3,000 in the West, although a large embroidered one can cost as much as $15,000. Nonetheless, some women just can't get enough of them: they wear them under their coats like cashmere scarves, over their suits like mink stoles, around their bare shoulders with strapless ball gowns to ward off the chill of air-conditioning. "They're a status symbol that has turned into an addiction," says Pamela Gross Finkelstein of LuxuryFinder.com, the new Internet purveyor of expensive goods.

"I resisted buying a shahtoosh forever," says a Park Avenue hostess. "Twenty-eight hundred for a scarf—no way. Then one day last year I was in London, and I was taken to the flat of a countess on one of the best squares in Mayfair. I broke down and bought my first shahtoosh. And let me tell you, once you own one shahtoosh, you want more and more and more. They're so light that you don't feel them hanging around your neck, and

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ONTINUED FROM PAGE 184 "And usually 's an all-cash business."

Linda Ho McAfee's attorney, Steven ecker, of Coudert Brothers, did not return ills for comment, not unusual in grand- ry cases, which are officially secret. Ray- ond Levitas, who represents one or more the others under investigation but re- ised to say which one(s), would tell me ily, "There's no knowing and intentional olation of the law here, if indeed there's ny violation at all." Memorial Sloan- ettering's spokesperson, Avice Meehan, ys, "Clearly both supporters and staff of is hospital who were involved in the sale elieved that this is a very rare fiber, gath- ed after animals rub against trees and rubs. Subsequently we learned that this not true. But at the time, we believed it *as* true. If people had understood what as involved in the making of shahtooshes, is unlikely—more than unlikely—that any ile would have taken place."

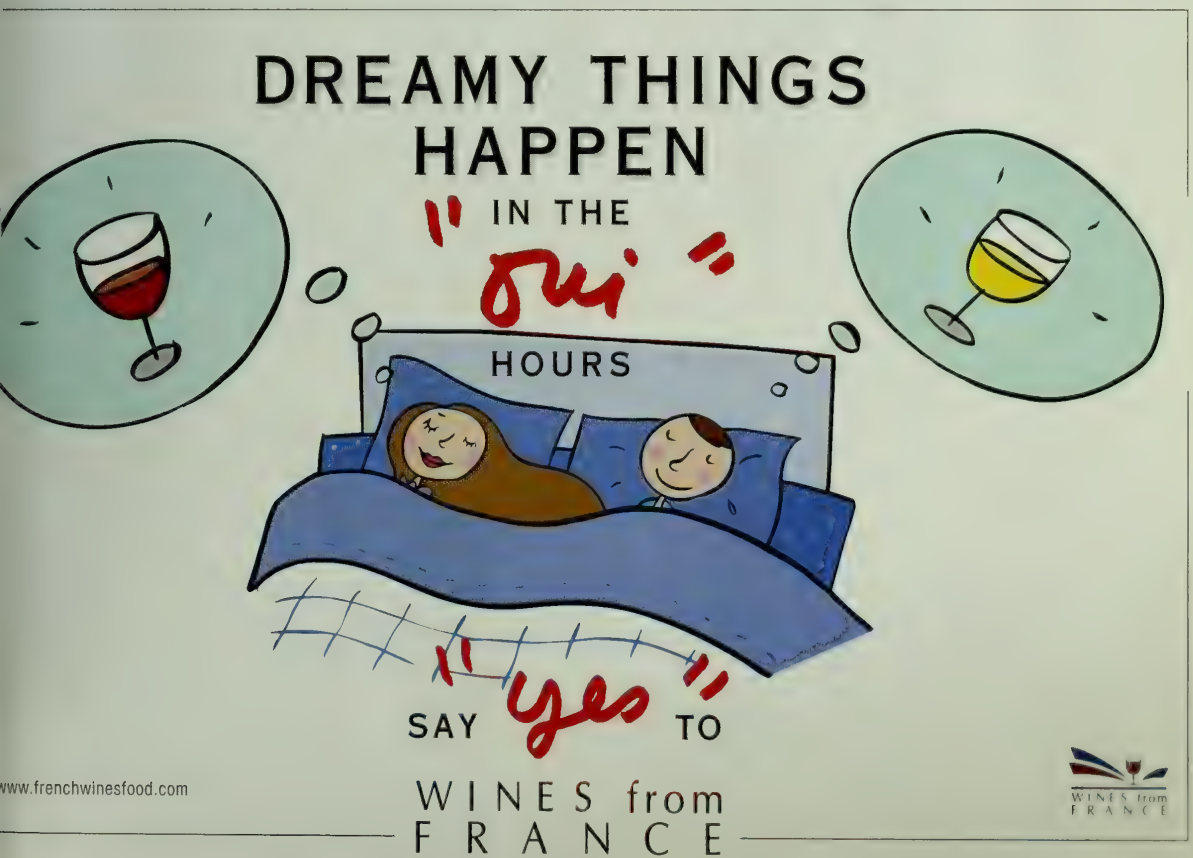
As word of the subpoenas spread from one Hampton to the next, and across Long Island Sound to the tony town- ips of Connecticut, confusion and hyste- a took hold of the social set, leavened, s usual, with flashes of black humor. ne subpoenaed woman, a media heiress, as "on a rampage," according to a friend. "She's calling everybody and raving that we've got to fight this, that her lawyer says the government can't do this—it's confis- catory—and she's not about to bring tens of thousands of dollars of her property to some courthouse in Newark."

"What do you mean, people have to turn in their shahtooshes?" huffed Pat Buckley, wife of the conservative colum- nist William F. Buckley Jr. "I haven't heard of anything so ridiculous in a long time. Some of our friends will have to call a moving van." Publicist Peggy Siegal chimed in, "Tell me they're going to bring in the closet police. Or have undercover agents stationed at Le Cirque and Daniel this fall." "Don't mention my name," said one frightened young Hamptonite, "but—no pun intended—could they make some- one a scapegoat?"

At a Labor Day dinner party at an oceanfront mansion attended by both Governor George Pataki and former sena- tor Alfonse D'Amato, a Middle Eastern princess who was spending the summer in the Hamptons declared, "Nothing is endangered! If we can clone sheep, what is endangered anymore? If Siegfried and Roy can have three Siberian white tigers born in Las Vegas, *there are no endan- gered species.* This shahtoosh thing is all a fiction of the animal-rights fanatics. Thanks to them, there are more deer than people in Southampton now, and all the people have ticks."

One of the subpoenaed women, Nan Kempner, told me, "I did get a summons, and I went straight to my lawyer, and he went straight to the Fish and Wildlife peo- ple. I explained to them how we came to have the sale. They have the invitation and the records of who bought what. I bought seven of them, and I told them exactly what I'd done with them. I said that I bought much more than I would have nor- mally, but I gave one of them to each of my children—boys and girls—because they are such a wonderful thing. But this was five years ago! I can't be an Indian giver and say they have to give them back. They may even have given them away by now. How do I know? . . . I don't think the Wildlife people *can* take them away, when it wasn't announced that they were endan- gered back in the days when we bought them. . . . Because, frankly, they're so won- derful that the thought of not using them is perfectly horrifying. I wouldn't buy an- other one—let's put it that way. There's no way you could make me buy one now. Not after what I've been through."

For the ladies, the crackdown could not have come at a worse time. In Au- gust, British *Vogue* declared the pashmi-







FASHION VICTIMS
From top: **chirus in what is now the Chang Tang Reserve in Tibet, mid-80s; a man on the reserve holds plucked chiru hair and wool. The World Wildlife Fund is pressing to have shahtoosh owners surrender their shawls.**

"Shahtoosh" means "king of wool" in Persian, and references to it can be found in Chinese texts as early as the seventh century. Shahtoosh shawls have been made almost exclusively in Srinagar, the capital of Kashmir, for at least 400 years. In the late 1700s, shawls from Kashmir, both shahtooshes and pashminas—"pashmina," from the Persian word for wool, is a high-quality cashmere—were all the rage among fashionable European women. Legend has it that Napoleon gave Josephine a shahtoosh and she loved it so much that she ordered 400 more.

São Schlumberger, the Parisian hostess, bought her first shahtoosh in Delhi in the early 70s for $200—"a lot for India in those days." The late Doris Duke kept an old blanket-size one on her private plane. "Zubin Mehta brought me one from India 20 years ago, maybe longer," Denise Hale remembers, "and he had a hell of a problem to find one. They were very rare."

"There weren't that many colors then," says Nan Kempner. "There was white, there was beige, there was a darker beige, and there was this wonderful sort of mulberry color. That was the color I got. I bought it off the shoulders of an Indian man at a party, and I've had it ever since. I was told they were the chin hair of the ibex goat, and that the ladies in the villages in the Himalayas—obviously not way, way up—plucked this hair from the bush where the goats rubbed their chins. Nobody touched the animals. And I think that probably the touching of the animals—the killing of them—started after the shahtoosh became so popular."



"Nothing is endangered!" the princess declared. "This shahtoosh thing is all a fiction of the animal-rights fanatics."

The craze really took off in the late 1980s, when, paradoxically, animal-rights activists made it risky to wear a fur coat on the streets of New York, London, and Milan for fear of being pelted with tomatoes and eggs or sprayed with red paint. Rich women who had grown accustomed to keeping warm in $50,000 sable coats during the Reagan years found that the lightweight but toasty shahtoosh was the perfect thing to wrap over the Republican cloth coat brought back into fashion by Barbara Bush. Understated, verging on the bohemian, recognized as costly only by the cognoscenti, the shahtoosh might even be seen as a metaphor for the somewhat hypocritical 90s backlash against the supposedly greedier previous decade.

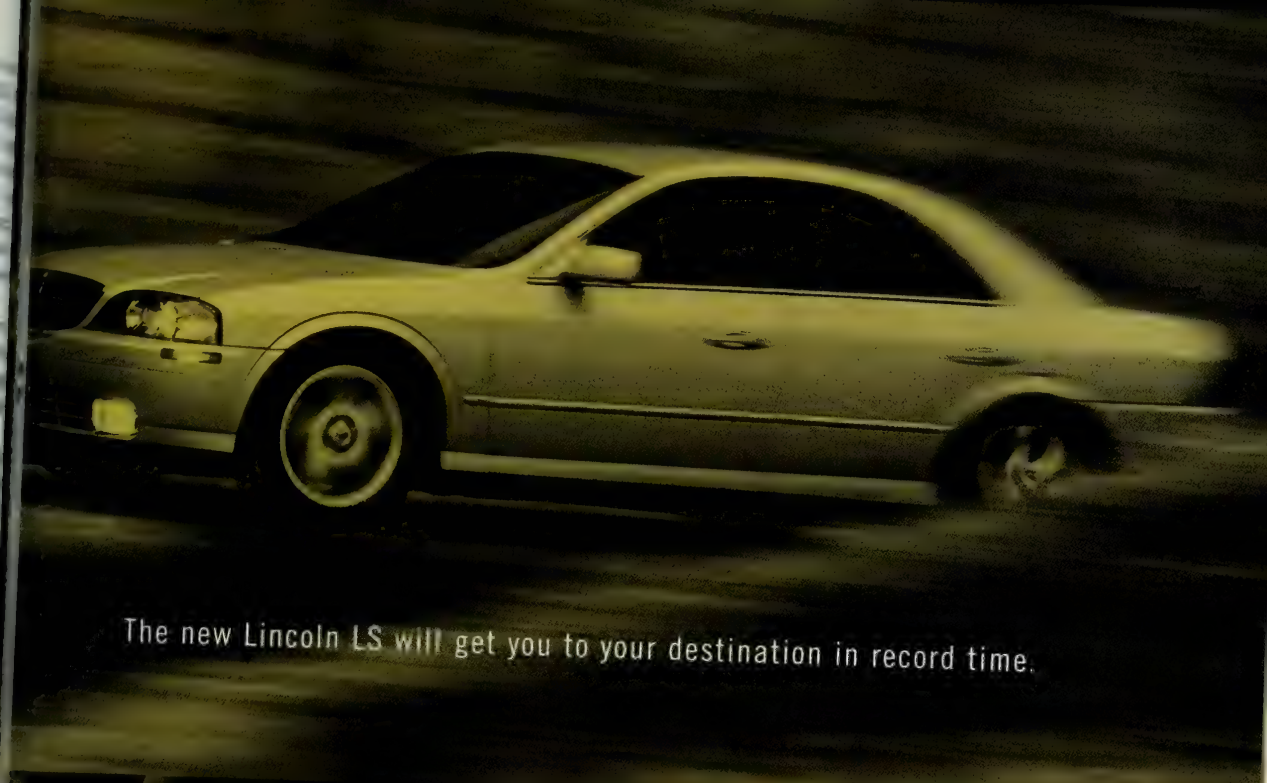
Zurich art dealer Doris Ammann remembers seeing a shahtoosh for the first time on the Begum Aga Khan in Gstaad in the early 90s, which was about the same time that shahtooshes started showing up in a wide variety of colors. Several women told me that another winter resident of that posh Swiss resort, the Italian couturier Valentino, has done more than anyone else to promote the shahtoosh among the super-rich and hyperchic. He not only used them as accessories in his fashion shows but also is said to have a personal collection of as many as 200. Nan Kempner says, "Valentino has one in

Although pashmina is made from the hair of domestic goats, which are not killed but combed out during their molting season, the source of shahtoosh has always been shrouded in secrecy, mystery, and myth. Traditionally, the raw wool has been transported by Tibetan nomads through remote Himalayan passes into India on the backs of yaks. But until the early 1990s, according to a 1997 Wildlife Protection Society of India report, "it seems that very few people—including many of the Kashmiri wool merchants—actually knew what species the wool originated from, or that a wild animal had to be slaughtered for the wool to be collected." The ibex, the wild goat, and even the so-called Siberian goose were all said to be the source of this extraordinary fiber, reputedly five to seven times thinner than human hair.

For most of this century, the shahtoosh trade was limited largely to the Indian subcontinent, where the shawls were considered prized items in the dowries of well-to-do brides. Double-width shahtooshes were used by Indian men as traveling blankets. Then, in the late 1960s, when the jet set discovered India, it also discovered the shahtoosh.

na—the shahtoosh's much less expensive and perfectly legal alternative—out. Not that the truly hooked ever really liked them anyway. "Pashminas are nice," one woman told me, "but they are . . . bulky."

Allison Stern, the wife of pet-food mogul and *Village Voice* owner Leonard Stern, puts things in perspective: "I didn't get the full shahtoosh story until two years ago, and, listen, I'm on the *board* of the Wildlife Conservation Society. It's killing two species—not only chiru but tigers. The Indians trade the Tibetans tiger bones for chiru hair. One reason some of these women may have a problem getting the message is that they've been hardened by the radical, left-wing anti-fur people, who just don't let up. I agree with some of PETA's ideas. I don't wear fur, and I don't like people wearing fur, but I'm not going to attack people in the streets. However, I do think people should know the consequences of their actions. I also feel bad that a lot of people I know are caught up in this shahtoosh web. And they might be hung by their own shahtoosh."



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THE AVENGERS
From top: **U.S. wildlife inspector James Coates with a confiscated shahtoosh; wildlife expert Dr. George Schaller, the chief defender of the Tibetan antelope, at the Bronx Zoo, 1999; chiru carcasses in the Arjin Shan Reserve in China.**





"This is a good example of how an item coveted by the rich kills off a species in a remote area they've never heard of."

every known color. I mean, he's got one to match every sweater and every coat and every suit." Meanwhile, in Saint Moritz, the billionaire set was talking about the shahtoosh bed throw Susan Gutfreund, the wife of the then chairman of Solomon Brothers, had had made up for the late Greek shipping tycoon Stavros Niarchos.

Until late last year shahtooshes were legal in Switzerland, the only one of 142 signatories to CITES which did not recognize the Tibetan antelope as an endangered species when that treaty was signed in 1975. In fact, all the European countries and the United States were extremely lax about enforcing the ban on products made from chiru wool. As late as June 1998, shahtooshes were being openly displayed in the window of the Madison Avenue boutique Malo and simultaneously featured, with a price tag of $2,850, in the pages of *Harper's Bazaar.*

"The shahtoosh is a good example of how some fashion item coveted by the rich just kills off a species in a remote area they've never heard of, which I find very sad," says Dr. George Schaller, the much-honored wildlife scientist who in the past decade has almost single-handedly led the campaign to save the Tibetan antelope. Well known for his books *The Year of the Gorilla, The Serengeti Lion,* and *The Last Panda,* about his efforts to protect other endangered species in Africa and Asia, Schaller is the director of science for the Wildlife Conservation Society of New York, which runs the Bronx Zoo. Since 1985 he has spent several months every year camping out on the Tibetan plateau.

"Based on what I know today, I would guess that there are fewer than 75,000 chiru left in Tibet itself and two adjacent Chinese provinces," he says. "The number has certainly dropped from well over a million in the past. British explorers at the turn of the century saw them in herds of 20,000 or more, pouring over hills, with more and more coming. Today you're lucky to see a few hundred together. Both the local Tibetans and Chinese who come from distant towns in armed gangs hunt them. What's particularly sad is that last year they discovered the calving grounds for the antelope, where they give birth, in really remote areas. And they're going in, as the animals are giving birth, and shooting them by the thousands. They often hunt at night, and the cars, with headlights on, circle the herd. The animals are blinded and they can easily be shot.

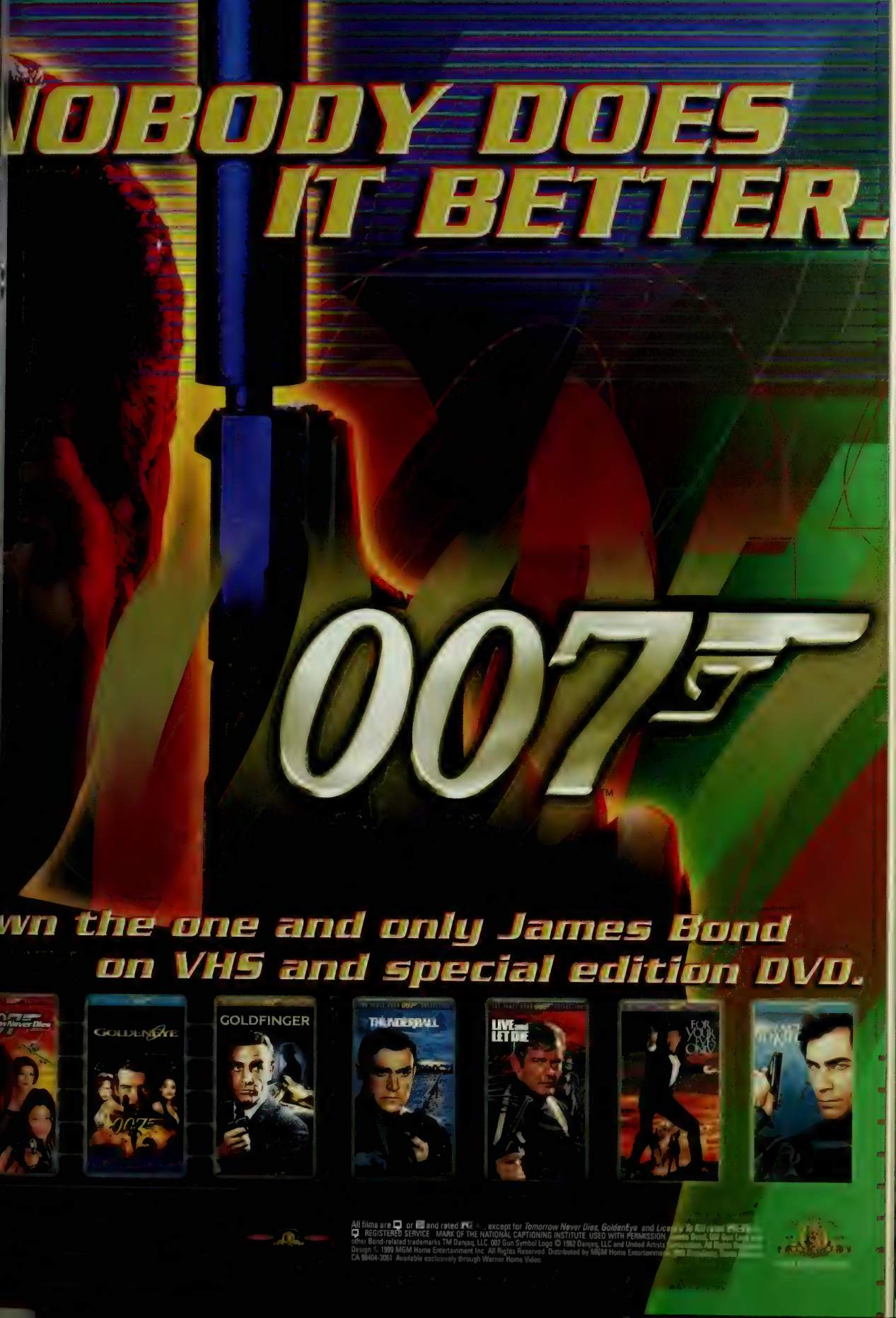
"In 1988, in the market town of Gerze in Tibet," Schaller continues, "I saw Tibetan traders openly plucking the wool from chiru hides, and they told me it was then smuggled to India, often via Nepal. I did not know what it was used for, and the local people didn't know the name shahtoosh, either. It wasn't until 1990, when a wool dealer in this country asked me about the status of Tibetan antelopes, that I first learned about shahtoosh and that these shawls, which come over here completely misrepresented, are actually from Tibetan antelope."

The wool dealer, Michael Sautman, the president of the California Cashmere Company, Inc., told me how he and Schaller came to make the connection between antelope hides and shahtoosh shawls. "After receiving an inquiry from a famous Italian cashmere company about raw shahtoosh wool, and based upon my doubt as to how the wool was obtained, I decided to contact George Schaller, who I knew was the foremost expert on Tibetan wildlife. When I talked to George, and we put together his knowledge of the animal and my knowledge of the fiber, all of a sudden we were able to come to a simultaneous conclusion about the trafficking and production of the wool in India and its final application. Before that, George didn't know what the wool was being used for and I didn't know—had no confirmation—that the wool was obtained by killing animals. We filled in the missing parts of the story for each other."

In 1992, Schaller informed the Wildlife Protection Society of India (W.P.S.I.) that shahtoosh wool is the product of the Tibetan antelope, and that the animal is always slaughtered for this process. Tests conducted on hundreds of shahtooshes in the forensic laboratories of French customs and the Italian police, as well as by the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service and the Wildlife Institute of India, subsequently established beyond any doubt that the wool is the product of only one species, the Tibetan antelope. Schaller estimates that three to five chirus have to be killed to make each shawl.

Nonetheless, the shahtoosh trade still flourishes in India, despite the occasional seizure of raw wool on the Nepal border or of shawls at such conspicuous outlets as the gift shop of the Oberoi Hotel in New Delhi. The problem is that the manufacture and sale of shahtooshes are legal in the Indian state of Jammu and Kashmir, which has its own laws regarding endangered species. According to W.P.S.I., the combined shahtoosh- and pashmina-shawl industry employs about 80,000 people and generates annual revenues of $160 million. Ten or 12 long-established families in Srinagar control the shahtoosh business, and there are suspicions that some of the profits have been used to buy arms for Islamic militants seeking to unite Indian Kashmir with Pakistan.

In 1993, Schaller persuaded the Chinese government to establish the 109,000-square-mile Chang Tang Reserve in northern Tibet for the chiru. It is monitored by armed patrols, and Schaller says that


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China "is trying very hard now to stop, or at least reduce, the poaching. They've lost two officials, and a number of poachers have been shot. Poachers get up to 15 years in jail."

In 1995, Schaller and the Wildlife Conservation Society wrote letters to some 100 American fashion designers and retailers informing them about how shahtooshes are made and encouraging them to promote pashminas instead. That same year, U.S. Fish and Wildlife agents discovered that Bergdorf Goodman in New York was selling shahtooshes. "They totally cooperated," says Special Agent John Brooks, "and turned over whatever shawls they had and provided us with information on where they got them from." When asked, he confirms that the store's supplier was a well-known New York socialite.

She wasn't the only one. According to Justin Lowe of the Tibetan Plateau Project, an environmentalist group based in San Francisco, "Private sales are the largest source of shahtoosh sales in the United States." In researching this article, I was told of at least eight other individuals who have sold or are still selling shahtooshes in New York, London, Paris, and Los Angeles, including a British magazine editor, the wife of a prominent Park Avenue doctor, the wife of an English art dealer, an American art dealer, and a Swiss socialite. A Washington philanthropist told me that she was offered shahtooshes as recently as two years ago at an Indian Embassy party by the wife of an embassy employee. "Every single divorcée who needs some extra cash that I know in London sells them," says Nan Kempner.

The international A-plus-list ladies—some of whose shahtoosh collections rival Valentino's—favor two sellers in particular, the New York–based social sidekick of a leading American designer and a Paris-based former model for a leading French designer. One buyer told me about visiting the latter at her Right Bank apartment with a corporate wife who had been given the address by the wife of a high-ranking American diplomat in Paris. "Her whole bedroom is draped with shahtooshes, pashminas, and Indian jewelry. She offers you tea. The shahtooshes are $1,400 and the pashminas are $400, and she has them in every color. It was like being in a little Indian bazaar." The two big sellers are extremely competitive, and the former has been known to say of the latter, "My shahtooshes are *not* slaughtered. Hers are slaughtered."

Then there are "the Tupperware parties of the 90s," as one bright young thing calls the shahtoosh sales conducted in private apartments on Fifth and Park Avenues. "They started about six or seven years ago. All these chic girls came from Europe selling them. You'd get a call about these fabulous new scarves and you'd go to a girlfriend's apartment and buy them. It was fun, but it could get very ugly if there weren't enough of the good colors to go around."

In October 1998, Catherine Cahill and William Bernhard, an old-money couple well known in New York and Southampton society, invited a large group of their friends to a luncheon and lecture with George Schaller at a private club on Park Avenue. The announced subject of Schaller's lecture was "Saving Inner Asia's Wildlife: A Report from Mongolia and Tibet." "We'd been advised," Cahill explains, "that if we put 'shahtoosh' on the invitation we could hold the lunch in a telephone booth."

The guest list was a cross between Old Guard pillars such as Jan Cowles, Kay Meehan, Iris Love, Mary Cronson, Judy Peabody, Alex Goelet, and Kathy Rayner and new-money go-getters such as Audrey Gruss, Carol Mack, Kathryn Bryan, Yanna Avis, Patricia Kluge, Barbaralee Diamonstein-Spielvogel, and Mai Hallingby.

"It was hysterical," recalls Cahill. "Because, as you remember, George's talk started out with wonderful pictures of scenery and wildlife, and everyone was oohing and aahing. And then there was this nomad with a leghold trap, and there was an audible gasp and all over the room you could see shahtooshes sliding surreptitiously under the tables.... I think it made quite an impression. I got a lot of letters, a lot of calls, a lot of people saying that they had no idea that they'd been lied to all these years. I also found out that some people just believe what they want to believe."

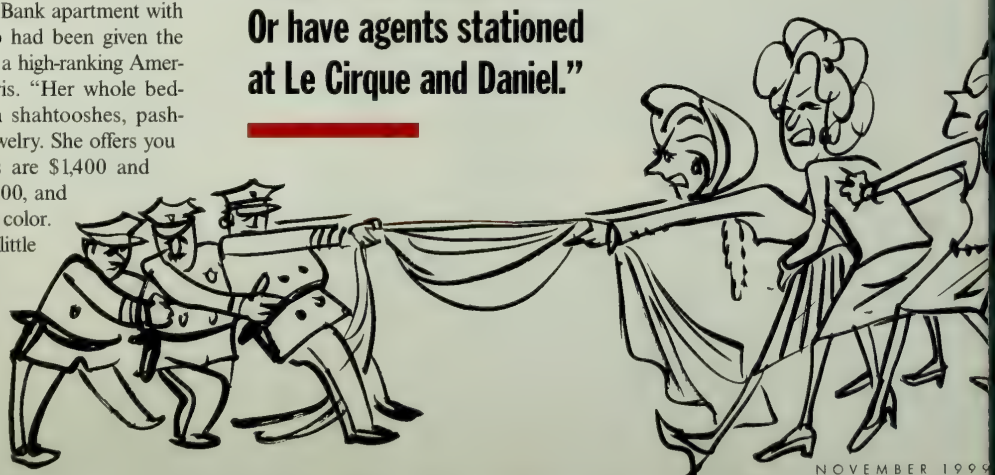
Several women reportedly left the luncheon and went straight to the nearby apartment of an art-book publisher, where the former model from Paris was on hand to sell them more shahtooshes. That was a year ago, but even the subpoenas of this past summer have still not broken high society's shahtoosh habit. "I hear Catherine Cahill is running a witch-hunt in New York," one West Coast shahtoosh collector told me. And when a friend of the other big seller warned him to be careful, he replied, "Darling, I have ladies calling me from the Aegean Sea. They're afraid this is their last chance. What I really should do is double my prices."

This month, China is hosting an international conference on the Tibetan antelope trade in Xining, the capital of Qinghai Province, which borders the Tibetan plateau, "to address international enforcement, legislative and awareness needs." Both shahtoosh-trading and -consuming countries, including India, Nepal, Bhutan, Italy, France, and the United States, are participating, as is the state of Jammu and Kashmir. At the same time, the World Wildlife Fund, together with the Wildlife Conservation Society, will launch a major shahtoosh-awareness campaign targeting the American, European, and Hong Kong markets, fronted by supermodel Shalom Harlow and other celebrity spokespersons, "to help get the word out to the fashion media."

"We are also pressing the Fish and Wildlife Service to establish a voluntary-abandonment initiative," says World Wildlife Fund vice president for species conservation Ginette Hemley, "an amnesty program of sorts to encourage shahtoosh owners to turn in their goods without further legal action."

"Lots of luck," says Denise Hale. □

"Tell me they're going to bring in the closet police. Or have agents stationed at Le Cirque and Daniel."



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ONE FINE RAY

With *Waterloo Sunset*, a new collection of stories, Kinks leader Ray Davies has taken the lyrical talent behind "Lola" and "You Really Got Me" into a different arena—the rocker who writes is now a writer who rocks



YOU REALLY GOT
Ray Davies, l
singer and songwriter
the 1960s superba
the Kinks. Only the Roll
Stones have had a lon
run. Photographed at
National Theatre in Lond
on June 15, 19

Ray Davies, the leader of the Kinks, was always the most writerly of British rockers. The plangent incantation of "You Really Got Me." The bucolic melancholy of "Sunny Afternoon." The Sweeney-among-the-Adam's-appled-nightingales of "Lola." Ray could rock, Ray could write. Small wonder, then, that he's become, well—what else to call it?—a real writer.

If his 1995 autobiography, *X-Ray,* seemed an odd embrace of Quintilian's Late Latin desideratum of the *ornatus,* his new collection of stories, *Waterloo Sunset,* evinces a voice that is his own, freed, sure, and fine.

Writing, he says, is "a different discipline." More isolation, more flexibility. "I don't have a drummer giving me a backbeat." In making music, "there's slightly more brain damage involved." No metaphor: "The sound attacks your ears."

He speaks of Dickens, of Conrad. "And late in life I've grown to like Shakespeare." Then, perhaps the only salient original critical appreciation of Shakespeare to be uttered since the death o A. L. Rowse: "I don't know why."

But enough shoptalk. There's something I need to know. A one of the few true lords of English rock 'n' roll, is he ashame of Elton John?

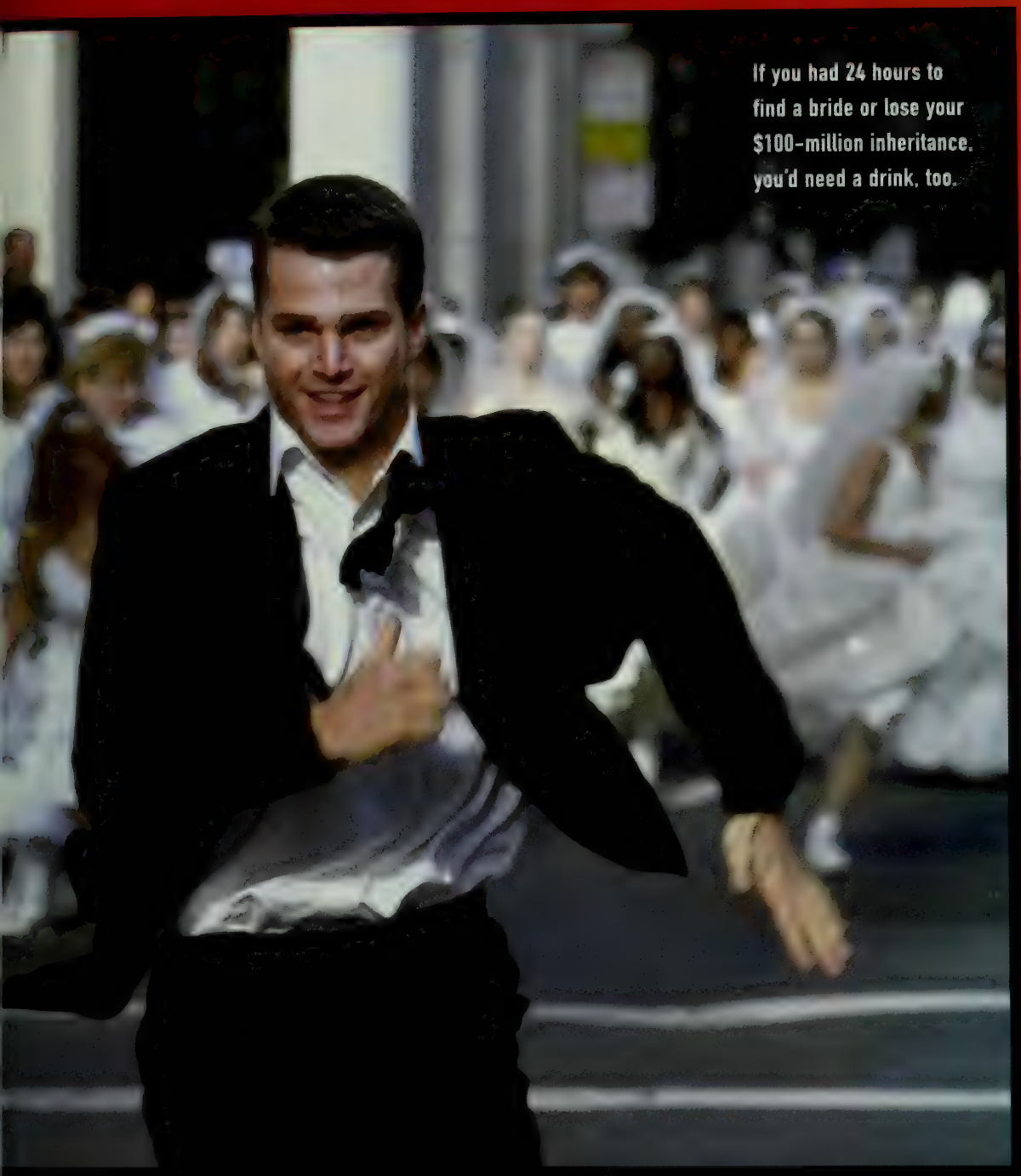
"Bunter, you mean? We used to call him Bunter. Billy Bunte was a fat chump at school, a comic-strip character in the 50s. He continues: "Who is that woman who's related to Princess D ana that writes all those books? She's about 90 years old. Well he's become the her of rock 'n' roll."

Actually, Dame Barbara Cartland is 98, in better shape tha rock 'n' roll, Presleyed, Beatled, and Buntered to moribund medi ocrity as it's been.

So here's to Ray. May he stroll smiling through the graveyar for many a year, Lola to his left, Conrad to his right, Shake speare growing on him, his not quite knowing why.

—NICK TOSCHE

PHOTOGRAPH BY JULIAN BROAD



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When it comes to marriage, Jimmie Shannon (Chris O'Donnell) has always been more of an "I don't" kind of guy. But the sight of Anne (Renee Zellweger) is enough to make even Jimmie's hardened bachelor heart grow soft and mushy. Unfortunately, Jimmie slept through "How to Propose to Your Girlfriend So She Doesn't Dump You Flat" in high school. Things start looking up for poor jilted Jimmie when his grandfather dies, leaving him a $100-million inheritance. Unfortunately, Jimmie has to find a wife in 24 hours to collect it.

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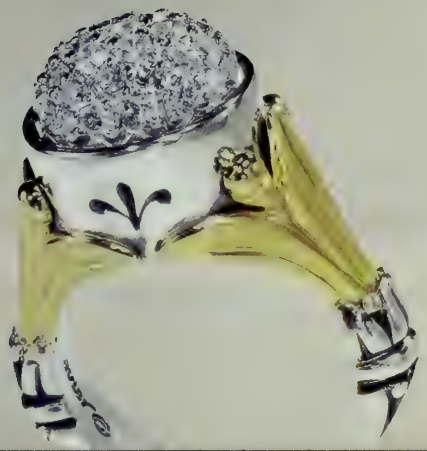
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George Bernard Shaw, Woodrow Wilson, and Theodore Roosevelt. She inspired the kind of passion reserved today for rock stars, whose audiences are as eager to hear "greatest hits" as any new works. The actress and teacher Uta Hagen estimates that she saw Draper perform 60 times, while John Gielgud is of the opinion that Draper was, with Martha Graham, "the greatest individual performer that America has ever given us."

Her gift for crowding a stage all by herself led the New York critic Alexander Woollcott to declare in 1921 that she could easily bill her act as "Ruth Draper and the rest of humanity." In *The Times* of London in 1988, the critic Bernard Levin wrote, "The magic of her genius can never be reconstructed for those who did not see her, and will never be forgotten, until they die, by those who did." Those of us who didn't have a chance to witness Draper onstage have only her recordings for consolation. It is through her voice, an instrument she handled as deftly as any musical virtuoso, that her contemporary cult has developed, with such familiar members as Lily Tomlin, Mike Nichols, John Lithgow, Fran Lebowitz, Simon Callow, and Charles Nelson Reilly.

"Most actors know about Ruth Draper," says Emmy-winning Holland Taylor of *The Practice*, who once attempted to stage a one-woman show about Draper. "It's sort of like singers know about Mabel Mercer. And all singers know that Frank Sinatra said he learned everything he knew about singing from Mabel Mercer."

But Draper's cult is not that widespread, even among actors. Convinced that live performance was the only way to deliver her work, Draper waited until very late in her career to attempt any sort of recording. As a result, only a fraction of the monologues were recorded, and they are not easy to find. The only film clips extant—a 1940s screen test for which the sound has been lost and a 1956 TV appearance—are even more difficult to get ahold of.

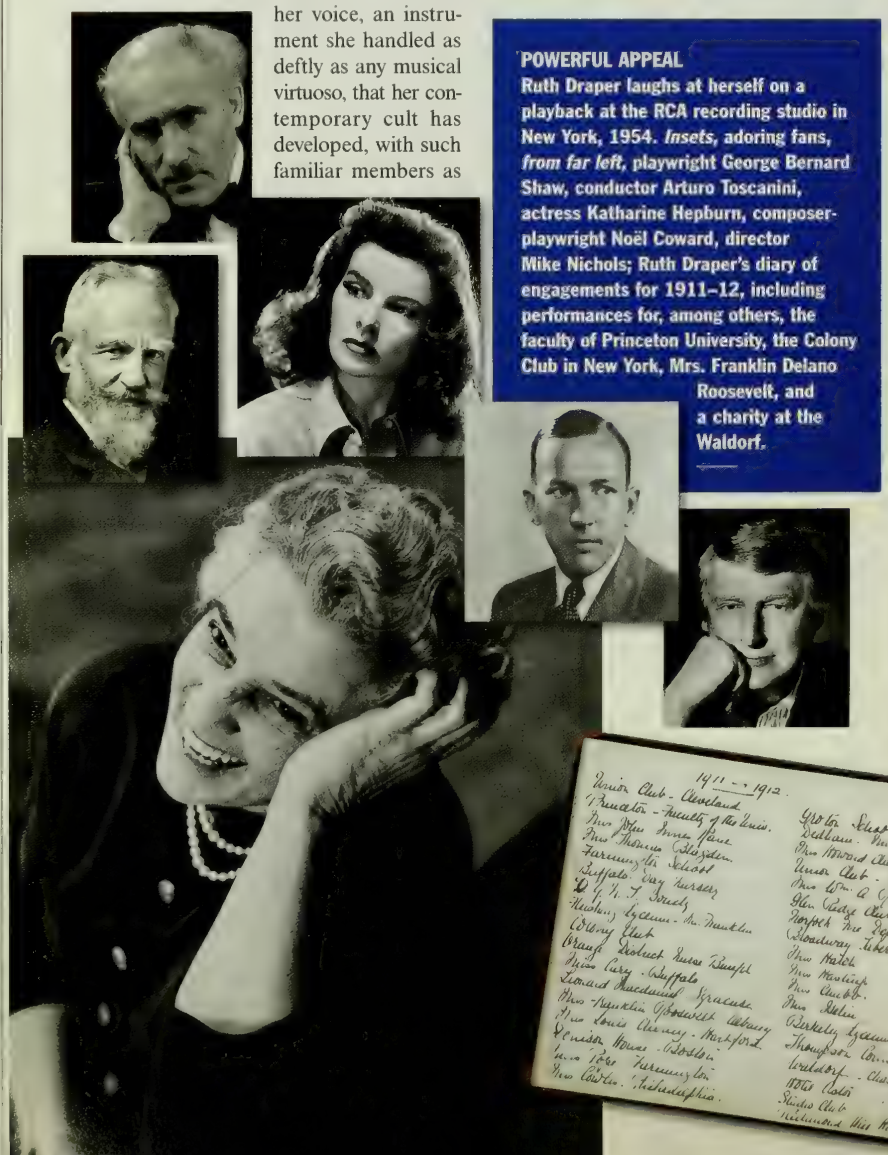
Because Draper did not designate a literary executor, confusion has reigned in the nearly 43 years since her death over the rights to both her personal papers and her professional creations. The most revealing book about the actress, *The Letters of Ruth Draper,* has been out of print for years. It will be re-released this month by the Southern Illinois University Press, which at the same time will publish the first full-length biography, *The World of Ruth Draper.* Its author, 94-year-old Dorothy Warren, who also edited the letters, is so zealous a guardian of Draper's legacy that last year she successfully, albeit temporarily, had the wife of the new chairman of the Metropolitan Museum of Art banned from the Draper archives at the New-York Historical Society.

Occasional detractors find Draper dated and precious. And it's true that if you can't stand P. G. Wodehouse or Barbara Pym or much of Charles Dickens, then Draper may not immediately appeal. Some critics have compared her to Jane Austen, and her best monologues age as nicely, in part because they avoid pop-cultural references, the crutch upon which so much contemporary writing leans. At the heart of *The Italian Lesson,* Draper's most famous piece, is a society matron who comments that Dante, like Shakespeare, "seemed to know the things that always would be true." So did Draper.

"Do you know anybody who likes music? Well, everyone *says* they do, but I never really believe them," remarks the matron in *The Italian Lesson* while attempting to unload tickets to the Philharmonic. To a petulant child, the mother in *The Children's Party* insists, "Even when you're miserable, you must *pretend* to be happy." The wife in *Three Women and Mr. Clifford* is a font of words to live by, including "Everyday life, that's what gets you in the end" and "The trouble with success is, it takes all your time and you can't do the things you really want to do."

By most accounts Draper was as great a dramatic artist as she was a satirist, but it is her comic creations that stand the test of time, in particular her precise portraits of socialites, both American and British. Though they no longer exist in the exact form from which Draper sculpted her pieces, these women haven't disappeared; they simply wear slacks a lot more often. Draper knew them well, for their world was hers.

Ruth Draper was born in 1884 to William H. Draper, a prominent New York physician, and Ruth Dana, whose father, Charles Dana, was for 30 years the influential editor of the *New York Sun.* The seventh of Dr. Draper's eight children, Ruth was



POWERFUL APPEAL
Ruth Draper laughs at herself on a playback at the RCA recording studio in New York, 1954. *Insets,* adoring fans, *from far left,* playwright George Bernard Shaw, conductor Arturo Toscanini, actress Katharine Hepburn, composer-playwright Noël Coward, director Mike Nichols; Ruth Draper's diary of engagements for 1911–12, including performances for, among others, the faculty of Princeton University, the Colony Club in New York, Mrs. Franklin Delano Roosevelt, and a charity at the Waldorf.

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a frail child who briefly attended Miss Spence's School on West 48th Street before switching to private lessons with a governess and hours of play with invisible companions.

Draper's early sketches amused only family and close friends, but it quickly became clear that they were more than the average drawing-room diversion. In 1910, when, in her mid-20s, she began to be paid for her appearances, Draper expanded her purview—to schools, charity events, and the parlors of prominent hostesses in New York and, later, London. Soon a favorite of the British royal family, Draper never sullied her performances for them by mentioning cash; the royals preferred to compensate her with jewelry.

Both Henry Adams and Henry James were friends and counselors to Draper in London in the years before World War I. "My dear young friend, you have woven yourself a magic carpet—stand on it!" Henry James told her when she went to him for career advice. In 1913 he even wrote a monologue for her, but she never performed it, preferring to concentrate on her own work. She used one of the drawings John Singer Sargent made of her during this period—posing as one of her creations, a Scottish immigrant at Ellis Island—on posters and programs throughout her career.

Draper's younger brother, Paul, a lieder singer, and his flamboyant wife, Muriel, were also in pre-war London, establishing a musical salon in their home in Chelsea. The pianist Arthur Rubinstein described in his memoirs a scene there that was common in Draper's early days as an entertainer; after it was suggested that she recite, guests unfamiliar with her talents rolled their eyes. "Here we were ready to play great music," wrote Rubinstein, "and the Drapers were going to impose upon us some prattle fit for a family celebration at Christmas, or grandpapa's birthday!" But as Ruth Draper clicked into character, the apprehension dissolved. When she finished two sketches, Rubinstein recalled, "enchanted and excited, we shouted our bravos and praises."

Although Draper had no formal training as an actress, she was a natural mimic who could do nearly any accent. She composed and performed pieces in French, Italian, and German. Shy when not in front of an audience, Draper was devoted to her mother, and lived with her most of the year. (Draper's father had died in 1901.) Ruth Dana Draper died in August 1914, the month World War I began. The two events were critical in pushing the 29-year-old performer toward the professional stage. The next year, without any advance bookings, Draper embarked on a private U.S. tour—a courageous move for someone of her background. Unmarried women "of a certain age" were expected to settle into lives of quiet spinsterhood, but Draper was not your average old maid. As the English writer Harold Acton, who met Draper years later, noted in *Memoirs of an Aesthete,* "Behind the prim spinsterish façade lurked the Henry James heroine with smouldering eyes."

Warren saw Draper perform 37 times. "I can document them," she says. "I have the programs."



DRAPER'S BOSWELL
Dorothy Warren, 94, photographed in New York by Jonathan Becker, edited *The Letters of Ruth Draper,* and this month is publishing her biography, *The World of Ruth Draper.*

In 1918, Draper traveled to Europe to entertain the troops. Exposing her to worlds far outside society's cloister, the Y.M.C.A.-sponsored tour ended Draper's days as a bauble on limited display. Upon returning to London, she booked Aeolian Hall, a small concert hall, for a matinee. "Her observation is almost wickedly keen," noted *The Times* of London. "Her expression of it is pointed and polished till it is as clear and bright as a diamond." With that first professional performance, on January 29, 1920, the 35-year-old Draper moved officially into the ranks of working actresses.

Louis Auchincloss, at 83 the dean of New York's social chroniclers, knew Ruth Draper through his parents, who also lived at 66 East 79th Street, the apartment building that was for many years the actress's New York residence. He says her career never threatened her social status. "You can get away with absolutely anything," he observes, "if you succeed."

The 1920s were Draper's most productive period, during which she wrote her best-known pieces and achieved many of her greatest successes. It was also a time of tragedy through the loss of her brother Paul, whose singing career never took off and whose chronic alcoholism and gambling caused Draper much anguish. In February 1925, at the age of 38, he met a bizarre end, dropping dead in the middle of a party in New York. Draper wrote, "Paul and my work were the two realities, the two anchors in my life; with him gone the other is doubly precious." In one notably fecund period just months after her brother's death, she composed three of her finest works, *Doctors and Diets, In a Church in Italy,* and the most popular of them all, *The Italian Lesson.*

The social matron in *The Italian Lesson* has barely made a stab at *The Divine Comedy* when the interruptions begin, starting with her four children, who jump on furniture, make rude remarks ("We don't say such things even when we *think* them," she tells them), and drag in a new puppy immediately christened Dante ("Dan for short"). A long parade of servants files through, including Jane the cook ("Have you any clear soup? Well, we might have some clear soup. Put something amusing in it, I don't really mind what"). There are endless phone calls. Friends check in with the latest gossip ("That is not for the children's ears so I'll meet you at the Plaza"), Miss Pounder, schoolteacher, is sternly informed that young Billy ("a peculiarly sensitive child") will be giving up mathematics, and Count Bluffsky, an artist, is instructed on changes in a daughter's portrait ("Do you think you might make her a little fatter?").

Miss Mary, the manicurist, works amidst the din, and Miss Swift, the secretary, is ordered to handle an opera-related emergency ("I have a box, but I have no men"). Though bored stiff by a phone exchange with her husband, the matron assumes a devilish tone for her lover ("Don't make me laugh, 'cause I'm on my way to a fu



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neral"). As the clock chimes, Signorina is told that the lesson, which has halted after the poem's third line, will have to be rescheduled. "I hate to have my lesson interrupted," the matron moans.

It is a feat of frenzied stagecraft that continues to resonate. John Lithgow, who won an Emmy this year for *Third Rock from the Sun,* was introduced to the work of Ruth Draper in the 1970s, while rehearsing for a Broadway production of Trevor Griffiths' *The Comedians.* Its director, Mike Nichols, conducted what amounted to a "seminar in comedy," says Lithgow, by playing for the actors a variety of recordings, including Draper's. "It's so dazzling," he says of her performance of *The Italian Lesson.* "'Quicksilver' is the best word for it."

Another of Draper's 1920s creations is *Three Women and Mr. Clifford,* separate but linked portraits delivered by the secretary, the wife, and the mistress of one Anthony Clifford, a captain of industry. It is a favorite of Simon Callow, the British actor, writer, and director, who has been a Draper devotee since the 1960s, when as a teenager he happened upon her albums at a used-record shop in London. "In seeing the women," says Callow, "you experience the most vivid realization of Mr. Clifford himself. You know that man inside out by the time it's over." Callow, who plans to borrow the device for a dramatic portrait of Oscar Wilde as created by six other characters, lauds Draper's ability to "actually [become] a different person for each of the people she's talking to without losing her own center."

Draper attracted reams of positive press. Reading her reviews—37 years of effusive accolades—quickly becomes a dull exercise: VERSATILE GENIUS AT THE GAIETY, A BRILLIANT WOMAN OF MANY PARTS, and NO SUPERLATIVES LEFT TO DESCRIBE RUTH DRAPER are typical headlines. Regularly paid tribute in publications such as *The New Yorker* and *Punch,* Draper was both elated and appalled when the latter ran a full-page sketch of her in 1928. "A *tremendous* honor," Draper acknowledged in a letter, "but isn't it a pity it's so awful! I believe I'm the first woman, and only about the 12th person so far, so I suppose I should be thrilled, but I confess my vanity is offended!"

Interviews were another matter; Draper did not believe in them. Early in her career, the lack of publicity did not hurt ticket sales; a small notice in a London paper announcing one of her regular runs would lead to an immediate sellout. Draper thought her work spoke for itself, and nothing more needed to be said.

Her biographer, Dorothy Warren, attributes Draper's avoidance of the press to good breeding. Simon Callow speculates that she was protecting her creations as well. "She was drawing off a tiny range of human experience, but mining it very deep," he says. "It's like she's the Chopin of dramatists. Tiny études, basically, they are that she's created, but I'm sure she felt that if she were to lay herself open she would expose the fundamental material, and coarsen it."



SOCIAL CHAMELEON
Ruth Draper in a few of her infinite variety of creations, *clockwise from top right: At an Art Exhibition in Boston; In County Kerry, 1919; Doctors and Diets; The Children's Party;* and *Opening a Bazaar. Center,* title on a 9½-by-4-foot map Draper kept, with gold stars on all the places where she had performed.

As Draper's reputation grew, so did her contact with the elite of every realm she breezed through. The economist John Maynard Keynes, the children's author A. A. Milne, and Helen Keller, whose companion, Annie Sullivan, would tap out details of Draper's performance on Keller's wrist, all adored Draper, and such theater greats as Sarah Bernhardt and Eleonora Duse were as impressed with her as she was with them. After one Dr per performance, Mrs. Patrick Campbell the original Eliza Doolittle in *Pygmalion* demanded of George Bernard Sha "Have you ever seen such acting?" Sha responded, "That's not acting, that's life

Though Draper traveled in lofty circle she was essentially a modest perso and a thrifty Wasp. She was close to h siblings, but her true confidantes were handful of women of similar backgroun including Harriet Ma ple, a nurse and singe whom she had m on the Y.M.C.A. tou and Aileen Tone, He ry Adams's secretar companion in his nal years. Her ideal v cations were summe breaks at her home i Maine, where she woul host nieces and nephew and take daily swim in the icy Atlantic waters. Though sh spent serious money o the creations of such Pa couturiers as Worth an Vionnet, Draper was know to give a good dress or co a second life by having remade, and she alway preferred a small *pension* to a grand hotel. When sh was touring, her regim could be spartan—simpl meals cooked on a po table stove—but if a more lavish table wa laid, she consumed heartily. "I've just ha breakfast," she wrote to her sister Dor thea from a tour of South Africa in 193 "porridge, brown sugar and cream, saus age, bacon and eggs an coffee, and figs to en up with! A wicked indu gence, but it's Sunday."

With minimal expens es and consistently fu houses, Draper became wealthy woman. She gav away great sums and ha countless benefits on he performance schedule which came to includ regular seasons in Lo don and New York an tours of parts of all continents except An arctica. Draper journeyed mostly by trai or ocean liner, using the time to rest, wor on her monologues, and maintain a volu minous correspondence.

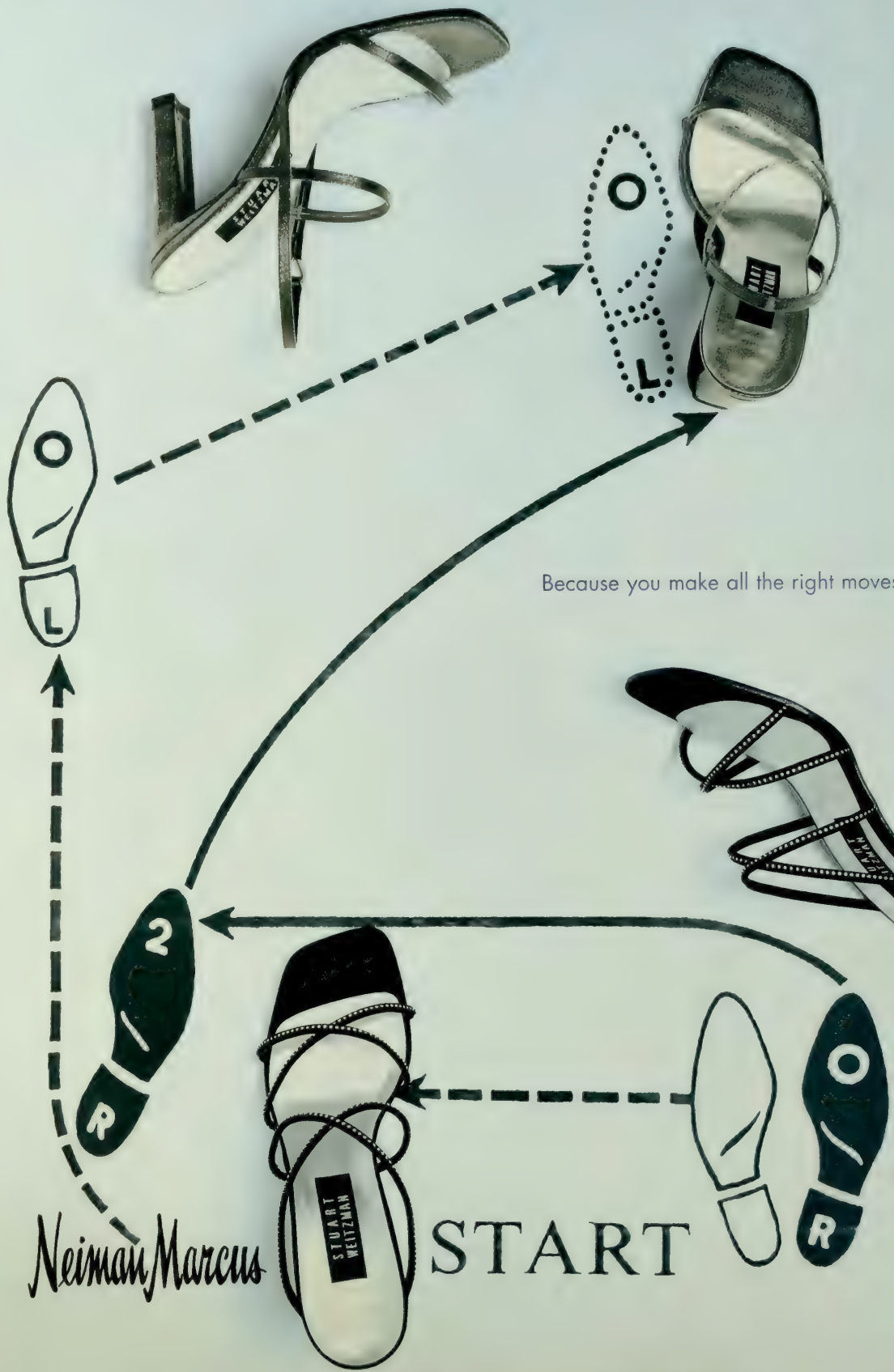
As the 1920s neared their end and Dra per settled into middle age, she at time was depressed by the solitude that define her life and her CONTINUED ON PAGE

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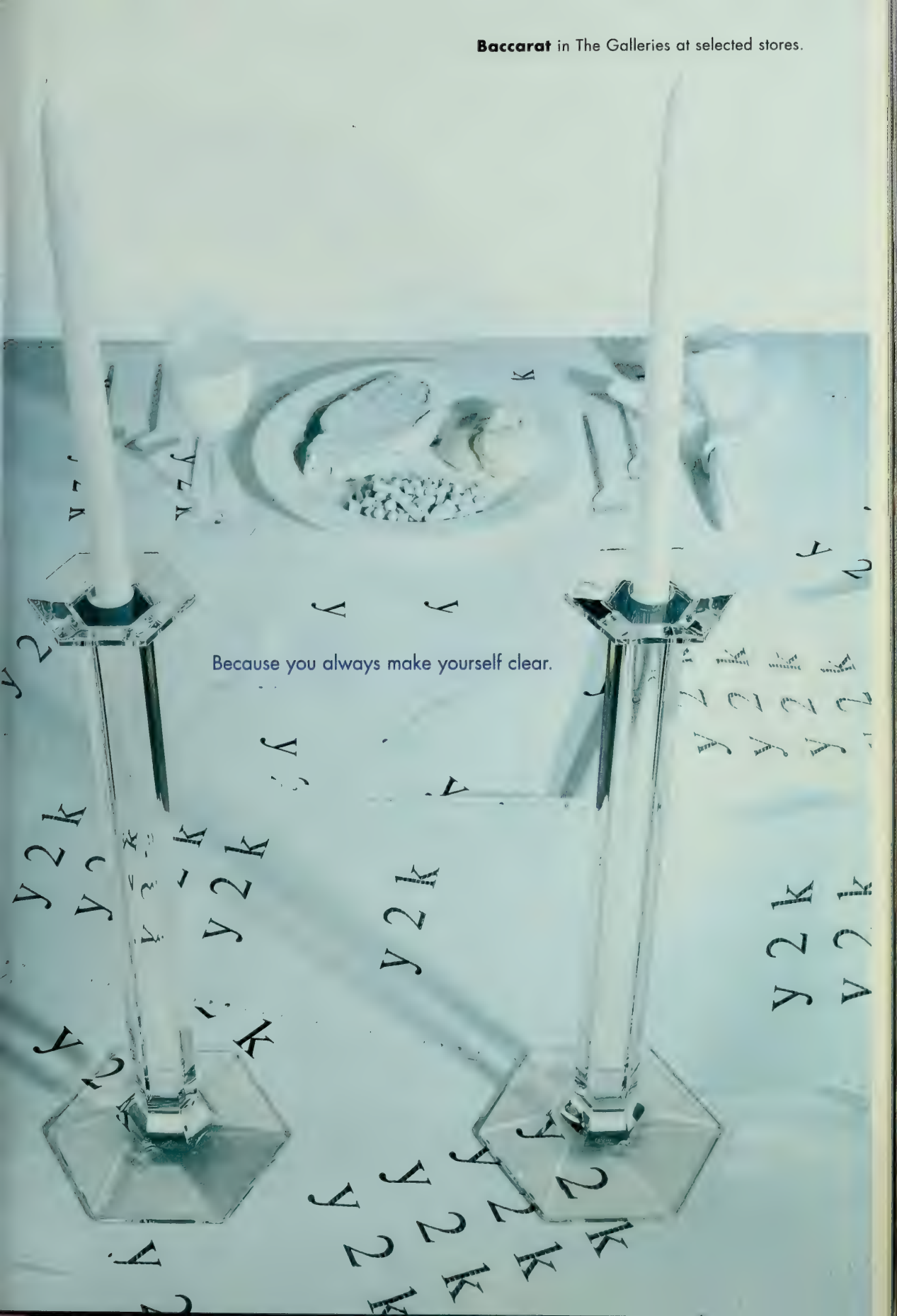
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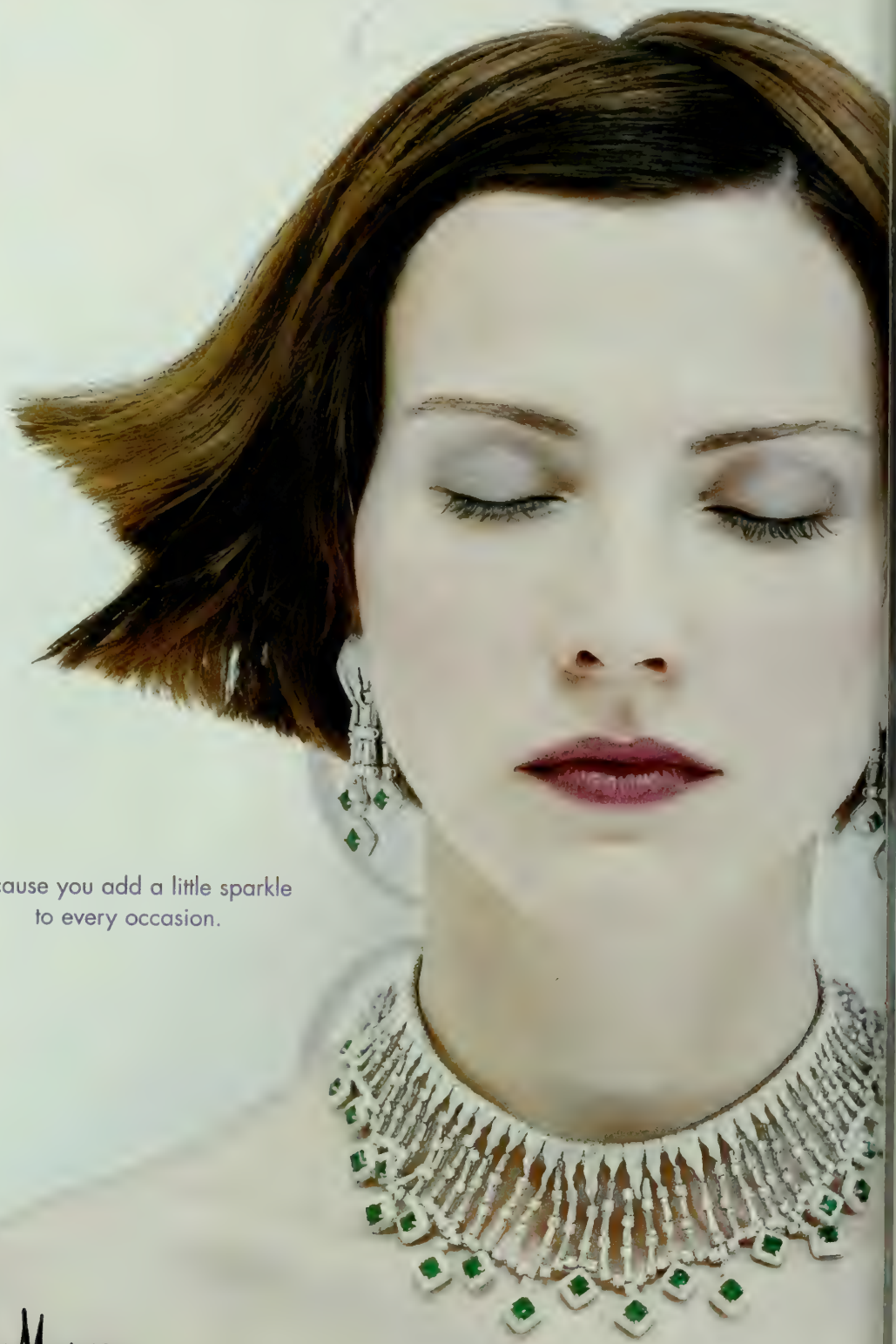
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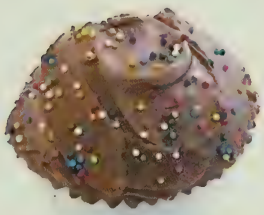
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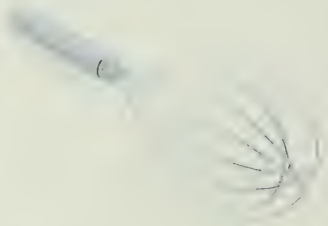


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[illegible] work. Solo performers, after all, do not have anyone to hang out with after the show. But she had come to accept how difficult marriage would be. "As I stood on the great stage of the Coliseum and held that audience of 3,000 with my 'Vive la France,'" she wrote to Harriet Marple after an early professional performance, "the revelation came to me that in thus giving all I had to give to those thousands, I must accept it as the alternative to giving myself to one."

Even if she had not met the love of her life at lunch, March 14, 1928, would have been a big day for Draper, who was then 43 and performing in Rome; her calendar shows "Tea with Mussolini" scheduled for that afternoon. While lunching earlier in the day at the home of an American friend, Draper was introduced to Lauro de Bosis, an Italian poet and translator, who was 26. The son of an Italian father and an American mother, de Bosis was handsome, charming, and romantic to the core. "Never have I dreamed that such love and such beauty could come to me," wrote Draper to Harriet Marple.

According to Dorothy Warren, Draper was a virgin when she met Lauro de Bosis, despite occasional meetings with "N.C.," an officer from North Carolina she had met during her wartime tour of France. While anguishing over that relationship, Draper had inquired of a friend, "When two people wish to go away together, where do they go? How do they do it?" She was living through the Roaring 20s, but Draper's mode of behavior had been formed in a more restrictive era.

"My beloved archangel," begins de Bosis's first letter to Draper after she left Italy. "Through you, I too have drunk the milk of Paradise and will never more be the same as before." Disturbed by the depth of his feeling for her and the difference in their ages, Draper expressed "terror" at meeting de Bosis again. But she did, when he arrived in New York in the fall of 1928 to accept a position with the Italy-America Society, a cultural organization. Though the two believed their affair to be secret, it was obvious to friends. Over the next three years, as Draper's tours took her back and forth between Europe and the United States, she and de Bosis spent many weeks together, sharing a love of literature and art and of such simple pleasures as swimming, boating, and bicycling. "Lauro grows to me in beauty all the time," she wrote to Marple in 1929.

Like many of his countrymen, de Bosis had become disgusted with Mussolini. In the summer of 1930, he decided to take action by founding a political organization known as the Alleanza Nazionale. To concentrate on the group's mission—the clandestine circulation of anti-Fascist newsletters in Italy—he resigned from the Italy-America Society. In December of that year, while on a trip outside Italy, de Bosis learned that two of his chief collaborators and his 66-year-old mother, in whose home the machine used to reproduce the newsletters had been hidden, had been arrested.

Though Lillian de Bosis was released, her son's colleagues were sentenced to 15 years in prison. De Bosis was distraught—even embarrassed—that location had spared him the trial and its consequences. He became determined to intensify the Alleanza Nazionale's purpose. Inspired by another anti-Fascist, who had flown over Milan dropping leaflets critical of Mussolini, de Bosis decided to embark upon a similar flight over Rome. He settled in Paris in early 1931 to plot his next moves. It was not until Draper arrived there in April after a North American tour that she learned of his intentions. Though stunned, she never wavered in her support. "I count each hour of happiness—that's all I can say," she wrote to Marple.

"Most actors know about Ruth Draper," Holland Taylor says, "like singers know about Mabel Mercer."

De Bosis signed up for flying lessons and in the summer of 1931 bought a plane, but it had to be abandoned after a botched flight. His plan revealed, de Bosis went into hiding in Switzerland, then Germany. When Draper joined him, she was not able to send her usual copious communications to her family, but she did convey to Marple, "If anything should ever happen to me—I think I'd like my sisters to know ... how happy I've been and how perfect was the love we had."

In Germany, de Bosis used an assumed name to purchase another aircraft, and arranged to have it flown to southern France. On October 2, 1931, he and Draper parted at the train station in Marseilles. The following afternoon, with less than 10 hours of solo experience, de Bosis took off with a single reserve tank of fuel. The German pilots who delivered and serviced the plane thought that "Mr. Morris" was bound for Barcelona, but his planned flight path—Marseilles to Rome, then on to Corsica—was far longer.

That evening a small plane appeared over Rome, blanketing squares and streets, cafés, and an open-air cinema with ant[i] Fascist leaflets. It flew so low, witness[es] later reported, that it appeared to climb th[e] Spanish Steps. Romans were impressed b[y] both the pilot's audacity and the sent[i]ments expressed in his pamphlets. By th[e] time the Italian Air Force rallied to pursu[e] de Bosis, he was gone.

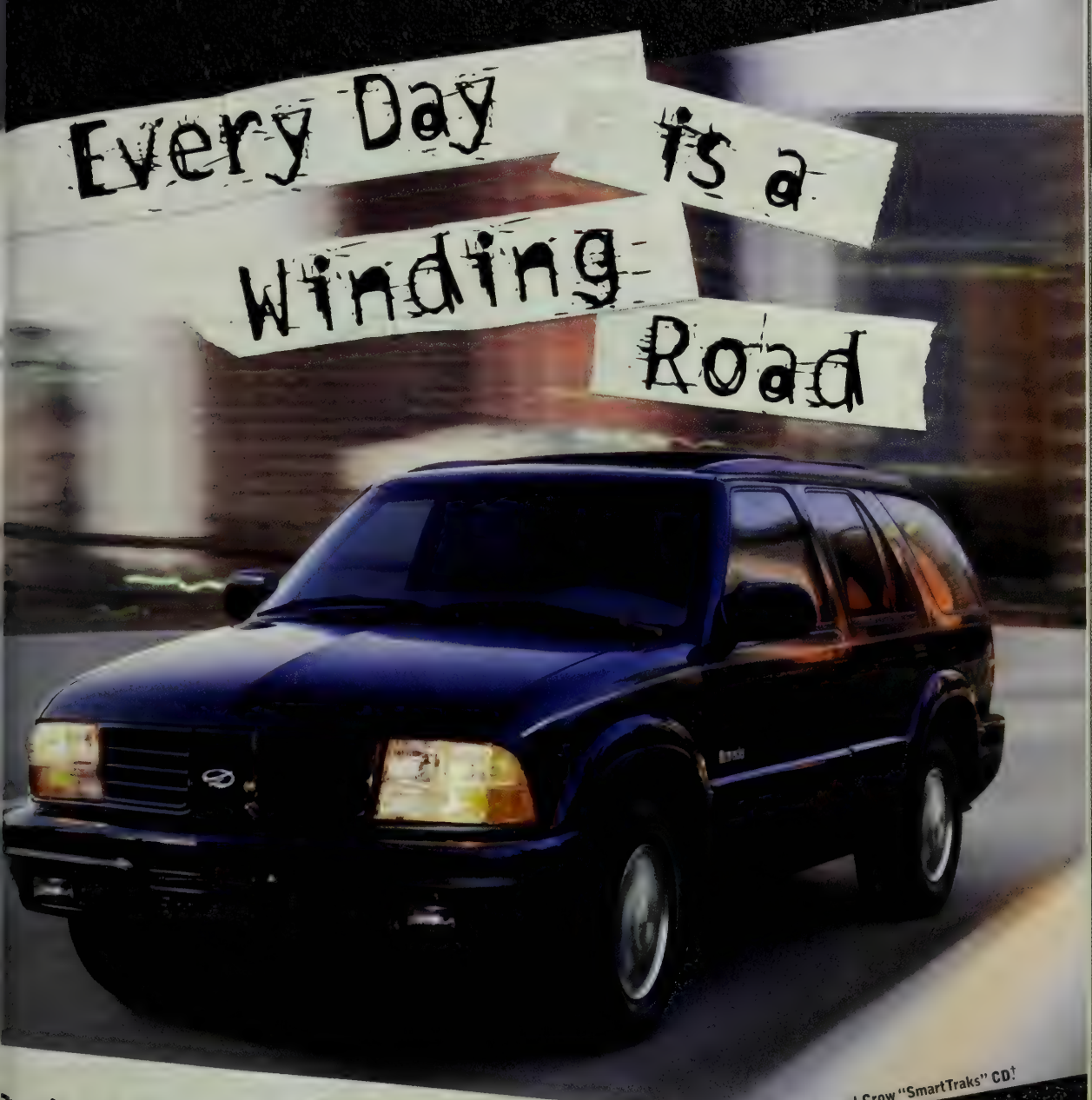
Before leaving France, de Bosis had se[nt] two letters to a friend in Belgium, one [to] be forwarded to Draper if he did not r[e]turn from his mission. The other containe[d] a remarkable treatise entitled "The Story [of] My Death," which de Bosis asked that h[is] friend release to the press in the event th[at] he did not survive. No trace of de Bosis' small wooden plane was ever found.

On October 14, *The Times* of Londo[n], *Le Soir* of Brussels, and *The New Yo[rk] Times* were among the newspapers th[at] published de Bosis's manifesto. It begin[s] "Tomorrow at 3 o'clock in a meadow o[n] the Cote d'Azur I have an appointme[nt] with Pegasus. Pegasus is the name of m[y] airplane.... It is as strong as eighty horse[s] and as slim as a swallow. Sometimes drun[k] with petrol, it leaps through the sky lik[e] its brother of old, but in the night it ca[n] glide at will through the air like a phan[-]tom ... to bear a message of liberty acro[ss] the seas to a people in chains."

In time Draper abandoned all but th[e] most impractical dreams that de Bos[is] was alive, but he remained forever at th[e] center of her life. She translated into En[-]glish his verse drama *Icaro,* now replet[e] with tragic ironies in its tale of the youn[g] man who flies too close to the sun an[d] then falls to his death, and with a $50,00[0] grant endowed the Lauro de Bosis Fou[n]dation for Italian Culture at Harvard.

According to those who knew de Bos[is] well, he would have disappointed Drape[r] had he survived, most likely by moving o[n] to another woman. And that was som[e]thing Draper could never have endure[d]. Comforted by the memory of his you[th] and idealism, and the joy of their time t[o]gether—their "perfect" love—she was nev[er] involved in another serious relationshi[p]. Among those who consoled Draper aft[er] de Bosis's disappearance was Edith Wha[r]ton, who sent a brief note saying, "I kno[w] the heartbreak and I know the emptiness

"Be happy and work.... If you do that, I will feel that my love continues aft[er] death to protect you," Lauro de Bos[is] wrote in his final letter to Ruth Drape[r]. She heeded his wish, and her work conti[n]ued until the night she died. But she wro[te] few new pieces. The loss of de Bosis ma[y] have impacted her creative flow, but it [is] just as likely that at some point her di[s]gence as a correspondent prevented a[n] but epistolary writing. "I'm nearly cra[z]



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with mail!" she wrote to her sister Alice.

Draper was not a natural champion of political causes, but she stood by loved ones in time of crisis. During World War II she used her celebrity to help free Arturo Vivante, Lauro de Bosis's teenage nephew, from a camp in which he and other Italians were interned in Canada. And when her nephew Paul Draper, the acclaimed tap dancer and son of her brother Paul, was blacklisted during the McCarthy era, Draper helped support him and his family, in part by touring with him. "Theater owners didn't dare say no to Ruth Draper," says Paul Draper's daughter Pamela, one of several Draper heirs who have worked as actors. When Draper went to see her niece Penelope perform with "a very impecunious off-Broadway group" in the early 1950s, she told her backstage, much as one of her characters would, "Well, dear, I think it was wonderful how you all learned your lines."

Draper herself had in her head at all times the equivalent of about four full-length plays. A typical evening with Ruth Draper consisted of five or six distinct sketches—many running a half-hour long—chosen from her professional repertoire of more than 60 original "monodramas." She required no Method-style preparation to shift from one unique character to another; in the blink of an eye, an English schoolgirl became a New England crone. Though her schedule was relentless, she was almost never ill and, until her final years, was rarely exhausted by performing.

Dorothy Warren regularly notes that Draper "was *in* the theater, but not *of* the theater," but she was *of* her social world only in a manner that cleverly skirted its more stifling features. How could society's inhabitants shun an actress when it was in their parlors that she had polished her art? "My wonderful life goes miraculously on," she wrote to a friend in 1955.

"I wish it were possible to send every young actor and actress to witness your remarkable performance. It would save them many trying seasons in stock," the comedian Eddie Cantor wrote Draper in a fan letter in 1929. Many others have since felt the same way.

Brent Briscoe and Mark Fauser learned about Draper in the mid-1980s in acting classes with Charles Nelson Reilly. They were freed up to write by a dearth of acting assignments, and their first play—appropriately a series of monologues—became the 1996 Showtime television film *The Right to Remain Silent.* Since then the actor-writers have sold two original scripts, including *Wakin' Up in Reno,* which Briscoe describes as "a white-trash *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice*" and which reportedly will star Brad Pitt and Jennifer Aniston. Above his desk, Fauser has a picture of Draper.



Though best known for wacky appearances on old TV game shows and, more recently, for Emmy-nominated guest roles on *Millen[nium]* and *The Drew Carey Show,* Reilly h[as] had a long and distinguished theater c[a]reer. He won a 1962 Tony in the origin[al] Broadway cast of *How to Succeed in Bu[si]ness Without Really Trying.* For years h[e] has also been a director and an acti[ng] teacher, and has introduced countless st[u]dents and theater professionals to th[e] work of Ruth Draper. Julie Harris, wh[o] once saw Draper perform and who h[as] been directed by Reilly in at least a doz[en] plays, including her one-woman triump[h] *The Belle of Amherst,* observes, "He kee[ps] her name and her spirit alive." So do[es] Mike Nichols, another of her enthusiast[ic] champions.

Of all contemporary artists, Lily Tom[lin] is the one most associated wi[th] Draper. She was trying out charact[er] sketches at a coffee shop in Detroit in th[e] 1960s when a customer commented th[at] she reminded him of Ruth Draper. Toml[in] had never heard of her. "I went to the D[e]troit Public Library, and, sure enough, [I] found these records," she recalls. "Sudde[n]ly, I had a standard, I had something [to] aspire to." Draper's ability to satirize wit[h]out cruelty made a particularly strong ir[n]pression. As Draper explained to Stu[d]s Terkel in a rare radio interview in th[e] 1950s, "I think that everybody is rath[er] ridiculous and everybody is rather pi[t]iful.... I think I show both sides." Yea[rs] later, when Tomlin was on Broadway [in] her one-woman show *Appearing Nite[ly]* she received a complimentary note fro[m] Charles Bowden, who had presented Dr[a]per during her final New York seasons. H[e] became the production supervisor of Tom[lin]'s next show, *A Search for Signs of Int[el]ligent Life in the Universe,* for which sh[e] won a Tony for best actress.

When Bowden, who died in 199[7], first produced Draper in the la[te] 1940s, her star had begun to fad[e] in the United States, in part b[e]cause of her refusal to promo[te] herself. Most of the scant inte[r]views with Draper were done du[r]ing the period when she worke[d] with Bowden and his partner, Ric[h]ard Barr, though she remaine[d] ever wary of the press. In the ear[ly] 50s, when Draper was appearin[g] in Boston, Bowden invited loc[al] critics to drop by her hotel. Mi[d]way through the afternoon gathering, [a] calls Bowden's widow, the actress Pau[la] Laurence, Draper looked at her watc[h] then asked if all the writers planned to c[o]me tique her that evening. Upon receiving [a] positive response, she instructed a wait[er] to replace their cocktails with cups of te[a].

It was also at Bowden's insistence th[at]

No trace of Lauro de Bosis's small wooden plane was ever found.



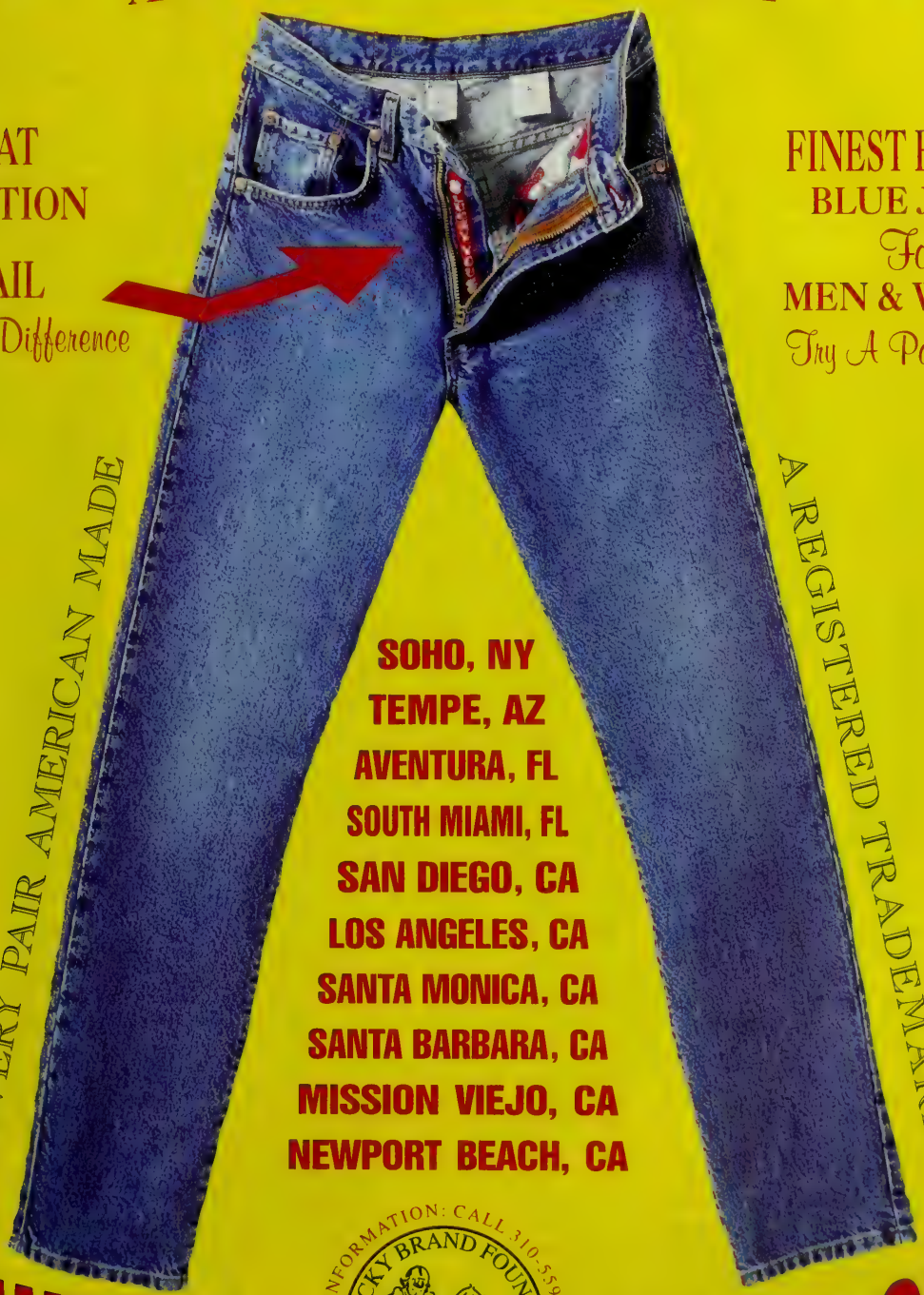


LIFE OFFSTAGE
From top: **the calling card of Lauro de Bosis, Draper's Italian lover; de Bosis in Portonovo, 1920; Draper at her summer home in Islesboro, Maine, with her friend Aileen Tone and her great-niece Susan Draper, 1956; the Islesboro house that same year.**

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Draper made her two U.S. television appearances. According to Charles Bowden, Ed Sullivan, after seeing Draper perform on Broadway in 1954, went backstage to ask "the little lady" to appear on his CBS program. Draper recoiled from his hands-on familiarity. "She found him dreadfully common," Bowden later told an interviewer. And given the value she placed on a theater audience's contribution to a performance, Draper had little interest in the passive media of film and TV. But Bowden talked her into doing the program, of which no copy survives, and the attention led to a sold-out run.

For the audio recordings, also made in 1954, even greater powers of persuasion had to be employed. To make the unfamiliar setting more natural, Bowden scheduled the sessions in the evening around the time a theater curtain would be going up, and Arturo Toscanini, the "maestro" of RCA and a longtime fan of Draper's, assigned the company's chief engineer to supervise. Draper's practice sessions were fine, but she became uncomfortable as the microphone was activated, and so Bowden turned on the recorder during rehearsals. These "warm-ups" are the essential remains of Ruth Draper's art.



HEIR APPARENT? Maisie Houghton, wife of James Houghton, chairman of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, infuriated Dorothy Warren by showing film footage of Draper during a museum lecture.

Dorothy Warren has lived a fan's ultimate dream. For the better part of 25 years, Draper's life and work have been her life's work. Warren saw Draper perform 37 times. "I can document them," she says. "I have the programs."

Like Draper, Warren attended Miss Spence's School, though Warren's family was of more modest means and less exalted social standing than the Drapers. Still, the formidably forthright Warren, a slight, white-haired figure who grows larger as she speaks, feels that she understands Draper as no contemporary admirer possibly could. "It must be awfully hard for you," she told me in a clipped tone evocative of good schooling and Yankee ancestry, "because you're writing about an age and a social concept and context that you've had no experience in."

According to Warren, it was Aileen Tone, one of Draper's closest friends, who suggested she edit Draper's letters. Delving into the project in the early 1970s after retiring from a real-estate career, Warren, who has occupied the same small Upper East Side apartment for more than 50 years, spent 5 years compiling *The Letters of Ruth Draper.* Several years after its 1979 publication, Warren embarked upon a biography, in part because other Draper relatives had died, leaving additional documents.

Warren regularly expresses concern about "vultures" ignorant of Draper and her social position swooping down to write about her. Her skepticism is not unfounded. Much of the scant material that has been published about Draper—with the exception of Warren's work—contains numerous inaccuracies, many of which are repeated even by those who knew Draper. And yet, only a handful of researchers have recently been at work in the Draper archives, including Warren herself, Maisie Houghton, the wife of James Houghton, the retired head of Corning Inc. and the new chairman of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and myself.

Houghton recalls Draper "as kind of like Auntie Mame, though she wasn't an Auntie Mame personality."

Since childhood, Maisie Houghton has spent summers on Islesboro in Maine, where Draper maintained her seasonal home and regularly performed for local charities. Sixteen years old when Draper died, Houghton describes the actress "as kind of like Auntie Mame, though she wasn't an Auntie Mame personality."

In 1995, Houghton inquired about tak ing a look at the Draper papers in th New-York Historical Society, but was in formed that the collection was closed t casual researchers until Warren's biogra phy was published. The two women me and at first they got along swimmingl "She was totally charming," says Warren "She's a niece of Sister Parish [the late so ciety decorator and Draper's goddaugh ter]. She had all the tie-ins." Warre opened her files to Houghton: "I thoug I had an heir apparent."

In the fall of 1997, as part of a lectur series at the Metropolitan Museum o Art, Houghton gave a talk about Dra per. No new information was imparted but Houghton did have one spectacula ace in the hole: rare film footage (with out sound) from a screen test the Euro pean film director Alexander Korda ha made of Draper in the 1940s. Doroth Warren was there, and she was furious "I was horrified that she showed it," say Warren, who objected to Houghton's fai ure to officially obtain clearance. And s Warren went to Paul Carter, Draper's grea nephew, and persuaded him to chang the permissions required for access t the Draper collection, effectively cuttin Houghton out.

"The family treated me like I was som kind of Kitty Kelley," murmurs the stylish ly thin Houghton from her spacious pied à-terre overlooking Central Park. (She an her husband spend most of their time i Corning, New York, home of the famil glassworks.) Houghton says she was en couraged to show the film by Michael Kor da, the book editor and nephew of th great director, although he doesn't contro the rights. Lawyers got involved, and even tually Betsy Gotbaum, the president o the New-York Historical Society, interced ed on behalf of Maisie Houghton.

An attorney who at 39 is too young t have known his great-aunt, Paul Carte replaced his late father, Draper's nephe Bill, as the representative of Draper' "residuary legatees." Caught in the mid dle when the Houghton dispute arose Carter was frustrated by contentious com munications from Houghton's lawyers, bu ultimately reinstated her permissions. Ex plaining that he considers research re quests on a case-by-case basis, Carter feel that "any interest [in Draper] is to be fos tered unless it's destructive interest."

What constitutes "destructive" is a topi of great debate among Draper disciples particularly regarding performance of her sketches. Draper was reluctant t record them even on paper—for good rea son: they don't read all that well. To en

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sure copyright protection, her heirs allowed them to be published in 1960, but Doubleday, publisher of *The Art of Ruth Draper,* acquired the rights, not Draper's family.

For years, performances were sporadic and included the occasional drag version. It's unclear what Draper would have thought of these interpretations, but there is no doubt that the gay community has played a significant role in keeping her work alive. The camp appeal of her upper-class ladies was best described in a review of *The Italian Lesson* from the 1940s: "She sets up a world such as Clare Boothe's in *The Women* without the use of all the bad actresses Miss Boothe needs."

In the early 1980s, an actress named Patricia Norcia signed a long-term contract with Doubleday for rights to the monologues, and now performs 13 of them in varying combinations. Norcia, who is 45, is permitted to assign performance rights to others, but in the late 1980s rejected a request from Holland Taylor to use excerpts in *Solitaire,* a one-woman show about Draper that would have starred Taylor and been written by Frank Galati, who won a Tony for directing *The Grapes of Wrath* in 1990. Without the monologues, the project died.

According to Warren, Draper didn't want her characters portrayed by anyone else. Uta Hagen, for instance, wouldn't consider it. "I wouldn't even know where to start," she says. Neither would Lily Tomlin: "That would be sort of sacrilegious." Asked if she would ever try her hand at a Draper monologue, Julie Harris responds emphatically, "No! God save us. She was so unique."

While working as a director at Britain's National Theatre in the 1980s, Simon Callow attempted to stage a tribute to Draper with five actresses each doing a different monologue. Though initially enthusiastic, the actresses—Dame Peggy Ashcroft and Anna Massey among them—all came back to Callow with sincere regrets. Draper—a memory onstage for some, a recorded voice for others—was too much to live up to. "That's the real tribute," he notes.

Among the materials donated by the producers of *Omnibus,* a magazine show from TV's infancy, to the Wesleyan University Cinema Archives is a kinescope of a program taped on November 25, 1956, during which Ruth Draper performed *The Children's Party.* It is the only film with sound known to have survived. Alistair Cooke, with hair, is the show's host. He welcomes the actress as "a lady who has gone around the world for 40 years carrying a wealth of props in one trunk, and a world of human character in one imagination. Ladies and gentlemen, I don't think there's any more need be said about the queen of the one-woman theater, Miss Ruth Draper."

Wearing a simple but elegant floor-length dress, her usual costume, Draper does not appear young enough to be the speaker, who is a mother of young children, but she certainly doesn't look just days from her 72nd birthday, and a month away from death. Atop her head rests a hat with a feather plume, and across her shoulders a fur collar with a dead-animal head. Not completely at ease, she flubs a key joke and then quickly corrects herself.

Draper helped support her nephew, blacklisted during the McCarthy era, by touring with him.



TWOSOME Draper and her nephew Paul take a bow after a joint performance in 1956, the year she died.

A month later, on December 29, 1956, after a Saturday-evening performance at the Playhouse Theatre, Draper asked her driver to take her up and down Broadway, then a two-way street, to look at the lights. She ate a late supper in her apartment before going to bed. The next morning her housekeeper discovered that she had died in her sleep. At the funeral at Grace Church in lower Manhattan, Draper's coffin was draped with the shawls used to conjure up her "compa of characters."

The shawls now rest in storage at t New-York Historical Society. Other salie Draper remains include the John Sing Sargent drawings, part of the Museum the City of New York's collection.

The most important surviving remna of Draper's career are the recordin which for years were available throu Spoken Arts, a company in the New Yo City suburbs that once specialized in lit ary and theatrical spoken word. The co pany was sold in the late 1980s, and sin then has shifted its focus to educatio material. Earlier this year, it stopped c rying the old spoken-word recordings, i cluding the Draper tapes. Mrs. Luce Klein, the widow of the Spoken A founder, currently owns the old catalog but is trying to sell or donate it, and t recordings will be available again on when that process is completed.

Despite emphatic denia that any would ever try Draper monologue, many the actors and actresses i terviewed for this article a mit to "doing" Draper wi friends. "There is a tiny ba of people who revere he says Simon Callow. "A when you discover each ot er, there is a kind of very jo ful thing. I remember I ma a friend instantly who has t mained one of my very clo est friends just by saying him, 'Quickly, quickly, t me, what do you think of m performance?' He immediat ly recognized the quote [fro *The Actress*] and it was a hug huge bond."

More recent comic "classics"—the ski of Monty Python, for instance—are al memorized by fans, but Draper's sketch and the attention paid them exist on higher plane. "She is a writer for the th atre whom most dramatists would do w to regard with wonder, envy, and d spair," wrote Wolcott Gibbs in *The Ne Yorker* in 1954.

Ruth Draper's scrapbooks at the Ne York Historical Society are filled with l ters, reviews, programs, and articles. The is also the odd fragment of something th amused her, such as a cartoon publish three months before she died. A psychi trist sits beside a couch bearing a pro trate patient. "Let me ask you this," rea the caption. "In the game of Farmer in t Dell, for instance, were you frequently t Cheese that stood alone?"

Then, and now. □

There's one person I won't be.



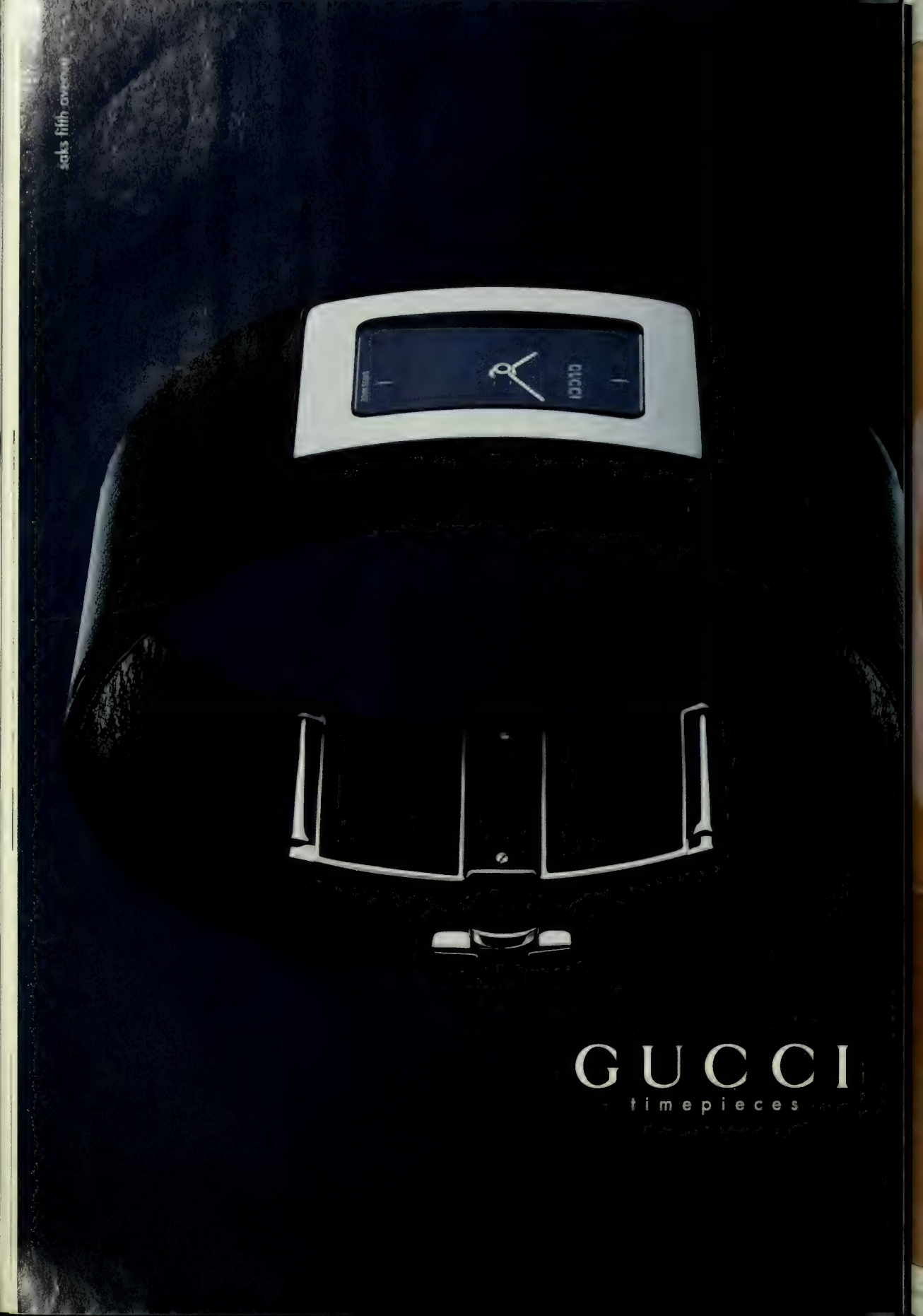
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Vanities

GIMME SHELTON

Name and occupation: Marley Shelton, actress. **Age:** 23. **Provenance:** Los Angeles. **Marley's high-profile credits:** Oliver Stone's *Nixon,* starring Anthony Hopkins and Joan Allen (she played Tricia); *Pleasantville,* with Tobey Maguire and Joan Allen; *Never Been Kissed,* with Drew Barrymore. **Marley's not-so-high-profile credits:** *In the Line of Duty: Ambush in Waco* and *Hercules in the Underworld* (both made-for-TV movies). **Coming attractions:** *The Bachelor,* co-starring Renée Zellweger and Chris O'Donnell, and the black comedy *Sugar and Spice.* **Before graduating to the big screen, you were considered the Gwyneth Paltrow of Movies of the Week. Was that a good training ground?** "Movies of the Week are like mini-features, or pretend moviemaking. And that started when I was still in high school and acting was literally an after-school hobby for me." **We understand you went out for cheerleading before acting. Did that pay off?** "I was a cheerleader in high school, and I've always wondered if that wasn't the biggest waste of time, but it's turned out that it was the best investment I could have ever made. In *Sugar and Spice,* I play a cheerleader who gets knocked up and then robs a bank to support her family-to-be, so that chapter of my life is redeemed." **Can you reveal anything about your connection with two-time co-star Joan Allen?** "I really feel like she's been this guardian angel, someone to aspire to be that's constantly been laid in my path. What I love about her work is that she's incredibly subtle but very specific—she can throw a glance and it's electrifying, it's as if she's playing to the back row in Lincoln Center." —JOHN GILLIES

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDREW ECCLES





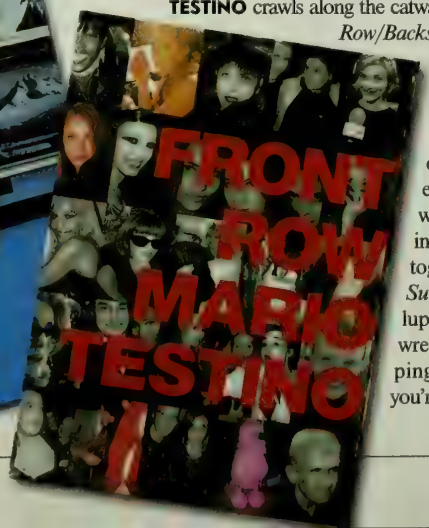
Hot Type

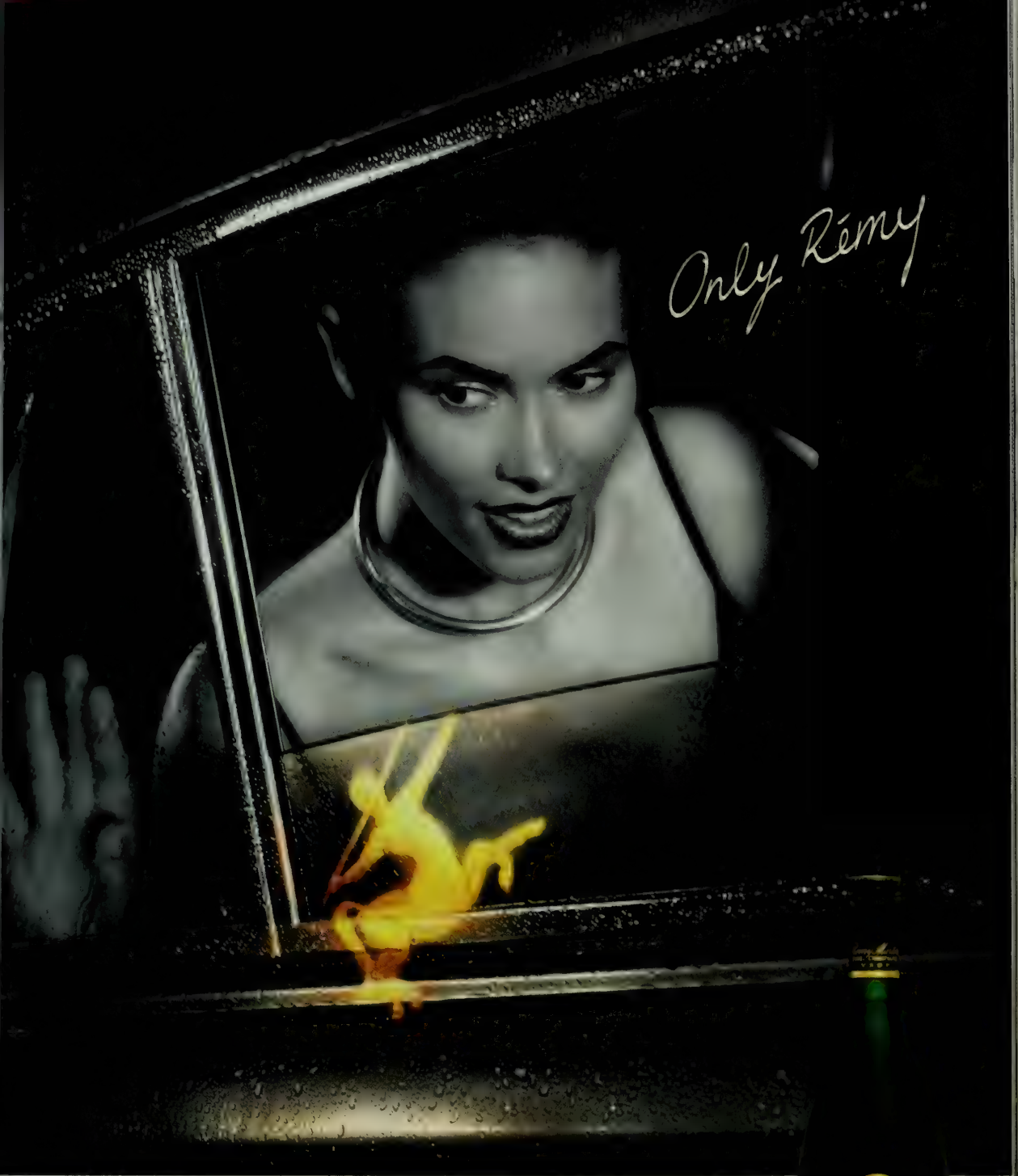
The French. Love them or hate them, they've given us champagne, a million ways to wear a scarf, and Jean-Paul Belmondo. *International Herald Tribune* columnist and American expat **MARY BLUME** has worked the Paris beat for 30 years and now she shares her insights on film, café culture, and *l'homme* on the street in *A French Affair* (Free Press).

Also this month: **HENRY GRUNWALD,** the former editor in chief of *Time,* meditates on his struggle with impending blindness in *Twilight* (Knopf). The best essays of *The New York Observer*'s theater critic, **JOHN HEILPERN,** are spotlighted in *How Good Is David Mamet, Anyway?* (Routledge). From the William Morris mailroom to the cutting room, **BERNIE BRILLSTEIN** has been an *Über*-agent, producer, studio head, and manager; with **DAVID RENSIN** he forges his memoir, *Where Did I Go Right?* (Little, Brown). **JOHN KEEGAN** amasses the world's arsenal of war writings in *The Book of War* (Viking). **THOMAS McGUANE** reels in memories of a life in fishing in *The Longest Silence* (Knopf). In *Malaparte* (Clarkson Potter), **MICHAEL McDONOUGH** and a mosaic of artists pay homage to one of the most unusual houses ever built, with a foreword by **TOM WOLFE.** Check into *Hotel LaChapelle* (Bulfinch/Callaway), a do-tell hotel of naughty **DAVID LaCHAPELLE'S** racy photographs. **ESTELLE ELLIS** and **CAROLINE SEEBOHM** divulge the domestic secrets of how art-lovers live in *At Home with Art* (Clarkson Potter), with photos by **CHRISTOPHER SIMON SYKES. JEANNIE WILLIAMS** sings the ballad of the classic Canadian tenor in *Jon Vickers: A Hero's Life* (Northeastern University Press). The brother novelists **STEVEN** and **FREDERICK BARTHELME** recall their hardscrabble youth in the fascinating dual memoir *Double Down* (Houghton Mifflin). In *Illustrated Letters* (Abrams), **ROSELYNE DE AYALA** and **JEAN-PIERRE GUÉNO** collect artistic missives by painters and writers such as Picasso and Beatrix Potter. **TIMOTHY GREENFIELD-SANDERS'S** *Art World* (Fotofolio), which accompanies an exhibit at the Mary Boone Gallery in New York, features 700 portraits of industry luminaries. **CHRIS MARROW** rolls a fatty with *Stir It Up* (Chronicle), which showcases album cover art from ska to dance-hall reggae. **MARIO TESTINO** crawls along the catwalk and slinks behind the scenes in *Front Row/Backstage* (Bulfinch). *The Magnolia Bakery Cookbook,* by **JENNIFER APPEL** and **ALLYSA TOREY** (Simon & Schuster), features the recipe for their world-famous cupcakes. **MARY DEARBORN** captures the heart of the heavyweight ego who has knocked out 31 books, six wives, nine children, and a mayoral run in *Mailer* (Houghton Mifflin). And photographer **BRUCE WEBER'S** *The Chop Suey Club* (Arena) obsesses on the voluptuous budding of an adolescent-boy wrestler from the Corn Belt into a strapping young man—and two hours later you're hungry again. —ELISSA SCHAPPELL

From top right: a letter written by Edouard Manet to friend Isabelle Lemonnier in 1867; the cover of the compilation reggae album Trojan Story, designed by Dave Fields for Trojan Records, 1972; photographer Cindy Sherman, by Timothy Greenfield-Sanders, 1992; Fish Stick, model Depew at the Agent Provocateur shop in London, by David LaChapelle, 1998; photographer Mario Testino chronicles the fashion show scene in Front Row/Backstage.







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Speed Dial

Could it be that restaurateur Warner LeRoy cooked hi lists? Everybody's a boldface on his Manhattan-office speed-dia lineups, one voice-activated, the other traditional one-touch. Among entries on the former are Hollywood chums Nora Eph ron and Sidney Lumet, with whom LeRoy is on a first-name basis (Grandpa was a Warner Bros. founder, Dad was directo Mervyn). Among those one button away are Simon & Schuster Michael Korda (with whom LeRoy schussed at Le Rosey 5 years ago) and *60 Minutes* executive producer Don Hewitt. Many speed-dialees are patrons of LeRoy's crown jewel for the past 2 years, Tavern on the Green, the Central Park landmark and highest grossing restaurant in the United States (and watering hole o Yoko Ono, a former neighbor also on his directory). To reach his fellow foodies, all he has to say is "Martha" (Stewart) or "Sirio" (Maccioni), though perhaps foremost in his mind is his latest venture. This month after nearly three years and $20 million in renovations, the 64-year-old LeRoy reopens the Russian Tea Room, which will feature a rotating bear-shaped acrylic aquarium teeming with shovelnose sturgeon. "We've got a seven-foot ice palace modeled on the Kremlin that lasts three or four hours," he adds. De spite the architectural dazzle of seven stories of Venetian glass and repro Her mitage chandeliers, the success of the rebirth of the Tea Room hangs on the culinary finesse of French chef Fabrice Canelle. LeRoy has not added him to his speed dial—yet. Life in the food chain can be perilous. —MELISSA DAVIS

Night-Table Reading

Drew Friedman
illustrator

Hirschfeld on Line, *by Al Hirschfeld (Applause). "A huge collection of drawings from his amazingly long career, as well as funny and droll comments relating to each one. His dealings with Liberace are priceless."*





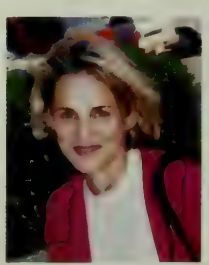
Helmut Larsen Margit Larsen
newsstand proprietors

Today's Homeowner *magazine. "I always like to read about container gardening."*

Remembrance Day, *by Henry Porter (Orion UK). "A suspenseful and gripping story."*

Amy Sedaris
co-creator, actress, Comedy Central's Strangers with Candy

Birds of America, *by Lorrie Moore (Knopf). "There were no pictures, but it was really sad at the same time. I haven't enjoyed a book this much since* Naked, *by David Sedaris."*



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Lovin' Large

Barry White still can't get enough of your love

In the 70s, with his velvet baritone and bedroom eyes, Barry White crooned his way into women's hearts and to the top of the charts with such R&B hits as "Can't Get Enough of Your Love, Babe" and "It's Ecstasy When You Lay Down Next to Me." With his 1994 album, *The Icon Is Love,* which has sold more than three million copies, White proved he is still the sultan of the soulful ballad. This month, as White prepares to publish his memoir, *Love Unlimited,* he agrees to give GEORGE WAYNE a personal serenade.

George Wayne: *Barry White is getting ready to go on tour with Earth, Wind & Fire.*

Barry White: Way into the year 2000.

G.W. *The New Year's Eve concert with Barry White and Earth, Wind & Fire will be* the *ticket. Barry White—"Icon of Love." He's been a part of showbiz for 40 years.*

B.W. That's right.

G.W. *How does he maintain that savoir faire, that legendary growl?*

B.W. I just keep myself, my thoughts, in shape . . .

G.W. *Is it a lot of hot tea, lemon juice? No ritual for the throat?*

B.W. No, no, no ritual for the throat. I don't drink tea or lemon juice.

G.W. *That's amazing, just a God-given talent.*

B.W. That's right.

G.W. *The voice of Barry White can bring a woman to ovulation. Why do you think that is?*

B.W. I have no idea. I've heard that.

G.W. *Where was Barry White born?*

B.W. Galveston, Texas, and raised in Los Angeles.

G.W. *Your mother was an actress on the MGM studio lot. Around what year was this?*

B.W. Nineteen fifty-one. She stopped working at MGM when she got pregnant with me. She never went back to acting, or to Hollywood, after that. She didn't want to. She wanted to raise and take care of her son.

G.W. *Come to think of it, at the age of 15 you were in jail. Was it a murder rap?*

B.W. No, for burglary.

G.W. *So you weren't on death row?*

B.W. [*Laughs loudly.*] No, no. My childhood was superpoor. The ghetto of Los Angeles is just as low as the ghetto of Harlem. My family had no money; we had a very meek life. But I fell in love with music, by my mother playing the piano. I didn't know she could play the piano. And one day I came home, when I was five years old. And she lit my soul up, by playing that piano. She would play the "Moonlight" Sonata and all those classical pieces. She could play the hell out of 'em. And that was what fired me up, for playing the piano.

G.W. *Now you're writing a book.*

B.W. Yes, I am. People have been asking me for years to write a book about my life. This is the time when I've decided to do it.

G.W. *"I've made $200 million in five years," you once bragged to* The New York Times. *I hope you've saved some of it.*

B.W. I still have a lot of it. Believe me.

G.W. *Barry White has this Midas-like persona. He loves gold, loves wearing it. Down to the brand of cigarette he smokes—Benson & Hedges Gold.*

B.W. Benson & Hedges Ultra Light Menthol.

G.W. *Does Barry White growl with disdain when people call him the "sultan of the bedroom"?*

B.W. Well, to me that's nothing more than a compliment.

G.W. *You would have to take it as a compliment. How else can you explain your eight children? Is Barry White now in a stable relationship?*

B.W. Yes. I have a girlfriend going on six years now.

G.W. *One thing one can always say is that the one mistress of Barry White will always be his music.*

B.W. Music, that's one thing you can die with.

G.W. *Do you ever chant "God bless America!"?*

B.W. No.

G.W. *Who do you give thanks to?*

B.W. I give thanks to myself. I thank me for being dedicated to music, for being loyal to music, for being consistent in music. I thank me for those things.



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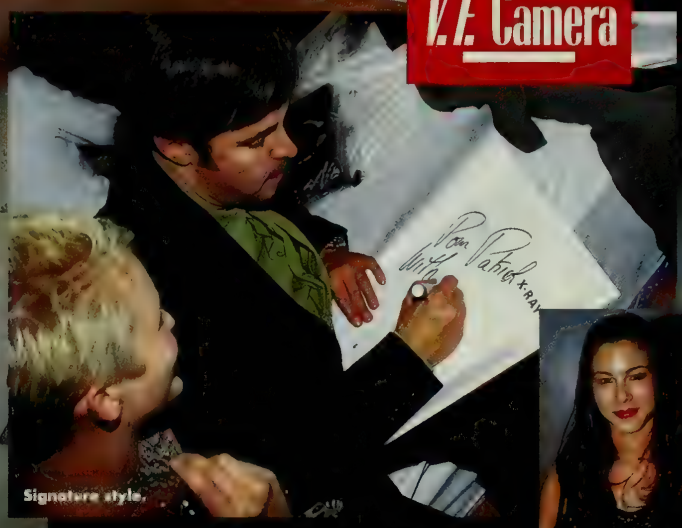


Kelly Klein, André Leon Talley, and Sam Shahid

V.F. Camera



Shalom Harlow and François Nars



Signature style.

China Chow

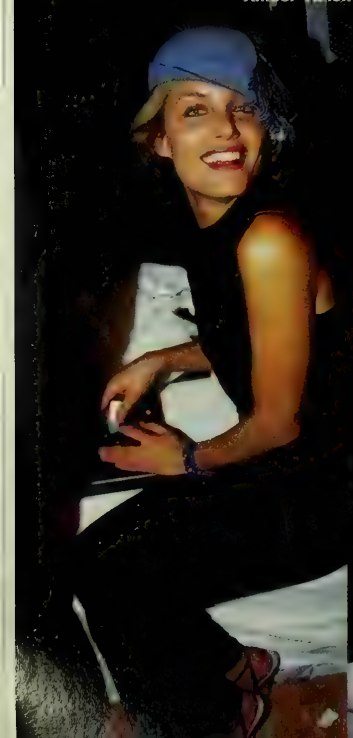


Sandra Bernh and François N

SOCIAL X-RAYS

Not even Hurricane Floyd's imminent drive-by daunted fans of François Nars, makeup artist, creative director and president of the cosmetics line Nars, and photographer, who hosted a launch party and exhibition celebrating his new book, *X-Ray*. In the middle of one of the wettest Fashion Weeks in memory, more than 1,000 guests flocked to the sprawling Metropolitan Pavilion in Chelsea, many of whom came face-to-face with oversize portraits of themselves. Anh Duong stood before a short-haired version of herself in profile. A petite Alexandra von Fürstenberg beheld her naked and pregnant image (she gave birth to Talita in May). And arriving hand in hand were Amber Valletta—whose portrait had her in flight-attendant uniform—and Shalom Harlow. Nars had shot her as a naughty Snow White, but in this room it was virtually impossible to judge the fairest of them all. —RIZA CRUZ

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PATRICK McMULLAN



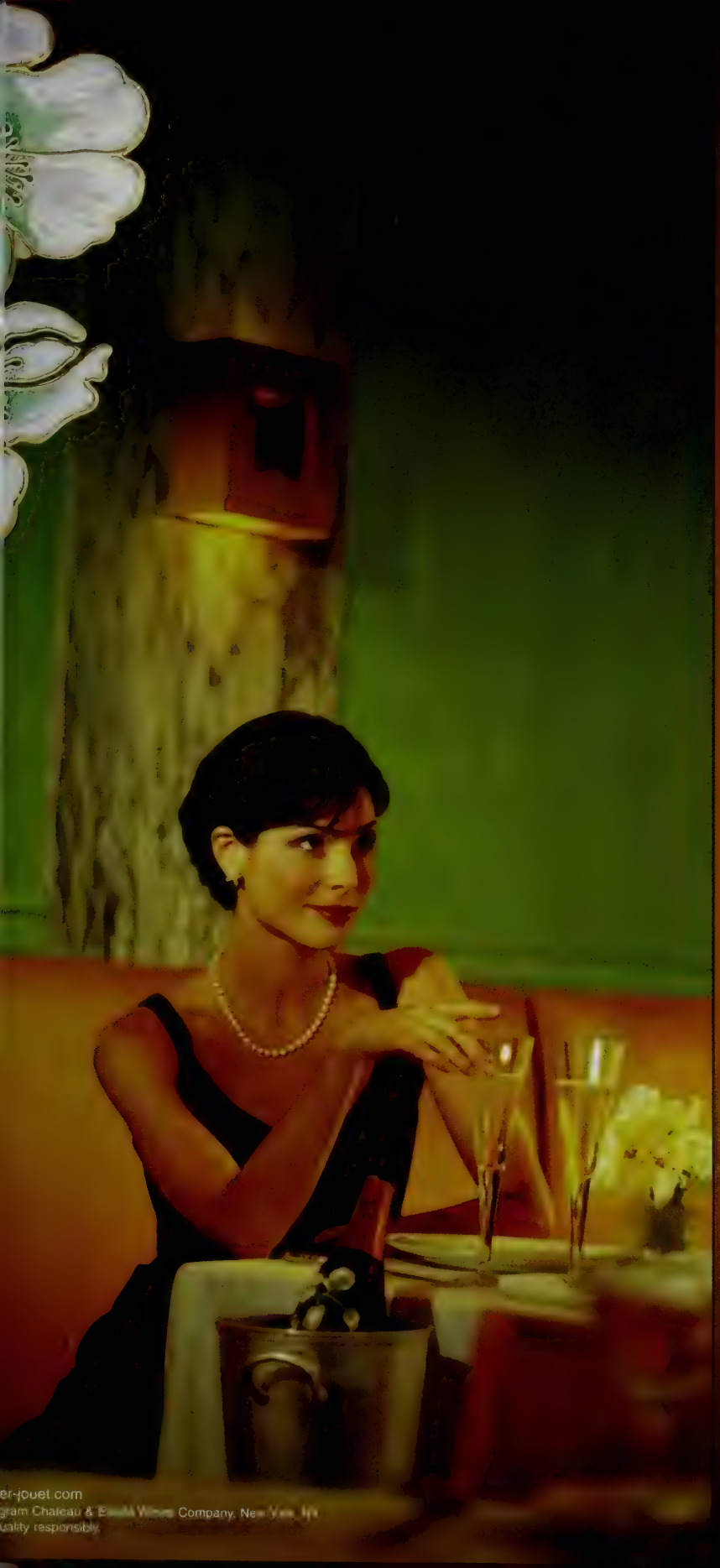
Amber Valletta





Stephanie Seymour, Naomi Campbell, and Christy Turlington

Herb Ritts, Christy Turlington, and Brett Ratner



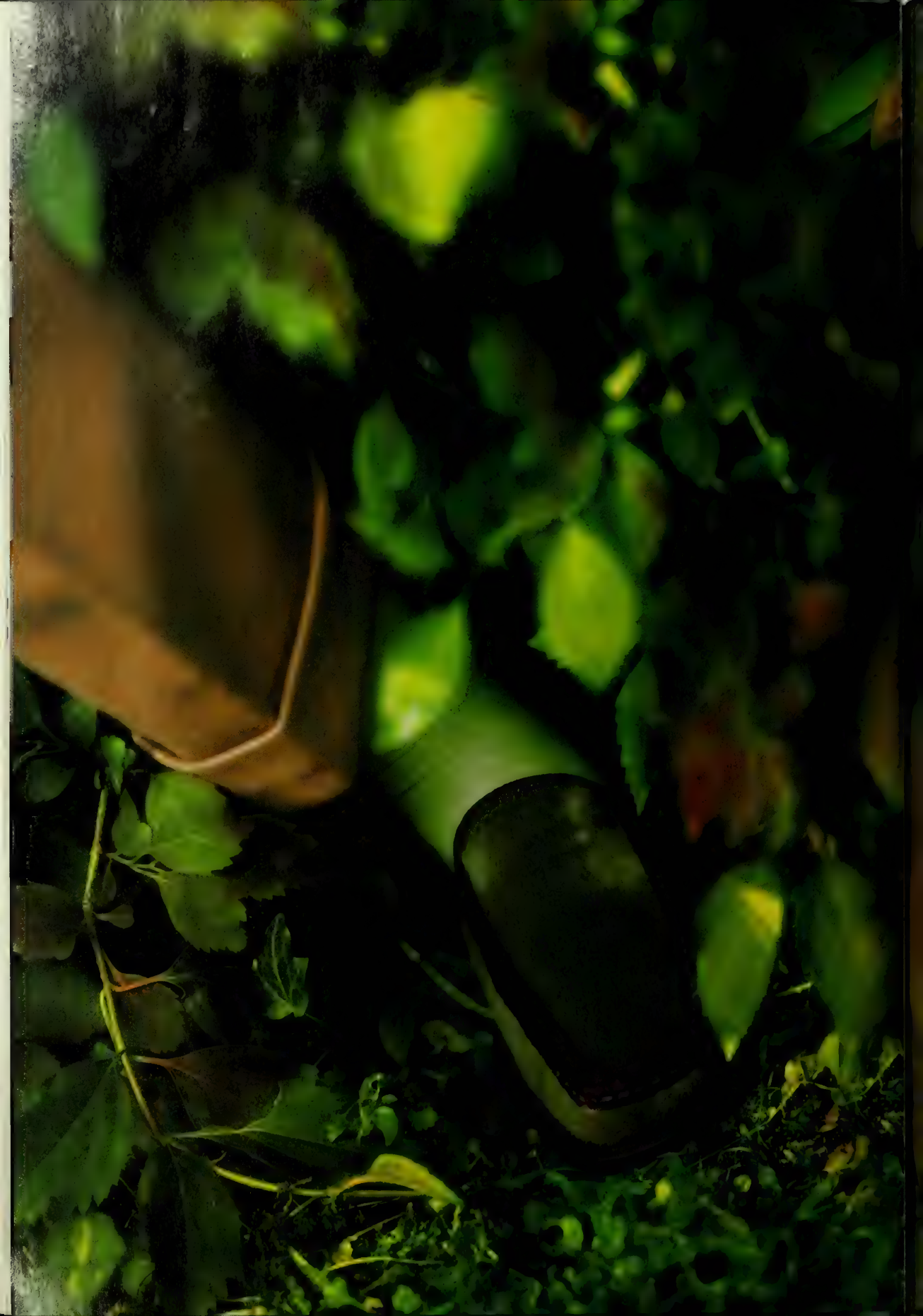
PERRIER-JOUËT
FLEUR DE CHAMPAGNE



The Champagne of Romance.

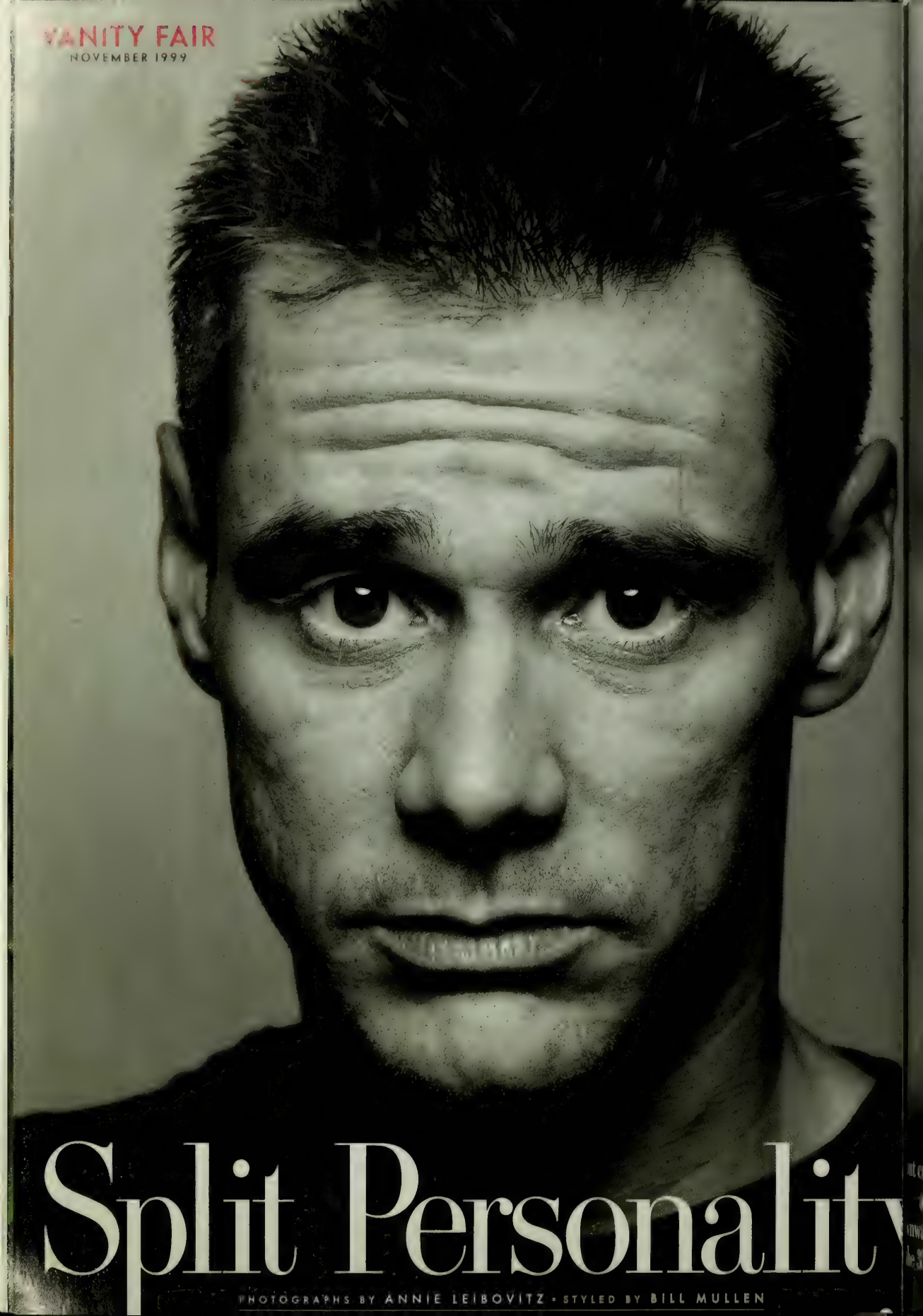
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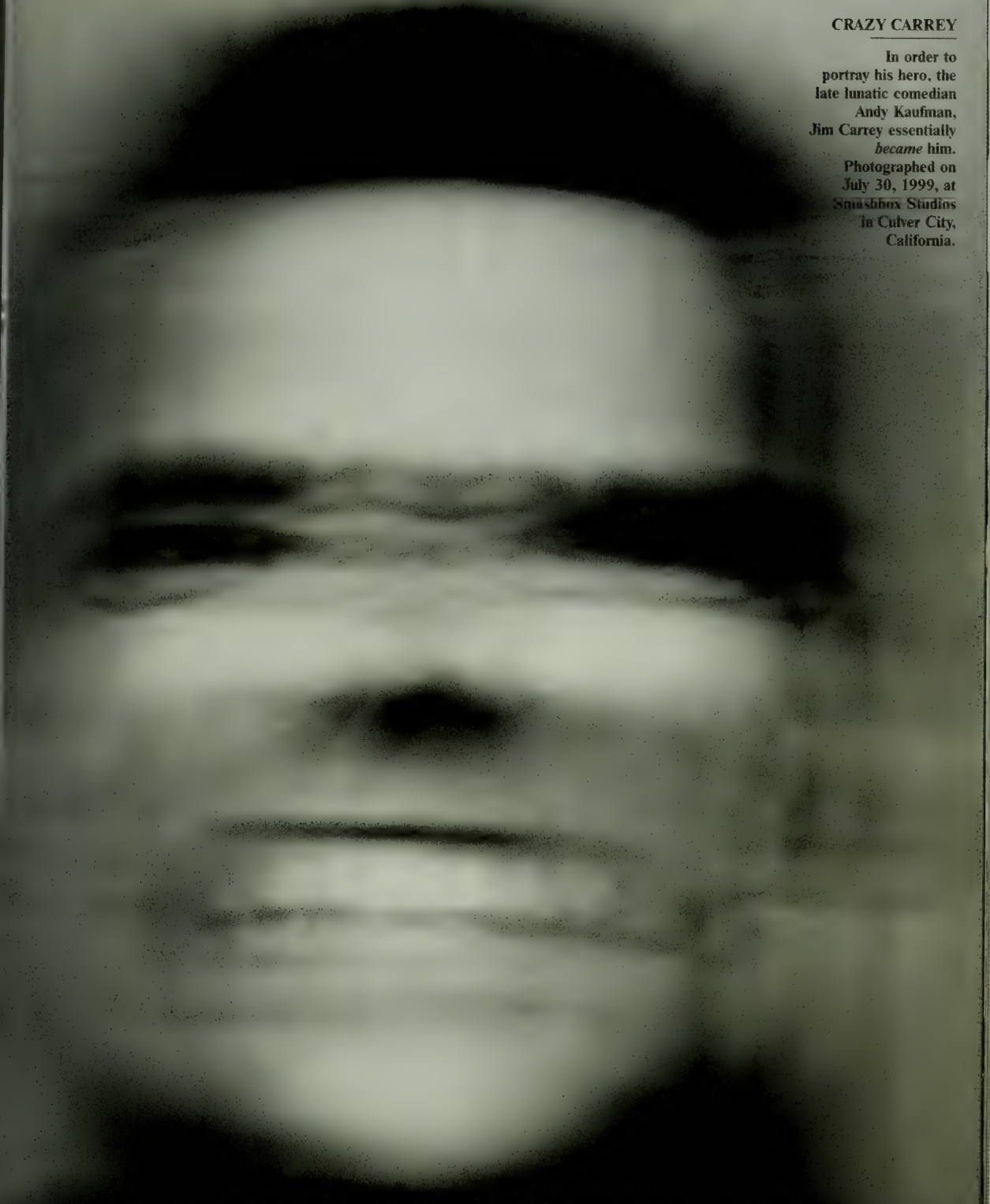

TOD'S
MADE IN ITALY

VANITY FAIR
NOVEMBER 1999



Split Personality

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ • STYLED BY BILL MULLEN



CRAZY CARREY

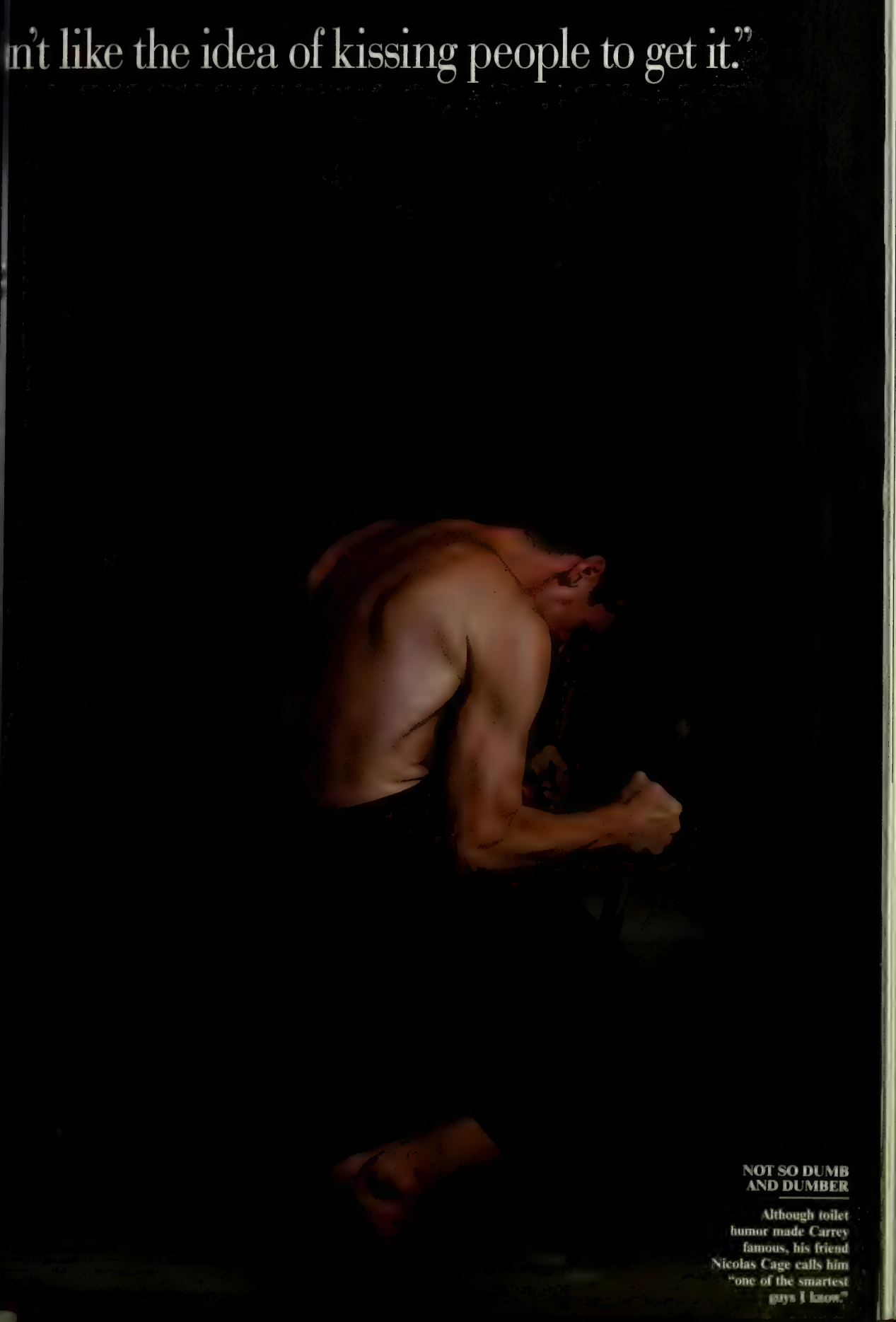
In order to portray his hero, the late lunatic comedian Andy Kaufman, Jim Carrey essentially *became* him. Photographed on July 30, 1999, at Smashbox Studios in Culver City, California.

Even as Jim Carrey finishes work on the Farrelly brothers' *Me, Myself and Irene*, his next release, Miloš Forman's *Man on the Moon*, ut cult stand-up Andy Kaufman, is a flight from his $20 million, plastic-fantastic reign as the Michael Jordan of physical comedy. East-forwarding through a grim, nwardly mobile childhood in Canada, two failed marriages, and recent on-set antics, e 37-year-old Carrey gives STEVEN DALY an incisive tour of his Hollywood career, his latest character, and the lonely combat with his own head

"It's a wonderful thing to get an Oscar. But I rea



n't like the idea of kissing people to get it."



NOT SO DUMB AND DUMBER

Although toilet humor made Carrey famous, his friend Nicolas Cage calls him "one of the smartest guys I know."

"Did ya hear about John Kennedy Jr.?" Jim Carrey blurts out the question with all the jut-jawed hypermock-sincerity he's been frightening and delighting us with lo these many years. The empirically proven Funniest Man in the World is kidding, naturally. He is using the Kennedy crash to exemplify the Worst Excesses of the American media as he sees them. Not that Carrey *hates* the media or anything; it's just that, as the recent Kennedy overkill showed, "there's *too many* of them. It makes me want to vomit through my nose, I swear to God!" This being Jim Carrey, one recoils instinctively.

At this point Carrey can afford to write the media off as one giant emetic. Because more than any other contemporary star, he has forged a seemingly inviolable covenant with the multiplex masses. The kind of covenant that allows him to restrict rare interview chores to a duration of no more than two hours.

Even so, Carrey's fear that he has "nothing to say" almost stopped him, this fine morning, from leaving his house in the gilded Brentwood section of Los Angeles. ("Half a block from the bloody glove," he notes.) But he does submit to a 120-minute interview that takes place in a Winnebago that would need extensive remodeling before it could be described as "impersonal." The vehicle in question squats outside the type of high-powered L.A. photo facility where celebrities get their images burnished and buffed for mass consumption.

At this point in his life, Carrey has neither the need nor the desire to be burnished or buffed. "I was thinking it would be interesting to see an actor, you know, just absolutely show his age," he suggests upon arrival. "The pores and the crow's-feet around the eyes and maybe a zit or a blemish or whatever." He talks with perverse glee about the new "Nick Noltes" that traverse his forehead. The 37-year-old Carrey face may have lost some of its famous elasticity, but from more than six feet away, the off-handsome, six-foot-two actor manages to retain an impressively post-collegiate aspect, with his brush-cut hair, his mid-blue Levi's, his waffle-patterned T-shirt, and his purple Nikes.

Adding to Carrey's youthful mien is his giddy enthusiasm about the final cut of his forthcoming film, *Man on the Moon,* in which he portrays Andy Kaufman, the late situationist comedian (and incidental star of the 70s sitcom *Taxi*). Written by the duo who brought us *The People vs. Larry Flynt,* Scott Alexander and Larry Karaszewski, *Man on the Moon* attempts to explain one of the great, unknowable performers of modern times. As a stand-up comic, Kaufman did not look for laughs, preferring to test audience endurance with surreal experiments in banality: as "Foreign Man," he would tremulously tell the most hackneyed jokes, or he'd read aloud every word of *The Great Gatsby.* Unleashed on the network television audience, Kaufman became a fourth-wall demolition expert, famously disrupting ABC's live sketch show, *Fridays,* with his refusal to complete a skit. Ultimately, in a move that was deliberately ephemeral and recklessly damaging to his career, he took to wrestling women, then became embroiled in a feud with the wrestling star Jerry Lawler. The fact that Kaufman never, ever broke character or let anyone in on the gag guaranteed him cult immortality when, at 35, he died of lung cancer. In fact, many even believed that Kaufman's 1984 death was itself really just a gag.

Two Kaufman biographies will hit stores before *Man on the Moon*'s Christmas release, and R.E.M. has recorded the soundtrack. This is officially Kaufman season.

Director Miloš Forman reportedly had such heavy hitters as Sean Penn, Edward Norton, and Kevin Spacey lining up to play Kaufman, but when Forman saw Jim Carrey's Kaufman there was no doubt. The part would also give Carrey the chance to confront his detractors with a new level of actorly commitment. Never again would a co-star be able to tell Carrey, as Tommy Lee Jones reportedly did on 1995's *Batman Forever,* "You're from cabaret and I'm a trained classical actor."

Months of Andy Kaufman research and interviews with the comedian's intimates were followed by a complete physical transformation by Carrey. That, however, was just the beginning. He explains the rest of the process with the third-person detachment that is the prerogative of the Truly Great in Hollywood. "You could not access Jim Carrey on the set. *Andy* was there and *Tony* was there—if you see what I'm saying." Kaufman, that is, and Tony Clifton, the ineptly chauvinistic lounge-act character that Kaufman would as when he wanted to swap his passive for something more aggressive.

From Miloš Forman on down, Ca *Man on the Moon* colleagues were ob to address him as "Andy" or "Tony" ing the 87 days of filming last year. sure there were people there that look me at first like I was some frickin' who's in his little head trip or what Carrey says. "But that was what did—I don't think I'd do it for any else. He lived the character, and yo lieved that either he was nuts or he *was* this character. There was no, 'You know, I'm not insane.' There apology to it, and it was so freeing."

For James Eugene C freedom means escape popular expectation plastic-fantastic mug talking asses, and *rrrighty,* then!!!" The time he went straight, ing the titular dupe in 1998's *The Tr Show,* popular opinion had it that h served at least an Oscar nomination. ic prevailed, however. Because Carre essentially just an understated ciph director Peter Weir's heavy-handed n satire, he was ultimately stiff-arme Academy voters.

This time he should get a shot a statuette. *Man on the Moon* is a plea anachronistic, actor-friendly vehicle, the erstwhile Ace Ventura delivers a p mance that would do credit to any ing De Niro or Nicholson. The fact t noncomedy about a cultish noncom might be a little challenging for dun down movie audiences need not d Carrey. He has just finished work on *Myself and Irene,* another comedy the surefire Farrelly brothers (*Dum Dumber, There's Something About M* in strange congruence with Peter F ly's 1998 statement that Carrey has a commercial form of mental illness," one is about a man whose two split sonalities compete for the same girl.

Naturally, Carrey denies that he's ested in something as sordid as an O hunt. "It's a wonderful thing to get a car," he says. "But I really don't lik idea of kissing people and changing m to get it. I would do that and that that—start trying to pick my parts f Oscar. You have to have the talent, ously, but you definitely have to go thr a bit of a gauntlet to get it. You kn know they're doing the monkey dance; is a plan, and, believe me, I know people who are CONTINUED ON PAG



CANADIAN BACON

Carrey has long been a fan of the addled painter Francis Bacon, whose work inspired these photographs.

Comedy doesn't depress me. *Love* depresses me."



Ursula Andress

"HONEY RYDER"

She rose from the sea—dripping wet and packing a knife—and, just like that, the gold standard had been set. The glistening island-girl centerpiece of the first-ever Bond picture, *Dr. No*, Honey was a kind of Aphrodite with know-how. Self-taught (by reading the encyclopedia).

Shirley Eaton

"JILL MASTERSON"

As punishment for switching over to Bond's side, *Goldfinger*'s blonde seductress paid the ultimate price, cinematically speaking: she was painted in gold by Oddjob, the mute, hulking manservant of the malevolent Goldfinger. Lounging around Miami's Fontainebleau hotel in a black bra and panties, Jill posed the definitive question to Bond—*Who are you?* If you don't know the answer to her question, you have no business reading these captions.

BOND GIRLS ARE FOREVER

From Ursula Andress (Honey Ryder in *Dr. No*) and Honor Blackman (*Goldfinger*'s Pussy Galore) to Denise Richards in *The World Is Not Enough*, they share a . . . *connection* that goes beyond suggestive names and microscopic wardrobes. Nineteen Bond Girls pose for ANNIE LEIBOVITZ, highlighting a 007 sisterhood that spans four decades



Lana Wood

"PLENTY O'TOOLE"

Better known as Natalie Wood's younger sister, Lana played a busty casino trawler in the winning *Diamonds Are Forever* (1971), in which she delivered perhaps the most famous Bond Girl line in history. "Hi there– I'm Plenty," she says to Connery, amid the early-70s swingerness of Las Vegas's Tropicana hotel. "Plenty O'Toole."

Luciana Paluzzi

"FIONA VOLPE"

She auditioned to play the "good girl" in *Thunderball* (1965), a propulsive tale of nuclear blackmail which begins with the spectacular theft of a NATO bomber. But the fiery redhead ended up getting cast as the lethal S.P.E.C.T.R.E. assassin. When Sean Connery's 007 discovers her naked in his bathtub, she asks him for "something to put on." He offers her a pair of . . . sandals.

hor Blackman

USSY GALORE

Starring opposite
Connery in the sp
Goldfinger (1964
man had the best
ame. Her Garbo
ot turned judo exp
ed to dabble in le
ic–30 years befor
on Stone had the
to try it.

Jill St. John

"TIFFANY CASE"

As a diamond smuggler with a weakness for mink and
gaudy bikinis, St. John was the first American love interest, in th
Diamonds Are Forever (1971). Case was born on the first fl
Tiffany's while her mother looked for a wedding ring.
Bond: "Well, I'm glad for your sake it wasn't Van Cleef & Ar



Maud Adams

"OCTOPUSSY"
and
"ANDREA ANDERS"

Besides owning the lewdest name in the film with the lewdest title, *Octopussy*, Adams is the only double-dipper of the group. Her debut, as leggy Andrea Anders in *The Man with the Golden Gun* (1974), placed her solidly in the Villainous Vixen camp. But Octopussy was more of a Comrade in Arms–style role. Presiding over her own army of acrobatically inclined lady smugglers, she was a kind of postfeminist Bond Girl.

Jane Seymour

"SOLITAIRE"

[illegible] was Dr. Quinn [illegible] was Solitaire, [illegible] tarot-card reader [illegible] the 1973 voodoo [illegible] gunza, *Live and Let Die*. [illegible] ruthless 22-year-old [illegible] pet sharks, snakes, [illegible] boa constrictors, and [illegible] touch of eye shadow.

Gloria Hendry

"[illegible]SIE CARVER"

[illegible] bikini straps, the former [illegible] bunny didn't have much [illegible] while playing a mysterious C.I.A. agent opposite Roger Moore in *Live and Let Die*. Still, she made Hollywood history by becoming, in essence, [illegible] Wilma Rudolph of Bond Girls—[illegible] the first black woman [illegible] sleep with 007.



Tanya Roberts

"STACY SUTTON"

Roberts, that erstwhile Charlie's Angel, played it just as pure with 007. In *A View to a Kill* (1985), her eyelash-batting, overalls-wearing, oil-rigging performance earned her the distinction of being the least girlie Bond Girl. Nevertheless, she has a steamy shower scene with Moore. Her last line: *"Oh, James."*

Lynn-Holly Johnson

"BIBI DAHL"

All pigtails and purple Lycra, she found herself teamed with Moore in *For Your Eyes Only* (1981), the underrated, le Carré–style espionage thriller. For some reason, the teenage Dahl attempts to seduce Bond by skating around a rink. At one point, Bond tells her that if she puts her clothes back on he'll buy her an ice cream.

Lois Chiles

"HOLLY GOODHEAD"

She gave a lively performance in a hopeless film, 1979's *Moonraker*. Chiles's lusty astrophysicist notched one of the more memorable sex scenes in Bond history: As the film ends, she and Moore fornicate at zero gravity, in a spaceship that looks as if it were made out of tinfoil and suspended by strings.

OMI"

Munro took
mischief to
ts in *The Spy*
d Me (1977),
oger Moore.
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rsuit wink
007.

Kristina Wayborn

"MAGDA"

The consummate jack-of-all-trades, by turns pickpocket, circus performer, gal Friday, and spicy-hot lover to Moore in 1983's camp classic, *Octopussy*. Moore inquires about the octopus tattoo on her well-toned buttock (a product, no doubt, of Wayborn's experience as a Swedish track star: 100 meters in 11.3 seconds!). "Oh," she replies, for the ages, "that's my little octopussy."



Maryam d'Abo

"KAREN MILOVY"

Who knew Bond had a weakness for Mozart? As the earnest Czech cellist in *The Living Daylights* (1987), d'Abo was the warm and human center of the film, a cinematic breath of fresh air about K.G.B. agents and drug dealers. Sure, she could [illegible] cargo plane with the best [illegible] Mostly, though, she [illegible] out Bond's to[illegible]: he actually [illegible] on a Ferris [illegible]

Carey Lowell

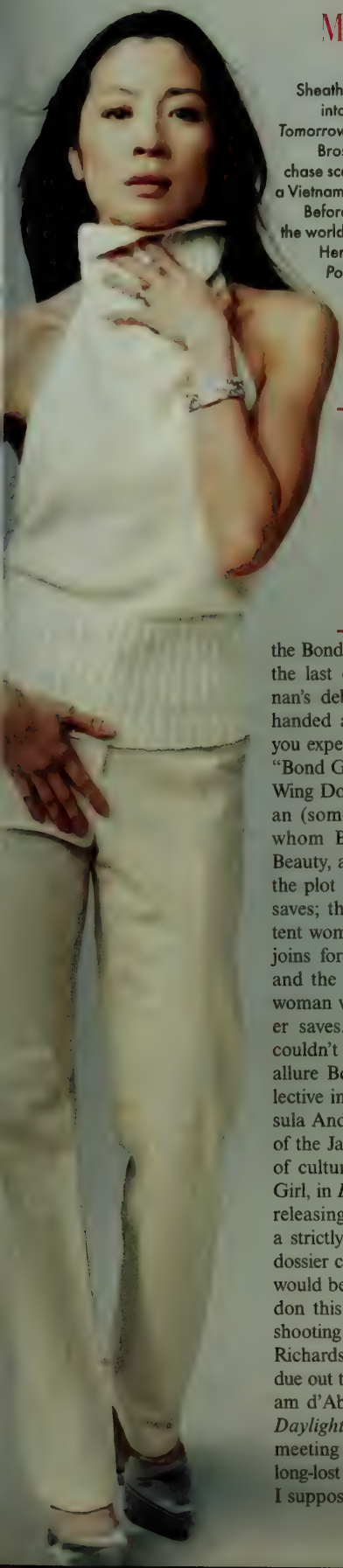
"PAM BOUVIER"

The Bond Girl that even Gloria Steinem could love. As the doe-eyed, I've-got-nothing-to-prove C.I.A. operative in 1989's *License to Kill*, Lowell packed a gun bigger than Bond's—and [illegible] made emasculation look like a breeze. (Remember: this was the Timothy Dalton era.)

Talisa Soto

"LUPE LAMORA"

What self-respecting drug lord *wouldn't* rip out another man's heart for stealing her? As the hot-blooded wife of a Manuel Noriega–like villain in *License to Kill*, Lupe knew how to have a good time—and, hey, any partner would do.



Michelle Yeoh

"WAI LIN"

Sheathed in gold lamé and zipped into black leather in 1997's *Tomorrow Never Dies*, Yeoh took Pierce Brosnan on one of the better chase scenes of late—weaving through a Vietnamese village on a motor scooter. Before she went Bond, Yeoh was the world's most popular Asian actress. Her top-grossing Asian film? *Police Story III: Supercop.*

I first went to work on the Bond films in September 1994, writing the last draft of *GoldenEye,* Pierce Brosnan's debut as 007. At the time, I was handed a slim dossier (what else would you expect?) which detailed the four basic "Bond Girl" archetypes: the Angel with a Wing Down, an otherwise innocent woman (somehow connected to the villain) whom Bond usually saves; the Naïve Beauty, an innocent woman caught up in the plot by accident, whom Bond always saves; the Comrade in Arms, a competent woman with whom Bond reluctantly joins forces and is then forced to save; and the Villainous Vixen, a truly insane woman whom Bond sleeps with but never saves. What the dossier didn't—and couldn't possibly—explain is the amazing allure Bond Girls have had for our collective imagination since 1962, when Ursula Andress (Naïve Beauty) stepped out of the Jamaican water and into the realm of cultural icon—playing the first Bond Girl, in *Dr. No.* This month MGM is even releasing all the Bond films on DVD. On a strictly personal note, I'll add that the dossier could never have explained what it would be like to enter a restaurant in London this past spring after a long day of shooting with the latest Bond Girl, Denise Richards (from *The World Is Not Enough,* due out this month), only to run into Maryam d'Abo, a Bond Girl from *The Living Daylights* (1987). Within 10 seconds of meeting each other, they were acting like long-lost sisters in a secret sorority. Which, I suppose, they are. —BRUCE FEIRSTEIN



Denise Richards

"DR. CHRISTMAS JONES"

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In the up[illegible]
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Viacom chairman Sumner Redstone lives and dies by the price of his stock and his iron control of an empire that includes Paramount, MTV, Nickelodeon, Simon & Schuster, and now, most likely, CBS. The only number he ignores is his age, 76.

FORT SUMNER

As Viacom looks to become the world's second-largest media company—and as Redstone braces for a potentially explosive divorce battle—JUDITH NEWMAN follows the mogul's offbeat path to this $37 billion merger, and examines why he's driven to best competitors such as Barry Diller and Edgar Bronfman Jr. And it's not just the money

"Mel's such a cheapskate, he invites me over [illegible] house and doesn't offer me lunch," Su[illegible] Redstone says.

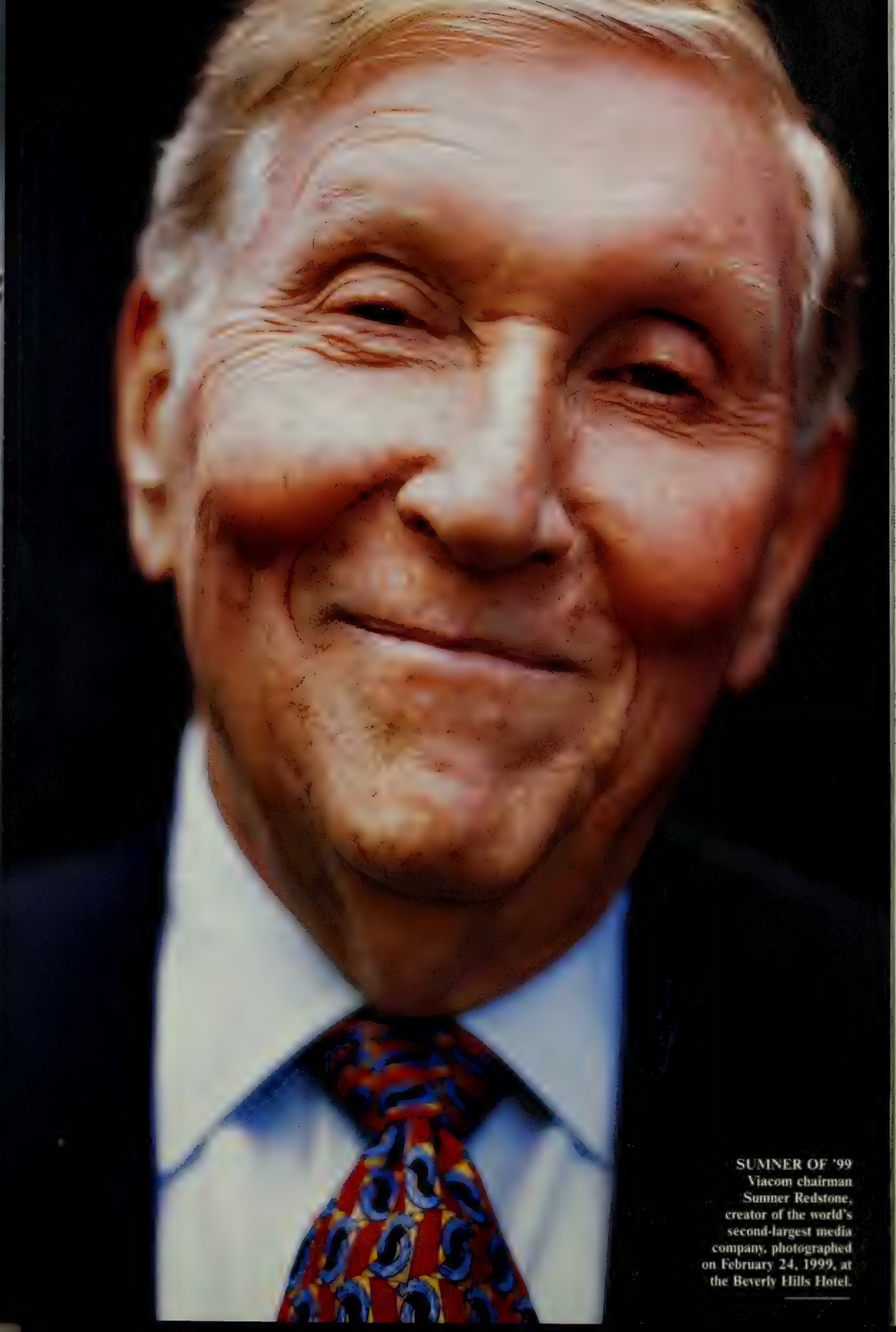
"Why should I give him lunch?" Mel [illegible] mazin shoots back. "Like he doesn't [illegible] enough money to pay for his own lunch."

Ah, the mating calls of two moguls in love. On Septem[illegible] Viacom C.E.O. Sumner Redstone, 76, announced that h[illegible] been "seduced" by the vulpine charms of 56-year-old [illegible] chairman Mel Karmazin. The matchmaker? Gordon Cra[illegible] the calm, unassuming force behind Capital Research, o[illegible] the biggest shareholders in both companies. Crawford [illegible] vinced Redstone that Karmazin was neither predator nor [illegible] but rather a man who had studied the assets of Viacom [illegible] CBS and seen a velvet-glove fit. The offspring of this [illegible] courtship was the largest media deal in history—and, as [illegible] Wall Street was concerned, one of the smartest. Viacom [illegible] buy CBS for $37 billion, leapfrogging over D[illegible] to become the world's second-largest media [illegible] pany, fast on the heels of number-one Time [illegible] ner. "Not bad for a guy who started with [illegible] drive-ins," says Redstone, whose fortune beg[illegible] the movie-theater business.

Karmazin had been eyeing Viacom since [illegible] ary 1997, after he merged his own chain of [illegible] stations, Infinity Broadcasting, with CBS. B[illegible] September's mega-merger, Viacom owned a [illegible] gling, second-tier network, UPN, and no radio properties. [illegible] owned only a few cable properties, no movie studios, and [illegible] cious few assets outside the United States. One of CBS's b[illegible] draws, as far as Viacom was concerned, was its deal t[illegible] Outdoor Systems, the giant billboard-advertising company [illegible] decidedly unglamorous property is a cash cow, generating [illegible] $700 million a year in advertising revenue.

Still, the deal first required Karmazin to do some gr[illegible] work, starting with three long lunches in Redstone's p[illegible] dining room on the 52nd floor of Viacom's Manhattan [illegible] quarters on Broadway. From their perch, they had a spec[illegible] lar view of the Hudson River. Wearing their usual well-ta[illegible] business suits, the two men sat, surrounded by an op[illegible] glass wall and nondescript corporate art, at a four-seat cl[illegible] wood table arrayed with roast chicken and beef fillet. [illegible] mazin, a famously hard-nosed network cost cutter, was [illegible] with so much nervous energy that he ate only "two cool[illegible] by his recollection. His efforts began to pay off; the int[illegible] thickened. "As long as we were still meeting at Viacom [illegible] wasn't serious," recalls Karmazin, who lives in a cave[illegible] condominium in Manhattan's gilded Trump Tower. [illegible] when he wanted to go to my apartment—meaning th[illegible]

PHOTOGRAPH BY SAM JONES



SUMNER OF '99
Viacom chairman Sumner Redstone, creator of the world's second-largest media company, photographed on February 24, 1999, at the Beverly Hills Hotel.

didn't want anyone to get wind of the deal. I knew I had him."

Well, as much as one can "have" a man who refuses to relinquish an ounce of corporate control. As C.O.O. of the new company, Karmazin will be in charge of all day-to-day operations, but Redstone, the C.E.O., still owns the bulk of the company and has voting control over its direction. Karmazin, although never one to cede power, claims that he couldn't care less about who is steering the ship. (Indeed, at the clamorous post-deal press conference, he was seen trailing Redstone through a thicket of reporters, yelling, "I'm right behind you, Sumner!") "The deal made so much sense for the companies and for the shareholders," Karmazin says. "At one point, I told Sumner that if I was an obstacle, I'd step aside. Did I mean it? Of course not. But I said it."

For his part, Redstone isn't exactly hiding his light under a bushel—even though his wife of 52 years, Phyllis, sued him for divorce exactly seven days after the merger was sealed. (She is asking for half of his multibillion-dollar fortune.) "For me, being number one was always the big thing," he says. At first, he speaks in a hushed tone. But by the time he's finished his thought, he's shouting—hardly an unusual occurrence for the kinetic, hard-charging billionaire. "What I saw was that we'd have the number-one cable network! The number-one broadcast network! The number-one outdoor-advertising company! The number-one TV programming! Across the board—number ones!"

In fact, given the CBS acquisition and the events of the last year, it's hard to overstate the extent of the company's comeback—although Redstone, ever the booster, would be happy to try. In two and a half years the value of the stock has more than tripled, from 12 in the spring of 1997 to the mid-40s. With Nickelodeon, MTV, and VH-1 all enjoying healthy profits, the 76-year-old Redstone is the undisputed top purveyor of youth culture in the country (and arguably, given the continuing g ization of MTV, in the world). Youth—the desirability, the tricity of it—is always on his mind. A compliment on his b flowery necktie brings forth Redstone's highest accolade: It's *young,* isn't it?"

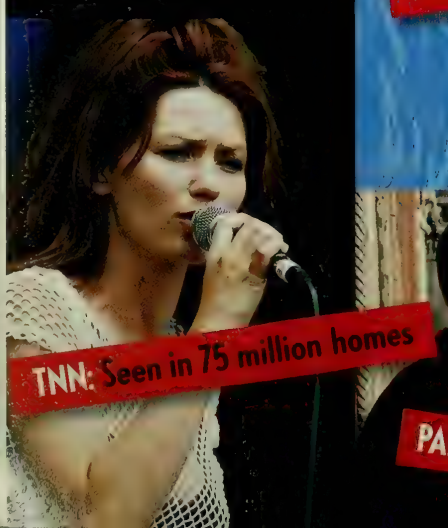
For years he's been crowing that "content is king," and turned out, he's right. This year Paramount will release films with great Oscar potential: Tim Burton's *Sleepy H* Alan Parker's *Angela's Ashes,* based on Frank McCourt's selling memoir; and Anthony Minghella's *The Talented Mr ley,* starring Matt Damon. These films come fast on the he last year's mega-hits *Saving Private Ryan* and *Titanic,* whi gether grossed $2.3 billion. Meanwhile, through subsid such as Paramount Television and Spelling Entertainment com has a stake in some of the most talked-about TV s around, from *South Park* to *Frasier* and *Sabrina, the Te Witch* to *Judge Judy.* (Though the company does have its of dogs: *Sister, Sister* and Roseanne's syndicated talk show exactly burning up the airwaves.) By unloading Simon & S ter's profitable education division for $3.6 billion, Redston slashed the company's debt by more than half. After assu CBS's debt Viacom's debt will be about $11 billion—comfo for what is now an $80 billion company.

If the S&S sale went a long way toward soothing jitte nancial analysts, news of the Blockbuster recovery was The strawberry-haired C.E.O. spent a year griping that lysts were dragging down Viacom's price by undervaluin beleaguered video-rental giant. In public, he moaned abo in private, he fixed it. Today, through a revenue-sharing ar ment with the studios that guarantees customers will ac find the tapes they come in for, Redstone and Blockb C.E.O. John Antioco have breathed new life and profita into the chain. Viacom has already sold about 18 perce Blockbuster to the public and will sell the rest through a off next year.

Not that Redstone's troubles with Blockbuster—or with com—are entirely over: when it comes to the media con erates, Wall Street continually has its finger poised on a trigger. "Viacom's image can go from sho pink to baby blue in a matter of months," one media analyst. "Sometimes ner's a pariah, sometimes he's nius. It's the same with [Time War Gerald Levin; it's the same a lot of these guys."

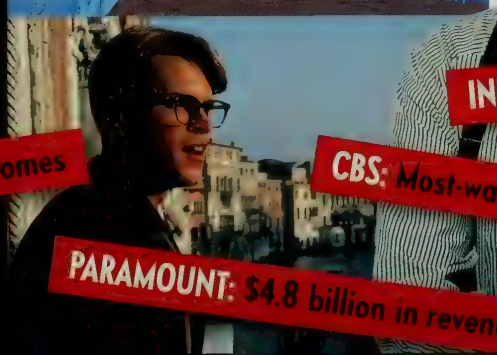
Redstone knows this. fluctuations based on r and innuendo are a cor source of aggravation. A Antioco puts it, "the only more important to

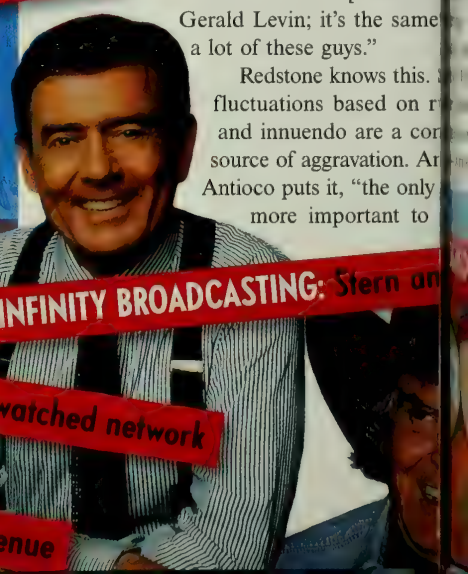
THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT
Top row: **Nickelodeon's cartoon series *Rugrats;* rock band Limp Bizkit; Madonna at *Vanity Fair*'s 1999 Oscar party.** ***Bottom row:*** **country singer Shania Twain, at Capital FM's "Party in the Park" in London, July 5, 1998; Matt Damon in the upcoming Paramount co-release *The Talented Mr. Ripley;* Dan Rather of CBS News; radio host Don Imus; Comedy Central's *South Park;* Bob Woodward, who is published by Simon & Schuster; the cast of Fox's teen melodrama *Beverly Hills, 90210*.**





NICKELODEON: Top-rated cable network





INFINITY BROADCASTING: Stern an

TNN: Seen in 75 million homes

CBS: Most-watched network

PARAMOUNT: $4.8 billion in revenue

n the stories done about him is the stock price of Via-
Redstone lives and dies by that number, and not simply
e he is the company's biggest shareholder—with 67 per-
the voting stock and 28 percent of its overall shares.
g media moguls, only Rupert Murdoch comes close to
lling his company as tightly as Redstone does.) He
want to be remembered as a man who built an empire.
nts to be remembered as a man who built an empire by
competitors a generation younger than he is.

don't ask him how he wants to be remembered, unless you
enrage him. For all his enthusiasm and unpretentious-
edstone is not an easy man to talk to. He is, for starters, a
de Boston curmudgeon. Although he is rigorously intellec-
e doesn't want to be thought of as introspective. That
imply an inner life, and his inner life is none of your
d business. He's not keen on reporters or reporting, and
t shy about saying so: a question is either a "turn-on" or a
T," depending on whether the answer will reflect well on
npany. His answers to business questions will crush you
etail, but answers to even the most innocuous personal
ns are infuriatingly superficial. When asked what he wants
doesn't already have, he replies, "I'll be satisfied when
ne has recognized that Viacom is the world's leading enter-
nt company."

en he's pleased, he exudes a kind of full-body twinkle;
ne's annoyed, his rosy cheeks flush purple, and his jaw, al-
rmly set, looks as if it could crack Brazil nuts. Redstone
are man who can sit absolutely still and nevertheless con-
impression that he is jumping up and down.

air of almost superhuman aliveness, particularly in a
his age, gets people talking. While Disney and Time War-
e corporate entities through and through, Murdoch's
Corp. and Redstone's Viacom are throwbacks to the busi-
of the Hearsts, Paleys, and Pulitzers—enterprises domi-
and controlled by an individual and subject to that
lual's whims. Murdoch, at 68, is currently wrestling with
ns of succession; Redstone, at 76, is not. In August, Dis-
airman Michael Eisner complained that the press is for-
sking him about his successor, though he's only 57 and
dy asks Sumner Redstone, who is 117." ("Most
who see me in action don't think I'm a day
6," Redstone replied.) Karmazin's appoint-
o C.O.O. may quell the "no heir apparent"
ring. But Redstone has fallen out of love
op executives before—witness the fall from
of Frank Biondi, Viacom's much-respected
chief. For all the praise he lavishes on his
ement team, Redstone remains a one-man
-writer, producer, director, star.

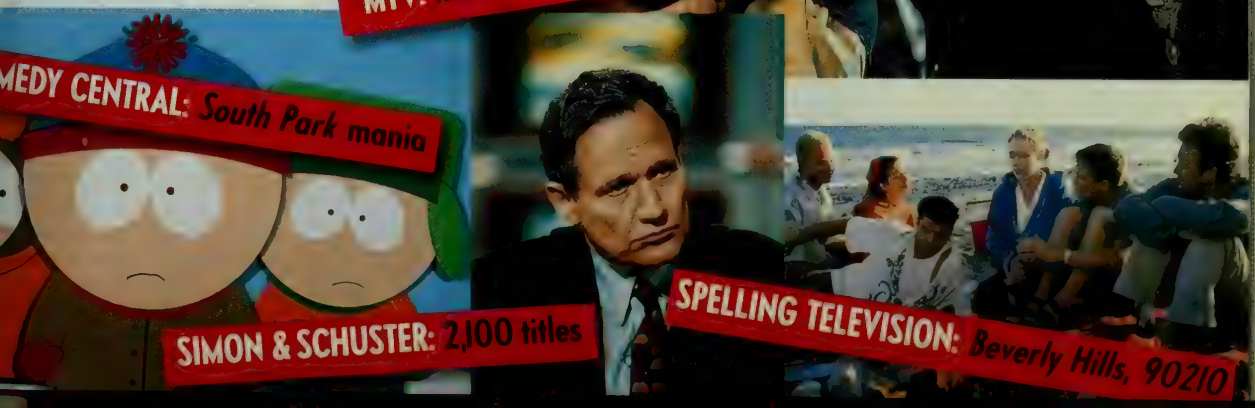
How long can the show go on? I can say with some certainty that there are Methuselah genes in Redstone's family, since I am part of it. He and my 76-year-old father are first cousins, born a few months apart. Their mothers were sisters, and extremely close. My grandmother Sally nicknamed little Sumner "Gorgeous"; Sumner returned her affection, and, she told me proudly, he loved her matzo brei.

Among the members of the family there is a strong resemblance, and streaks of irascibility and frugality too. But there the similarities end. My family are the poor relations, and Sumner was a distant object of veneration. My mother's enthusiasm for her cousin-in-law's accomplishments ("Hey! Where's Sumner on this year's Forbes Four Hundred?") was usually met with stony silence by my father. My father, Edmund Newman—keenly intelligent but terminally risk-averse—spent his life having his achievements compared unfavorably with those of his brilliant cousin. When I was born, the first thing my father said to my mother was "I never want this kid compared to her cousins." (He proceeded to do precisely that for the rest of his life.)

"You know what power is?" asks my uncle Barry Newman, a film actor who appeared in *Bowfinger* and will be co-starring in Steven Soderbergh's upcoming *The Limey*. "Power is knowing that all I'd have to do is walk into the Paramount cafeteria with Sumner and my phone would be ringing off the hook the next day."

Although Sumner gave me my first summer job, doing clerical work at his movie-theater company, National Amusements, I had never met him before I started to write this article. As a child, however, I spent quite a bit of time with his parents, Belle and Michael. Belle Ostrovsky was the most beautiful of the four sisters; she was also kind, intelligent, high-strung, and fiercely ambitious on behalf of her children. Her parents divorced after emigrating from Russia; two of the sisters went to live with their mother, while she and her sister Sally (my grandmother) lived with their father. A wealthy lawyer in the old country, Barnett Ostrovsky never mastered English, and ended up working in a raincoat factory. Belle worshiped her father—





how many men of that time raised two daughters alone? and when she met her future husband, she saw a relentlessly ambitious and authoritative figure who would take care of her as well as her father had. When she was in her late 70s, Belle still sighed and fussed over Michael like a teenager; until the day he died, and despite his numerous infidelities, Belle was madly in love with him. She survived him by only a few months.

Compact, handsome, and always well dressed, Michael Rothstein had menthol-blue eyes that could turn from kind to icy in a nanosecond. He was born into a working-class Boston family at the turn of the century, and dropped out of high school to make money. He bought a used truck and started in business by getting a carting contract from the city of Boston. One truck became many. Getting carting contracts in Boston during the 20s and 30s entailed involvement with some of the shadier characters in town; Mickey, while never directly involved with the Irish Mafia, had his friends. One of them was John "Honey Fitz" Fitzgerald, the former mayor who happened to be John F. Kennedy's maternal grandfather. "If you wanted any government contracts in Boston," my father says, "you had to see Honey Fitz first."

Sumner Redstone likes to say that he was born in a Boston tenement, implying that he knew poverty. There's a bit of self-mythologizing in this story. He was indeed born in a tenement in Boston's West End, which was the equivalent of New York's Lower East Side—the bustling part of town, full of striving immigrants. But he knew little poverty. Beginning in the late 1920s, Mickey began accumulating his fortune, and within the first few years of Sumner's life, the family had enough money to move to a spacious, two-family home in the affluent suburb of Brighton. Later, the Rothsteins moved into a series of increasingly luxurious Boston hotels, such as the Copley Plaza. (To this day, Sumner favors the amenities of hotel living: although he keeps the same modest home he's had for more than 30 years in upscale Newton, Massachusetts, Sumner spent most of the last two decades living in New York, first in the Carlyle and, most recently, the Pierre.)

For Mickey, the springboard to wealth was Harry "Doc" Sagansky, a dentist and an infamous Boston bookie whose betting syndicate rivaled Meyer Lansky's. Sagansky, who died in 1997, ran one of the biggest gambling enterprises in the country. Doc was almost as zealous an investor as he was a gambler, and he poured hundreds of thousands into Mickey Rothstein's businesses. It was Sagansky's money that helped Rothstein open his first drive-in movie theater, in Valley Stream, Long Island, in 1934. Mickey also loved nightclubs and—to his wife's perpetual distress—female companionship; with money from Sagansky, he bought Boston's Mayfair, and then, for $350,000 in 1943, the Latin Quarter (formerly owned by Barbara Walters's father, Lou; he had had to sell it to pay off debts). At the time, headliners included Frank Sinatra, Billie Holiday, and Louie Armstrong.

As Mickey got more involved in high-profile business ventures, he changed his name to Redstone—partly to avoid anti-Semitism in Boston business circles, partly to avoid any perceived connection with Arnold Rothstein, the notorious New York gangster who had fixed the 1919 World Series. Redstone also began to distance himself from Sagansky.

"Mickey felt that if he carried my father as a partner he wouldn't be able to get public money or become as big as he wanted," says Marilyn Riseman, Sagansky's only daughter. Riseman, an event and media planner, is known around Boston as "the Kabuki Socialite." She meets me dressed in a pin-s suit and carrying a metal lunchbox as a purse. She w mask of white foundation, black lacquered eyebrows, thick black eyeliner, and Louise Brooks's bob. But the eccentr pearance belies a vivid memory and a sharp wit. "My was hurt by Mickey's decision," Riseman continues. "But derstood it, and didn't stand in his way."

Sumner Murray Rothstein was born on May 27, In a Jewish family given to liberal amounts of and scorn, he received only the former. A br Edward, followed five years later. Eddie was s trustworthy, and sweet-natured. But Sumne clearly his parents' favorite, and this engendere ternal tension that would last a lifetime.

Today, Sumner Redstone laughingly calls his mother a "t who had great influence in his life. While he practiced Belle "would stand over the piano and keep turning the back so I would practice more." Says Marilyn Riseman adds that Belle treated her like a daughter, "She was the on son in the world Sumner couldn't win an argument with."

Redstone attended Boston Latin School, a demanding school considered the stepping-stone to success for the ch of Jewish and Irish Catholic immigrants. (Graduates inclu journalist Theodore H. White and Leonard Bernstein. school was "brutal and inhumane.... Harvard was kinder by comparison," Redstone says today. In 1940 he gradua the top of his class, an unathletic brainiac. As president debate team, he developed a reputation for orneriness school yearbook predicted that Redstone would go on to reer in politics: "Senator Rothstein ... is confiding to inti that if the bill is presented on the floor of the Senate, he v ibuster until Congress adjourns."

Redstone breezed through Harvard and then Harvard School, making extra money by playing piano in his own band. As an undergraduate, he was tapped by Edwin schauer (a future ambassador to Japan) to be one of a group of mathematicians and computer experts recruit help break Japan's military codes. "We'd give the inform and the next day we'd pick up the paper and it said th Japanese fleet was sunk," Redstone recalls. "It was an extr nary, exciting time."

Afterward, Redstone went to work as a special assist U.S. attorney general Thomas C. Clark. Redstone handled than 50 tax-litigation cases. As a young law student, he courted and pursued Phyllis Raphael, a petite, vivaciou who had been known as the best dancer in her sorority. married in 1947.

By his own admission, Redstone's life could taken a very different turn. Showing me a his memorabilia-filled office atop the Viacom quarters at 1515 Broadway, he stops to cons framed letter from Edmund Muskie, which in part: "You were one of the first to beli me, and that is something I'll never forget." Redston co-chairman of Edmund Muskie's ill-fated 1972 presid campaign, which ended when Muskie seemed to cry wh sponding to vicious media attacks. To this day, Redsto grily insists that Muskie would have won "if the snowfla his eyes hadn't been distorted to mean he was crying."



STRIKE
, being number one
ays the big thing."
dstone. Although his
l wealth is estimated at
lion, he's still not one
ggy toys, such as
eams and fancy cars.

Muskie won, Redstone was reportedly slated to become his attorney general. "And that would have been fine, too," he says.

He's not kidding. Everyone who knows Redstone agrees on one thing: he's not about the money. In the last two years, according to *Forbes*, he has gone from being the 37th-richest man in the United States to the 17th-richest, with a personal wealth estimated at $9.4 billion. But he probably has fewer rich-guy toys than a garden-variety multimillionaire: no art collection, no stable of cars, no estates, no sports teams. He's still uncomfortable about the Gulfstream III that he acquired as part of the Paramount deal (not to mention the chauffeured limousine), explaining that every movie studio needs one "for the sake of the talent." Until quite recently, when his underlings told him he had to dress a little snazzier, he would tell his driver to find him a suit at Filene's Basement, the dowdy discount chain. He even refuses to publish a glossy annual report—because, says former Viacom executive Tom Dooley, "it would cost about two million and doesn't generate sales." Redstone's frugality appears to be genetic. Redstone's daughter, Shari, 45, who runs Viacom's parent company, National Amusements, clips coupons and tends to shop on Sundays—"Double-coupon day!" she explains.

These days Redstone's political activity is confined mostly to writing checks, but he still defines himself as "an old-fashioned liberal Democrat," a friend of the Kennedys, and a staunch Clinton supporter. Mention the words "sex scandal" at your peril. "I tell ya," he says, "from the American-public standpoint, even if there was obstruction of justice involved, this is about sex. And the whole thing is ridiculous. The American people expect people to lie when they get caught in that situation. You lie. You just lie." (Which raises a sticky issue. Prior to Phyllis Redstone's recent divorce claim, Sumner had been seen in the company of Christine Peters, the ex-wife of Hollywood producer Jon Peters. Phyllis sued for divorce three times before, most recently in 1993, citing cruel and abusive treatment. The couple have been together for 52 years.)

"You know what my father used to say about Sumner?" asks Marilyn Riseman. "'If that man weren't Jewish, he'd have been president.'"

In the mid-1950s, Redstone left law to join his father's movie business, which eventually became known as National Amusements. At this point the company was a small but prosperous chain of about 200 theaters and drive-ins in the Northeast. Sumner's father built the company with a zealotry and intensity which his son inherited. And it probably didn't take long for the father to figure out that by inviting his son into the company he was setting the stage for his own retirement.

"I remember talking to Mickey one time, and I asked him how Sumner liked being in the business," says Dr. Benson Charif, a cousin of Sumner's. Charif and his wife, who live on Cape Cod, had Sunday dinner almost weekly with Sumner's parents when they lived in Miami Beach. "Mickey said, 'He likes it fine. I'm not sure I can take it. Because I can't keep up with him.'" Sumner's brother was involved in the business as well, but "Eddie was treated like an also-ran," adds another Redstone relative. "He was no slouch by any means. But their father treated Eddie like a kid, and Sumner like a partner. So Eddie wanted out." Eddie was bought out in the early 1970s and went on to a successful career in banking, but the pain of being in his older brother's shadow lingered for years.

The rift was aggravated when Sumner CONTINUED ON PAGE 301

Spotlight

EYE OF NEWTON

He is the dec
dandy, the perfect Peeping Tom; at 79, Helmut Ne
remains the master of haute fantasy. There is a cool
cy to his fetishistic tableaux, S&M scenarios, and wit
traits. In Newton's eye, all the world is eroticized. "
no imagination, I have no fantasy," Newton lament
his home in Monte Carlo—I don't believe him for a m
His iconographic images define fashion and docu
society; they constantly threaten to expose the viev
the true voyeur.

This December as homage to the master, Tasche
publish *Helmut Newton's SUMO*—one of the bi
books ever made. Weighing in at 66.1 pounds wit
pages, it arrives complete with a table designe
Philippe Starck. Newton gleefully calls the project "t
ing and outrageous. I don't even look at it as a boo
says. "I look at it as an object."

One of Newton's inimitable trademarks is the a
perverse ability to make luxury a necessity and des
emergency. He's just finished shooting a series celeb
the 75th anniversary of the Montblanc Meisterstück
in which he puts a modern spin on the ancient Japa
notion of a "pillow book." A woman is captured, writ
love you" across the breasts of another with the c
Meisterstück. Voilà—Newtonian logic!

When it comes to talking to Newton about Ne
there is always a sense of mystery—a Berlin native,
ton fled Germany at 18—and one has the feeling th
has both seen and experienced much more than h
ever let on. When I press Newton about his own fa
life, he confesses: "I would like to be a writer, that's th
mate, to have a piece of paper, a pen, and your h
Pass the Montblanc. —A. M. H

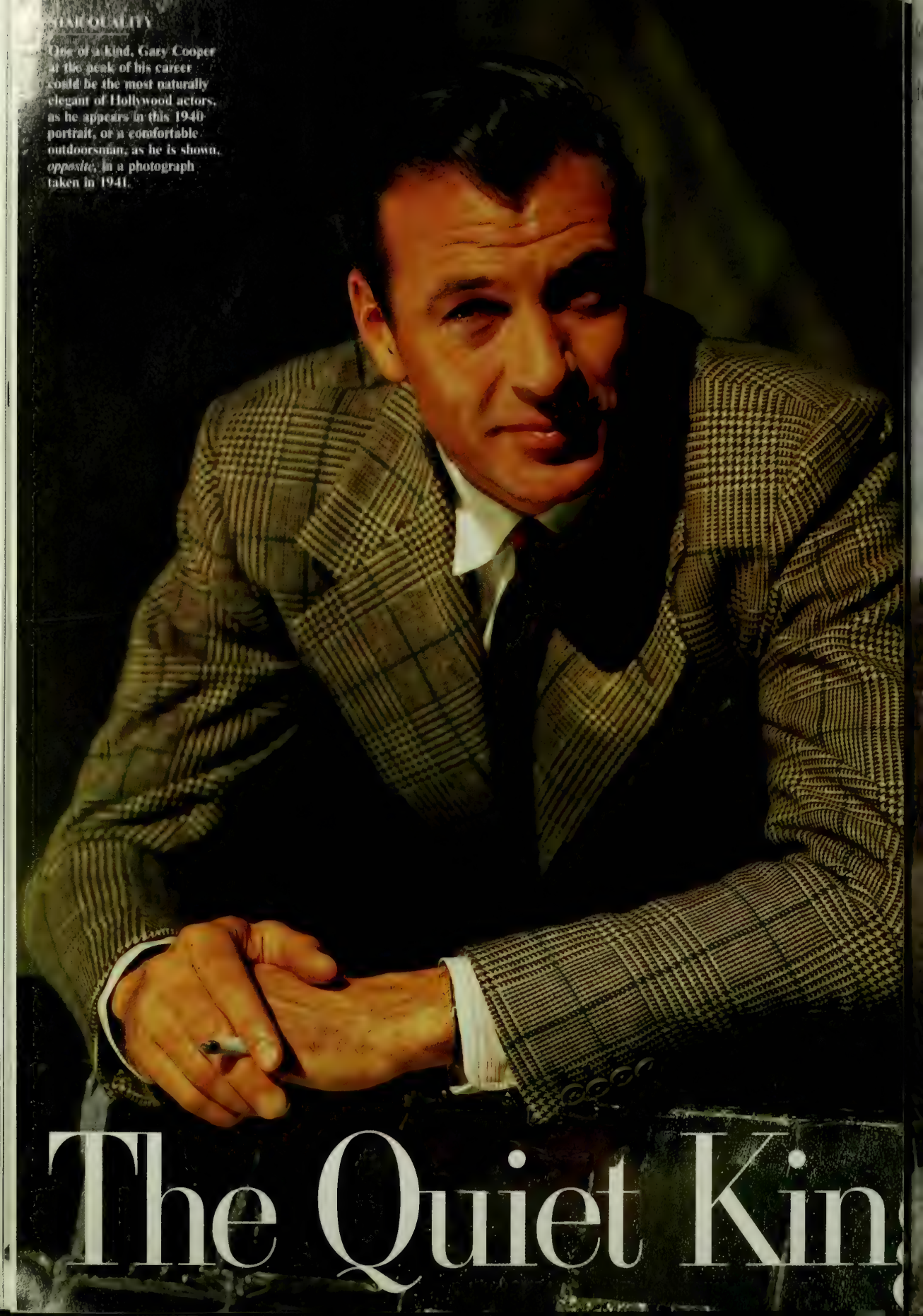


BUNNY BUSINESS

Elsa Peretti, in a costume designed for her by Halston, on the roof of her New York City apartment building, 1975.

STAR QUALITY

One of a kind, Gary Cooper at the peak of his career could be the most naturally elegant of Hollywood actors, as he appears in this 1940 portrait, or a comfortable outdoorsman, as he is shown, *opposite*, in a photograph taken in 1941.



The Quiet Kin

Gary Cooper touched the American soul in movie after movie–*Sergeant York*, *The Pride of the Yankees*, *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, *Meet John Doe*, of course, *High Noon*, among them. As Cooper's daughter publishes a remembrance of him, TOM HANKS contemplates the taciturn power that made Cooper far more than just a star



If there is any question as to whether a larger-than-life movie star can also be an artist of great mystery, consider the life and work of Gary Cooper, particularly the final 14 minutes of *High Noon,* released in 1952, in which Cooper delivers only seven words of scripted dialogue.

Since *High Noon* is arguably one of the greatest motion pictures of all time, and his performance as Will Kane earned Cooper his second Academy Award, one would think those seven words would be among the most notable and repeated in all of movie history. But since this is *High Noon* and the actor is Gary Cooper, the lines "Miller!" and "I'll come out. Let her go" are only words of dialogue and no threat to the likes of "Here's looking at you, kid," or "Frankly, my dear, I don't give a damn."

The emotional impact of Stanley Kramer's production springs from the film's silent moments, certainly from the direction of Fred Zinnemann and the editing of Elmo Williams and Harry Gerstad. And, of course, from the looks, gestures, and reactions found in the performance of the film's star. He strides up the streets of Hadleyville, flicks sweat from his brow as he stands alone in the center of the suddenly deserted town, looks on in pain as both his new wife (Grace Kelly) and his old flame (Katy Jurado) abandon him. Gary Cooper is not just Marshal Will Kane in *High Noon,* he is also a mysterious and cryptic teacher of the art of acting on the screen—the kind of teacher who confounds and inspires his students at the same time—a professional duty he began, appropriately enough, in the era of silent motion pictures.

In only one scene in the first film ever to win the Academy Award for best picture, *Wings,* we see the future of screen acting in the form of Gary Cooper. He is quiet and natural, somehow different from the other famous cast members, who include Clara Bow, Charles "Buddy" Rogers, and Richard Arlen. He does something mysterious with his eyes and shoulders that is much more like "being" than "acting." He does nothing that telegraphs to the audience his process. And yet there is some kind of process there, for the man is "acting." He is in costume and makeup. He is standing in front of not only a camera but also the multitude of people who made up a film crew even when films were silent. In this one scene, Cooper somehow crosses a bridge from the artifice of acting to the manner of behavior via a process that eludes most other performers—a process that marks the difference between a popular film star and an untouchable film icon years ahead of his time.

It is not hard to presume that the advent of sound in film made not a dent in his way of working—in his process—for, as shown in the great majority of his film roles, Cooper could have coined and patented the phrase "Less is more." Remember that at the height of his celebrity, in all the cartoon caricatures and imitations, all that was required to satirize Gary Cooper was a quiet "Yup."

At the same time as he was the man of few words in the Hollywood firmament, Cooper was, like all movie stars, ch out films at a dizzying pace compared with today's prod schedules. His output for 1940–42 began with *North West ed Police,* directed by Cecil B. DeMille. Then, in succ Cooper starred in Frank Capra's *Meet John Doe,* Howard H *Sergeant York* (for which he won his first best-actor Ac Award) and *Ball of Fire,* and Sam Wood's *The Pride of th kees* (in which he played Lou Gehrig) and *For Whom t Tolls* (released in 1943). All the big stars and contract pla the era worked at this pace. In fact, during this incredible films Cooper co-starred twice—in *Meet John Doe* and *Fire*—with Barbara Stanwyck, the actress who could ea considered his female counterpart.

The number of movies is not so impressive as the i each had on the movie audience. *North West Mounted P* not considered a great classic, but *Meet John Doe* certa As the title character in *Sergeant York,* Cooper touched an ican nerve, making the film the top-grossing picture of th Then, in *Ball of Fire,* Cooper appeared in as delightful a the era as one will find.

Cooper again entered the consciousness of the natio *The Pride of the Yankees,* a film of such timely perfection even features Babe Ruth. The moving final speech o Gehrig—"I consider myself the luckiest man on the face earth"—has since become a gestalt quotation, now used most any occasion. During World War II, Cooper recit speech for G.I.'s during U.S.O. tours in the South Pacific. ly, Ernest Hemingway himself wanted Cooper to play Jordan in *For Whom the Bell Tolls,* which earned him his Academy Award nomination.

There is not an actor alive who would n his all to have just one of these film role credit. Two would make a career. But to t five of these performances in a row requi actor with the presence, process, and sim mysterious star quality of a Gary Coope

Of course, not all the years were as go Cooper as those of the early 40s. The 1933 and 1934 found him appearing in such forgotten fi *Design for Living, Alice in Wonderland* (look it up!), and *O 13.* But even the lesser films of his career only enhance th tery of Gary Cooper and his process. Was acting in films as easy for him as he made it look? Did he simply hit his and do what came naturally? Did he ever have any difficult coming the self-consciousness that is part and parcel of st in front of a camera while pretending to be Lou Gehrig, York, or Will Kane?

Perhaps we will never know. Looking to the man hims some hint will turn up precious few clues. There is an old in Hollywood about Cooper on the set of one of his which could very well have been *High Noon.* Between sho other cast members were passing the time talking—as all do—about their roles, their lines, and the merits of one over another. Hoping to include the great star in the con tion, one of the actors asked, "Mr. Cooper, what are the you look for in a script?"

Without looking up, the cryptic yet larger-than-life pro of the Gary Cooper School of the Art of Screen Acting simple lesson.

"Days off," he said. □

Excerpted from *Gary Cooper Off Camera: A Daughter Remembers,* by Maria Cooper Janis, to be published this month by Harry N. Abrams, Inc.; © 1999 by Tom Hanks.



LESS IS MORE

From top left: Gary Cooper with director Howard Hawks on the set of *Ball of Fire,* 1941; from left, Cooper's wife, Rocky, Jack Hemingway, Ingrid Bergman, Cooper, and Clark Gable in Sun Valley, Idaho, 1948; Cooper with Katina Paxinou and Ingrid Bergman on the set of *For Whom the Bell Tolls,* 1942; with his daughter, Maria, on the set of *High Noon,* 1951; at home in California with Maria and Rocky—both at work on needlepoint reproductions of van Goghs—and their pet corgi; a 1940 photograph of Cooper by Edward Weston.


November 22
Dear Groucho,
I shall be delighted, indeed privileged, to be your guest for your performance at the Antiquarian Booksellers' convention in Atlantic City next week, and more privileged still to share in the contemplative pleasures of those good Havanas right you mention.
December 2
Dear Tom
Old man Trump has a point—sometimes a cigar is just a cigar. This wasn't one of those times...
20TH CENT
ILLUSTRATIONS BY GUY PEELLAERT



F.D.R. disses Al Capone; Mrs. Simpson sighs for Hitler; Papa drinks with Che and Ava Gardner; Cassius Clay dates Jackie; Groucho Marx and T. S. Eliot appreciate a good cigar. In seven gloriously imagined scenarios from their book *20th-Century Dreams*, due out this month, NIK COHN and artist GUY PEELLAERT fantasize about what the icons of an era would have, could have, and should have done

Y DREAMS



The Duke had been seeking a showdown for months. With *On the Waterfront*, Brando had overtaken him at the box office, and Wayne couldn't stand it. To be supplanted by this mumbling, un-American faker was more than he could stomach. Now, on another waterfront, the moment had come to settle the score.

Egged on by his drinking buddies, Wayne began to spew abuse—Commie, fag, nigger-loving pervert—but his rival seemed bulletproof. It was only when Marlon turned his back dismissively and started to saunter off that his fatal flaw was revealed. "Know something, pilgrim?" the Duke drawled. "You've got a fat ass."

EXCERPTED FROM 20[illegible], BY NIK COHN AND [illegible]UY PEELLAERT, TO BE [illegible] THIS MONTH BY ALFRED A. KNOPF INC.
[illegible]999 BY NIK COHN [illegible] PEELLAERT





To Fred, Bojangles was simply the Master. Their nights in Harlem were epics of good fellowship, though sometimes Astaire was prone to get overexcited. Once, he phoned a friend at dawn, sounding uncommonly flustered. "I'm lonesome," he said sheepishly.

"How come?"

"I'm with a young lady who wishes to be [illegible], and I lack the wherewithal."



"There was a time when Havana was a good town and the life there had a fine balance," Ernest wrote years later. "Then new people came in. They weren't bad all through, but they didn't know the rules and had no respect for style. Afterward, the town was never much good again."

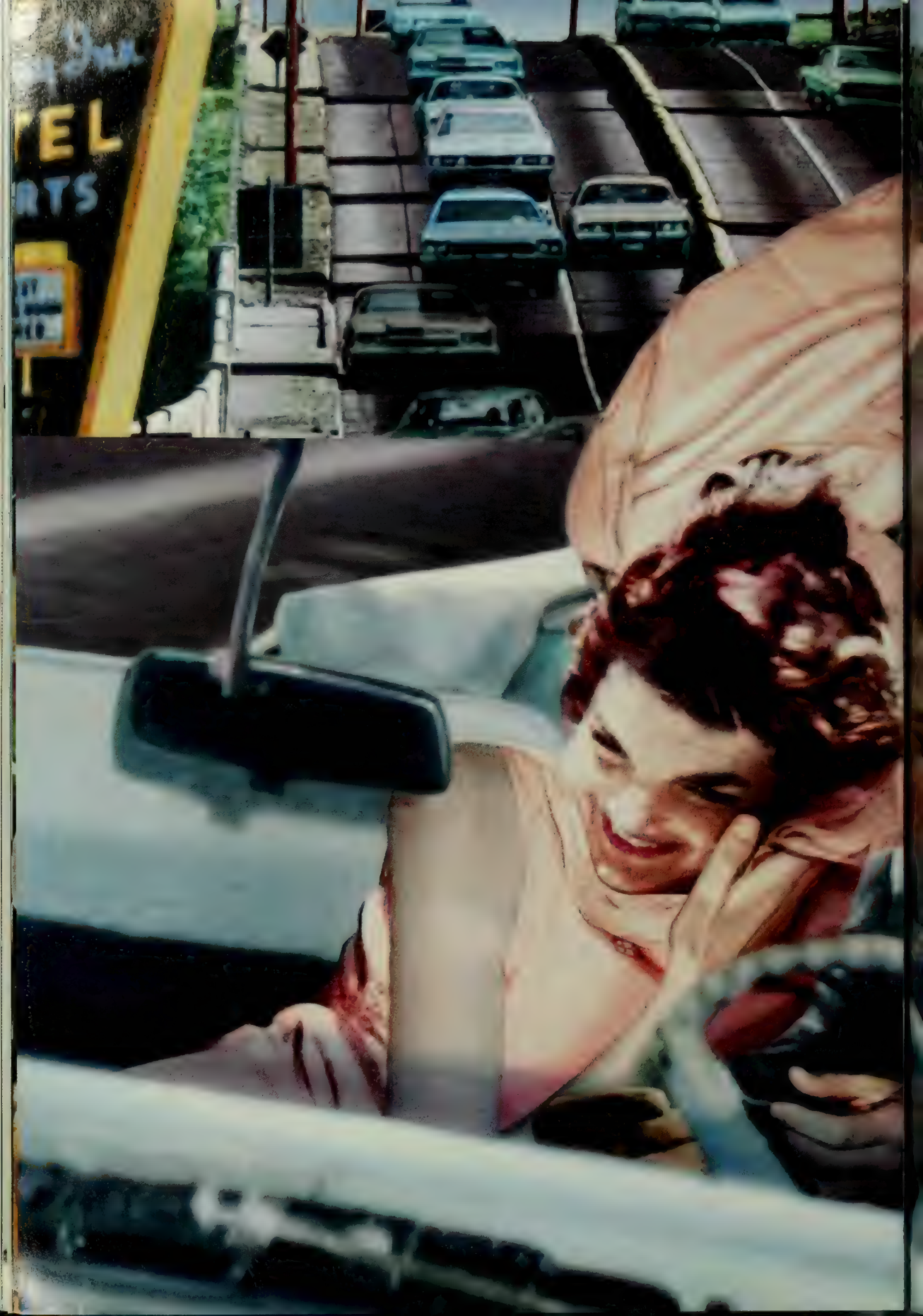


H[illegible] Aryan thought in straight lines, [illegible] must guard against the curved, unmanly blade," he said sternly, and Mrs. Simpson let slip a sigh. Hard and pure, she thought. But the *Führer*'s gaze had strayed to *Fräulein* Braun. Soft and warm, he thought. But Eva only had eyes for the boyish Englishman. Young and fresh, she thought. But Windsor was lost in dreams of his own. Strong and cruel, he thought. But the guard, whose name was [illegible] known, thought of nothing at all.



Capone always wore his heart on his sleeve. So long as you were his pal, he was happy to give you the world. But if he felt you'd let him down, he could turn quite petulant.

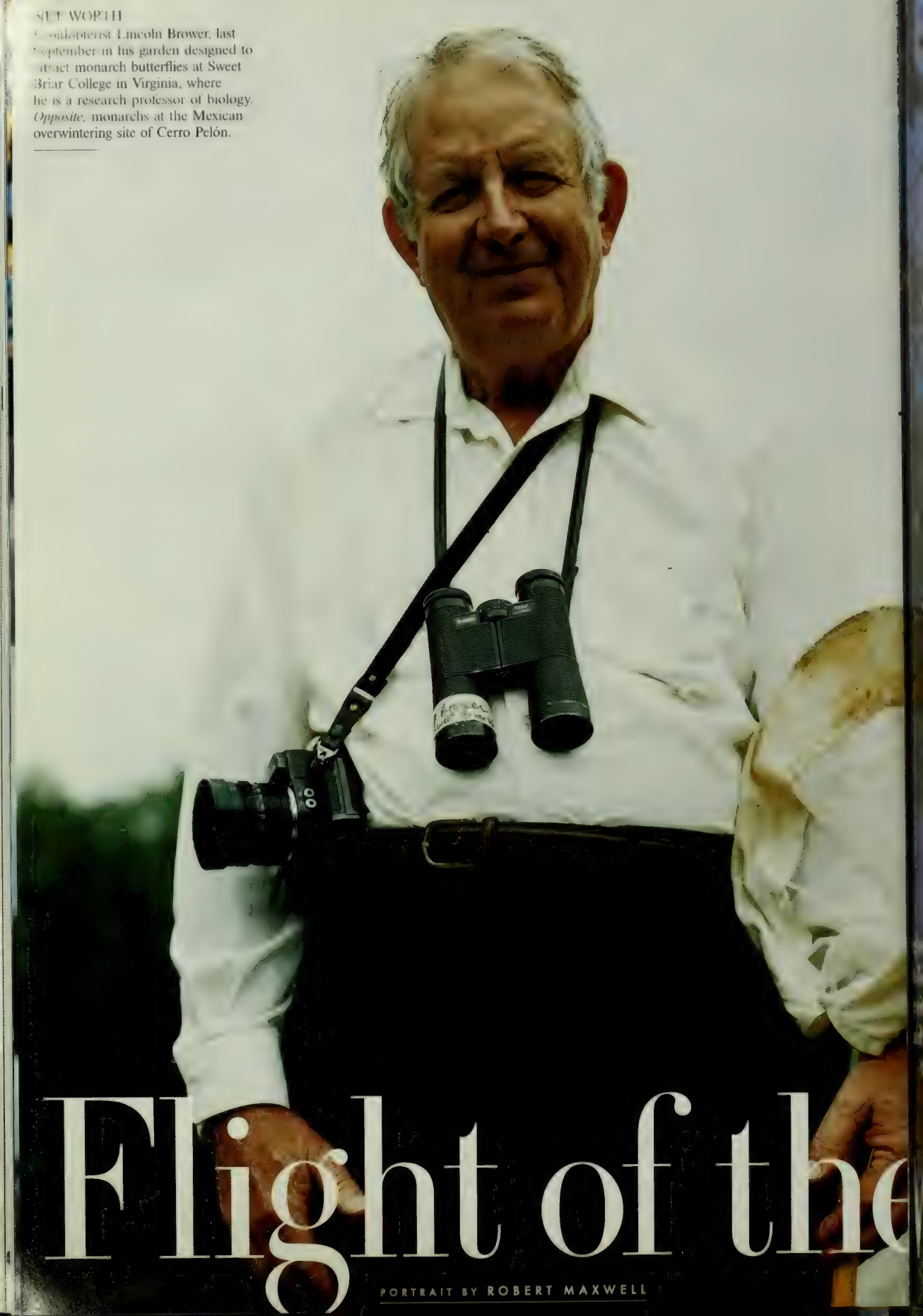
When F.D.R. made governor, Al was thrilled for him. He broke short his vacation in Havana and rushed to Roosevelt's side, armed with a box of the best Romeo y Julietas. "You and me," he said, "we speak the same language. We're both patriots, and we're both in the freedom game. If we stick together, the sky's the limit." The governor, however, turned out to be a prude. "I don't do business with hoodlums," he huffed, a remark that cut Capone to the quick. In a trice, the cigars and soft smiles were forgotten. "If there's one thing I can't stand," Al remarked, "it's a man whose hat's got away from his head."


EL
RTS



never h[illegible] Cassius said, and [illegible] on the [illegible] "[illegible] lived." It was [illegible] state, a [illegible] afternoon, and the champ had taken a day off from training. They were cruising the Jersey Turnpike, with no particular place to go, when his sweet tooth kicked in. "The secret is in the root beer," he told her. "You can have your vanilla ice cream, your chocolate syrup, your little bitty cherry, but if the root beer isn't A&W, you don't have a real black cow."

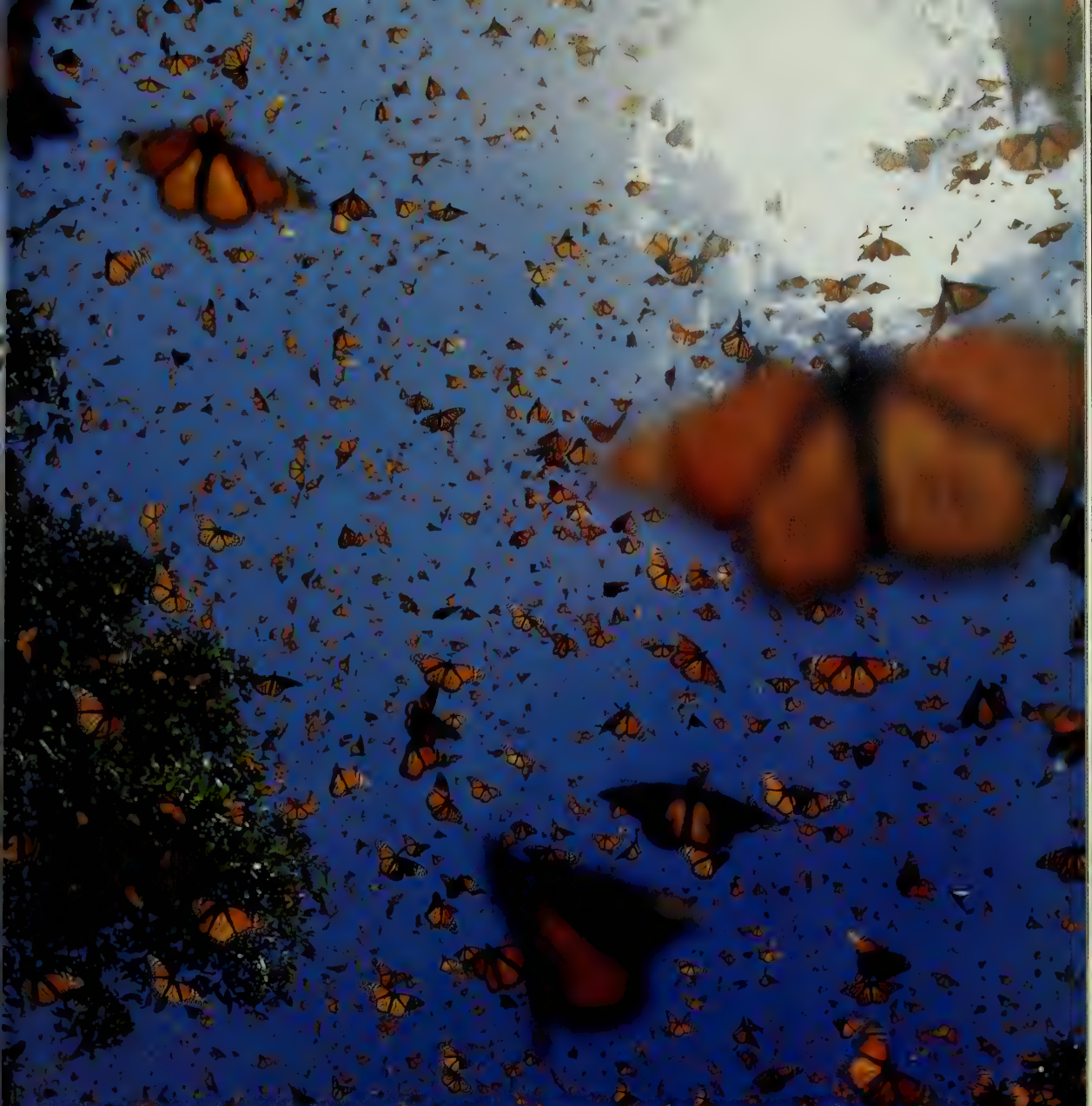
The first place they [illegible] to [illegible] them off with Coke, the second [illegible] the third [illegible] wrong brand of root bee[illegible] and they were back [illegible] Robinson & The Miracl[illegible] Baby" on the radio. "One more time," the champ said, pulling up at a Tastee-Freez, and at last his perseverance was rewarded. The girl took a sip. "You're right," she said. "I [illegible] lived."



SUE WORTH
Lepidopterist Lincoln Brower, last September in his garden designed to attract monarch butterflies at Sweet Briar College in Virginia, where he is a research professor of biology. *Opposite*, monarchs at the Mexican overwintering site of Cerro Pelón.

Flight of the

PORTRAIT BY ROBERT MAXWELL



Each autumn, hundreds of millions of North American monarch butterflies
gin an epic migration south, creating an orange blizzard. Until 1975, scientists could
discover where they came to rest. When lepidopterist Fred Urquhart finally located
sites—atop wooded volcanoes in central Mexico—with rival expert Lincoln Brower
rd on his heels, the Mexican government, local peasants, and conservationists began
to battle over the butterfly's winter sanctuary, as ALEX SHOUMATOFF reports

Monarchs

One afternoon at the end of last August a monarch butterfly, a robust, freshly hatched male who had been cruising around for a few days in a meadow in southern Manitoba, taking nectar from asters and goldenrods, abruptly decamped and started to make his way south in a frenzy of flapping. He was following a migratory urge and a specific flight plan that have been inscribed in the genes of monarchs since well before the appearance of the first humans. Soon he met up with others of his kind: large, striking butterflies, their luminous, blood-orange wings scored with black veins and bordered with two rows of white spots.

The monarch is at once the most familiar and the most mysterious of insects. There is scarcely a backyard in America through which one has not coasted at sometime or another, scarcely a schoolchild who does not know about its metamorphosis inside a jewel-like, jade-green chrysalis, studded with gold spots, from a candy-striped, black-white-and-yellow caterpillar to an adult butterfly.

The monarch was named in the 17th century for King William of Orange. The early colonists called it King Billy. It has had many names through the years, among them the milkweed butterfly, the wanderer, and the storm king. It goes by the official name of *Danaus plexippus* and is placed by most taxonomists in the subfamily Danainae of the family Nymphalidae of the order Lepidoptera (butterflies and moths).

By the end of summer there may be hundreds of millions of monarchs east of the Rockies, spread out over 155,000 square miles. Each year, as the days shorten, this eastern population performs one of the most spectacular migrations in nature, no less epic than the flight of the passenger pigeons that, before becoming extinct in 1914, blackened the sky over Philadelphia as they began heading north in the spring.

Our Manitoba butterfly joins a little swirling knot of southbound monarchs, and like a river, picking up innumerable tributaries along the way, the knot converges with swarms and bevies, shimmering lines of translucent orange wings that take an hour to pass, billowing into scintillating clouds of tens of thousands of monarchs wafting up on thermals to 3,000 feet above the ground (scientists have tailed them that high in ultralight airplanes), sailing over cities and mountain ranges, riding 50-knot tailwinds, descending to only a few feet above the ground when there is a strong head wind or the air is too heavy with moisture. Each of them weighs little more than a fiftieth of an ounce, and although their bodies are bloated with lipids, fats they have been storing to live off for the next six months, their wings are no thicker than maple leaves. Some are blown way off course out to the Atlantic, some are pelted down by hail and drown in the Great Lakes. Many drift across highways and are slammed by the windshields of cars. But millions manage to skirt the perils, to thread a landscape that human alterations are turning increasingly into a minefield for animals on the move, and miraculously keeping their bearings they fall out of the sky at dusk to bivouac en masse in the same stands of trees year after year.

As early as 1885 a Pennsylvania naturalist, John Hamilton, described a monumental "pit stop" (as some monarch scientists call the phenomenon) in Brigantine, New Jersey, as "almost past belief ... millions is but feebly expressive ... miles of them is no exaggeration." He estimated that the entire aggregation was two and a half miles long by 400 yards wide. In the 1930s, in nearby Cape May, the famed ornithologist Roger Tory Peterson reported such a huge landing that the trees seemed "more orange than green." One morning in the spring of 1986 my friend Nicasio Romero, a sculptor and Chicano water-rights activist who lives on the Pecos River in northern New Mexico, opened his door to find that his entire six-acre spread was solid with monarchs; he couldn't step outside without crushing some. Romero was marooned until the butterflies resumed their journey the following afternoon.

Traveling in fits and starts up to 200 miles a day in September and October, the butterflies move diagonally southwest on a broad front across the Gulf States. Some break off and head down the Florida peninsula, or cross the Caribbean to the Yucatán peninsula, and then continue to parts unknown, possibly Guatemala, Honduras, or Costa Rica. But th waves stream through the Hill Cou Texas and funnel down to the Rio G What happens to them after t mained one of the great unsolved ies in the natural sciences as t quarter of the 20th century began.

By 1972, Dr. Fred A. Urquhart, a gist at the University of Toronto's S ough College, was getting close. devoted 35 years to the question o the eastern U.S. population went ea Urquhart was the grand old man arch research. Fascinated with l terology since he was five, he had catching large, charismatic moths cecropias, and Polyphemuses—flu around the streetlights in his homet Toronto. In the late 1930s he began ing the monarchs and experimenti tagging them to follow their moveme 1945 he married Norah Patterson, w no lepidopterist but who became consumed by the quest. Carlos Gott Mexican collaborator of Urquhart would organize Mexico City Boy Sc tag monarchs for him in the 198 scribed the Canadian scientist, now retired in Toronto, as "low-key, a re tleman. He and Norah are like you western grandparents."

By 1952 the Urquharts had dev an "alar tag," as they called it, that be glued to the leading edge of a arch's forewing and would not fall impede its flight. That same yea founded the Insect Migration A tion, and over the next 24 year and an army of thousands of volu tagged hundreds of thousands of archs in Canada, the United States tral America, the Caribbean, and e far away as Australia and New Ze Gottfried, now 49, said the volunte talked to were "very peculiar. Peop didn't have anything to do with lives, and suddenly they had a pu tagging monarchs for Dr. Urquhart gle women predominated, it seeme many became passionately devoted tall, darkly handsome professor a inspiring cause.

The Urquharts combe Florida peninsula ar Gulf States, but turn only a cluster of 2,(the Rio Grande valley ing the winter of 19 the Urquharts drove sands of miles between Corpus C Texas, and the Big Bend and fou monarchs to speak of. Nor was the evidence from the recovered tags

e experience was almost religious . . . thousands
ving pieces of stained glass against the blue sky."



ERFLY BASH
chs from east
Rockies cover an
fir at one of the sites
lcanic mountains
oacán, to which
igrate each winter.
rrive around Halloween,
eproductive diapause,
March come alive
e a spectacular orgy.

white, numbered labels printed with the request "Send to Zoology, University Toronto, Canada"—that the eastern population joined the western, one of Urquhart's early theories. A winter colony had been discovered in 1881 roosting on pine trees on the Monterey peninsula in California, but these migrants had come down from west of the Rockies, it turned out, and their numbers were much smaller. In the last two decades some 200 colonies, none with more than 250,000 butterflies, have been found along the California coast. At least 20 have already been wiped out by suburban sprawl.

Everything suggested that the millions of eastern monarchs continued south of the border, but to where? And then what happened to them? Did they remain celibate during the winter months, like their western brethren, who hang in the trees for several months, semi-dormant and in reproductive diapause? Or did they continue to breed, like those in the small colonies found in Florida in 1961 and Arizona in 1968? Urquhart had visions of a hidden Shangri-la-like valley in Mexico, ablaze with flowers, where millions of monarchs were copulating madly. Or was the journey to Central America a one-way ticket? Did they go there to die, like proverbial lemmings?

Sir Rider Haggard, the author of the 1885 adventure novel *King Solomon's Mines,* had reported seeing thousands of monarchs flying south along a volcanic peak east of Mexico City in 1890, and in 1956, Jerzy Rzedowski, a Mexican botanist, had observed in the eastern Sierra Madre, north of Mexico City, a low, scattered wave moving in a southeasterly direction and then, as darkness fell, settling in some mesquite trees. But only a few of Urquhart's tags were recovered from Mexico. The most tantalizing one was found in the late 1960s in San Luis Potosí, in the desert a few hundred miles north of Mexico City. The butterfly had been tagged by Urquhart himself in his backyard in Toronto.

This isolated recovery didn't really tell the Urquharts much, so Norah started to write articles about their work for Mexican publications. One in 1972 in *The News of Mexico City,* a lively newspaper that serves Mexico City's gringo community, caught the attention of Kenneth Brugger, a 53-year-old American textile engineer who was then living in the sprawling, seething capital. Brugger, who died in November of last year at the age of 80, was fascinated by intellectual puzzles. Although he had no college education, he had risen to chief engineer for Jockey International, the underwear giant back in Kenosha, Wisconsin, and he had perfected the compactor, a fiber-compressing machine that produced the first shrink-resistant T-shirts. In 1965 his wife left him, he recalled to Carlos Gottfried years afterward. "In a deep depression he traveled to Mexico," Gottfried told me. "One day, down and out on a beach in Acapulco, he met a man who offered him a job at an underwear factory in Ixtapalapa," a *colonia,* or district, of Mexico City.

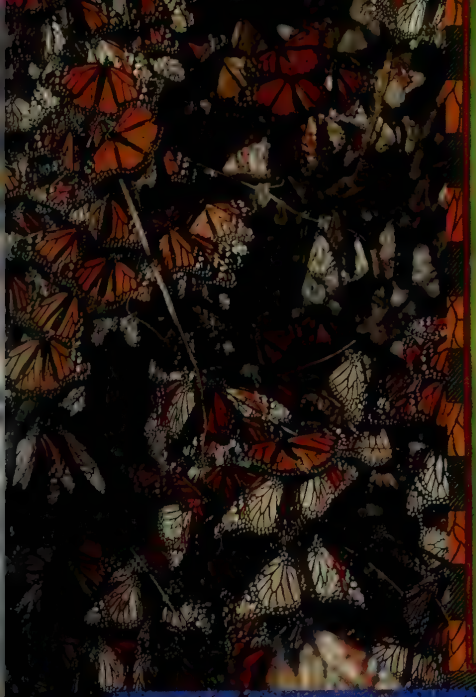
Brugger didn't know one butterfly from another, but he liked to take drives and hikes with his dog in the rugged, pine-forested volcanic highlands outside of Mexico City. On one of these jaunts he drove through a blizzard of the very orange-and-black butterflies Urquhart was hunting for. Responding to the *News of Mexico City* article, he wrote Urquhart on February 26, 1973, about the sighting. At the time, Urquhart had a research grant from the National Geographic Society, so he hired Brugger to run down every rumor and follow every lead, to visit every place where a tagged monarch had been recaptured, and to question the locals. Brugger returned to the scene of the butterfly blizzard, but the trail had gone cold. A year of diligent but futile detective work ensued as Brugger showed photos of monarchs to wary *campesinos* (farmers) in mountain villages, only to meet with puzzled headshaking from them.

In 1974, Brugger, then 55 years old, married Catalina Aguado, a much younger woman he had met through a mutual friend. Catalina (or Cathy, as the English-language accounts refer to her) was from Michoacán, the state west of Mexico City, where most of the monarch reports and rumors had been coming from. The couple began to comb the craggy backcountry of eastern Michoacán on a motorcycle. Cathy was understandably much better than her husband at breaking the ice with the locals. One day in late 1974 the Bruggers found masses of dead monarchs along a mountain road. Excitedly they wrote Urquhart, who responded, "You must be getting really close. Don't give up now." The couple asked around and a 73-year-old man named Don Benito Juárez called in and said he knew of a place where there were trees filled with butterflies. But he was reluctant to take them there, because the site was on one of the *ejidos,* the rural common lands distributed to the *campesinos* after the 1910 Mexican Revolution. The *ejidatarios* don't take kindly to trespassers on their won real estate.

But after some persuasion Juárez to show the Bruggers the site. It w the town of Donato Guerra, appro ly 100 miles west of Mexico City drove on a steep logging road as they could up the slopes of an i 13,500-foot volcano called Cerro and then proceeded on foot thr soaring forest of Montezuma pin mel fir, and cedar. Narrow shafts light shot down to light their way several hours they came to an meadow, on the edge of which, co ly smothering about four acres of 6 tall oyamels, were perhaps 15 m monarchs. Every trunk was so enc as to be invisible, every bough with their weight. The butterflies were closed, revealing only thei orangy-tan undersides, making then like so many pale dead leaves (alt this ingenious camouflage was l Brugger, who was color-blind). The motionless, except for an occasion son here and there.

A cloud passed overhead, and wh sunlight returned, the butterflies ro the air like a huge wave rolling into bay. It was January 2, 1975, a date mentous in the history of lepidopte as July 30, 1858—John Hanning S location of the source of the Nile—the annals of geographical explo Who would have guessed that the archs came all this way, more than miles, to spend the winter at 10,0 above sea level, three-quarters of th up a volcano in central Mexico?

One would have ex that Mexican natu at least would have about it, but they The local *campesin* viously, were awa the seasonal prese uncountable multitudes of torpid *mas,* as they called butterflies, but having been anywhere else, they h way of knowing that the phenor was anything special. They believe the monarchs were the returning s the dead, because they usually s up around November 1 and 2, All Day and the Day of the Dead. O cal group of semi-acculturated In the Otomi-Mazahuas, had a specia for the monarch, *seperito,* which "the butterfly that passes in O and November"; the Mazahuas at apparently still do eat) the protei monarchs, frying CONTINUED ON PA

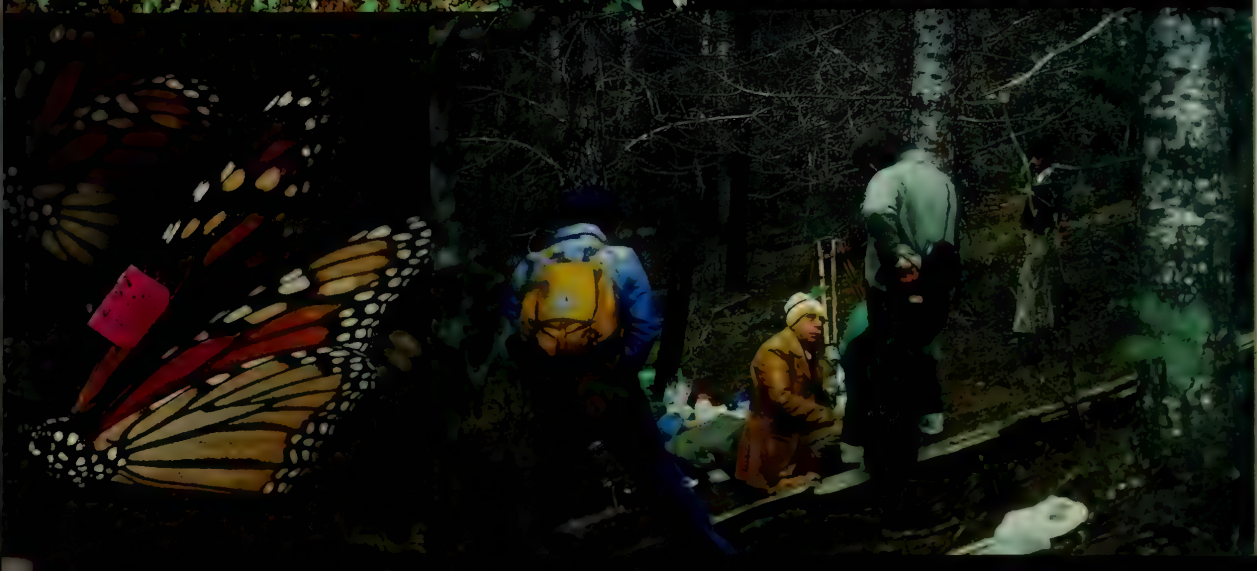








FLIGHTS OF FANCY
Clockwise from top right: the summer range (indicated by the map's green-shaded area), and the fall migration routes of the eastern and western monarchs (indicated by the arrows), which are divided by the Rocky Mountains; a volcano in the Rosario overwintering site; the 1977 meeting of Fred Urquhart, seated, Kenneth Brugger, with yellow backpack, and Lincoln Brower, facing Urquhart, at the Sierra Chincua site; a tagged monarch; monarchs in Michoacán; monarchs mob an oyamel fir.



Spotlight

MOTHER OF ALL PUNK

Even at 52, punk legend Patti Smith has a lot about her, including her tousled hair and lean body, that suggests "boy"—no surprise if you've seen the famous Robert Mapplethorpe portrait of her that graced the cover of her seminal 1975 album, *Horses*. She wears aging T-shirts, men's black blazers, and Malcolm X–style glasses. The rock writer and Sonic Youth band member Thurston Moore once described her posing "as if she were the coolest boy in the city."

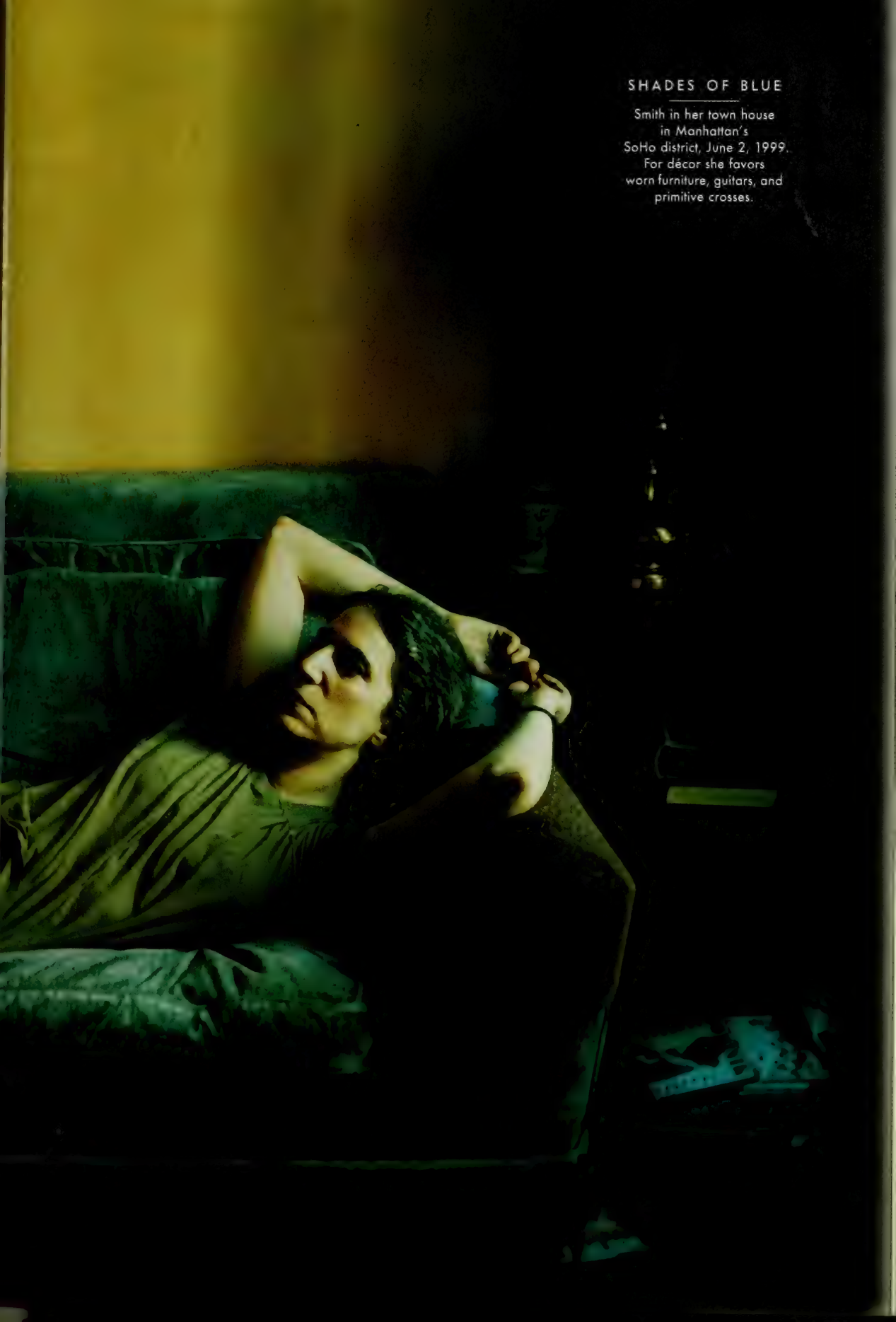
"I don't deny my femaleness," says Smith, who grew up the eldest daughter of four children in a blue-collar family in Deptford, New Jersey. "If I don't really comb my hair, or if I like to wear more boyish clothing, it's not a statement, it's just what I like. When I was a kid, I didn't gravitate toward dolls. I had a coonskin cap. I liked dressing like Davy Crockett."

Smith counts as major influences Jackson Pollock, Johnny Carson, and Jo March, the boyish heroine of *Little Women*. Inspiration for *Gung Ho*, her eighth album, due out in January, is typ wide-ranging. She collaborated with her current boyfrienc year-old Oliver Ray, a guitarist in her band, studied the De tion of Independence and the Constitution, paid attenti momentary visions, and riffed on Ho Chi Minh ("one small m beard the color of rice / a face the color of tea").

Smith is doing her best to ignore the recent release of th authorized biography *Patti Smith*, by Victor Bockris and Ro Bayley, which she sees as a deeply upsetting invasion of he vacy. She is working on her own book, *Picturing Robert*, a oir of her friend Mapplethorpe. The two books couldn't be different. The first recounts Smith's life over the last 20 y when she was emerging as an artist and musician in New City—a time of considerably more abandon, before she hac dren (Jackson, now 17, and Jesse, 12). Smith's own book, o other hand, is about filling a void. "It will be about Robert artist," she says.

—BETSEY OSBC

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ



SHADES OF BLUE

Smith in her town house in Manhattan's SoHo district, June 2, 1999. For décor she favors worn furniture, guitars, and primitive crosses.

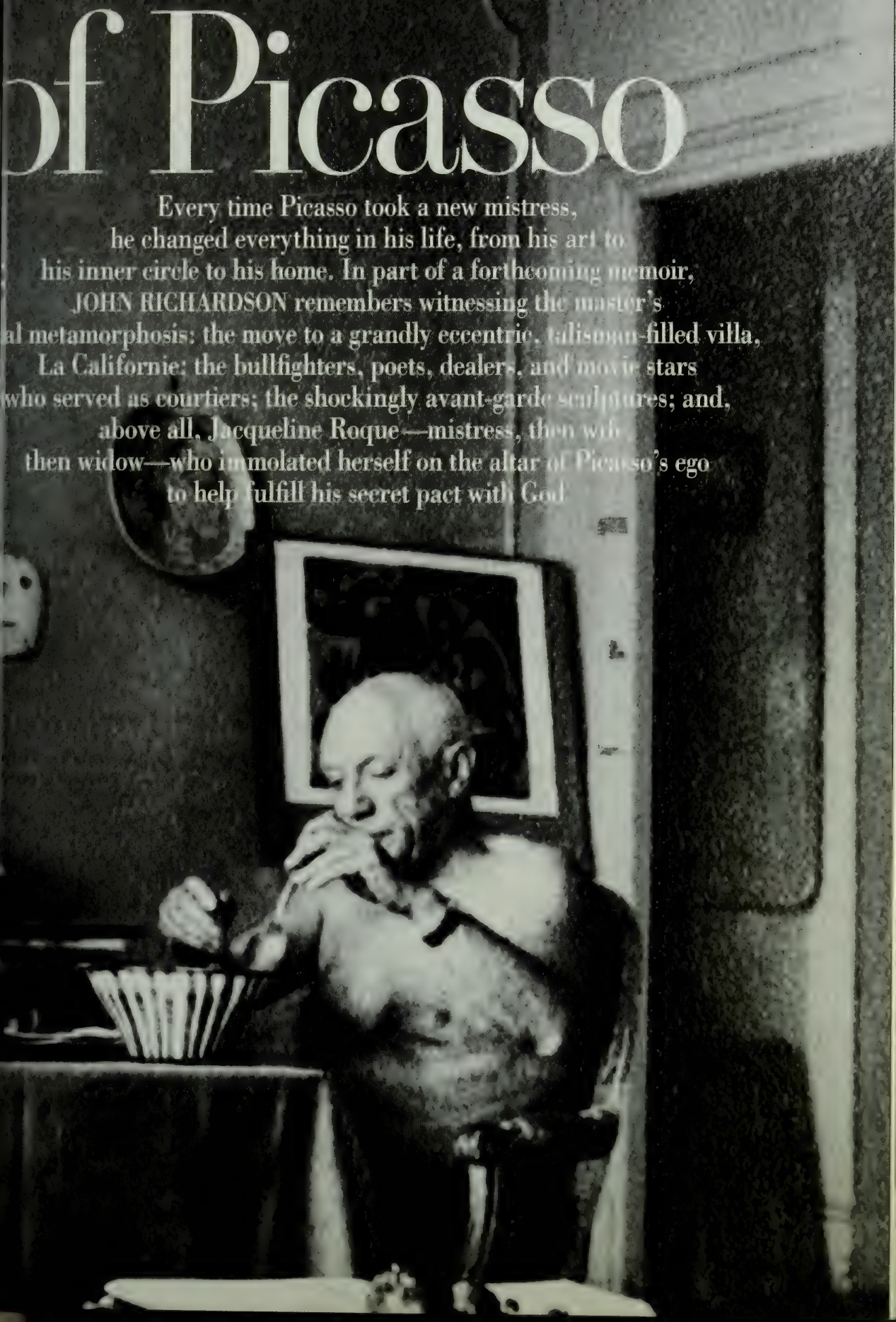
At the Courtl



EATING IN
John Richardson and Douglas Cooper lunch with Picasso at the artist's home, La Californie, 1957. Jacqueline, recuperating from an operation, took the photograph from her bed.

of Picasso

Every time Picasso took a new mistress, he changed everything in his life, from his art to his inner circle to his home. In part of a forthcoming memoir, JOHN RICHARDSON remembers witnessing the master's al metamorphosis: the move to a grandly eccentric, talisman-filled villa, La Californie; the bullfighters, poets, dealers, and movie stars who served as courtiers; the shockingly avant-garde sculptures; and, above all, Jacqueline Roque—mistress, then wife, then widow—who immolated herself on the altar of Picasso's ego to help fulfill his secret pact with God





LAST LOVE Richardson and Cooper visit the Picassos at La Californie, late 1950s. *Opposite:* Jacqueline and Picasso, who were together until his death in 1973, in the late 50s.

As Picasso's future biographer, I could not have entered the artist's life at a more propitious moment; the last of many marital metamorphoses that shaped his life and work was under way. The astute and perceptive Dora Maar, Picasso's former mistress and tragic muse, had let me in on her theory that when the woman in Picasso's life changed, everything else changed: the style that epitomized the new companion, the house or apartment they shared, the poet who served as a supplementary muse, the group of friends that provided the understanding and support he craved, and the dog that rarely left his side. Some of these changes would occur more gradually than others, but sooner or later they would all come to pass, as I was well placed to observe.

I became a friend of Picasso's in the course of living with Douglas Cooper, the eccentric British art historian and collector. While exploring Provence in 1950, Douglas and I had discovered a spectacular colonnaded folly, the Château de Castille, halfway between Avignon and Nîmes, and had bought it for a song ($12,000). We restored it and filled it with what was then the finest private collection of Cubist paintings in the world. Picasso was a frequent visitor. After the bullfights at Nîmes or Arles, he would usually come and dine with us. He never tired of looking at Douglas's collection, which included a number of masterpieces by Georges Braque, Juan Gris, and Fernand Léger as well as himself. Time and again, he tried to buy the château off us. "Think of the paintings I would give you in exchange for it." We resisted his blandishments.

Douglas was a marvelous mentor, especially to a 25-year-old like me, who had been a failure as an art student and wanted to write about painting rather than practice it. Most of what I know I learned from him, but at considerable psychic cost. Douglas was *difficult:* at his best, brilliant, charming, and very, very funny; at his worst, ruthlessly aggressive, vengeful, tormented, and tormenting—so much so that once, using an assumed voice, he had called his mother and claimed to be a Scotland Yard detective. "I regret to inform you that your son has committed suicide. We will have to ask you to identify the body."

For 12 years Douglas played on my compassion, alternating cajolery with brute force, manipulative cunning with infantile bellowing. The tension was often excruciating, but the Tolstoyan bond that developed between us—a bond forged out of a passionately shared experience of works of art—made it all worthwhile. There would be another aspect to our relationship: that of father and son. My father had been a quartermaster general in the South African War and a founder of the Army and Navy Stores (the great London department store that kept the British Empire supplied with everything from pith helmets to Christmas puddings). He had been 70 when I was born, and I was 5 when he died. All my life I would miss this doting, seemingly all-powerful man. Although I did not realize it at the time, my feelings for Douglas, who was a generation older than I, must have been partly filial.

Douglas had first take[n] to see Picasso in his studio in the summ[er] 1949. What surprise[d] was the artist's smal[l] and delicacy, as we[ll] the unassuming court[esy] those radiant smiles—with which he g[reet]ed people, who seldom had a langua[ge] anything else in common with him[,] seemed only to want to waste his [time]. Each of the supplicants needed some[thing] from him: a charitable donation, a [leather] jacket, a signature on an unsigned [print]. Simple requests were satisfied there [and] then. More complicated ones were list[ened] to and seemingly acceded to. Howeve[r,] I later discovered, Picasso had as m[any] ways of saying yes while meaning no [as] Japanese: "I'll do my very best" or "I'[ll] in touch" usually implied the oppo[site]. The only gratification that Picasso [could] have derived from these audiences w[as] papal one: the reassurance that the fai[thful] were still faithful. This need for rea[s]ance would become ever more pressi[ng] the 1950s, when the avant-garde w[ould] start melting away in the direction of [Ab]stract Expressionism or—Picasso's pet [term] —neo-Dadaism. "All they have do[ne] change the wrapping paper," he said.

Above all, I was fascinated by the [way] Picasso used his huge eyes as a hypn[otic] might, raking the room for possible [ob]jects. At one moment he turned his [gaze] on me and held my gaze for long en[ough] to induce a responsive quiver. He [was] good at spotting susceptible individ[uals]. When he went on to do the same t[o] other new face, I felt ever so slightly [be]trayed. After getting to know Picasso [bet]ter, I would be amused to watch hi[m] his voracious stare on one unsuspe[cting] person after another—regardless of ag[e] sex. The *mirada fuerte,* the "strong g[aze]—so highly valued by Andalusians, [who] believe that the eye is akin to a sexua[l or]gan and that rape can be ocular—[had] failed to work its magic.

After moving into the Château[de] Castille in 1951, Douglas and I saw m[uch] more of Picasso, as we were only a co[uple] of hours' drive from Vallauris, the po[ttery] town behind Cannes, where he s[pent] most of his time. For me, the greatest [re]velations were the sculptures that he [had] recently taken to fabricating out of [junk] bish. "I am the king of the ragpickers," [he] told the poet Jean Cocteau. The m[ost] spectacular of these was *She Goat,* m[ade] of a wicker basket (the pregnant belly), [a] palm frond (the spine), a pair of bro[ken] pitchers (the udder), the top of a tin [can] (the vulva), and a metal pipe (the a[nus]

Excerpted from *The Sorcerer's Apprentice: A Decade of Picasso, Provence, and Douglas Cooper,* by John Richardson, to be published this month by Alfred A. Knopf; © 1999 by John Richardson Fine Arts Ltd.



Jacqueline's patience and sacrificial ardor sustained the artist and enabled him to go on working into his 92nd year.



ART HOUSE
A dinner at the Château de Castille, 1957: Douglas Cooper is at the head of the table, with John Richardson on his right and Picasso on his left. Beside Picasso are Francine Weisweiller, Jean Cocteau's patron, and Cocteau. *Inset:* the exterior of Castille.

into which, he told us, he intended to insert one of those squeakers to be found in animal toys. "She's more like a goat than a goat," Picasso said. I told him she even smelled like a goat, which pleased him.

There were two other major sculptures: a life-size one of Picasso's then mistress, Françoise Gilot, wheeling a baby carriage (a real baby carriage with their daughter, Paloma, ingeniously constructed out of broken crocks, in it), and *Little Girl Skipping Rope,* which the artist would work on for two more years. Picasso explained that he had always wanted to make a sculpture that didn't touch the ground, so he had asked the local ironmonger to bend a length of metal tubing into a huge, U-shaped skipping rope. This serves as a kind of armature (exterior instead of interior) and holds together yet another basket, which stands for the little girl's torso, and the lid of a box of chocolates, which forms her head.

After being exhibited and reproduced again and again over the last 50 years, these sculptures are now taken for granted, but when we first saw them, they were known only to visitors to the studio, hence their shock-of-the-new impact. It was as if Picasso, who fancied himself a Pygmalion, had not only reinvented sculpture but also discovered how to endow it with life. Was he going to cast these pieces? He seemed of two minds. They were so fragile, he said; also, he did not want to have the originals chopped up into castable sections. And in any case he much preferred plaster to bronze—"so academic and museum-looking." Eventually, though, he did have them cast.

Things were not working out with Françoise, so Picasso tended to be alone except for Paulo, his 30-ish son from his first marriage, who hovered nearby, waiting to see whether "*le père,*" as he always referred to his father, needed to be driven somewhere. Paulo was tall, red-


To amuse friends,
Picasso would contrive heads,
birds, or people out of
anything that was at hand,
even food.



GOLDEN YEARS
From top: at a bullfight in southern France, late 50s, from left, Paulo Picasso, Richardson, Cooper, Francine Weisweiller, Jean Cocteau, Picasso, and the bullfighter Dominguín and his wife, Lucía Bose; Picasso painting plates in the dining room of La Californie, 1957; Picasso and Richardson photographed by Jacqueline, circa 1954. *Opposite: Jacqueline,* 1960 (oil on canvas, 92 cm. by 73 cm.).





headed, and feckless: a cross between his Russian mother, Olga, and his Andalusian grandfather—nothing whatsoever like his stocky, dynamic father. Picasso regarded Paulo more as an indentured servant than a son, and it must be said that, apart from chauffeuring, there was little else for which this hapless lover of cars and motorcycles was suited. For his part, Paulo treated his father with a touching mix of loyalty, discretion, and dignity in the face of constant censoriousness. Since Picasso's former chauffeur Marcel had smashed up the artist's prized Oldsmobile and been summarily fired, Paulo had been driving *le père* all over France in the family's pre-war Hispano-Suiza: to bullfights at Nîmes and Arles, meetings in Paris, and trysts with women as far afield as Perpignan and Vichy.

Douglas and I would get together with Picasso every two or three months, either at Vallauris or at Nîmes or Arles for the *corridas.* On one of these occasions, in the fall of 1952, he introduced us to a new attachment: a small, dark, striking 25-year-old woman with enormous eyes named Jacqueline Roque, who had lived until recently in Ouagadougou, the capital of Burkina Faso, with her husband, a French colonial official. Bored with the husband as well as Africa, she and her young daughter, Cathy, had settled in a villa at C Juan called Le Ziquet. Most of Pica friends took a dim view of the woman—*"Elle n'est pas à la hauteu la tâche"* ("She's not up to the ta one of them said—but I had an in diate rapport with her, and over next two years of intrigue on the of her rivals and their sponsors grew extremely fond of each oth came to see Jacqueline as far away the most suitable consort fo casso—the right physique (short him, and well rounded) and the temperament (extremely submi and supportive), as well as obses ly in love with him.

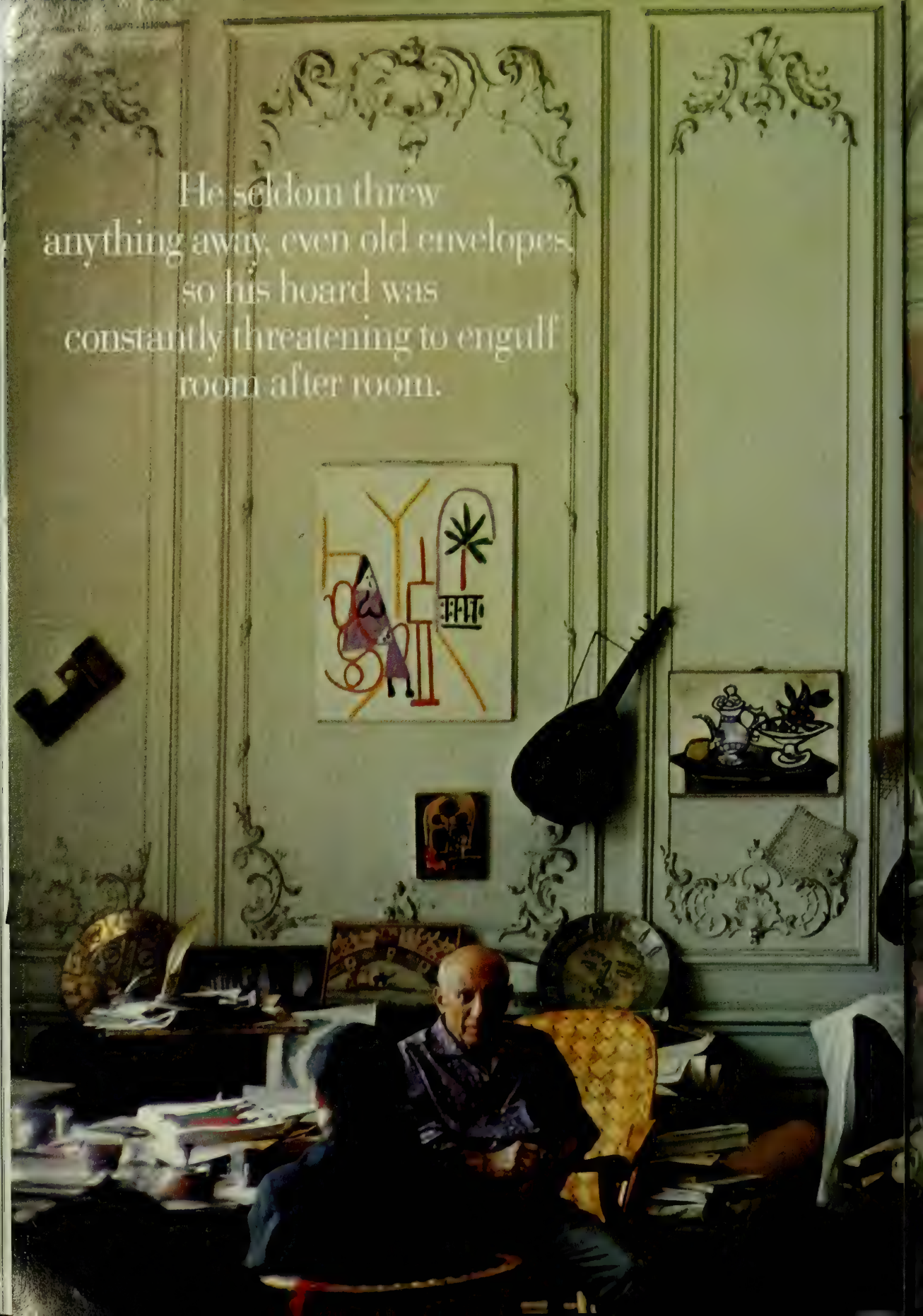
The affair came to a head in summer of 1954. After the big bullfight of the season, Picasso Jacqueline brought a gang of fri and family to dine at Cas among them Jean Cocteau and his tourage, the bullfighter Luis Mi Dominguín and his entourage, whic cluded a "lucky" dwarf, and, not l Totote Hugué, the manipulative widow casso called her La Celestina—i.e., procuress) of the Catalan sculptor Ma Hugué. Totote was determined that swarthy daughter, Rosita, should rep Jacqueline in the artist's life. To ente our guests, we had persuaded a grou Gypsies from the Camargue to dance menco. In the course of a riotous di Picasso announced that he was not g to return to Vallauris and the debris o relationship with Françoise, but w take the road in the opposite direction head for Perpignan. Why didn't we him? There would be more bullfights fiestas, and he would teach us to d the sardana. We agreed. Picasso and group were going to stay with Tot patrons, the Comte de Lazerme and beautiful wife, Paule, whom the artist supposedly courting. They had a h some *hôtel particulier* in the old pa Perpignan and kept open house for p ers and writers.

Picasso was happy to back in French Catalo the next-best thing to beloved Spanish Catalo happy, too, to have t women competing for favors. Before this la day "Judgment of Paris" played i out, Douglas and I were obliged to turn home, leaving Jacqueline withou lies. She was at a disadvantage in Paule de Lazerme had decreed that and her daughter could eat at the

y adjusting her image, Picasso could humiliate or test Jacqueline, indicate love or anger or desire.

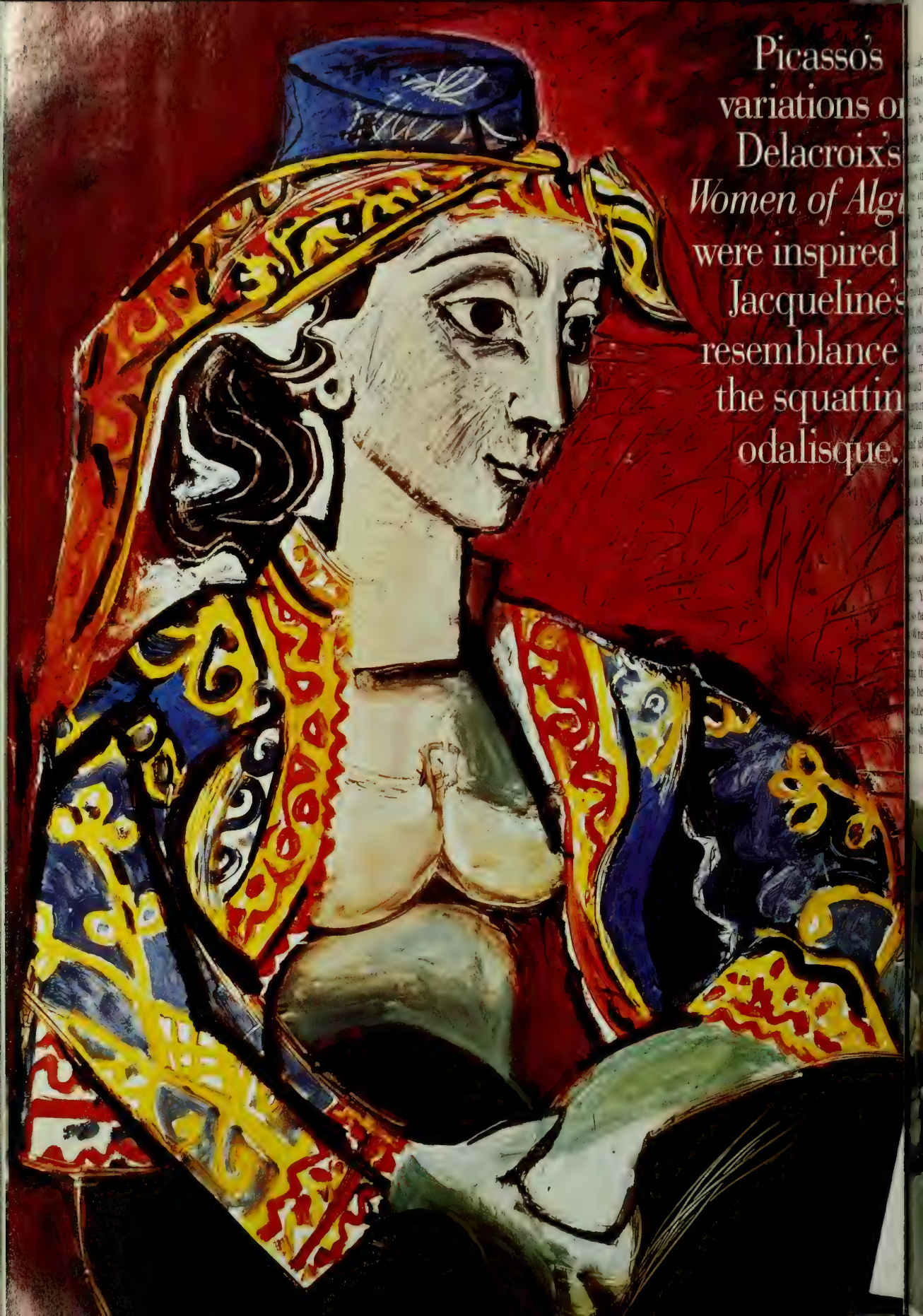


He seldom threw
anything away, even old envelopes,
so his hoard was
constantly threatening to engulf
room after room.





ORGANIZED CHAOS
Jacqueline and Picasso, surrounded by the artist's drawings, paintings, and ceramics, photographed by David Douglas Duncan at La Californie in the summer of 1957.


Picasso's
variations o
Delacroix's
Women of Alg
were inspired
Jacqueline's
resemblance
the squattin
odalisque.

s' table but had to stay at a local
Instead of Jacqueline, Picasso
d his 19-year-old daughter, Maya,
ais bedroom. It was only when
left toward the end of August that
eline, who had sent her daughter to
sion in the mountains, was allowed
ve into Picasso's room at the La-
s'. Two nights later, a blazing row
out between the two of them.

rick O'Brian, a writer friend of the
mes' who would take time off from
pular historical novels to write a bi-
hy of Picasso, has told the story of
ummer at Perpignan from the La-
s' angle. Jacqueline "came down to
ast much upset, wondering whether
ould go or stay." Receiving little en-
gement to stay, she drove off back to
-Juan. Every hour or so she would
nd telephone and ask to speak to Pi-
He did so reluctantly. By the time
t to Béziers, she had worked herself
o a suicidal state. If she was not al-
back to Perpignan, she was going to
erself. "She can do whatever she
so long as she leaves me in peace,"
o said. In the evening, Jacqueline re-
l: "You told me to do whatever I
so here I am." Picasso took her up-
When they reappeared some hours
he was in more of a rage than ever.
ng the next weeks Picasso's attitude
ds her was embarrassingly disagree-
while hers was embarrassingly sub-
e—she referred to him as her God,
to him in the third person and fre-
quently kissed his hands."

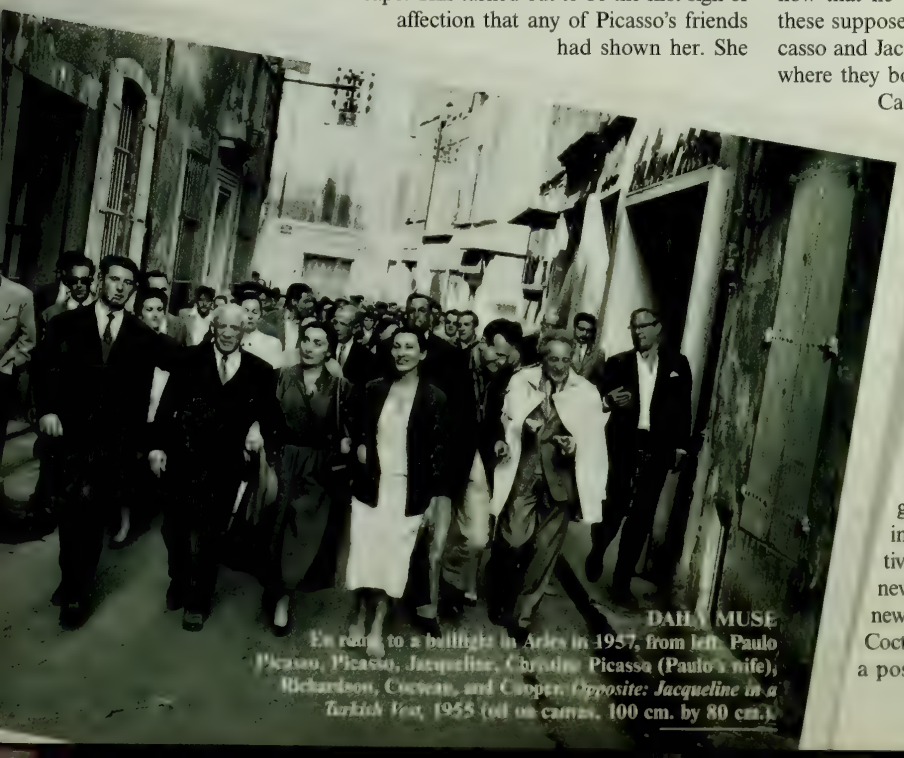
When I asked Jacqueline about these events, she said that the Lazerme house had become a snake pit, that Paule de Lazerme resented her and had done what she could to break up her relationship with Picasso, and that if he was upset it was primarily because the painter André Derain—once one of Picasso's closest friends, later an enemy for having visited Nazi Germany during the war—had recently been knocked down and killed by a car. According to Jacqueline, their rift had made Derain's death all the more painful for Picasso.

What exactly did happen *chez* Lazerme? My own view is that Picasso was testing the limits of Jacqueline's masochistic devotion. This time around, he could not afford another abortive romance. It was up to Jacqueline to prove by the sheer force of her love that she was the best candidate for his hand. She knew that none of the other contenders had anything like her appetite for self-sacrifice. Sure enough, when Picasso returned to Vallauris at the end of the summer, Jacqueline had passed the harrowing tests she had been set and had won out over the competition. She was the *maîtresse-en-titre* and would never leave Picasso's side until his death 19 years later.

In Paris for a few days before Christmas, I went in search of a suitable present for Jacqueline and found it at Christian Dior: a large red silk wrap like a bullfighter's cape. This turned out to be the first sign of affection that any of Picasso's friends had shown her. She was touched; so was Picasso, to the extent of returning the Dior box. Inside was a marvelous drawing of a nude which I had admired when it was pinned to the studio wall. In a matter of months the formerly carping members of the artist's entourage would be vying with one another to find appropriate offerings for the new inamorata, but it was too late. "I had better beware of them," she said. "They are bearing gifts." In years to come, Jacqueline would make a point of wearing the Dior wrap if Douglas and I were going to be present. It became a kind of talisman.

After Jacqueline's season in hell at the Lazermes', she and Picasso had returned to her villa at Golfe-Juan. It proved too small for them, so they moved to Paris. And there, in his studio on the Rue des Grands-Augustins, Picasso embarked on a series of variations on Delacroix's *Women of Algiers,* which had been inspired by Jacqueline's striking resemblance to the squatting odalisque on the right of the composition. Three days before Picasso brought this series to an end, his much-hated Russian wife, Olga—they had been estranged for 20 years—died after a long illness at Cannes. (Even in death she got a raw deal: she was buried by mistake in the Protestant rather than the Russian Orthodox cemetery.) Jacqueline maintained, not very convincingly, that the news prompted each of the ex-mistresses to call up and propose marriage to the artist, now that he was free. To get away from these supposedly importunate women, Picasso and Jacqueline fled back to Cannes, where they bought the imposing villa La Californie—"partly for its Orientalist air." Picasso said he had put so much thought into the *Women of Algiers* paintings that he had ended up with a house that, as it were, "matched."

The changes in the pattern of Picasso's life resulting from the change of mistresses took place just as Dora Maar had predicted. As well as moving from the poky Vallauris house to a grand new villa—a move that inspired a number of decorative paintings of his attractive new mistress and their attractive new quarters—he took on Jean Cocteau as his new poet laureate, a position that had been vacant



DAILY MUSE
En route to a bullfight in Arles in 1957, from left: Paulo Picasso, Picasso, Jacqueline, Christine Picasso (Paulo's wife), Richardson, Cocteau, and Cooper. *Opposite: Jacqueline in a Turkish Veil,* 1955 (oil on canvas, 100 cm. by 80 cm.).

since Paul Éluard's unexpected death in 1952. Cocteau, who had been out of favor with Picasso for some time, was delighted to be back in the position he had held some 40 years earlier. And just as he had done in the past, Cocteau would add his entourage to Picasso's circle of friends: his rich protectress, Francine Weisweiller, her daughter Carole, and his lover and adopted son, Doudou, plus Doudou's charming sister, Emilienne.

Besides Douglas and me, new additions to Picasso's circle would include a motley group of writers, photographers, publishers, dealers, and printmakers, not to mention Paco Mounos, the impresario who organized bullfights for him; Sapone, the Italian tailor who made the artist's eye-catching trousers; Eugenio Arias, the Spanish barber who would come and cut his hair before a bullfight; Luis Miguel Dominguín, the torero, and his movie-star wife, Lucia Bose; Alberti, the Spanish poet, with his daughter and her photographer husband, Roberto Otero; Lionel Prejger, the metalworker who did so well making Picasso's cutouts that he became an art dealer; and many, many more. No less important were the animals: a Dalmatian called Perro, a dachshund called Lump, a goat called Esmeralda, which had the run of the house, a parrot, and any number of songbirds.

A past master at dividing and ruling, Picasso enjoyed playing his admirers—collectors, biographers, and dealers as well as mistresses—off one another and putting their devotion to the test. He would keep his old friend the British biographer Roland Penrose—who would have come specially from England—waiting for days at a time in Cannes, saying that he was busy with Roland's arch-enemy, Douglas. Next time, Douglas would be reduced to begging Jacqueline to arrange an audience with the master. Whoever was the victim of these teases—"tests" might be a better word—would be rewarded with a drawing. Roland was once kept waiting outside the house for an hour in the rain. He had been told Picasso was busy—busy, it turned out, doing a drawing for Roland to make up for his inability to receive him.

When Picasso was at work, the atmosphere of La Californie would be tense; when he was idling, the atmosphere would be relatively calm. When Douglas and I drove over for lunch, we would sometimes be summoned upstairs to Picasso's bedroom for a Chaplinesque parody of a royal levee. The artist would sound an imaginary fanfare before putting on his shirt, mimic a minuet before pulling on a sweater. Which of the countless pairs of peculiar trousers made by Sapone would he wear? The ones with horizontal stripes? Would these go with the multicolored socks knit by his old English friend Barbara Bagenal, or the jersey borrowed from Jacqueline? And so the farce would continue. On closer acquaintance, Picasso would dispense with these charades. They were a strategy to disguise his shyness and make it easier for him to communicate with visitors who were tongue-tied with awe or had no language in common with him. Downstairs, visitors would be waiting, a bit nervously, much as they had been on my first visit to Picasso's Paris studio, clutching odd-shaped presents.

First, the gifts would have to be unwrapped: a deerstalker from Scotland, magnums of champagne, a bunch of wildflowers, an elephant's-foot wastepaper basket, a potted pineapple plant, a chocolate eel from Barcelona, whoopee cushions, boomerangs, comic objects from joke shops on 42nd Street in New York. Picasso liked the jokes. When I gave him a roll of toilet paper printed to look like dollar bills, he was delighted. "I have often wanted," he said, "to have some printed with Pascal's more boring *pensées.*" Picasso would behave like a savage seeing new objects for the first time. Things would be tried on, tasted, jammed in vases ("No need to put flowers in water," he said, "they are going to die anyway"), or carefully set aside to become part of the enormous accumulation that made magpie nests of his studios. The artist seldom threw anything away, even old envelopes, so his hoard was constantly growing and threatening to engulf room after room in house after house. Many of the things were valueless, but for Picasso they were talismans.

Everything had its allotted place. I remember an unopened bottle of Guerlain cologne inscribed "*Bonne Année, 1937*"; a framed letter from Victor Hugo to a mistress; masks of all kinds, from 18th-century Venetian ones to Halloween monstrosities; a Daumier bronze; a model of Barcelona's Christopher Columbus monument in marzipan; a set of Hepplewhite chairs bought by Picasso's father from an English wine merchant in Málaga; an ancient panettone that had been nibbled away by mice and resembled a model of the Colosseum; a pile of good, bad, and indifferent tribal sculpture; a distorting mirror from a fairground; photographs (some of the best by Jacqueline) of bullfights and friends; hats by the hundreds; and piles of letters, many of them marked with a cabalistic sign—the word *ojo* (Spanish for "eye") drawn like two eyes and a nose, meaning "Attention." Nesting in the clutter would be a number of Picassos: the bronze cat he used as a stool, precarious stacks of ceramics, lithographs and linocuts pinned to boards, paintings and drawings of all periods, framed and unframed, in all stat completion. But it was typical of Pica sardonic humor that the work which d nated the studio at La Californie w huge, garish tapestry, a travesty of his b through masterpiece, *Les Demoiselles gnon.* "Much more shocking than the inal," Picasso would say when he wa to tease earnest art historians.

If there were a lot of guests, Picasso w take them to a restaurant; if there only a few—family members or friends—he usually preferred to eat i studio. With the help of the maid, rance, Jacqueline would prepare the Sometimes she would devise Chines Indian dishes, but more often meals w consist of simple, basic fare enhance such house presents as canned rattles foie gras, ancient Chinese eggs, bra peaches, kippers, and caviar. Picasso vorite food of the moment might be se *brandade de morue* (purée of salted fish), eel, brains, Stilton, or preserved ger. Though he was very curious a food, Picasso ate little and drank less he enjoyed the ceremonial role of Meals seemed to activate his sense o provisation. He would carve a very slice of tongue, hold it up, and anno that he had done a portrait of Amb Vollard, the greatest of French art de True enough, the fleshy part of the to was the exact shape of Vollard's d head, the scrunched-up bit underneat image of his blunt features. Or you w be eating frogs' legs when a frog w start croaking in the middle of the t Picasso had simulated the croak by ing the edge of a serrated knife alon side of a plate.

To amuse children or to gratify a on the lookout for giveaways, Picasso w sometimes contrive heads, birds, or p out of torn paper napkins, corks, bu matches, flower petals—anything that at hand, even food. Occasionally would be lapses in his ironically court manners. I remember him once he himself to a small fried octopus wit fingers and wiping his hand in what left of his hair. "Beast," Jacqueline "just because you've so little sense of doesn't mean that everybody else is same." Picasso thought the oil might his hair grow. "In Barcelona we use make hair tonic from oil that lavender been fried in, so why not fried-oct oil?" And then there was the time he to rubbing mutton fat onto his bronz improve the patina. Jacqueline compla that not only the bronzes but also Pic the dogs, and the whole studio had b to stink. "Monseigneur,"—I found he of this fanciful honorific embarrassing

› seemed to enjoy it—"of course, had
naware of it." Such things did not
him, Monseigneur said. Had the
improved? No.

:r lunch, especially in the summer, ad-
irers would wait outside La Californie
hope of an audience. The concierge
appear with a message from a pho-
her recommended by Cocteau—"Let
t," Picasso would say regally; from
:s journalist wanting an interview—
inly not"; from a boring old friend—
not?"; from a deputation of German
ts with a laurel wreath, or tittering
; in bikinis—"KEEP THEM OUT!" One
was there when two Scandinavian
;ked to be admitted. They had won a
in a television contest called *Your*
Dream Gratified. Their dream was to
Picasso. "I'm not go-
be the first prize in
dy's TV contest," Pi-
said, and insisted they
:k to where they came
I sympathized with
From the mid-1950s
d, he was increasingly
:d by inquisitive tour-
pacious fans, unscrup-
ournalists, lunatics, and,
a man who was want-
murder. Concierges
rict orders not to admit
norized people to his
;. Picasso was delight-
en the papers reported,
·ectly, that he had
t a castle near Rome.
d his concierge to tell
lists, "Monsieur Picas-
not here. If you read
:wspapers you would
he has moved to Italy."
one occasion, an un-
woman forced her way
he concierge into the
on "important busi-
she was determined
icasso should listen to
she had to say about
Quixote. After half an
of psychobabble, his
glazed over, and a waxbill in one of
rdcages on the wall behind him fell
from its perch. Such was Picasso's
f death that Jacqueline smuggled the
ut to the kitchen and had the driver
a replacement from a pet shop in
:s. On the woman droned; Picasso
o deaf and sleepy to hear the driver
and replace the cage with a new
i it. However, he was not entirely de-
. A few weeks later, I watched him
a couple of birds, which had been
about the room, back into their cage.

"My birds are immortal, at least that's what Jacqueline would have me believe."

What Douglas and I enjoyed most about our visits to Picasso was the opportunity to study the recent work with the artist. He, too, enjoyed these sessions: they provided the feedback he craved. Not that he set much store by his friends' comments. What Picasso needed even more than their understanding was their fealty and a shot of their energy. And he knew how to extort it. On one of our earliest visits, he had shown us a series of drawings and discussed them with us at some length. When, shyly and hesitantly, I tried to express what I felt about one particular drawing, Picasso was surprisingly responsive.

Back in the studio two or three months later, I was thunderstruck to find that he had taken this particular drawing out of its portfolio so that we could have another look at it. That Picasso should remember, let alone care, what I thought was astonishing. Tears welled up in my eyes. The third time he played this trick, I realized it was not my opinions he valued, it was the tears he squeezed out of me—palpable evidence that his magic still worked. He would switch on the magnetism and let his ego feed on whatever critical understanding, starstruck admiration, or devotion could be extracted from those around him. At the end of the day, Picasso would have made off with everyone's energy; it would fuel a night of work in his studio. No wonder we would be left in a state of nervous exhaustion. No wonder Jacqueline took to stimulants and tranquilizers.



ONE MOOD . . .
Portrait of Jacqueline with Crossed Hands, 1954
(oil on canvas, 116 cm. by 88.5 cm.).

Clouds soon gathered over La Californie. A 75th birthday was most unwelcome. Around the same time, the Hungarian revolution soured Picasso on the U.S.S.R., though not enough to undermine his faith in Communism. Meanwhile, Jacqueline was recurrently ill. Picasso resented these lapses. "Whenever women are ill, it's their fault," he once announced in front of his ailing mistress. And just as he had improved upon nature in some of his earlier portraits of Jacqueline by giving her another model's long neck, he was no less capable of doing the reverse. By adjusting her image, he could humiliate or test Jacqueline, indicate love or anger or desire, and even, on occasion, predict or ordain a bout of illness. Prediction might take the form of a drawing, such as the one he did on Saint Valentine's Day 1957, in which her suffering face is superimposed on a fever-chart network of zigzag pink lines. A day or two later, when Jacqueline obligingly ran a fever, Picasso said to me, not entirely in jest, "You see, I'm a prophet." Another time, he showed me a no less agonized portrait of Jacqueline, and said rather proudly that a good doctor should be able to base a diagnosis on it.

One evening, when Picasso and Jacqueline arrived for dinner at Castille, she looked as if she was about to pass out. "I seem to have a corpse on my hands," Picasso said as he handed her over to me, hiding his concern, as was his Spanish way, under a show of heartlessness. I managed to get Jacqueline up to my room and lay her on my bed. I then did what I could to persuade her to have an operation which was long overdue. "I can't," Jacqueline said. "Pablo doesn't want to live with a eunuch." Nothing could shake her out of this ridiculous notion. She was like a saint intent on martyrdom. Years later, Jacqueline provided a partial explanation. She confided in me the secret that Pi-

casso told only to the women in his life the secret of his childhood vow to God. When his younger sister Conchita had been dying of diphtheria in Corunna in 1895, young Pablo vowed that he would never paint again if his sister's life was spared. He *did* paint again, and her life was not spared. Hence Picasso's identification with the Minotaur, to whom woman after woman would have to be sacrificed; hence also Jacqueline's dutiful acceptance of the role of sacrificial victim.

Not long after this, Jacqueline suffered some kind of crisis and had to be rushed off to a hospital and operated on. Picasso was so undone by her absence and so elated by her return home that there were no recriminations. While Jacqueline was recuperating, Douglas and I drove over and had lunch in her bedroom—an occasion commemorated by a photograph she took of us from her bed. Picasso was in a mischievous mood. Cocteau had apparently wanted to join us for lunch but had been told to come in afterward for coffee. "Don't, for God's sake, let him embrace you," Picasso said. "He's suffering from a nasty skin disease—something he caught from the Germans during the war." Picasso loved Cocteau, and relied on his services as a court jester, but could seldom resist a derisory crack. Jacqueline soon recovered; however, years of trauma would leave her psyche in a very fragile state.

By the end of 1957, high-rise buildings and paparazzi were encroaching on the privacy of La Californie. It was time to move away from tourist-ridden Cannes. Picasso made another bid to buy Castille from Douglas, but there was no way we were going to move so soon after restoring the place. And so, when we heard in 1958 that Vauvenargues, the 17th-century château dramatically set on the slopes of Cézanne's Mont Sainte-Victoire, was for sale, we passed the news on to Picasso. He drove over and bought it, and gave us a drawing of the Sainte-Victoire done a few years earlier—prophetic of his new abode, he said.

As soon as Picasso had frescoed the bathroom with playful fauns and moved in some furniture—including the hideous Victorian Gothic dresser that figures in several paintings—he had us over. He was going to live at Vauvenargues like a country gentleman, he said; he had even brought an expensive-looking gun along with him and proposed to go rabbit shooting. He boasted of being a very good shot—the winner of many a fairground prize. Jacqueline enjoyed being châtelaine as much as he enjoyed being châtelain. On one or two of his mock state portraits of Jacqueline he wrote in large letters, as if he were a 17th-century portraitist, "Jacqueline de Vauvenargues."

Meanwhile, my relationship with Douglas was unraveling. He had trained my eye for his artists rather too well. One day an American collector sent us photographs of two early Légers. The harder I looked at the photographs of the paintings, the less I liked them: they had none of the energy of Douglas's famous examples. They had to be fakes, I announced, assuming that Douglas would be impressed by my expertise. There was a terrible silence, during which Douglas's pink face turned the color of a summer pudding. "What a little expert we've suddenly become." And then came a shriek like calico ripping—comical but also very alarming. "How *dare* you pontificate to *me* about Léger?" he yelled. "Those paintings are absolutely authentic. Get out, get out." And then he took another look at the photographs, and I realized that he realized that I was right and he was wrong. Things would never be the same again. I had become the sorcerer's apprentice. In my head I could hear Paul Dukas's kitschy "L'Apprenti Sorcier" music and I could see Disney's kitschy visualization of it, but this time it was not the meddlesome apprentice who had screwed up; it was the silly old sorcerer, who now saw the apprentice as a detestable rival. I thought it better to absent myself from Castille for a month or two. I had always longed to visit America. This was my chance.

While I was away in the United States, Picasso, who would be 80 later that year, 1961, finally got around to marrying Jacqueline. I suspect that this was an alternative to making a will—something he had no intention of doing, as it would entail facing up to the fact of his own death. If he died intestate, his wife would share the estate with Paulo, his one legitimate son. To celebrate their marriage, the Picassos shut up La Californie and its contents and moved a few miles away to an attractive, well-protected villa on a terraced hillside near Mougins. They would regret not buying the land below the villa, which would soon give way to an unsightly development. A former *mas,* the house had been transformed before the war into a luxurious villa by Benjamin Guinness, the Irish banker. It had been named after a neighboring pilgrimage chapel, Notre-Dame-de-Vie, and this no doubt commended it to a man about to be 80 whose greatest fear was death. The house lived up to its auspicious name. Picasso spent the last 12 years of his life there, working on what amounted to a whole new oeuvre.

After the Picassos moved in, I c over to Mougins and found the r already overflowing with the artist's h al clutter. Like any newly married co they were touchingly house-proud, an gry that a journalist had described the egant villa as a "bungalow." Beyond sitting room were three studios, one of Picasso's current work, one filled earlier paintings, and the third sta with his wonderfully comical varia on Manet's *Déjeuner sur l'Herbe.* Pi claimed that the feeling of the new h was already reflected in his work, "b and see for yourself," he said, and le in the studio, alone except for a parro

Almost at once he was back to giv a tour of the house. Upstairs he sh me a secluded balcony for sunbat then the Picassos' large bedroom, nished with nothing but a huge bed, of newspapers and books, and a made out of a jeroboam champagne tle. Next door was a sumptuous bathr "There are nothing but bathrooms in house," Picasso complained, showin several, but even he got confused, op door after door and muttering, "Here other bathroom—no, I'm wrong, it's a room," or vice versa. Many of these r had not as yet been slept in; they used for storage—mostly ceramics Vallauris.

Back we went to the sitting room f freshments—camomile tea for the whiskey for me. I asked to return t *Déjeuner sur l'Herbe*s, but hardly had to look at them before there was a s from Jacqueline: Monseigneur had creed that we were going to a film. B time we found the place where *L'A Dernière à Marienbad* was on, it ha ready started and the old shrew at the office—"like one of those malevolent en at the post office," Picasso s wouldn't let us in.

We went to *La Dame aux Camélia* stead. I was worried that the tearful s with its deathbed climax, would irrita casso, but he enjoyed every minute. old procuress reminded him of the ar tron Misia Sert, whom he had particu disliked, and he found Garbo's pe mance as Marguerite Gautier fine, e she didn't cough enough. Even afte came out, Marguerite remained a r for Picasso, and he kept bringing her the conversation—"It was just as wel didn't cough more, or she might hav fected us with her disease."

"Now let's go to the other film," h nounced. "Are you mad?" said Jacqu "All I want is to go home." She spok all of us. "Very well, back to Notre-D de-Vie—see you the same time, same tomorrow." Picasso took his leave

so full of energy, I wasn't surprised r later that he had worked into the ours.

r the last 12 years of his life, Picasso's ildren would come to see Jacqueline, me justice, as a vengeful, Kālī-like She courted Paulo, but saw to it e three illegitimate children—Maya, , and Paloma—were never formally ized or allowed access to their father fortune. This inexcusable behavior result in prolonged litigation after ist's death. In a very literal sense, r, Jacqueline became Picasso's Notre-de-Vie, Our Lady of Life. It was her ide, patience, and sacrificial ardor stained the artist in e of declining health greatest enemy, death, d him to be more tive than ever before on working into his ear.

er Picasso's death on 8, 1973, I would go tay with Jacqueline ear or so. These visits pt to be painful. Her d's death had left her distraught. We would a darkened room lis- to recordings of Ros- ich playing Bach's cello sonatas. Jacque- ould clutch not so my hand as a single with the desperation st child and sob and Every so often she disappear to the kitch- neak a drink, and re- ore tearful than ever. time she passed the lown-up photograph sso in the hall, Jacque- uld look up at it and Monseigneur and ask voebegone voice how s. In the end, I would have to carry bed and hold her and soothe her un- fell asleep. Crises became more and frequent. Jacqueline's faithful Kikuyu Doris, was always having to summon ctor, who would administer massive f tranquilizers.

en Jacqueline flew to New York in 1980 great Picasso retrospective at the Mu- f Modern Art, she seemed much bet- first, all went well. Carolyn Lanchner, line's friend at MoMA, and I went to er and her traveling companion, Kitty at the airport. Although she balked g to the White House, she seemed to being fêted. She even wore the Dior had bought her 30 years earlier.

On the last night of her visit, I made the mistake of taking Jacqueline to a small party given by Connie Mellon, an ex-wife of the director of the National Gallery in Washington. Nothing to fear, I assured her—no press, no dealers, no pushy people. I was wrong. Hardly had we arrived when an officious old woman, ajangle in homemade jewelry, came up and, in Jacqueline's hearing, assured me that she knew the real Madame Picasso and that this one was an impostor. I shooed her away. A few minutes later she was back to apologize, and make matters even worse. So silly of me, she said, of course you are the real Madame Picasso, and she went on to explain that she was a painter of hands and was eager to paint Jacqueline's beautiful hands. Jacqueline's hands were anything but beautiful, as Picasso frequently emphasized in his paintings of her. She looked down at her stubby fingers and up at me with an expression of utter panic. I had to get her out of there as quickly as I could.



... AND ANOTHER
Jacqueline Roque, 1954 (oil on canvas, 36¼ in. by 28¼ in.).

The last time I stayed at Notre-Dame-de-Vie—1984 or 1985—Jacqueline seemed more tormented than ever, as fraught as any of Picasso's terrifying late images of her. "Pablo is not dead," she kept reiterating. I finally calmed her down by questioning her about Picasso's family life for my biography, which she wanted to be as accurate as possible. She let me have keys to the studios, and seemed to derive a measure of consolation from going through the stacks of paintings with me. At one point, she came upon a loose drawing, which she asked me about and then gave me.

We spent a long time studying Picasso's penultimate painting, *Reclining Nude and Head*—a large, barely figurative evocation of himself and Jacqueline in a miasma of white paint, emerging from a mysterious configuration with a cross on it at the bottom of the canvas. Picasso had worked and reworked the painting for months on end in an attempt to come to terms with death, hers as well as his. What does it represent?, I asked Jacqueline, although I already knew the answer. "A coffin," she said. "Pablo knew he was going to die; I too know I'm going to die." Stacked next to the painting was an equally large canvas that was blank except for a signature—Picasso's way of leaving his work open-ended.

One morning I was combing through a pile of rubbish in a corner of one of the Notre-Dame-de-Vie studios when I came upon some crumpled drawings by Picasso and a pile of letters to him from Max Jacob, the celebrated poet who had been his first French fan. I called Jacqueline over to take a look. As she ran toward me, she suddenly collapsed, sobbing incoherently. Doris telephoned for the doctor to come and give her a shot. The two of us had planned to fly to Paris together later that day, but the doctor consigned her to a clinic. I never saw Jacqueline again.

A year or so later, I heard that Jacqueline was better. She had had the living room repainted, and even been to a bullfight for the first time since Picasso's death. These were in fact ominous signs. Jacqueline had been in the habit of going to Vauvenargues on the eighth of every month to sit by Picasso's tomb and commune with him. He wanted her to join him, she said. She was now ready to do so. On October 15, 1986, 10 days before what would have been Picasso's 105th birthday, she shot herself. She was 59 years old.

I flew over from New York for Jacqueline's funeral. Fortunately, Dominique Bozo,

Picasso

the sharp-eyed scholar who was setting up the Musée Picasso, and Michel Guy, the minister of culture, were on the same plane to Marseilles. They gave me a lift to Vauvenargues in a Citroën driven, as ministerial cars usually are, at terrifying speed. The fate of the enormous quantity of Picasso's work that would now belong to Jacqueline's daughter, Cathy, was much on their minds. Jacqueline had hoped to make Vauvenargues *her* Picasso Museum. Bozo and Guy thought this a bad idea: they wanted whatever they could get for *their* museum. When we arrived at Vauvenargues, it was a shock to see Picasso's grave gaping open and the *Woman with a Vase* sculpture that stood over it pushed to one side.

A young priest presided over the minimal rites that were compatible with a ceremony in an unconsecrated place. Although spacious, the guardroom, where the ceremony took place, was unseasonably hot and airless, and crammed with flowers. Four gravediggers carried Jacqueline's coffin—a very fancy one in the Empire style, which Picasso would have appreciated for its inappropr ness. Cathy, wearing three rings—her m er's, Picasso's, and one for the child never had—followed the coffin, as di rest of us, down to the grave on the te outside the château. And there Jacqu was reunited with Picasso, her sacrifice ly consummated in this belated ritual o tee. As we left, the gravediggers were al re-cementing the tomb, but I could nc get Jacqueline's cry that Picasso wasn't She had a point: the old shaman's sha not to mention his vast legacy, continu darken the lives of his descendants. □

Carrey

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 240 very high up: they say they're doing the monkey dance."

Miloš Forman never met Andy Kaufman, but he became fixated on him after witnessing a Los Angeles comedy-club performance in the mid-70s. Forman and his friend Buck Henry swapped incredulous glances as Kaufman tested the crowd's boredom threshold by explaining, and then reading *in full,* an unremarkable short story. Two decades later, Forman ran into Kaufman's *Taxi* co-star (turned movie producer) Danny DeVito at Michael Douglas's 50th-birthday party in New York and raised the idea of a film about Kaufman.

The casting of *Man on the Moon* (named after the R.E.M. song about Kaufman) showed that Forman's Oscar-winning 1975 film, *One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest* (in which DeVito co-starred), had left him with an abiding taste for the madhouse. Forman created a through-the-looking-glass world in which the real and the unreal collided at random: some Kaufman contemporaries play themselves (wrestler Jerry Lawler, David Letterman, *Saturday Night Live*'s Lorne Michaels, *Taxi* cast members), while others mingle with those they are portraying. DeVito, for instance, plays Kaufman's manager, George Shapiro, who in turn plays comedy-club owner Budd Friedmann. Among the Kaufman intimates and relatives present was Kaufman's longtime girlfriend, Lynne Margulies, who watched as Courtney Love re-enacted her life with Andy.

All of which seemed manageable until the World's Funniest Man came on board in full Method mode. Depending on the day, Forman, 67, might find himself facing off against the oafish, odiferous Tony Clifton or be forced to lure a skittish Kaufman out of his trailer. "It took me a little time to get used to it," says the director. "But it was a wonderful game to play."

Rumors from the *Man on the Moon* set confirmed that "Andy" was back, in all his obsessive-compulsive glory. "Tony" smeared visiting Universal executives with Limburger cheese, berated Forman's pal Elton John for being a half-assed look-alike, and made Forman address him through a Hell's Angel called Chuck Zito. One time Clifton and some Angel buddies sprayed graffiti all over Chasen's, the famous Hollywood restaurant, which served as one of the sets.

When tabloids reported that the brutish wrestler Jerry Lawler had assaulted Carrey while re-enacting his notorious real-life attack on Kaufman in 1982, the whole affair took on the distinct whiff of P.R. But according to Judd Apatow, a longtime Carrey collaborator and certified Kaufmaniac, the reality wall was broached with some force.

"The climax of the scene is Jerry Lawler smacking Jim on the face and Jim flying off the chair," says Apatow. "Before they did it, I hear Jerry Lawler say to Miloš Forman, 'Should I really hit him?' And Miloš says, 'Softly.' Then you see Jim lean over to Jerry Lawler, and he basically says, 'Hit me as hard as you can.'

"They got to that moment in the scene, and Jerry Lawler just cracked Jim in the head as hard as I've ever seen anybody get hit—it wasn't miked, so you just heard it in an empty auditorium, this crack sound. The inside of Jim's mouth was just all cut up and bleeding afterwards. And as we're watching it on the video, he was, like, 'Isn't it great? Doesn't that look brutal?'"

Early in *Man on the Moon,* we see young Andy Kaufman hosting an imaginary TV show in his bedroom. A film about Jim Carrey might start in a similarly solipsistic fashion: the Funniest-Man-to-Be used to sit in a tiny closet, scrawling out reams of his own songs and poems. But whereas Kaufman's evolution into self-immolating genius and terminal enigma required the Pirandelloesque machinations of Miloš Forman, Carrey's star trip makes for more melodramatic, less demanding material. Let us imagine it as, say, a movie on the USA Network.

The title sequence of *Where Does C dy Come From: The Jim Carrey Stor* night, after *La Femme Nikita*) fea faux–Super 8 footage of the Carrey cl hazy suburban-Toronto idyll. Conductin mirth is sax-playing patriarch Percy C The laughter fades when he has to se sax to pay hospital bills when Carrey's is born. Percy gets an accounting job- loses it at the age of 51. A grim spir downward mobility sees the entire f forced to take jobs as janitors in a tir factory before, bitter and disillusioned quit work to live in a tent and a VW c er. "Living in a van, dah, dah, dah, dah," says Carrey today. "It can't be t about anymore. It's so frickin' boring."

To him, perhaps. But to the direct our imaginary cable movie, this is a k the protean suffering of a comedy supe in the making. We've already seen Jim tertaining his sick mother with a welt comic impressions, and aping his alco grandparents for the amusement o brother and two sisters. Now the gang year-old high-school dropout decides his luck at Toronto's Yuk Yuks comedy A handheld camera follows Carrey's h routine to a silent grave; his ill-chose low polyester suit flares up sickening the footlights.

Two years later, Carrey returns w new act, co-written with his dad, that over crowds and reviewers. He mov L.A. and, with preposterously good tune, snags the role of preppy dupe Tarkenton in *The Duck Factory,* an markable but well-regarded 1984 si about an animation studio. He bring mom and dad down to L.A., but cancels the show after just 13 episodes he has to send his parents back home. rey now calls that setback "one of th otal moments of my life and someth still have a major pain and guilt over."

His 150-strong repertoire of impres (which include Bruce Dern and a nuclear Elvis) continues to bring luc rewards, such as opening for Rodney

d. One slight problem: Carrey doesn't o be the kind of guy who opens for y Dangerfield. So around 1985, he ly ends his impressionist period and aking acting lessons. "Everybody who me said, 'What are you doing?'" re- Carrey. "'Play Vegas! Be the greatest sionist in the world! You got a million- industry in your lap!'"

he time, Carrey is living with his girl- Melissa Womer, in a tiny apartment reatown. They met when she was ssing at L.A.'s Comedy Store. The marries in March 1987; their daugh- ne, is born that September as Car- ank account runs dry. "I didn't file ıptcy, but I went tits up," he says. ɔne from being this popular singing- sionist guy to like—*nothing.*"

he returns to the clubs and modest roles trickle in, among them 1989's *Earth Girls Are Easy.* Co-star Da- Vayans helps him become the promi- hite face on his brother Keenen Ivory ıs's early-90s hit TV series, *In Living* This is "James" Carrey's second big e, and rarely has any performer been eady for prime time—he becomes the ble show's breakout star. The year brings Carrey his first leading-man roles, and, astonishingly, he hits the ɔt with three broader-than-Cinema- sleeper comedies in a one-year span: *ntura: Pet Detective, The Mask,* and *& Dumber.* The fact that each part farcical trifecta is directed by an un- ı (respectively, Tom Shadyac, Charles l, and Peter Farrelly) tells us that Car- a force of nature, the Michael Jordan ysical comedy. Even more than on *ing Color,* Carrey touches some pri- nerve by pushing his own geeky ultra- ıess to the sociopathic brink.

r basic-cable picture ratifies Jim Car- y's arrival as a funnyman with a barn- ing montage of his movie triumphs. en 1994 and 1995, each of those first hits earns more than $100 million, is salary shoots from $350,000 (*Ace a: Pet Detective*) to $7 million (*Dumb nber*). But all is not well in the Carrey hold: after midnight, ham turns to et, prowling the house in the throes of moods and restless drives. There is on Carrey's marriage to Melissa, and sy 1994 divorce. A romance with perky *& Dumber* co-star Lauren Holly pro- short-lived nuptials in 1996.

is chapter of the Carrey story ends in e-hours diner, with our protagonist ng reviews of *The Cable Guy,* his at- to escape goofball servitude. Judd w, the film's producer, brings in the editions, and they're unanimous. "Be- ne movie ever came out it was defeat- ed!" says Carrey, still chafing after all these years. "It's very hard for a studio, when they're sitting there with this big pile of gold beside them—which is selling me as a silly, goofy guy. The reality of the movie is I'm kind of creepy. If you're going to do it, don't apologize for it." Reports of Carrey's record-breaking $20 million salary hardly help matters.

Some revisionists would agree that *The Cable Guy* (directed by Ben Stiller) was misunderstood, but as the addled cable installer Chip Douglas befriends and ultimately terrorizes a client (played by Matthew Broderick), the film's tone wavers wildly. And Carrey's normally impeccable comic judgment falters as he endows Chip with a speech impediment of Adam Sandleresque proportions. Despite some compelling flashes of malevolence from Carrey, *The Cable Guy* is, uniquely among his movies, not very funny.

When R.E.M. front man Michael Stipe heard that America's Funniest Man was set to play Andy Kaufman, his reaction was unequivocal. "I called Miloš and railed against Carrey," says Stipe. "I didn't know if he would be able to put aside the kind of Carrey-isms that I had seen in his past work."

The singer's rush to judgment was shared by many hard-core Kaufmanistas, for whom Andy is a comedic Che Guevara: an ideological martyr who died untainted by corruption or compromise. In 1995, Brian Momchilov launched the Internet's first "Andy Kaufman Home Page," and he recalls the reaction when Carrey's name was first linked to Kaufman's. "A lot of folks said, 'This is the worst—he's going to wreck it,'" says Momchilov, who lives in Michigan and works for the Department of Defense. He has recently seen the consensus fall into line with Michael Stipe's ultimate verdict on Carrey's Kaufman portrayal: "totally brilliant," and according to Momchilov, the word of mouth is effusive.

Nevertheless, there remains a curious tension between actor and subject. Carrey cites Kaufman as his inspiration for his stand-up improvisational period, and for his occasional stunts since then, such as his appearance at this year's MTV Movie Awards, where he "played" a kind of hybrid of Duane Allman and Jim Morrison. At this year's Academy Awards, the nominationless Carrey brought the show to a halt, thanks to his indulgent "I'm not bitter" speech, which veered from angry to lachrymose. But those who know about these things say that Carrey's loopy gesture ultimately guaranteed the goodwill of Academy voters *next* time around. (In other words, it was a variant of the Oscar "monkey dance" that Carrey so despises.) When Carrey invokes the spirit of Andy and smears cheese on executives, he knows that his action does not risk a sanction from studio or producer. His madness has a mandate. Plus, in a self-conscious act that seems at odds with the Kaufman spirit, Carrey intends to produce and direct a *Man on the Moon* "making of" documentary, using on-set footage shot by Lynne Margulies.

Then again, which contemporary performer could survive comparison to Andy Kaufman, a holy fool who makes every other comic look like an attention-craving slave of Mammon? Those were different times. "Andy was more bohemian," says his sidekick, Bob Zmuda, who went on to found the Comic Relief charity. "Andy was a real product of the 60s."

The most cursory glance at Carrey's and Kaufman's respective backgrounds further explains the gulf between their sensibilities. While Carrey's performing life was launched by poverty, Kaufman enjoyed a comfortable upbringing in Great Neck, Long Island. Carrey was the country boy who said "frickin'" and feared failure; Kaufman embraced it: he made his *audience* drown in flop sweat.

Carrey's need for financial and emotional approval was never greater than when *In Living Color* gave him his second—and maybe last—chance. Carrey paid Judd Apatow out of his own pocket to write material that might help him compete for airtime. And according to one staffer, "He would endlessly be doing shtick in the hallways, for the secretaries. There's not a moment when he didn't need an emotional B_{12} shot."

It is precisely that kind of desperation that has put this edgy performer within sight of a goal once described by co-manager Eric Gold: "Tom Hanks's career." Yet the very mention of Hanks causes Carrey's "Nick Noltes" to stand out. "You know, Tom does great stuff," he says. "But every time he goes out now, he has to be rock-solid America Man, and I kind of want to see him go nuts. He's now Mount Rushmore for people, and I don't want to be that. I mean, I can be a stand-up guy, and I am, but I just see too much irony and weirdness in the world that I can't shut up. I can't *not* say something."

If anyone needed definitive evidence that Jim Carrey is more than a turbocharged vaudevillian, one could look to the final episode of Gary Shandling's incandescent show-business satire on HBO, *The Larry Sanders Show.* As the first of Sanders's very special guests, Carrey serenades the departing host with a rendition of "And I Am Telling You I'm Not Going," the Sturm und Funk showstopper from *Dreamgirls.* This skinny white boy slams into the chal-

lenging number at full tilt, Apollo Theatre–style. Incredulous applause fades into the commercial break, and Carrey edges toward Shandling. He coolly informs Shandling that he's here for promotional purposes only. "What are you going to do now?," Carrey asks. "Movies? I'll *crush* you."

Over the years, the sophisticated likes of David Duchovny, Warren Beatty, and Sharon Stone tossed their vanities on Shandling's bonfire, contributing brilliant acts of self-loathing, self-revelation, and self-parody. But Carrey's exhilarating combination of vocal prowess and wanton neediness outshone them all. When Carrey agreed to appear on *The Larry Sanders Show,* he told Judd Apatow (who was then a producer there) that his would have to be the best cameo the show had ever seen. "Oh, I *know* he was serious," says Apatow. "That's how Jim approaches everything."

Talk to those who have worked with Carrey and you'll soon tire of hearing about the man's stamina. "He'll burn you out," says Bobby Farrelly. "There comes a time when it's the end of the working day and it's, like, 'All right, well, let's go.' But Jim would love to do 10 more takes. For him, it's like going down a water slide—you want to just race back up and do it again."

As the scenes from his first marriage attest, Carrey does not relax when the cameras are off. His physical endurance is matched by a level of mental application that, he allows, might come from the "feeling of unfinishedness" that his interrupted schooling gave him. This, in turn, spawned an autodidactic zeal that has proved surprisingly useful over the years. "When I was working the comedy clubs for 15 years before anything happened, I laid on my bed at night, trying to figure out the psyche of the audience," says Carrey. "Trying to figure out what people need—what serves them. I mean, I could sit here and dissect what I think comedy is and make it really boring for everybody, but I know what it is.

"I pulled it apart like—I'm not saying I'm as smart as this guy, but, you know, Freud pulled it apart. Freud talks about jokes being judgments, and that's what they are: the job of a comic is to judge. I can get into all this stuff and break it down to why an audience is attracted to one person and not to another person. I *know* it."

Carrey sometimes thinks of comedy as a lethal weapon. As his *Larry Sanders* spot suggested, our lovable goofball is—like most great comedians—an avid connoisseur of human frailty. "There are times in my shower where I'll think of a person and I'll be mad at them," he says. "And I'll arm myself with 20 good things if they ever say anything to me. That's what comedians do: prepare themselves for war."

"I am," says Jim Carrey, "one of the top five actors. Every director who's worth their salt wants to work with me. I have the best scripts in town offered to me."

Carrey isn't going to war with anyone, or reprising his toxic bit from *The Larry Sanders Show.* He is merely reciting the "affirmation" he gave himself years ago as he sat up on L.A.'s Mulholland Drive, in the decaying Toyota Supra that he'd bought with leftover sitcom money. There he wrote himself a check inscribed: "*For acting services rendered, $10 million.*" He dated it Thanksgiving 1995.

Which sets up the most unbearably pathetic moment in our notional Carrey movie. We see Carrey putting the check into his father's pocket as he lies in his coffin. (Carrey's mother has died three years earlier.) It is July 1994, and in the wake of *Ace Ventura: Pet Detective,* Carrey has signed on to do *Dumb & Dumber* for $7 million.

This unlikely series of events actually happened to Jim Carrey, who doggedly attributes all the good things in his life to the affirmations that he derives from a combo platter of self-help and spiritual literature. "Jon Kabat-Zinn's *Wherever You Go, There You Are,* Norman Vincent Peale—all that stuff is good." He excitedly mentions a book that Steve Martin gave him called *The Drama of the Gifted Child.* It's about what happens when "the family's hopes and dreams are pinned on the special child—that affects a person in a major way."

"Jim lives the examined life," says Eric Gold. And as the Catholic-raised Carrey explains, his endless seeking does have a concrete payoff. "I find that a lot of the times if I let myself go unstimulated by positive things I'll get into a funk, start to believe that nothing's worth it—whatever. So I'm a big believer in affirming. You know, nothing happened before I affirmed it in my life. I haven't been in a black hole for a long time."

For some years now, the biggest anxiety threatening to fill the void has been not lack of approval but rather a surplus of the wrong kind of love. By responding so strongly to Carrey's rampant neediness, the public has, in a sense, cursed him. "The fact is, at least in the next 10 years, I will not be able to walk out of my house without somebody knowing who I am," says Carrey. "It makes you self-conscious. When I leave the house, I'm Jim Carrey, and I have to be somewhat of a diplomat, even if I'm in a shit mood. You pull a lot of extra responsibility in your life by being this type of person, you know.

"And if people go, 'You asked for it,' yeah, you did. You did ask for it, but no one knows what it is till you're there. I'm an astronaut, and there are only a few pi in this world who know what I know know how it feels to be who I am."

It is suddenly evident that Carrey r not be joking when he says that inste seeing a shrink he has recently been "s ing it up." Hamlet is on the ramparts a with a soliloquy at the ready. "I try a try, and I'll go out to the crowd and I 20, 30 autographs," he says. "And the person will call me an asshole after I've given it all out. I've gone home *so* some days because of that 31st perso a no-win situation."

The suggestion that depression m just be the flip side of the comedian's nant with his public is given short s "Comedy doesn't depress me," says Ca smiling faintly. "*Love* depresses me. I have anyone special in my life at all it's a drag. It's a very difficult propos for a person like me, because I get who fall in love with me in an hour want it all. I'm a very normal person know, and I don't want those excesses gone through periods of my life wh thought it would be cool to have all stuff. But I'm not a player, I guess—I have been. All I want is one good wo That's it. And I need to be a good I'm not the easiest person, you know."

Carrey's *Man on the Moon* co-star C ney Love begs to differ. "I have to tell y really just fell in love with him," she "I mean, not in the literal, I'm-goin get-married-to-him sense.... Under him, there is a lot of depth. And a l sexiness—I mean, many, many people Jim's sexy. But I mean sexy in a Ta way—a sort of deep, soulful, and al dark way."

Jim Carrey wasn't always possesse Tantric sex appeal or a particularly e ined life. Back in his L.A. comedy days, he was a brash Young Turk who formed a mutual-admiration society Sam Kinison, the stand-up screamer died in 1992. "Night after night, we out, and there's fists flying, or what Carrey recalls. And then there were drugs. "I experimented with everything briefly," he admits. "I had friends who like, 'What are you doing, man?' And went, 'Yeah, you're right—it's not me.'"

Carrey moved on to a group of fr that included Francis Ford Coppola's Roman, actor Cary Elwes, and Ni Cage. When their habit of handing jokey award to the highest-achieving ber began to get tired (due to Cage's Carrey's ascent to mega-stardom), C suggested a change of pace. "Jim w ways big on the idea of having a club," says Cage, who acted opposite rey in 1986's *Peggy Sue Got Married.*

of Jim's quest for knowledge. He is the smartest guys I know."

se days, Carrey tends to conduct his est in private. "I'm not a shut-in, but bit of a loner," he says. "I disappear g periods of time. I just go, 'I'm now y Man, and I don't want to deal with dy.'"

en he's between films, Carrey will oc- ally slip out of his gates on his be- Harley, helmet visor pulled down over conically malleable mug. Mostly, , he's happy to stay home with his ter, or maybe play tennis with a friend. Some days he'll let his dogs, George and Hazel (Great Dane and chocolate Lab), have the run of his 11,000-square-foot house while he quietly slips into his pool. "I call it the river Jordan," says Carrey. "Because that's where I swim and I float and I talk to God and I do whatever. And a lot of good things have happened there."

Adrift in ennui deluxe, Carrey sometimes feels like quitting the business altogether, just as he did during his impressionist days. "I think I could go away tomorrow," says the Funniest Multimillionaire. "I've already accomplished something. It would be a new phase of life, and something else would happen. It's such a selfish business that sometimes I get sick of myself. I'm going to have to, at some point, drop this stuff and do something that's more of a service—something hands-on, whatever it is. I'm talking about, like, painting in malls or something for a living."

This sublimely Kaufman-like thought hangs in the air. For a non–therapy patient who has "nothing to say," Carrey has done pretty well this morning, and has rarely fallen back on "Carrey-isms." But, as in therapy, the session must end before the final breakthrough comes. Only this time, the person calling time is his personal publicist. □

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narch Butterflies

NUED FROM PAGE 272 them up in the s' own oily lipids. The local *campe-* et their cows graze on the butterflies ll out of the trees and litter the forest Sometimes they set fire to the monarch- ng trees for fun, and stomped on the res, joking, "There goes your grand- ... and your late sister-in-law."

igger called Urquhart in Canada with ntastic news. Urquhart cabled back ngratulations and instructions to keep g. If there were only 15 million or so chs in this colony, there must be oth- onies. Within the year the Bruggers und two others, El Rosario, between) and 11,000 feet, and Sierra Chin- etween 8,500 and 11,000 feet, both a iles from the mining town of An- eo. So improbable did the elevation sites seem that Urquhart wanted to e that the butterflies were, in fact, the chs from eastern North America. But d heart trouble and had been advised doctor against travel, so a year passed the Urquharts, accompanied by the ers and a photographer, reached Sier- incua.

orah and I are no longer young," art wrote in an article for the August *National Geographic.* (They were both ir mid-60s.) "As we walked along the tain crest, our hearts pounded and eet felt leaden. The rather macabre ht occurred to me: Suppose the strain d too much? It would be the ultimate to have come this far and then never ss what we'd waited so long to see!"

e article, called "Found at Last: The rch's Winter Home," continued: "Then w them. Masses of butterflies every- ! In the quietness of semidormancy, festooned the tree branches, they en- ed the oyamel trunks, they carpeted ound in their tremulous legions. Other udes—those that now on the verge of spring had begun to feel the immemorial urge to fly north—filled the air with their sun-shot wings, shimmering against the blue mountain sky and drifting across our vision in blizzard flakes of orange and black."

A branch, three inches thick, broke "under its burden of languid butterflies and crashed to the earth, spilling its live cargo." Urquhart stooped to examine "the mass of dislodged monarchs." One of them, by an incredible stroke of fortune, had been tagged. The tagger, Urquhart determined when he got back to his motel, had been one Jim Gilbert in Chaska, Minnesota. Urquhart had his proof. He marveled how "such a fragile, wind-tossed scrap of life" could have found "its way (only once!) across prairies, deserts, mountain valleys, even cities, to this remote pinpoint on the map of Mexico."

In the days that followed, Urquhart, Norah, Brugger, and Cathy tagged with distinctive fuchsia labels 10,000 of "my beautiful monarch butterflies," as Urquhart called them in his 1987 book, *The Monarch Butterfly: International Traveler.* Decades of tedious detective work had finally paid off. Urquhart had found his holy grail.

Urquhart had no idea at the time that another American lepidopterist, Lincoln Brower, was himself close to discovering the locations of the winter colonies. Twenty years Urquhart's junior, Brower had grown up on the edge of the Great Swamp in New Jersey, and, like Urquhart, he started collecting butterflies at the age of five. When he was 18, Brower played hooky from school to indulge his passion and caught a beautiful *Feralia jocosa,* one of the first spring moths, whose mottled green wings resemble lichen. His truancy, however, was discovered, and for punishment he had to sit in a chair for a day, suspended from classes.

"At that point I knew I would never be like the rest of them," Brower told me when I visited him earlier this year at Sweet Briar College in Virginia, where he is a research professor of biology. "I learned from this early little act of civil disobedience that you have to rely on your own judgment as to what's interesting in life."

In 1953, Brower married his high-school sweetheart, Jane Van Zandt, and they both enrolled in Yale's Ph.D. program in entomology. Jane wrote her dissertation on mimicry in butterflies, of which the monarch and the viceroy, a butterfly from a different subfamily that does its best to look like a monarch, are a classic case. The conventional wisdom is that since monarch caterpillars eat milkweed, whose leaves and sap contain cardiac glycosides (heart drugs) toxic to birds, birds learn to avoid monarchs; viceroys, which are nontoxic to birds, mimic the monarchs so birds won't eat them. The mimicry of an unpalatable species by a palatable species is known as Batesian mimicry. Accomplishing a resemblance takes many, many generations and is governed by the evolutionary process of natural selection. In fact, Batesian mimicry was a cornerstone of Darwin's theory of evolution. The more a viceroy looks like a monarch, the greater its chance of surviving, until eventually the entire species engages in this masquerade.

What is really going on, it turns out, is far more complicated. Recent testing has shown that the viceroy isn't all that palatable to birds, either, so, as Brower explained, you have not only Batesian mimicry but also Müllerian mimicry—two unpalatable species converging on a similar color pattern—and automimicry, which is mimicry among butterflies within the same species. The Browers discovered that there is a broad spectrum, ranging from perfectly edible to extremely poisonous, among the 108 species of milkweed that monarchs eat, so the edible monarchs are "automimics" of the toxic ones.

The Browers increasingly focused their research on what Lincoln calls the "co-

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evolutionary arms race" between the monarchs and the milkweeds. The butterflies have been voraciously eating milkweed for millions of years, and the plants have been defending themselves by becoming more toxic, which the butterflies counter by evolving their ability to metabolize the new levels of cardiac glycosides without harm to themselves. In northern Florida, for instance, a species of milkweed is so toxic that about a third of the young caterpillars that eat it become cataleptic (in a state of suspended animation).

Both the milkweeds and the monarchs were originally Neotropical species, but in the Miocene epoch, 24 million years ago, the milkweed family experienced an "adaptive radiation." Some species evolved frost tolerance and expanded their range into North America. The monarchs followed, but they never developed the ability to withstand freezing temperatures, so each fall, as the milkweed dies back in North America, they have to fly down to the tropics and lie low for several months until the plant re-emerges and the temperature rises. The different areas east of the Rockies from Canada to Mexico that successive generations of the eastern monarchs occupy in the course of the summer are those of their food plant as it sprouts farther and farther north in the abandoned fields, roadsides, railroad beds, and other disturbed land that it prefers.

In 1970, the Browers split, and Jane left the field; she is now a New England antiques dealer. Four years later Lincoln and two colleagues discovered that you can "fingerprint" a monarch by analyzing its cardiac glycosides. Each species of milkweed has its own cardiac-glycoside pattern and its own geographic range, so you can pinpoint where the butterfly fed as a caterpillar.

Lincoln Brower, now 68, was eager to find the eastern monarchs' winter colonies and "fingerprint" the butterflies in them. Hearing in 1973 that the Urquharts were getting close, Brower sent them a paper comparing the cardiac-glycoside content of various eastern populations, and Urquhart wrote him that "if we do find the areas of concentration we will certainly be able to arrange for specimens to be sent to you or, if you wish, give you exact locations and names of persons to contact."

Actually, Urquhart and Brower already had a long history of bad blood. Urquhart disagreed violently with Brower about the toxicity of milkweed, and he went as far as to reject the entire notion of Batesian mimicry. The early pioneers, he claimed, boiled and ate milkweed pods like snow peas, and in the 50s and early 60s the Urquharts staged a series of dramatic experiments in which they had people eating monarchs to show they weren't toxic. Their subjects reported that the insects tasted like dry toast. In 1962, Brower, reviewing Urquhart's book *The Monarch Butterfly* for the journal *Ecology,* took Urquhart to task for his stance, and the ideological gap between the two widened with the 1969 publication in *Scientific American* of the results of the Browers' celebrated "puking blue jay" experiments. Brower, then at Amherst College, fed blue jays palatable monarchs, which the birds gobbled up happily. Then he fed some different jays monarchs raised on the very toxic milkweed species *Asclepias curassavica,* which they promptly vomited. Thereafter the second group avoided further offerings of monarchs, including palatable ones, while the first group continued to eat them with gusto.

Urquhart would have none of it, and the bitterness between the rivals simmered. In 1973, Brower was asked by the National Science Foundation to do an outside peer review on a grant proposal from Urquhart. Brower recommended in the most glowing terms, he told me, the proposal, which asked for funds to continue the quest for the eastern monarchs' winter colonies, but the grant was rejected, according to Brower, because "Urquhart didn't know how to write a grant proposal." Urquhart, however, was convinced that Brower had sabotaged the grant, and he implied such in a letter three years later.

When the Urquharts announced the discovery of Cerro Pelón in the 1975 edition of their annual newsletter, Brower called Urquhart in order to take him up on his two-year-old offer. But Urquhart explained he couldn't reveal the locations until *National Geographic* published his article on the colonies. After the article appeared in August of the following year, Brower again wrote Urquhart, and received on December 3 a reply to the effect that he and the society's president and editorial staff had met and "agreed that the site should not be divulged since it was anticipated that many people, collectors, film makers, etc. would wish to visit and, as happened in other similar situations, destroy it.... I would suggest to you, since the Mexican site is not available, that you examine the ... monarchs that pass along the ... Gulf Coast during October and November. These monarchs will eventually reach Mexico and you would accomplish the same results as visiting the area."

Furious that his equally legitimate scientific motives were blown off, Brower set out to find the colonies on his own. The *National Geographic* article disguised the location, saying it was in the Sierra M... a rugged mountain range 250 miles t... northeast of the actual sites, but a ... announcement of the discovery by ... Urquharts in the *Journal of the Lep... terists' Society* was more helpful. The... ony, they reported, was at 10,000 feet ... the slope of a volcanic mountain situ... in the northern part of the state of M... acan." So Brower and his colleague ... liam Calvert pored over a topograp... map of Michoacán and circled everyw... above 10,000 feet. This narrowed the s... to a few mountain ranges in the geolog... ly recent province in central Mexico kn... as the Transverse Neovolcanic Belt, an... December 26, 1976, Calvert and three ... leagues drove down to Mexico. Four ... later they drove up to Angangueo and ... taken by a local man, Alian Ariega, t... Chincua colony.

Hearing the news, Brower rushe... Chincua. "It was like walking into Cha... Cathedral and seeing light coming thr... the stained-glass windows," Brower rec... two years ago in an article for *Nat... Wildlife* magazine. "This was the e... wonder of the world."

As luck would have it, the Urqu... and the Bruggers were at that ... moment tagging monarchs inside the ... ony. The Urquharts "were bewildere... our arrival and initially treated us ru... then with hostility," Brower wrote in a ... article, this one for the *Journal of the ... dopterists' Society.* He related the episo... more explicit detail to me: "I put my ... out. Urquhart barely took it, then he ... drew his hand and asked, 'How did ... get here?' It was a moment." Brower's ... sistant managed to take a snapsho... Urquhart sitting on a log and fuming. ... a portrait of a man who is totally bum... out.

Brower published his own article a... the site in the June–July 1977 issue of ... *ural History* magazine. He estimated th... contained between 14 million and 100 ... lion monarchs. There was no mentio... the encounter with the Urquharts or ... fact that the Urquharts and the Brug... had gotten there first. The Urquharts ... their loyal army of volunteers were ... raged. That September, Urquhart wr... special eight-page report to his researc... sociates accusing Brower of having ... lowed Brugger to the site and starting ... "to dislodge monarchs from their roo... trees to provide material for dramatic ... tographic shots." Brower vehemently ... nied both allegations in an article in ... *New York Times.*

"The Urquharts were devastated tha... found the place," Brower told me. ... were interlopers." After the vicious at...

t him, Brower gave Urquhart no
r, missing no opportunity to point
rors in Urquhart's subsequent mono-
s, while Urquhart snubbed Brower
letely, never discussing or even citing
rk.

los Gottfried, who has worked with
s fond of both men, told me that
r "is a passionate scientist and so is
art, but Urquhart's science wasn't up
same level as Brower's. In the 70s,
r brushed off Urquhart as a rank am-
He was very arrogant in those days.
he's a nice guy. He has grown. It's
cind of beaten out of him."

s was my impression of Brower from
y I spent with him in Virginia. The ri-
Brower admitted sadly, "polarized
nall community of people who care
the monarch, and this impeded the
rvation effort."

rt Johnson, a lepidopterist and co-

The next step after the first discoveries was to locate other colonies besides the three major ones at Pelón, Chincua, and El Rosario. This search was carried out by Bill Calvert and others from Brower's lab. Calvert spent months at a time in the mountains, sleeping in the forest or in the back of a VW van that Amherst had provided. Calvert, now aged 59, is "a true field biologist," Gottfried told me. Eventually, Calvert and others found 57 sites on 11 separate volcanoes in the Transverse Neovolcanic Belt. Their cones are like forested islands thrust up in a high plateau that is now planted mainly with corn. "Calvert has spent the rest of his life mucking with monarchs," Brower told me. Based in Austin, Texas, but no longer affiliated with any academic institution, Calvert leads trips to Michoacán during the butterfly season.

If only the monarchs continued down to Costa Rica, one of the world's most environmentally enlightened countries, or if they spent the winter in, say, the Smoky Mountains of Tennessee, it would be possible to protect their sites. But instead they land in a country whose natural resources have been plundered for centuries, first by Spain and then, thanks to the granting of large mining and timbering concessions by President Porfirio Díaz around the turn of the century, by the United States.

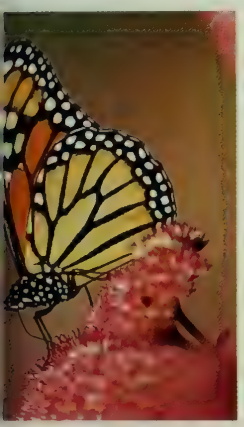
"Our word for wilderness, *maleza,* means 'a bad thing,'" Gottfried explained. "Land to Mexicans is worthless unless it is being used."

Brower and Calvert soon realized that the first priority was to safeguard the colonies. The forest was fast disappearing, particularly at the Rosario site, where the village came right up to the trees in which the butterflies roosted. But to get anybody in Mexico City to care was a monumental task. The politicians had no environmental awareness; the notion of stewardship of the natural world was simply not in their mind-set. "We don't even have a word for accountability," a Mexican friend told me. "We don't say, 'I dropped it,' but '*Se cayó*'—'It decided to fall.'"

Who was going to take seriously two American lepidopterists telling them, "You have the Eighth Wonder of the World in your backyard and guess what it is: a bunch of butterflies"? The only solution Brower could think of was to "overwhelm the politicians with data" and to provide them with an unassailable "scientific rationale for not cutting down the forest." He and Calvert set up weather stations in the colonies and determined that it seldom froze there, because the forest acted like a blanket; below the forest, where the trees had been cleared, it froze regularly. Cutting a single tree in the forest, Brower argued, was like cutting a hole in your sleeping bag when you were camping out. Any butterflies directly exposed to the night sky would be killed. Calvert and Brower wrote a paper on the effect of forest thinning on monarch mortality that Gottfried said was "the linchpin" in persuading the Mexican government to include the colonies in its national-park system.

Urquhart's 1976 *National Geographic* article also attracted new friends for the monarch—a group of dynamic young Mexican entrepreneurs who had weekend homes in the Valle de Bravo, a lakeside resort town 20 miles south of the butterfly area. Highly educated, all fluent in English, the members of this group shared a love of the outdoors. As Gottfried explained, "We all saw the article and wondered, What the hell is this and where is it?"

Among them was Rodolfo Ogarrio, a lawyer who today runs the Mexican Foundation for Environmental Education, which is chaired by Manuel Arango, one






A WING AND A PRAYER

From left: a monarch on a sedum; a butterfly-encrusted oyamel branch; oyamel firs at the Sierra Chincua site in Michoacán; Carlos Gottfried, a key player in protecting the Mexican overwintering sites, September 1999.

r of the recently published *Nabokov's*
explained the rivalry as largely gener-
il: "I know both Lincoln and Fred.
are great people, but rivalries develop
you have institutions and people with
me research interests. The thing that's
il about this case is something we call
ash between the old science and the
science. Brower received his training
recently, so he was simply able to
to bear on monarch research more
sticated methods than Urquhart had
trained in. That's something that all of
al with in science: methods change so
ly and the level of sophistication
ges so quickly."

e Urquharts soon had to retire from
cene; they weren't physically up to
ing at the high altitude. Today, Ur-
rt is not involved, but his tagging pro-
continues, run by Orley "Chip" Tay-
the University of Kansas. It is now a
uterized effort, and you can sign up
n it on the Monarch Watch Web site
v.MonarchWatch.com).

of the few wealthy environmentalists in Mexico. "The first time my family became exposed to the butterflies was on March 21, 1973," the charismatic 54-year-old Ogarrio recalled in his office in Mexico City's fashionable Colonia Polanco. "We were trekking in the western foothills of the Nevado de Toluca volcano, and on top of a hill called Cerro de las Palomas, above 10,000 feet, we found thousands of monarchs in a field of milkweed. We had no idea what it meant until three years later, when the *National Geographic* article appeared."

After reading the article, Ogarrio's cousin Gina Ogarrio became obsessed with finding the location of the sites. She approached Urquhart, who told her it was "impossible. The colony is much too fragile." But Gina persisted, threatening to shadow his every movement, until he relented and gave her the name of a local man who would take them to Sierra Chincua. "It was something that changed our lives," remembered Ogarrio, who was taken there by Gina. "It was a perfect blue day. All the butterflies were flying because of the bright sunshine. We had no information or understanding of anything, except for what we had read in the article. The experience was sensory, almost religious. I remember this scene of us lying on our backs and watching the butterflies, a silent river of wings, fly down to a small creek to drink, thousands of living pieces of stained glass against the bright-blue sky moving in all directions. We stayed hours in silence, not speaking, absorbing something we realized from the very beginning was sacred. Another couple with us gathered some of the butterflies on the forest floor to show their children. Back in Mexico City they opened the bag and the butterflies flew out. They were alive! And then we realized that in our ignorance we could have trampled hundreds of what we considered to be dead butterflies.

"I left with the thought, This has to be protected. This is not a place where humans can just walk in, and it just will have to happen. This is something that we have to do. Gina swore she would never go back and she hasn't. What I did was start groping my way to do something. I was already searching, desperately, for something larger than my life and my job. And because we were working for something larger than ourselves, there often happened acts of synchronicity, in which difficulties that seemed insurmountable solved themselves so we could advance. There were so many positive coincidences."

Ogarrio began contacting scientific institutions in Mexico and abroad. He wrote to the World Wildlife Fund. "There were no environmental organizations in Mexico, although there had been national parks since 1930," he told me. "I didn't divulge the location of the butterflies until 1980, when I found out that a growing number of people were going to see them and treating them with no respect, shaking the trees to see them fall. I became quite infuriated with the situation." In 1980, Ogarrio joined forces with Brower and Calvert, and they were able to persuade the minister of agriculture and forestry, Cuauhtémoc Cárdenas (who later became the governor of Michoacán and is now the mayor of Mexico City and an opposition presidential candidate), to push through a broad decree to protect the monarch. "But I realized that there had to be some nongovernmental organization devoted to the interests of the butterfly," so Ogarrio wrote up the charter for a nonprofit group to be called Monarcha A.C. (the "A.C." standing for Asociación Civil).

While Ogarrio found Chincua in Michoacán, an eccentric Englishwoman, Virginia "Whitty" McHenry, took Gottfried to Pelón in the state of México in December 1977, and he felt the same call to duty. A mutual friend in Valle de Bravo introduced him to Ogarrio, who invited him to join the board of Monarcha. "In the beginning we waited for hours outside ministers' offices," recalled Gottfried. "We were laughed at. Nobody gave us the time of day. The ministries in Mexico City were these Machiavellian oxymorons like the Ministry of Urban Development and Ecology and the Ministry of Agriculture and Forestry. 'Why are you so interested in these freaking butterflies?' the ministers would ask us. Five years later the same politicians were saying, '*Sí,* Dr. Gottfried. How interesting.' I took every ambassador and the heads of all the large corporations, and television and movie crews, out there. We got the government to issue a monarch stamp and a 50-peso coin. We promoted the bejesus out of the thing, and eventually it caught. The phenomenon was bigger than all the forces around it."

By 1986 there were several encouraging developments. The World Wildlife Fund decided to sponsor Monarcha, and though Gottfried said it never gave more than $20,000 a year, "having W.W.F. behind us gave us tremendous credibility." A shrewd politician, Manuel Camacho, became head of a newly formed Ministry of Ecology. "There was by now a growing environmental movement in Mexico to which the government was not sufficiently responsive," Ogarrio told me, "and Camacho immediately saw the value of protecting the butterflies in environmental and local and i national political terms."

Calvert and Brower designed a prop to make the five colonies in which prot 75 percent of the monarchs roost into tuaries with a combined area of 62 sq miles, of which 18 were "core areas" could not be touched, and the bal "buffer areas," whose trees the local e *tarios* could harvest only by applying permits from the Ministry of Agricu and Hydraulic Resources. But if there any evidence that the butterflies woul harmed, the cutting could be prohibite

Another powerful ally, Homero Ar joined the fray. A well-known p now 59 years old, Aridjis had been M co's ambassador to Switzerland and Netherlands. "Homero had integrity, m authority, and national visibility, and wasn't afraid to stick his neck out," G fried told me. "We were the low-key tivists, lobbying behind the scenes. We to be careful not to be too associated Brower, who was like a bull in a c shop, dangerously ignorant of Mexican ture. He would say things like 'Why c you just put these people in priso they're cutting [trees] illegally?'"

Aridjis had a special affection for monarch, having grown up in a mour village in Michoacán called Conte which is right next to Cerro Altamir one of the five sites in Brower and Calv proposal. "The hill with the butter faced the village, and as a child I use go to see them," Aridjis recalled over l recently in Mexico City. "For me they visual music, the apotheosis of light, tion, and beauty, a solar-light symphon the morning the butterflies are in the t with their wings closed. When the comes out it touches their wings and begin to open. Noon is the hour of acti I learned to love nature through the bu flies. We didn't know they were cor from as far away as Canada, or that t were people like Dr. Urquhart who looking for their wintering places."

Aridjis wrote poems about the m archs, and, in the end, he persuaded M can president Miguel de la Madrid to the decree that made the five sites int ecological reserve in 1986. Urquhart unable to attend the ceremony dedica the reserve because on that very da had a triple-bypass operation. When he out of the hospital, he wrote Ogarrio a ter which Ogarrio now has framed on wall of his office. "This is the first time I have had enough strength to ... s front of my typewriter. You are doi wonderful job, Rodolfo. I can foresee day when many thousands of visitors visit the monarch sites—one of the mos

ble phenomena in the world today. I
ıat you will be able to encourage the
itizens to take advantage of this pop-
by providing accommodation, tours,
arious souvenirs. I am certain you
iven all this considerable thought. If
sence of the monarchs is meaningful
citizens of Mexico, you will not need
for their preservation."

local *ejidatarios,* however, were hop-
ıg mad that the use of 18 square
ıad been taken from them, and with-
, of the decree they began to clear-cut
f the sanctuaries, Chivatí-Huacal.
ıutterflies returned to the sites as they
r thousands of years, and there were
es," Aridjis told me grimly. "They
around for several days in confusion,
nally left for God knows where."
er told me, however, that some mon-
do return to roost in what is left of
nctuary, but not every year and not in
mbers they used to.)

with many cases in which Mexican
flagrantly violated, the precise cir-
ances of the devastation of Chivatí-
l are murky. I collected several expla-
s for why the trees were cut by the
rios: (1) in protest; (2) to chase away
ɔnarchs, whose presence the *ejidata-*
ought would result in the loss of their
to the forest; (3) because the *eji-*
ɔs feared they would not be able to
t the wood in the future, so they had
get it now.

Aridjis suspected that high-level gov-
nt corruption was the actual catalyst.
ve you a taste of the politics of du-
, on October 14, 1986, only five days
he decree, the Ministry of Agriculture
Hydraulic Resources gave the *ejidos*
ts to cut without restriction in the
zones that were renewable for the
2 years," Aridjis told me. "I only
this out in 1992."

six on a Saturday morning last July,
Gottfried picked me up at my hotel in
o City in one of his five vintage Jeep
neers in order to visit Pelón. The
rchs would not arrive for another five
ıs, but we wanted to see how success-
e preservation efforts had been. Gott-
s a vibrant, bearded man. A fanatical
ider, he likes to jump off mountains
le de Bravo and make like a monarch.
ed through the usually clogged streets
e of the world's largest cities, 16 mil-
ɔuls suffocating on their own fumes.
ollution here is the worst on the plan-
bad that in February, during the win-
version, sparrows have been known
ɔp dead from the trees in Chapul-
Park, and you can allegedly get hepa-
mply from breathing, as fecal storms waft into the city from outlying shanty-towns. The monarch colonies are only 100 miles away.

Before long we were wending our way up into craggy, forested high country. Oyamel firs loomed overhead, their tops veiled in mist, their thickly needled branches drooping. "The only remaining oyamel forests are here," Gottfried told me. "Oyamels once spread from coast to coast, but during the presidency of Porfirio Díaz, American and British companies came in and took most of them. Alexander von Humboldt"—the great 19th-century German naturalist who spent five years exploring Latin America and classifying its flora and fauna—"called the tree *Abies religiosa* because their forests are like cathedrals, and the natives used to have religious ceremonies in them."

After several hours we reached a high plateau spattered with volcanic cones. The *campesinos* were harvesting avocado trees. The avocado is native to the region. So is corn, the creation of which from domestication of wild strains of maize triggered the New World's agricultural revolution and gave rise to the high culture that Cortés found in the Valley of Mexico in the 16th century. The people in this part of the world have an ancient and profound relationship with corn. It would hardly be an exaggeration to say that the *campesinos* are as dependent on corn as the monarch is on milkweed; you can see cornfields eating up the sides of the volcanoes. Gottfried explained that "the mission of agrarian reform, which the Mexican Revolution was fought for, is to deal out the land and to convert forest to corn. The party"—the Institutional Revolutionary Party, P.R.I., which has ruled Mexico for the last 70 years—"gives the *campesinos* seed and fertilizer, buys their corn, and sells them back the flour. The planners have everything ass-backward. The corn should be in the plains, the trees in the mountains. Trees are the obvious crop to plant up here, but that would be contrary to the paternalistic revolutionary model. The oyamel grows nearly 365 days a year. It never goes into winter dormancy, unlike northern firs. It is soft and full of water and a fantastic pulp tree. A good man with an ax can chop one down in minutes. But instead we stupidly plant corn, and are turning what was once the world's richest coniferous forest into an arid landscape like Spain, and there are only a few remnants of the forest on the volcanoes."

Tragically, the areas of greatest biodiversity in Mexico are also areas of grinding rural poverty. One hundred and fifty thousand people live in the monarch area, and as Jürgen Hoth, the scientific attaché at the Mexican Embassy in Ottawa, told me, "The best-laid plans in Mexico City to save the butterflies will come to nothing until the local social and economic problems are taken care of."

In 1995, Monarcha A.C. closed up shop under murky circumstances. It wasn't officially disbanded, it just faded away. Rodolfo Ogarrio told me that its mission had been accomplished: the monarch was now a well-known and beloved Mexican phenomenon, its colonies were sanctuaries, and the local people were being trained in ecotourism. World Wildlife's Mexico program has taken over the monarchs' cause, but the butterflies are far from out of the woods—or, I should say, safe in them.

Guillermo Castilleja, head of World Wildlife Mexico, Brower, Calvert, and their conservationist colleagues have determined that if the monarchs are to survive their existing sanctuaries must be greatly enlarged, and new ones created. They have been preparing a revision of the 1986 decree to present to the current administration of President Ernesto Zedillo, which calls for the reserve to be expanded to 174 square miles. Castilleja, over dinner at his apartment in Mexico City, showed me an aerial photo with the locations of the colonies marked on it. Some are in the buffer areas, and many are not in the sanctuaries at all and thus completely exposed. Since the decree, it has also become clear that the butterflies migrate down the watersheds in the course of the season, up to two miles in some cases, so the combined protected area will have to be tripled, according to Castilleja.

If the conservationists have their way, more forest will be taken from the *ejidatarios,* and "there will be a new flourishing of conflict," Julia Carabias, the Mexican secretary of the environment, predicted. For better or worse, the discovery of the monarchs by the outside world has already transformed the local culture. Most of the *campesinos* I talked to about it thought for the better. About a hundred thousand tourists come to see the butterflies in a season, each paying 15 pesos—$1.50—for admission, and all this goes to the *ejidos.* But not all the *ejidos* who are affected by this invasion benefit, and a group of *campesinos* that calls itself the Alianza has been threatening to make trouble unless the tourist dollars are distributed more equitably and their continued access to the forest is respected.

Gottfried and I reached the town of Donato Guerra on a new asphalt road. He recalled that on his first trip here he had laid logs across the streams. "These roads have all been paved and the villages all have electricity and concrete buildings

now because of the butterflies," he told me.

We pulled into the *pueblito,* the hamlet of Macheros, and were greeted by Asunción "Cho" Moreno, who was paid by the state as a vigilante to guard the Pelón sanctuary, which is the biggest, comprising 31 square miles. Gottfried said that he had personally drawn its boundaries. In no time we were on scrawny, surefooted, extremely intelligent horses, picking our way up through a magical forest of oyamel, cedar, and Montezuma pine.

After an hour and a half the morning mist, which smothers the ribs and ridges of the volcano and is known locally as *el lagarto,* the lizard, had burned off, and we came out into a natural, grassy meadow. "Now you are going to enter heaven," Gottfried announced. The final summit of Pelón loomed another 2,500 feet above us, sheltering the Llano Tres Governadores, as the meadow is called. "Pelón" means "the bald one." There is a capstone at the very top, where the lava hardened like a scab after it had finished spewing. A dozen head of cattle were grazing in the meadow. I waded into the woods, 10 yards from the edge of the meadow, where Gottfried had told me the butterflies roosted. It was quite open, with a dense, tangled understory.

I found one oyamel about a quarter of whose trunk had been recently chopped into; the axman had evidently determined it was rotten and thus not worth cutting down. On the other end of the meadow was a bad road leading down to the *ejido* of Nicolas Romero. An oyamel had been dropped with a chain saw right across the road, and about 40 feet up its trunk a 15-foot section had been cut out for beams. There were fresh tracks of the truck that had probably carried the wood out. So oyamels were being jacked right in the core area. This did not bode well for the future of the monarchs.

"Who's doing this?" I asked Cho's son Antonio, and he said, "In truth, I don't know. It must be the people of Nicolas Romero."

The World Wildlife Fund believes the only way to secure the sanctuaries is to buy the land from the *ejidos,* but Gottfried doesn't think this will work. "Can you imagine what they'd do to this if it wasn't theirs?" he argued. "Let's say they had an army up here to guard the monarchs. Who's going to take care of the army, and even if some people are arrested, who's going to try them? By the time they figure all that out, the forest is gone. The best thing is to lease the land from the *ejidatarios.* Then it's still theirs. You have to go to them and say, 'How much would you make from cutting this tree down, and I'll match it.' They'll still cut some down, but they'll feel morally obligated to take care of the forest for their grandchildren."

The mystery of the monarch is only partly solved: we now know where they go, but still not how they get there. We know the eastern monarchs remain in sexual diapause like the ones in California, clinging to their trees, until one day in early March the colonies come alive. All the butterflies awaken, their sex organs fully developed, and they proceed to engage in a huge orgy, males jumping females in the air, couples thrashing on the forest floor and rising up into the trees in coital ecstasy. Then they head north again, but in a much more dispersed fashion. The females usually lay their eggs in the Gulf Coast states and die soon afterward. (Reproductively active monarchs live for only two to six weeks.)

Except for four months of winter dormancy, the butterflies are perpetually on the move, and Lincoln Brower's theory is that the direction of their movement is determined by day length, that they are basically moving clockwise one degree per day. "The migratory trigger and the orientation system of the monarch may be as simple as a built-in response to the changing rate of day length," he told me. "After the spring equinox the butterflies leave their colonies and head due north, up to Texas. A new generation continues northeasterly up to Wisconsin, Minnesota, and southern Canada, then, after the summer solstice, the next generation starts to fan east into New England. By the fall equinox the third to fifth generation is heading south and southwest, leaving North America in force."

Gottfried told me that since pre-Columbian times the local people have navigated their lives by the solstices and each spring make a pilgrimage to the top of Pelón in order to sing to a pre-Columbian cross, representing the four cardinal points, which is located there. I wondered if they realized that they were on the same wavelength as the monarchs.

Gottfried believed that the association of the butterflies with the returning souls of the dead is also pre-Christian. "I don't think the local padre came up with that one," he told me. "I think it's much older." The monarchs, he pointed out, are the same color as the *zempasuchil,* the orange flowers the *campesinos* put on the graves of dead relatives as offerings. Orange and black are also the colors of the Day of the Dead (and our Halloween), when the monarchs begin to show up in Michoacán. Is this just a coincidence, or is there some lost connection?

Brower emphasized that his day-l[e] theory is still only just that. The [p]
that govern the monarchs' migratory b[e]
ior have not yet been found, but Brower[']
year-old son, Andrew, a geneticist at the[re]
versity of Oregon, is busily comparin[g]
DNA of the eastern and western popula[tions]
and the resident Mexican monarchs, a s[lig]
ly darker subspecies called *Danaus plexi[ppus]*
megalippe, which feeds on the abunda[nt]
cal milkweed and does not migrate no[rth].

Andrew Brower told me about an[other]
genetic issue now confronting the butte[rfly],
which may be as great a problem for [it]
as the deforestation in Mexico, and w[e]
could do them in before they even get [to]
the transgenic corn developed by the [big]
business firms Novartis, Monsanto, [and]
AgrEvo that is now being widely pla[nted]
throughout the American Midwest. [The]
new corn has been genetically engineered [so]
that a gene from a naturally occurring [bac]
terium, *Bacillus thuringiensis,* is spliced [into]
its genome. Bt corn, as it is known, kill[s]
larvae (caterpillars) of a moth called the [Eu]
ropean corn borer, which attack corn, b[ut]
is also lethal to virtually all other lep[i]
tera, including monarchs, as has been [de]
onstrated by a recent experiment at Co[rnell]
in which milkweed was dusted with Bt-[corn]
pollen. Twenty million acres, 25 perce[nt of]
America's corn, are now gene-altered, a[nd in]
many of these areas milkweed grows o[n the]
edges of cornfields and is exposed t[o the]
pollen. The toxic pollen could end up o[n the]
food plants of other lepidoptera such [as]
swallowtails and luna moths as well, so [that]
only monarchs but who knows what [other]
species could be affected.

The Environmental Defense Fund, [the]
Union of Concerned Scientists, and [other]
groups have petitioned the Environmental
Protection Agency to restrict the planting of
Bt corn until its side effects—which Lincoln
Brower said "have been swept under the
rug"—are known.

Bt corn may already be taking a toll on
the eastern monarchs. This was not a
good year for them, Brower told me, even
though they were locally abundant in a
valley in the Adirondack Mountains of
state New York, where by the beginning of
August there were three generations simul-
taneously in various stages of their trans-
morphosis. My four- and five-year-old sons
and I found seven caterpillars feeding on
milkweed in a small clearing in the woods
above our house. We raised them until
they pupated into gold-studded jade chry-
salides, from which they emerged as ge-
geous butterflies 10 days to a fortnight lat-
er. Then we glued to their wings tags that
Brower had sent us, and released them
from our deck, wishing them Godspeed
on their perilous journey. □

dstone

NUED FROM PAGE 254 and Edward re-
lly battled over Edward's children. Ed-
Redstone's first wife, Leila, was a
ful, grasping, intensely disturbed wom-
e should never have had children, ac-
ıg to relatives and family friends. She
ed Sumner for the obvious favoritism
d to him by their in-laws, and felt par-
ly competitive with Phyllis. When Ed-
and Leila's only daughter left college
ı what many in the family considered
a cult and disappeared without a
Sumner and Edward spent a small
ıe to find, kidnap, and deprogram
ɔnly to have her vanish again. (About
ars ago, she died under mysterious
nstances in Japan; Edward is now rais-
:r only child, a son.)

the 70s wore on, Mickey and Sumner
ısingly butted heads. Mickey intended
:ntually hand the business over to his
te son, but Sumner was never known
is patience. The Oedipal scene was
lthough today Redstone says that he
lready running National Amusements
mid-50s, and that it was only "a few
in movie theaters," others say that he
his father out of the theater chain.
at point, in the late 1970s, the father
bout the age that Sumner is now.

lickey felt betrayed. When he told us
ory, he was almost in tears," says one
/e. "I don't want to say any more
it." Although their relationship lacked
th, father and son finally came to
. "For Belle's sake, Mickey had to for-
ıis son and move on," says another
one relation. "She couldn't stand the
ıg. I mean, he was her baby."

ose who knew Sumner at the time are
sophical about the less-than-amicable
ėr of power. "Why should someone
umner have a partner?" asks Marilyn
ıan. "It would only hold him back.
idn't want a nice little chain of the-
He was an empire builder, and he
going to build." She falls silent for a
ent. "Let me tell you something about
ıer. If I had the opportunity, I would
ny life in his hands. I would. Not for
ınd comfort, but for safety."

roughout the 1980s, Redstone ran Na-
onal Amusements and tended to his
love: teaching. He pioneered a course
tertainment law, which he taught at
ɔn University. "He was our first dollar-
r teacher," says Bill Schwartz, former
of Boston University Law School.
Boston University chancellor John Sil-
'He was a superb teacher and a schol-
ack in 1982, *The Boston Globe* quoted
ıs saying he preferred teaching to mak-
ing money." Although, Silber notes, "that was a passing phase."

National Amusements was expanding, but most of his money came from the stock market. In 1982, Rèdstone owned about 10 percent of the stock in Columbia Pictures when Coca-Cola took over. He had a 5 percent stake in Fox when Marvin Davis acquired it (he reportedly dashed out of a screening room to buy 25,000 shares; the movie being screened was *Star Wars*), and he was a large stockholder in MGM/UA Home Entertainment long before Ted Turner came along.

Viacom, too, was supposed to be just another investment. But Redstone was growing restless—a condition prompted by a brush with death at Boston's Copley Plaza Hotel in 1979. What Redstone was doing in a hotel so close to his home has long been a matter of speculation. But one thing was certain: a disgruntled ex–hotel employee set a fire that spread rapidly on the third floor, where Redstone was staying. Within minutes, his room was an inferno. Redstone, licked by flames, climbed onto the window ledge and waited for rescue. He escaped with third-degree burns on 46 percent of his body. Seven or eight operations later, scar tissue still causes him to walk with some stiffness; his right hand is gnarled, and nerve damage from the burns continues to generate chronic pain.

A natural, unwavering optimism saw him through—the only philosophy, Redstone likes to say, "that's compatible with sanity." In a letter written to Hollywood producer Robert Evans during his recovery, Redstone's phrasing was different, but his meaning was the same: "I see it just as you do: fuck it all. Can we live up to what we preach, to what we believe and is there really any chance of getting what we want? As a born optimist I have to answer these questions, yes, although, I have been in some uncertainty." Redstone sued the hotel, won millions, and gave the money to the Massachusetts General Burn Center. There was, unquestionably, a certain phoenix-like element to the experience. Compared with nearly dying by fire, what was the big deal about taking over a lackluster media company?

It was spun off from CBS in 1971 when F.C.C. rules prevented the broadcast networks from owning their own programming. In 1986, when Redstone became enthusiastic about Viacom, the company's assets—which included the fledgling MTV and Nickelodeon cable channels—were less than staggering. Many of Redstone's colleagues thought he was crazy. Nevertheless, he would stop everyone he encountered—waiters, bellhops, drivers—and ask them what they thought of the properties he was about to buy.

The takeover was not pretty. Viacom's management team, led by president and chief executive Terry Elkes, tried to take the company private in a $2.7 billion leveraged buyout. Redstone, who then owned 18.3 percent of the company, was furious that the team was buying at an insider's price. The bidding war was on. He threatened to sue on behalf of shareholders. On March 4, 1987, after prolonged and very public wrangling with financiers, Wall Street, and Viacom management, Redstone bought Viacom for $3.4 billion, which included more than $400 million of his own money.

"You've got to give Sumner his due," says Elkes. "In the day of the corporate raider, he didn't behave like a Boesky or an Icahn, dismantling the company for a quick profit. He kept the company. And remember too that in the day of junk bonds Sumner was putting down cash. He bet the ranch—virtually all of his equity in National Amusements. He could have lost big."

Redstone's friends thought that he had committed the cardinal investment sin: buying retail. Meantime, Viacom executives, while glad to be rid of the former management, were wary of the new boss. After all, they had been forbidden to talk to the eccentric mogul during the negotiations. He was reputed to be a micromanager, and impossible to work for.

"The first time we met, before he took over, I told him MTV was just beginning to develop, and he listened very carefully," recalls Tom Freston, the 53-year-old founder of MTV and C.E.O. of MTV Networks. "I told him he should stop by and visit our offices—which sort of have the ambience of college dorms—sometime. He nodded." Freston assumed that might be the last time he'd see Redstone. "The next morning, at nine," Freston recalls, "he was in the lobby, this weird guy with a sport coat and tie and shaving cream in one ear—and he was *juiced.* I think he enjoys the diversity of age, of appearance and profession."

After Redstone officially bought the company, Freston was scheduled to make a presentation to him about MTV. It happened to be the day of the stock-market crash: October 19, 1987. Freston says, "Every five minutes, someone was running in the room and shouting, 'It's down another 100 points!' And Sumner is in the back of the room, on the phone, buying, buying. He bought hundreds of thousands of shares of Viacom at the company's then lowest price: 8⅝. Meanwhile, the rest of us are selling at the absolute bottom and wiping ourselves out. That day said something to me about his belief in the company."

That belief never waned, even through the darkest days of the 1993–1994 battle for Paramount, which pitted Redstone against his onetime friend Barry Diller. The bidding

war, which Redstone won, vastly inflated the cost of the studio and landed Viacom more than $11 billion in debt. Buying the Blockbuster video-store chain for $5.6 billion in order to borrow money against it was a smart move, in that it got Redstone Paramount. But when Blockbuster's fortunes plummeted due to bad distribution, marketing, and advertising, it suddenly didn't look so smart anymore. This deal—combined with the abrupt firing of his respected C.E.O., Frank Biondi, who then became chairman of Universal Pictures—caused Redstone serious problems on Wall Street. It necessitated pay-down-the-debt maneuvers, such as the sale of Madison Square Garden, the New York Knicks, the New York Rangers, and the educational and professional divisions of Simon & Schuster.

Wall Street and the media laid into Redstone, suggesting that his emotions had led him to grossly overpay for Paramount. Both friends and competitors disagree. "Sumner is an extremely emotional person, but he doesn't make emotional decisions," says Terry Elkes. "He's a person with strong feelings, and he wears them on his chest. He vents his spleen. Now, maybe the last 10 percent of the price [for Paramount] was emotional. But so what? If you're concerned about building over the long term, what's a billion, more or less?"

Today, after all the public mudslinging, Redstone again considers Diller a friend. Diller, when faced with this assessment of their relationship, laughs and says, "He was right to buy Paramount, certainly. And I had no issues with [the outcome of the battle]." But, Diller adds, "Redstone had big issues" with how the bidding war jacked up the price of the company. "Those, I was sympathetic to. But the only problem I had afterwards was his bitterness and anger towards me." Did schadenfreude play a role? Diller snorts. "Oh, no! He doesn't wish people ill! Like most people who are wildly competent, he's fully self-possessed. He has much too much self-interest to waste his time."

In the battle's aftermath, an outsider wouldn't suspect there was anything but sun in SumnerLand. Louis Rukeyser, the PBS financial expert, recalls Redstone's appearance on his show in January 1998, when Viacom's stock was hovering at 40 and Redstone was being taken to task for the underperformance of Blockbuster. With a maniacal, Ross Perot–ish gleam in his eyes, Redstone ignored Rukeyser's questions and gave a Viacom pep talk directly to the audience. "I kept trying to bring him back to my questions," says Rukeyser. "At the end, I said, 'Sumner, if we could get you to be a more aggressive marketer for your product, you'd be perfect.' And he replied, 'Well, as a matter of fact I feel I've been a little bit too laid-back tonight. Thanks anyhow.' Our audience noticed he was not always responsive." Still, the stock climbed three points.

Perhaps with that performance in mind, Viacom staffers laughingly dole out a "Murray Award" (Redstone's middle name) to anyone who's done a superb job of spinning media analysts and the press. But at the moment it seems that all of Redstone's cheerleading was prescient. And that, say Redstone-watchers, is the mark of his success. "His gut instincts are incredibly good, and he hires great people to run his companies," says Frank Biondi. But Biondi is quick to add that Redstone has often proved to be right for the wrong reasons. "Today he'll say he always thought Viacom was undervalued. But no one really knew about MTV, or that *The Cosby Show* [which Paramount owned] would become such a huge hit." And there wasn't much of that "content is king" talk in '86 or '87. "At that time," Biondi says, "we were big on cable, and it wasn't until we began to develop content that was great that you heard talk about content." Biondi, a man known for his calm, measured, and sometimes Dr. Spock-like approach to business, believes that Redstone "doesn't dwell on strategy. He doesn't sit around a year and a half with a management-consulting firm like McKinsey, figuring out all the angles."

But he will get down in the mud, and his litigiousness is legendary. "He uses litigation to bring people to their knees," says a former Viacom executive. During the battle over Viacom, when he felt management was cheating stockholders, he reportedly threatened Allan R. Johnson, the chairman of the Special Committee of Viacom's board of directors, saying, "I want you to know there is not enough money in the world to indemnify you from the suit I will bring."

During the Paramount war, Redstone's attorneys filed another anti-trust suit, charging that Tele-Communications Inc. had abused its power as the largest American cable distributor by trying to monopolize the cable-TV business through "bully-boy tactics and strong arming competitors." The lawsuit was ended three years later with Viacom's sale of its cable systems to TCI in an estimated $2.25 billion deal. In 1996, Redstone actually ended up as a defendant when MCA owner Edgar Bronfman Jr. sued him for violating an agreement under their joint venture for USA Networks that prevented either company from starting new, competing channels outside their partnership. (Bronfman bought Redstone out of USA for $1.7 billion, but not before the spectacle in the courtroom turned ugly.)

"He is genuinely impossible to negotiate

Credits

Fashion

Page 78: Jim Carrey's Boss Hugo [B]odywear underwear from the Boss [S]hop, Beverly Hills.

Page 80: John Richardson styled by [S]kouras; shirt by the Gap from Gap [s]tores nationwide.

Page 140: Angus MacFadyen's [H]ang jacket from Jones, John Smedley sw[eater] from Liberty, fedora by Herbert Johnson, [S]waine Adeney, all in London.

Page 142: Liev Schreiber's Donna K[aran] suit and Barneys New York ascot from [Barn]eys New York, Beverly Hills; Giorgio A[rmani] shirt from the Giorgio Armani Boutique, Be[verly] Hills; vintage fedora from SquaresVille, [Los] Dafne Balatsos for Smashbox.

Page 144: Wendy Shalit's Ralph L[auren] sweater from Polo Ralph Lauren, N.Y.C.; Van Cleef & Arpels earrings, call 800-[223]-5797.

Page 146: Lynn Chu's Chanel sweater [and] Chanel boutiques nationwide.

Page 150: Danielle Crittenden's C[hanel] dress from Chanel boutiques nationwide; [Mi]moto pearls from Mikimoto, N.Y.C.

Page 154: Amity Shlaes's Giorgio A[rmani] shirt from Giorgio Armani, N.Y.C.; D[avid] Yurman earrings from Saks Fifth Avenue, N[.Y.C.]

Page 158: Virginia Postrel's Calvin [Klein] top from Neiman Marcus, Beverly [Hills]; Michele Rede for Koko Represents.

Page 196: Ray Davies's Hilditch & [Key] shirt from Hilditch & Key, Hackett jacket [and] Hackett, both in London; David Thoma[s] Carol Hayes Management.

Page 223: Marley Shelton's Louis V[uitton] sweater from Louis Vuitton Soho, N.Y.C.; [and] Louis Vuitton pants, call 800-847-2956; [Ma]nolo Blahnik shoes by special order [at] Manolo Blahnik, N.Y.C.

Page 230: Barry White styled by S[ally] Ryder for Célestine.

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Pages 244–45: Jane Seymour's Es[cada] Couture gown and Escada shoes by sp[ecial] order from all Escada boutiques. **Gl[oria]**

's Gap tank top from Gap stores ride; Narciso Rodriguez skirt from se- Saks Fifth Avenue stores; Anne Klein ces watch from Macy's stores nation- or **Maud Adams's** Shanghai Tang go to www.Shanghaitang.com. **Lois** Sylvia Heisel dress from Wendy Fos- ita Barbara, Calif. **Lynn-Holly John-** 'ersace top from Versace Boutiques de. **Tanya Roberts's** Diesel jeans from tores nationwide.

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with," says Barry Diller, "because he is so willful. He more than insists that he will prevail. So he usually does." Another billionaire competitor who once tried to do a land deal with Redstone puts it this way: "We had meetings and meetings and meetings. Finally I realized there aren't enough years left of my life to make this worthwhile."

Redstone can be gracious in defeat, however. Just ask Paramount chairman Sherry Lansing. After he bought Paramount, Lansing recalls, "I was waiting for the test results of the screening for what was one of our most expensive and important films to date." (Lansing won't name the film, but it was reportedly *Congo,* Frank Marshall's 1995 jungle adventure.) "To say that the screening results were a disaster would be an understatement. It was horrible. Just horrible," she says. Lansing ran into Redstone the next day. He took one look at her face and said, "How bad?" "Bad," she replied.

"And Sumner said, 'I'm so glad you told me. I can handle bad news.'" The movie was re-edited and went on to make $154 million. Today, says Lansing, "I think I could follow him into war."

What Lansing does not say is that the Redstone temper, now notorious around Viacom, is made for combat. Those closest to him swear that they've learned not to take it personally. He never attacks the person, they say. He attacks *ideas.* Geraldine Laybourne, now a co-founder of Oxygen Media, the woman widely credited with making the Nickelodeon channel a huge success, suggests that Redstone is smart enough to leave his managers alone. Still, he has his moments. "I remember, it was 1991, before Nickelodeon went into the movie business," says Laybourne. "I wanted to do a Nickelodeon film line of matinee pictures. We were trying to decide if the line would be represented by Disney or Sony or whatever. Well, Sumner did not like what I was telling him. Doing a matinee line was the dumbest thing in the world. He went crazy and started jumping down my throat. I told him what he was doing. He yelled, 'No, I'm not.' I said, 'It's my throat, you're there, get *out.*' And he smiled. He knew what he was doing. I never had any trouble standing up to him." And, in fact, those closest to Redstone say that in order to survive one *must* argue with him; otherwise, the issue doesn't get fully thought through. "The only time he gets nervous is when everyone is in agreement," says Tom Dooley.

While his closest lieutenants know how to stand up to him, Redstone's tendency to steamroll underlings doesn't always serve him well. "If there's something missing in the company right now, it's that there's no one who's willing to tell him anything he doesn't want to hear," says a former executive. "There isn't the same level of dialogue there was seven or eight years ago. He says he has an open-door policy, and I'm sure he believes he does. The question is: Who wants to walk through that door?"

It seems that Viacom's new C.O.O., Mel Karmazin, is the guy who can, and will, take that walk. This son of a Queens taxi driver whom Redstone has called "a kindred spirit" yields not even to Sumner Redstone in entrepreneurialism (he built a radio empire, Infinity Broadcasting, which CBS acquired in 1996, and is in the process of buying King World Productions and billboard giant Outdoor Systems for CBS), workaholism ("Please, call me a work drunk, not a workaholic. 'Work drunk' sounds like I'm having more fun"), and tightfistedness (he closed CBS's cafeteria on weekends and eliminated office Christmas parties). He and Redstone both dismiss the media rumblings about the problems that Viacom is going to have with the F.C.C. over the ownership of two TV networks. For example, Viacom may sell off some of its TV stations to keep its U.S. coverage at 35 percent, or it could comply with the no-ownership-of-two-networks rule by selling its stake in the struggling UPN network.

Not so easy to work out, however, is the question of where Karmazin fits in the future of the company. A source close to the negotiations says that Karmazin insisted that Redstone's two highest executives, Dooley and Philippe Dauman, be fired. "This wasn't just a request," says the source. "It was a deal breaker." (Neither Dauman nor Dooley needs to hang his head, however: Each will leave with a package that includes $40 million in severance and the value of four million stock options worth an estimated $85 million.)

The media has already anointed Karmazin as Redstone's successor. "But member, Sumner is motivated more anything by his stock price," says an source close to the deal. "If the sto performing well, and if he perceives M being instrumental in that, that's Mel's t God forbid the stock is down, I thin bets are off."

A fellow media mogul puts the de nature of the relationship even more cinctly: "Heirs apparent are often not conclusive."

So what does Redstone's age really m to the company? The man who runs o treadmill daily when he's not playing hours of tennis and was quick to rip u A.A.R.P. card when it arrived in the ma years ago is first to admit he hates bein minded of his mortality. He sporadicall lows the low-carb, high-protein *Sugar B* diet, and even strong-armed Tom D into joining him in drinking green tea. ley, who's 42, says that Viacom was company of Dorian Gray. We joked while we're getting older he's getting you He was sucking the youth out of us."

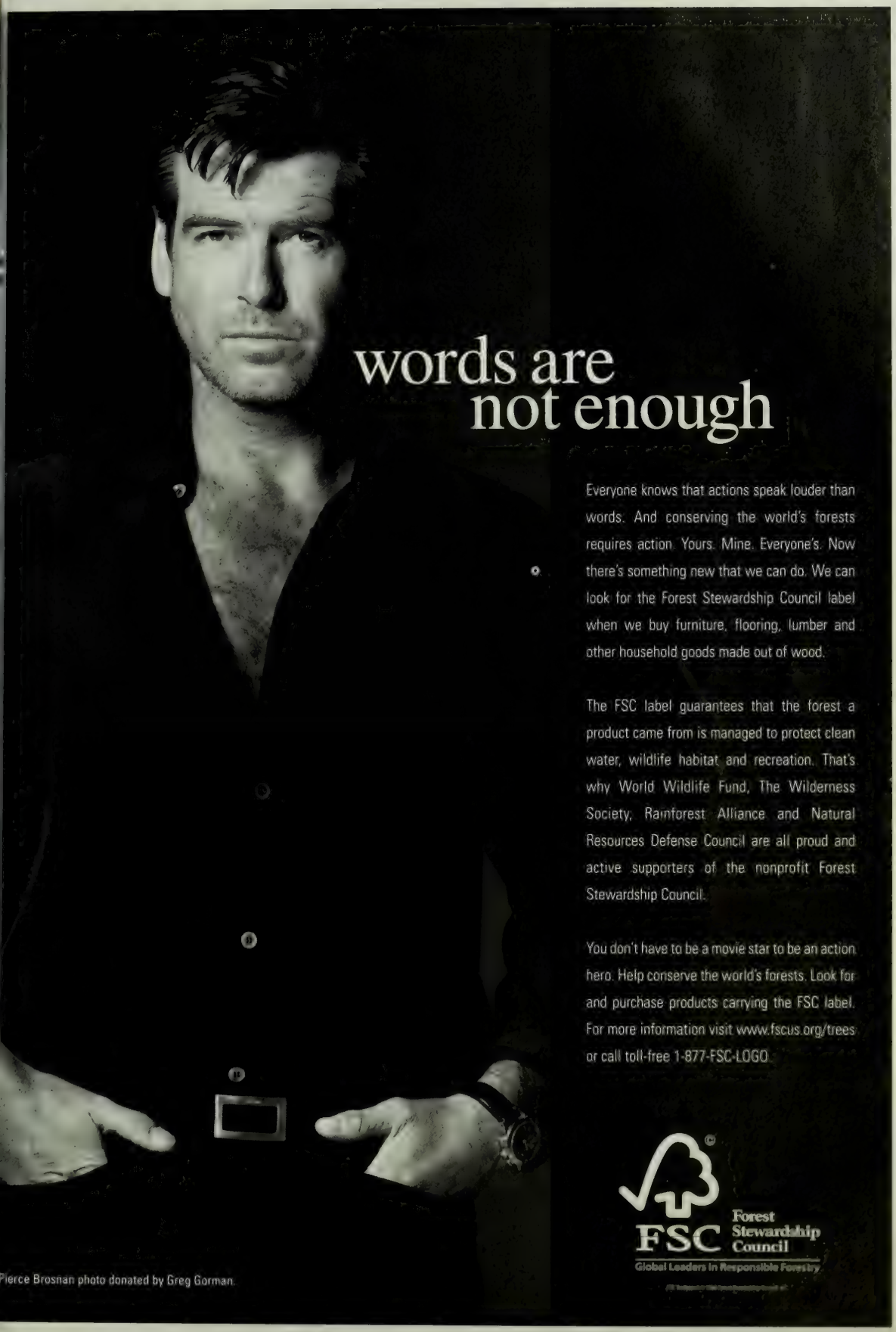
It seems clear now that Redstone's dren won't be taking over the comp Daughter Shari, age 45, is more inter in her children; son Brent, 49, is a suc ful lawyer in Denver. Both sit on the b of directors, but the chances of a Murd like fraternal battle for control are Redstone is fond of saying, "I plan to Viacom from beyond the grave." His com stock is being left to his children grandchildren, whom he dotes on. No will divulge all the details, but one in sition to know says that he has made i tually impossible for his family to sell com's voting stock for at least two ge tions. "His intentions are that the Reds family continues its involvement with com," says an insider. "And the trust t are such that the trustees would not b clined to sell." This means that Karm if he sticks around, will be reportin Redstones for decades to come.

The two men who have been close Redstone know all too well that there w no gracious Andy Grove–like ceding of er. "Know what Sumner's exit strategy says Dooley. "A pine box." And even at point, he adds, "I guarantee Sumner w editing his own epitaph. It'll be, like, 'T a stupid epitaph!!! Who wrote that?'" □

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Planetarium

Michael Lutin urges Scorpios to rent *The Godfather*



Ted Turner

SCORPIO OCT. 24 - NOV. 21

Although you try to be the embodiment of compassion in your relations with your family, to say that you're bitterly disappointed with the lack of support you've been receiving from them would be putting it mildly. What else can you expect, though, when outer planets sweep your 4th house? Blame it on TV or the Internet if you must, but the fact is that the traditional family unit is breaking down, and, barring some divine intervention, holidays will never be the same. You can always hope for a miracle, but then, that's really not your style.



Mark Twain

SAGITTARIUS NOV. 22 - DEC. 21

You may have trouble remembering how fortunate you really are, these days, as you find yourself feeling scattered, restless, and worked up about the fleeting nature of human existence. It's a wonder how you always manage to pull it all together at the last minute and get away with murder. Maybe it's because your sign is governed by Jupiter, the planet that gets the state trooper to let you off without a ticket. In addition, with Venus now overhead and women generally applauding your every move, let's face it: you're just plain lucky.



David Bowie

CAPRICORN DEC. 22 - JAN. 19

You can expect good news from far away as Venus re-enters your 9th house, bringing you a cheery message of hope and support. You may not need cheering now, but with Uranus and Neptune direct in your 2nd house, you will soon approach new levels of hysteria regarding fiscal matters. Although Capricorn is not really a go-with-the-flow sign, you have to learn to appreciate the thrill of high-risk-to-reward games that could land you on easy street or just out on the street, period. But honestly, when have you ever even missed a meal?



Jennifer Aniston

AQUARIUS JAN. 20 - FEB. 18

If you're feeling energized and enervated at the same time this month, there's a very good astrological reason for it. Your ruling planet is going forward as Neptune transits the moon's south node. If chaos is truly a main ingredient of genius, then you could be right up there with Leonardo da Vinci, Thomas Edison, and Stephen Hawking. On the other hand, your current discombobulation may merely be a sign that you're losing it. In that case, you have to face the possibility that you're just another Aquarian nut gifted with the power of rationalization.



Ralph Nader

PISCES FEB. 19 - MARCH 20

With your 12th house kicking up again, you've got one mean case of the cosmic heebie-jeebies. You're sick of the whole stupid world, you can't face reality, and your old addictions are screaming to be satisfied. God hasn't forgotten you, though. Whether it's the long-suffering partner you've always considered boring who is there to mop your fevered brow or—if you're really on the skids—some good-hearted nun who drags you into the mission for a hot meal, the presence of Venus in your 7th house will provide you with all the nourishment you need now.



Celine Dion

ARIES MARCH 21 - APRIL 19

Your new best friends are probably turning out to be anything but, right? Sudden reversals are unavoidable when Uranus transits the same house as Neptune and the moon's south node. Some members of your sign not only are getting bumped off the A-list but also are rubbing elbows with truly lower forms of life. And we're not talking about the ones that live in the jungle. You may be strapped for cash, but you will always have little helpers running around doing errands for you. As one female Aries said recently, "Even if I have to scrub floors, I'm going to keep my cleaning lady."



Tony Blair

TAURUS APRIL 20 - M

As your ruling planet transits your 5th house, you need ro
You have to have a love object you can lavish affection on and satisf
appetites with. Unfortunately, that probably disqualifies your spouse. N
ter, because all of that is a distraction from the huge pressures placed
now by the changing motions of Uranus and Neptune. The real busi
hand is how to remain relevant and true to your beliefs in a totally
world. If you are by any chance already pledged to the religious life, di
this message.

GEMINI MAY 21 - JUNE 21

George Bush

Try not to be upset if you're having doubts about recent choice
you've made. If you let your mind wander too far, that stuff will rea
to you and you'll start feeling trapped and paranoid. In spite of all th
fusion, the ruler of your 9th house will be providing you with streng
dignity, so you should bear in mind that (a) your life is unfolding
the way the universe has arranged for it, and (b) as long as you've
nice place to live and the phone number of a decent lawyer, there's
tle to worry about.



Dalai Lama

CANCER JUNE 22 - JU

Congratulations on your newfound boldness. Not that you'
much choice in the matter. Whenever two outer planets go direct in y
lar 8th house, as Uranus and Neptune are now, they are bound to tal
to the extreme outer edge of the bell curve. You can play the innoce
claim that your recent interest in ideas and practices not condoned
Vatican is purely intellectual, but sooner or later you'll have to come t
with the fact that if your thoughts keep leading you down a certain
you've got more than idle curiosity to deal with.

LEO JULY 23 - AUG. 22

Mick Jagger

You have always been attracted to irreverent and anomalous personalities, even if you do spend all your time trying to stamp out their id
crasies. In fact, there was a time when you could treat a mate like a lu
clay, molding and shaping him or her into a finely polished and respe
image of your narcissistic self. That, however, was before the ruler o
7th house gained its rightful dignity. Now you have to not only enc
freedom in someone you care for but also—horror of horrors—learn to
when the other person is speaking.



Sophia Loren

VIRGO AUG. 23 - SEP

Wouldn't you just know it? The minute Venus enters your sig
being retrograde since July, causing certain people to look at you in th
cial way you've always fantasized they would, Uranus and Neptune go
work goes crazy, and you get so swamped that you can't seem to spare
gle minute for some sweet fooling around. Even if you are too busy to
all the attention, be grateful that you are no longer playing the fat gi
glasses at the sixth-grade dance, sitting against the wall and prayin
someone will even glance at her.

LIBRA SEPT. 23 - OCT. 23

Truman Capote

When it comes to having the ability to live in total denial, no other
sign in the zodiac can begin to approach yours. Now, however, even y
find it hard to pretend that you don't have any feelings. You can sco
sink till you're blue in the face, rush off to feed the homeless, and e
day at your chosen house of worship praying for the souls of the dea
when you've got squares going between the 5th and 8th houses, you a
perate to express yourself—creatively, emotionally, sexually. End of stor
God help anybody who gets in the way.

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Annette Bening

A leading lady from the old school, and the woman who made an honest man out of Warren Beatty, Annette Bening epitomizes the wit and glamour of modern Hollywood. This month she triumphs in *American Beauty* with Kevin Spacey and Peter Gallagher, and reveals here that her most treasured role is offscreen—as mother to Kathlyn, Benjamin, and Isabel Beatty

What is your idea of perfect happiness?
Solitude.

What is your greatest fear?
Losing my mind.

Which historical figure do you most identify with?
Victoria Woodhull, the turn-of-the-century presidential candidate, feminist, and advocate of free love.

What is the trait you most deplore in yourself?
Harsh self-criticism.

What is your greatest extravagance?
Massages, expensive lingerie, and lots of shoes.

What do you consider the most overrated virtue?
Virginity.

Which words or phrases do you most overuse?
"You know" and "Fuck it."

What or who is the greatest love of your life?
I am married to him.

When and where were you happiest?
First, conceiving, and second, giving birth.

What is your current state of mind?
Confused, amused, and curious.

If you could change one thing about yourself, what would it be?
My need to rush.



What do you consider your greatest achievement?
Driving across town with a thirsty five-year-old, a pissed-off two-and-a-half-year-old, and a hungry newborn.

What is the quality you most like in a man?
Passion.

What is the quality you most like in a woman?
Wit.

Who are your favorite writers?
Shakespeare; Chekhov; George Bernard Shaw; Thornton Wilder; Maureen Dowd, columnist; Germaine Greer, especially her latest book, *The Whole Woman*. It's infuriating, funny, and provocative.

Who is your favorite hero of fiction?
Nora from Ibsen's *A Doll's House*.

Who are your heroes in real life?
Eva Le Gallienne, Ruth Gordon, Maggie Smith, Daniel Moynihan, Václav Havel, B. K. S. Iyengar, and Ann Roth (costume designer of 41 years, who won the Academy Award for *The English Patient*). She has boundless energy, great taste, and infectious joy. I want to be her when I grow up.

What are your favorite names?
Kathlyn, Benjamin, Isabel.

What is it that you most dislike?
Root beer.

How would you like to die?
Quickly and painlessly at a very old age, napping on my porch swing.

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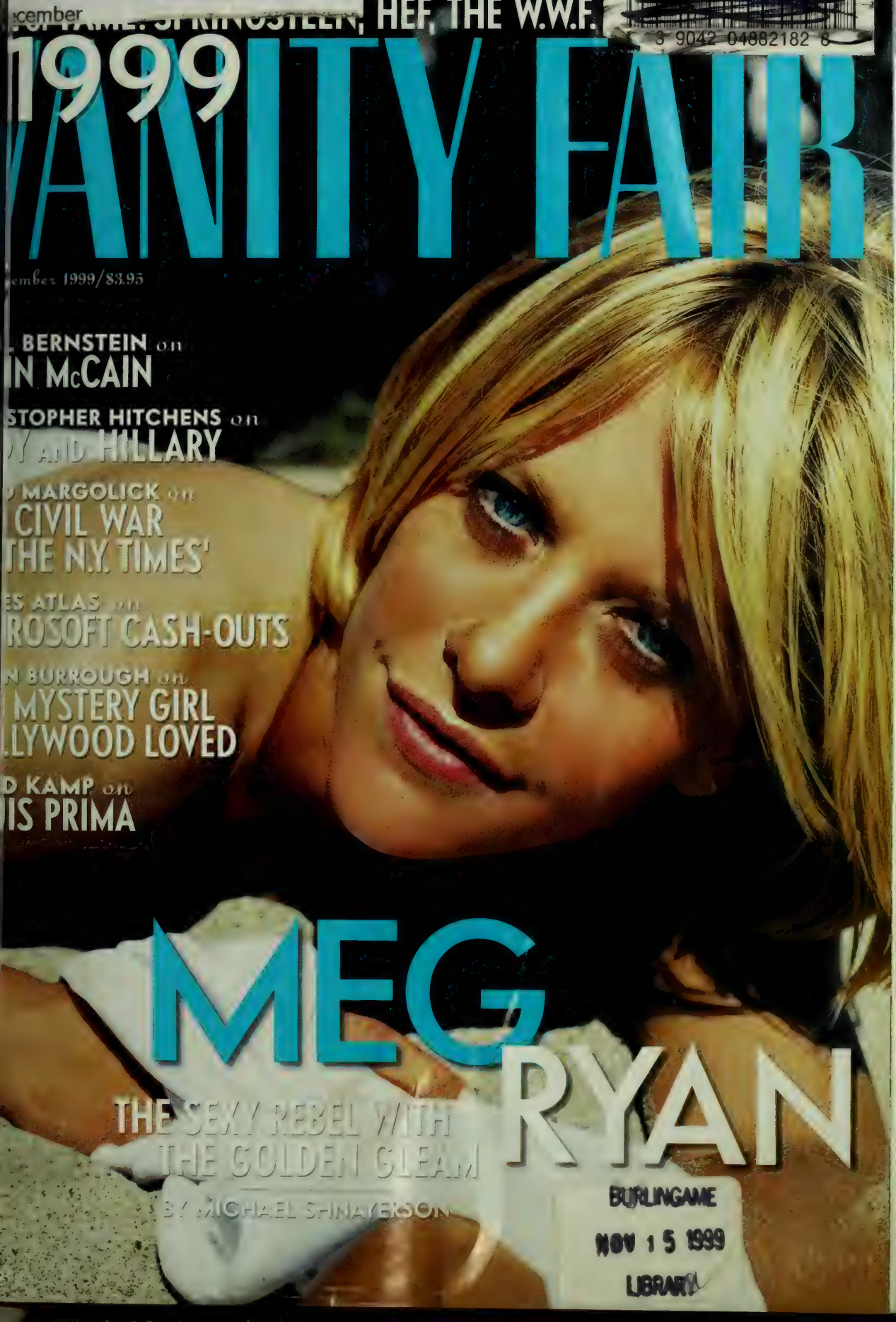
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Y AND HILLARY

MARGOLICK on
CIVIL WAR
THE N.Y. TIMES'

ES ATLAS on
ROSOFT CASH-OUTS

N BURROUGH on
MYSTERY GIRL
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BY MICHAEL SHNAYERSON

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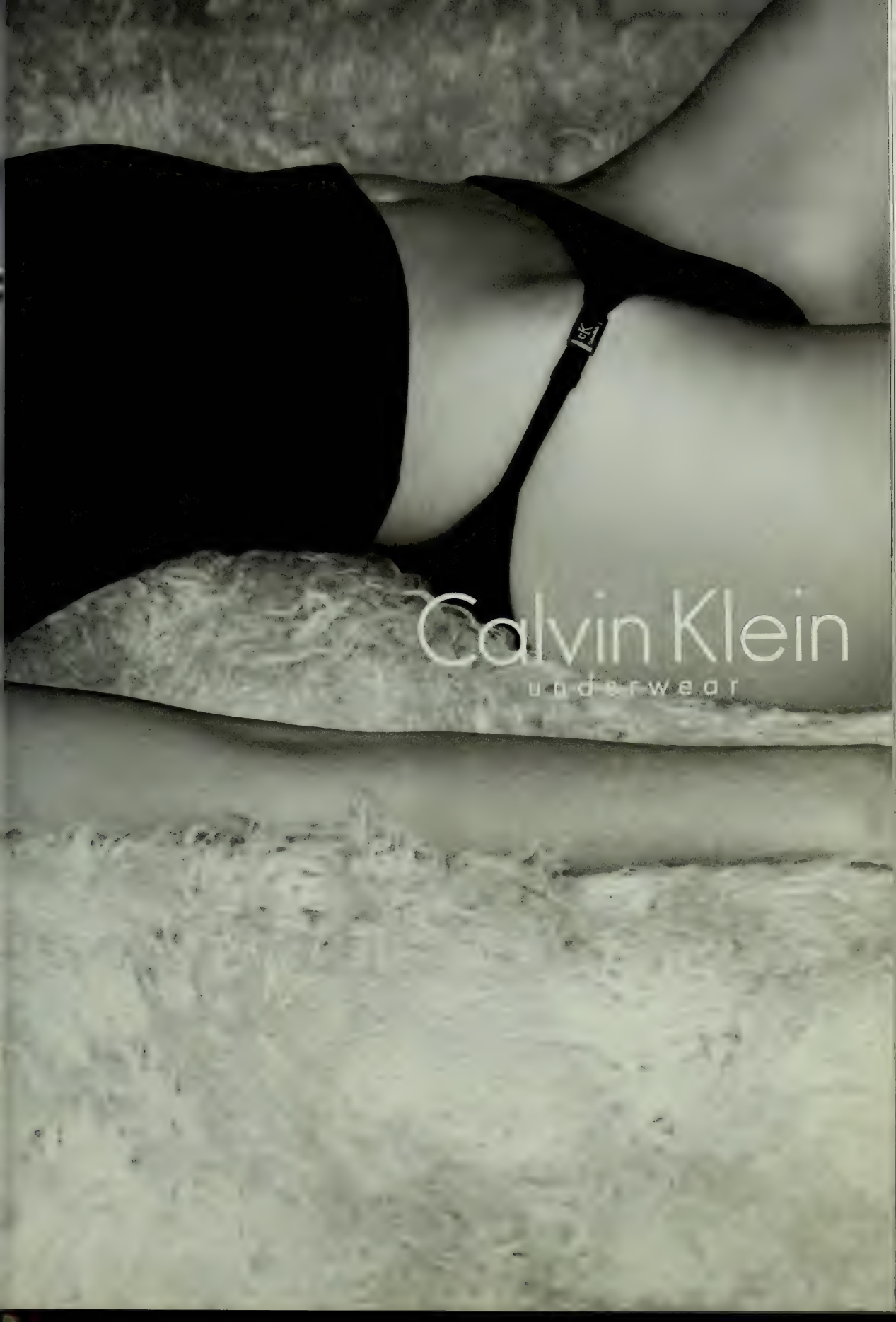



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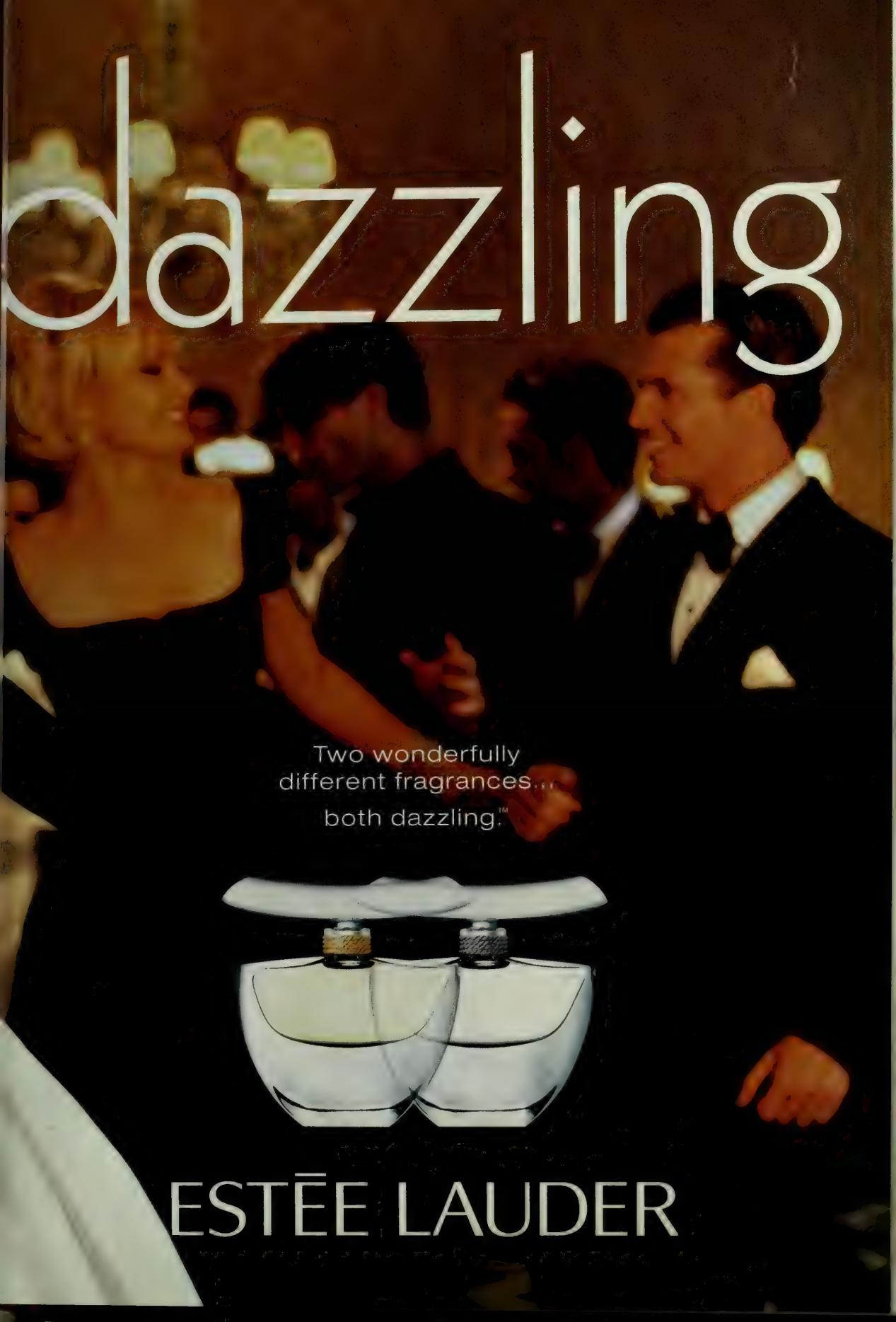



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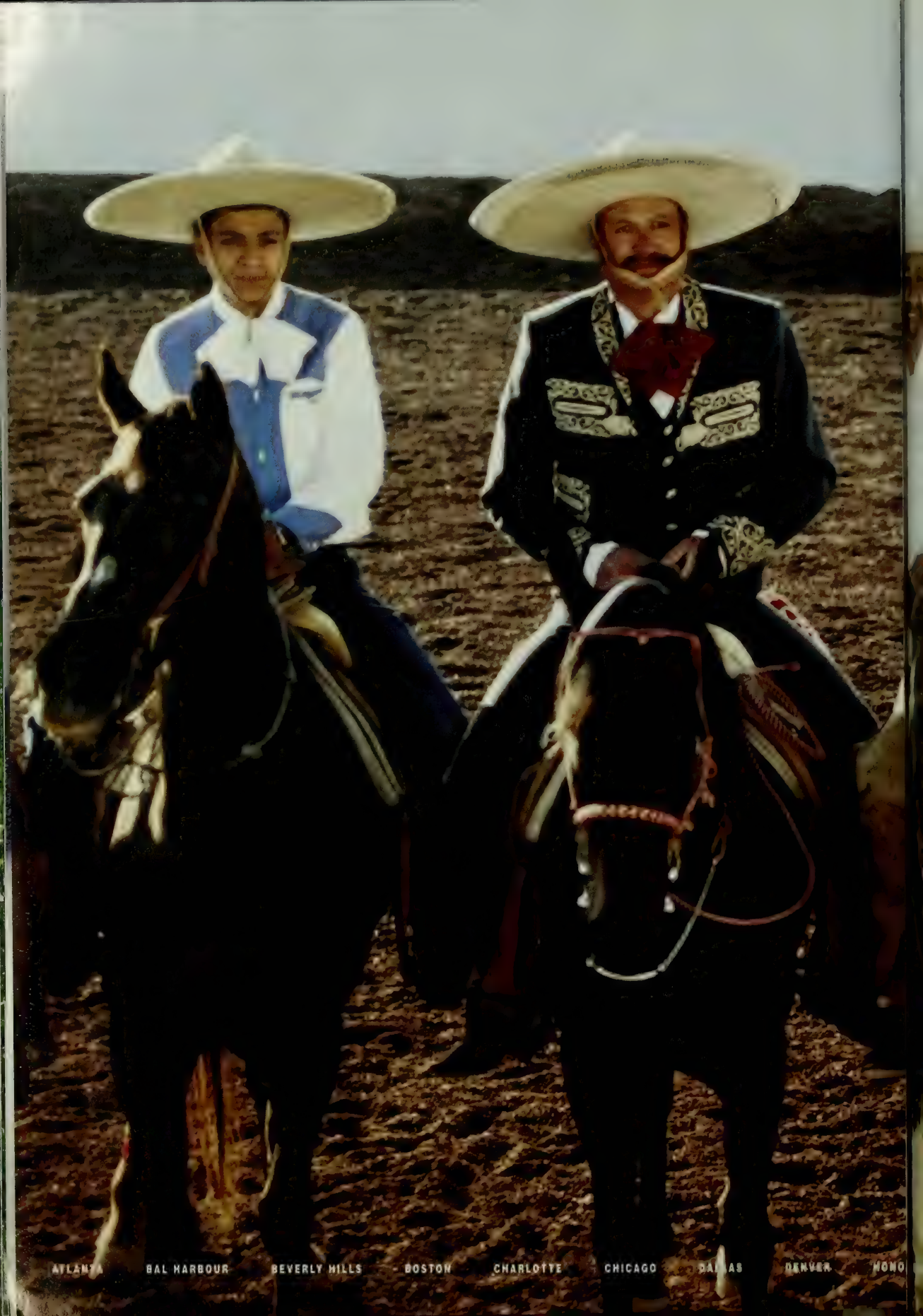


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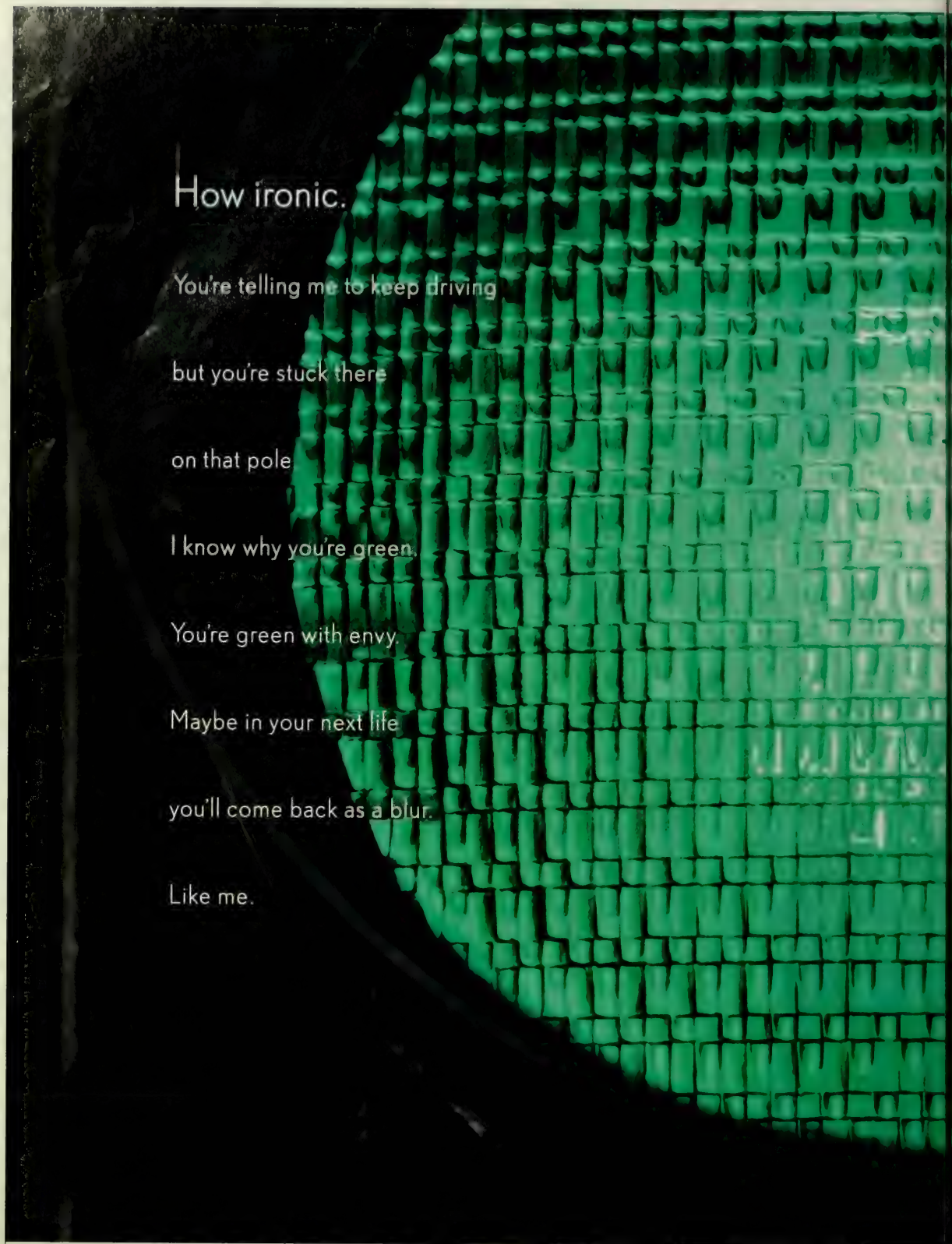
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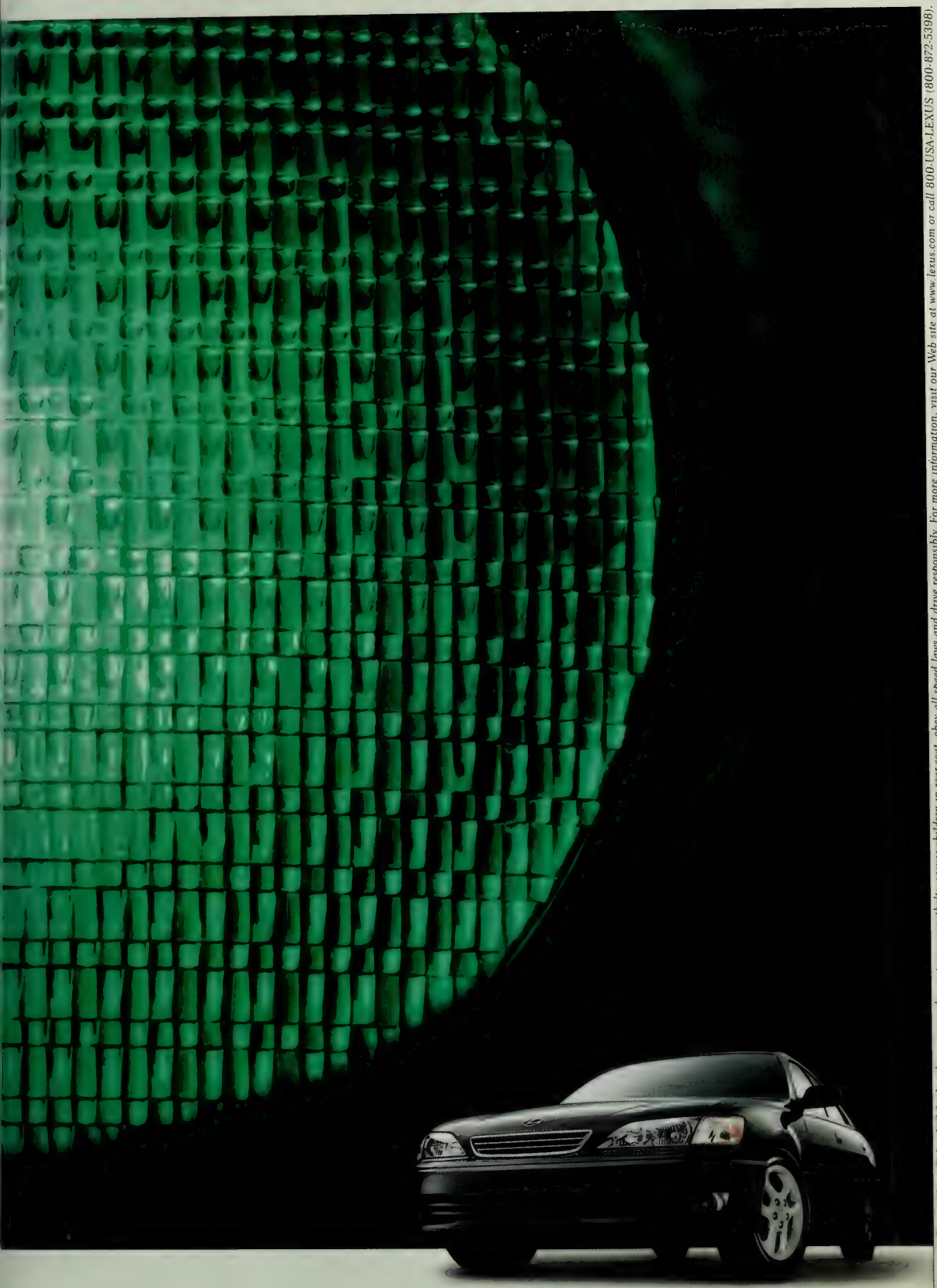


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VANITY FAIR

DECEMBER 1999 № 472

Features

THE 1999 HALL OF FAME | 307

From Mia Hamm and the cast of *The Sopranos* to NATO generals Wesley K. Clark and Henry H. Shelton, *Vanity Fair* salutes 40 people who capped the millennium with a *V* for victory. Photographs by Annie Leibovitz, Herb Ritts, Harry Benson, Jonathan Becker, David LaChapelle, and others. Text by James Wolcott.

MADCAP WITH A TWIST | 336

Despite a happy marriage to Dennis Quaid, a $15 million paycheck, and the lead in another Ephron-written movie, *Hanging Up,* the life of Meg Ryan is no romantic comedy. Michael Shnayerson looks beyond the giggle to Ryan's grittier ambitions. Photographs by Mario Testino.

EVERY INCH AN ORIGINAL | 344

As designer Pauline Trigère turns 91, Amy Fine Collins profiles a gutsy French immigrant who stood by her timeless couture, staring down fads, the licensing rush, and Chapter 11. Portrait by Eric Boman.

THEY MADE VEGAS SWING | 348

The innocently bawdy, pack-'em-in rhythms of Louis Prima and Keely Smith had become dad music by the time Prima died in 1978. But with lounge nostalgia refusing to fade, David Kamp revisits the 50s heyday of an act—and a marriage—that was too hot not to cool down.

DRAMA BY DESIGN | 354

When Picasso biographer John Richardson packed up a life's work to head downtown, the art historian did more than transform a 5,000-square-foot lower–Fifth Avenue loft: he found echoes of his bohemian past and the inspiration for a just-published memoir. Photographs by Todd Eberle.

Columns

PARTY OF TWO | 128

As Rudy and Hillary prepare to slug it out in New York's Senate race, Christopher Hitchens sees only one reason for their tangling: true love.

NOTHING LEFT TO FEAR | 142

Next to the chances of George W. Bush, those of Republican presidential hopeful John McCain may look slim. But probing McCain's Vietnam heroism and his political near death in the Keating Five S&L scandal, Carl Bernstein identifies the Arizona senator's unique advantage.

THE MIRANDA OBSESSION | 178

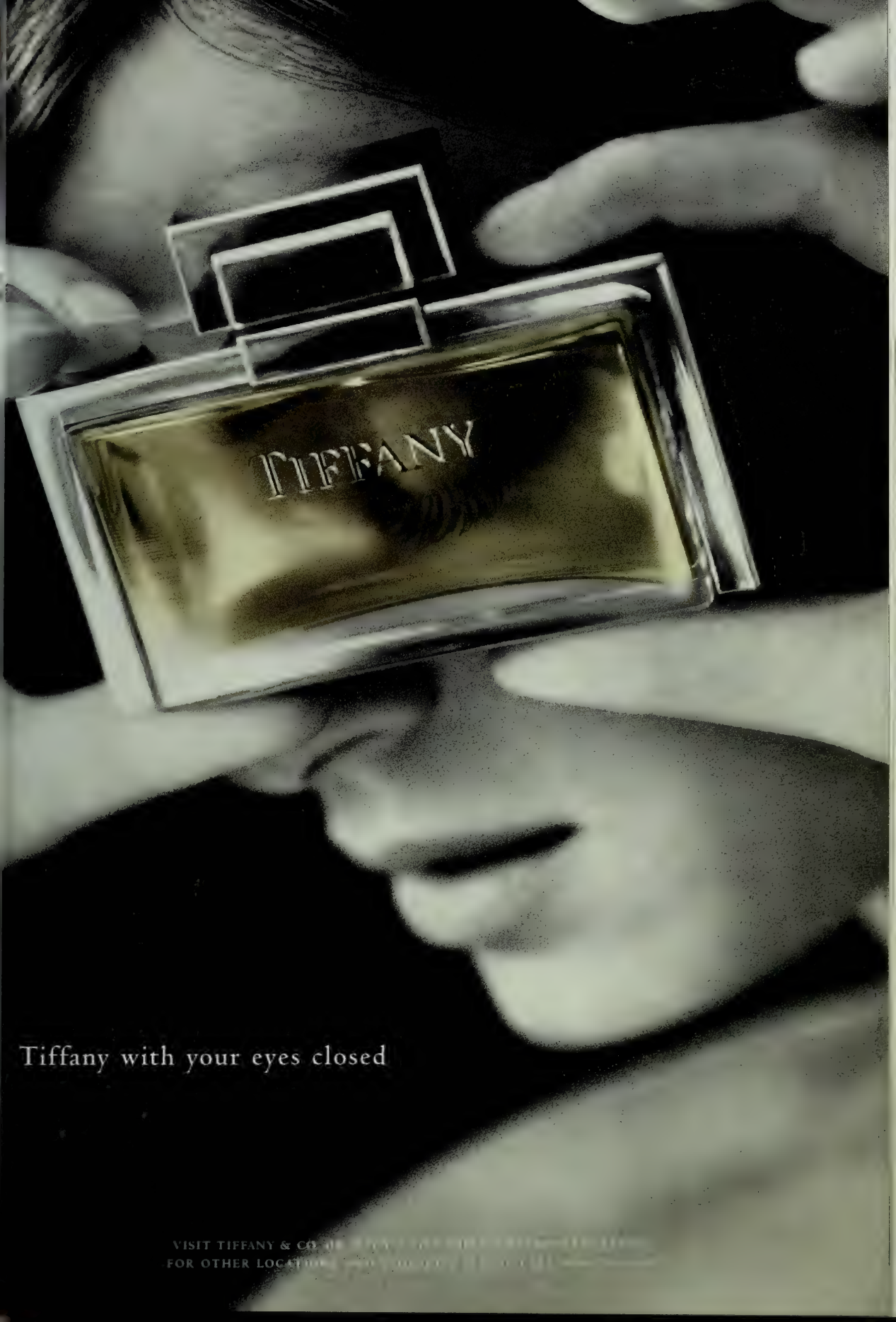
In the early 1980s, many of the entertainment industry's most famous men fell for "Miranda," a mysterious voice at the other end of the line, who claimed to be a wealthy model. More than a decade later, Bryan Burrough traces the woman who launched a thousand calls.

CLASH OF THE *TIMES* MEN | 194

In his recent memoir, former *New York Times* executive editor Max Frankel went public about a decades-long feud with his predecessor, the volcanic and visionary Abe Rosenthal. The resulting furor, David Margolick writes, has led to a vicious dissection of two conflicting legacies.

PUCCI, POO | 236

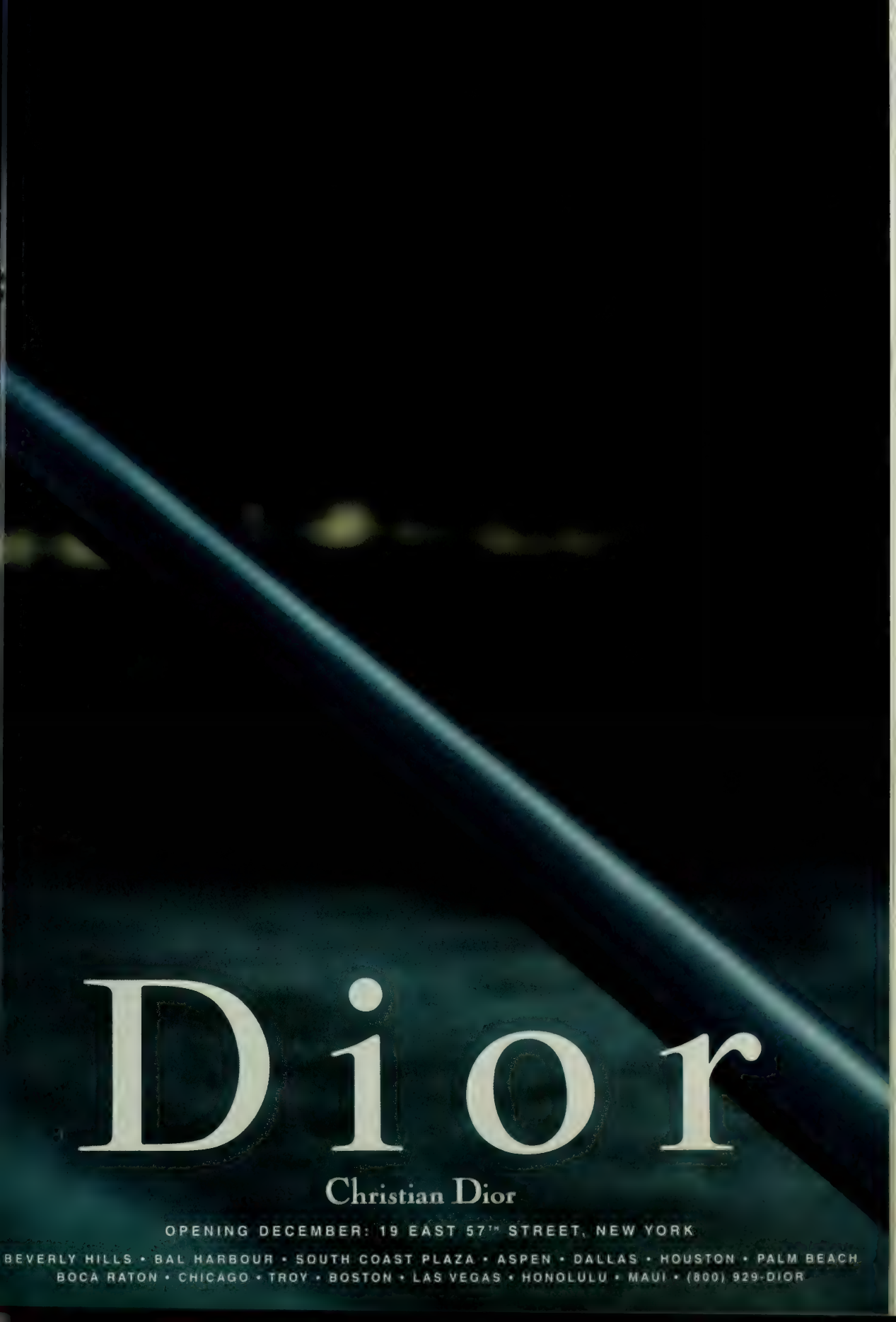
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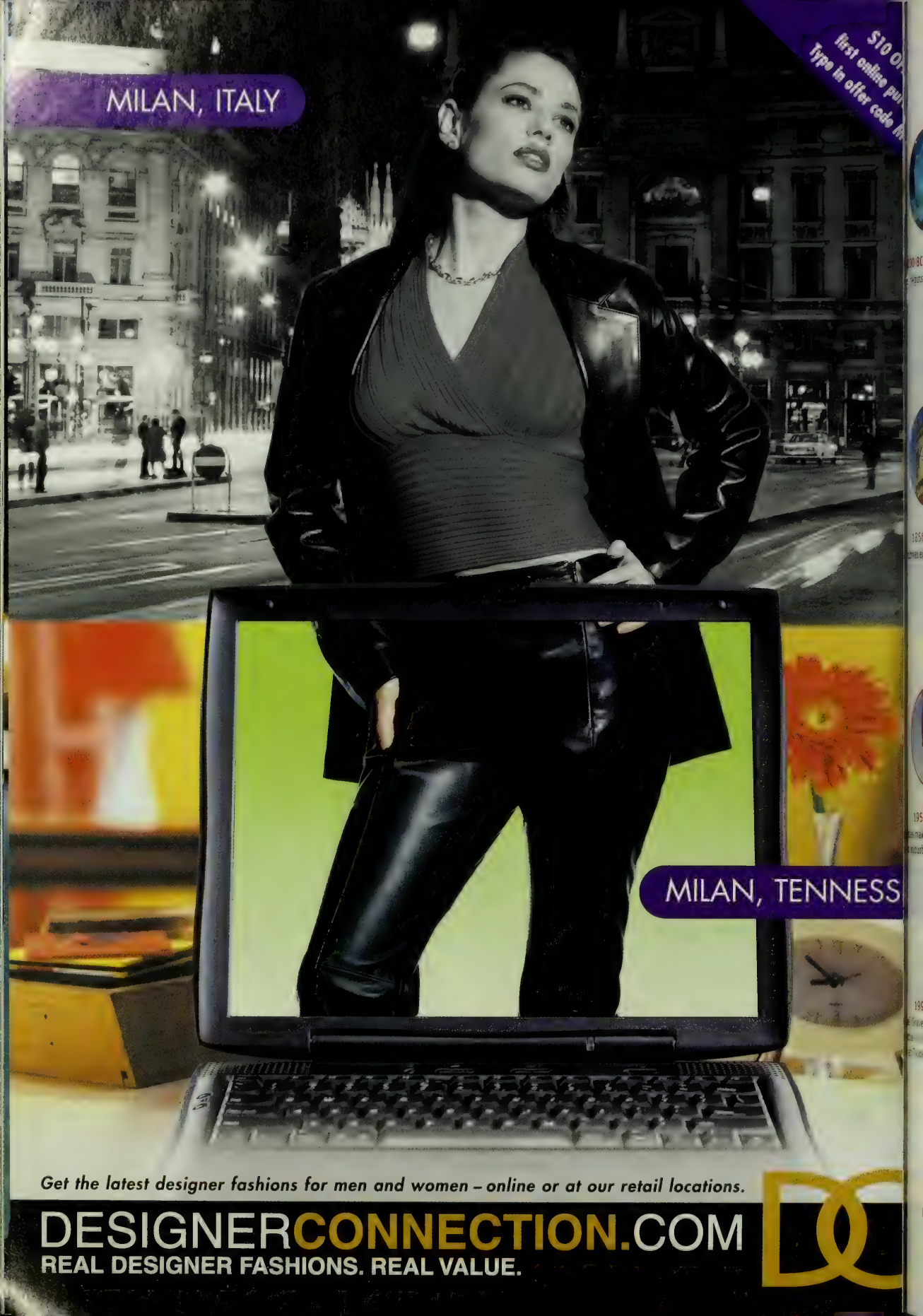


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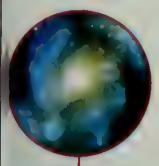

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VANITY FAIR

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DECEMBER 199

CASHING OUT YOUNG | 214

After leaving Microsoft and other high-tech companies, thousands of young, retired millionaires are creating a new West Coast subculture. From paragliders to philanthropies, reports James Atlas, they've put a different face on capitalism. Photographs by Harry Benson.

LADY OF SORROWS | 234

Julian Broad and Leslie Bennetts spotlight Emily Watson, who adds to her heartbreaking repertoire by playing Frank McCourt's mother in Alan Parker's film version of *Angela's Ashes.*

INTO THE *VALLEY OF THE DOLLS* | 236

In an excerpt from his screenplay for *Isn't She Great,* which will star Bette Midler, Paul Rudnick shows how Jackie Susann turned Hollywood, sex, and pills into a record-breaking best-seller, *Valley of the Dolls.*

COWBOY WONDER | 246

Seven times a world rodeo champ, Texan Ty Murray rides back into the arena this month. Kurt Markus and Scott Gummer watch his dust.

DIAMONDS AREN'T FOREVER | 248

During her metamorphosis from a glamorous heiress into a disfigured, gem-encrusted eccentric, Carolyn Skelly also became the most targeted jewel-robbery victim in America. Mark Seal investigates the chilling mystery.

CAPTURED YOUTH | 272

Ned Zeman spotlights Bruce Weber's new collection of photographs, *The Chop Suey Club,* which follows the adventures of a Wisconsin farm boy.

SAIGON QUARTET | 274

On February 10, 1971, four of the Vietnam War's premier combat photographers, including *Life*'s Larry Burrows, were shot down in a UH-1 Huey helicopter; their bodies were never recovered. After 27 years, Richard Pyle returns to the crash site in Laos and finally lays the dead to rest.

Vanities

THE DIVINE MS. EM | 291

Designer Matt Nye's tailor-made speed dial; Intelligence Report: The campaign trail; Hot Tracks—this winter's best albums; Ed Coaster's letter from Down East; George Wayne dishes the dirt with Eddie Fisher.

Et Cetera

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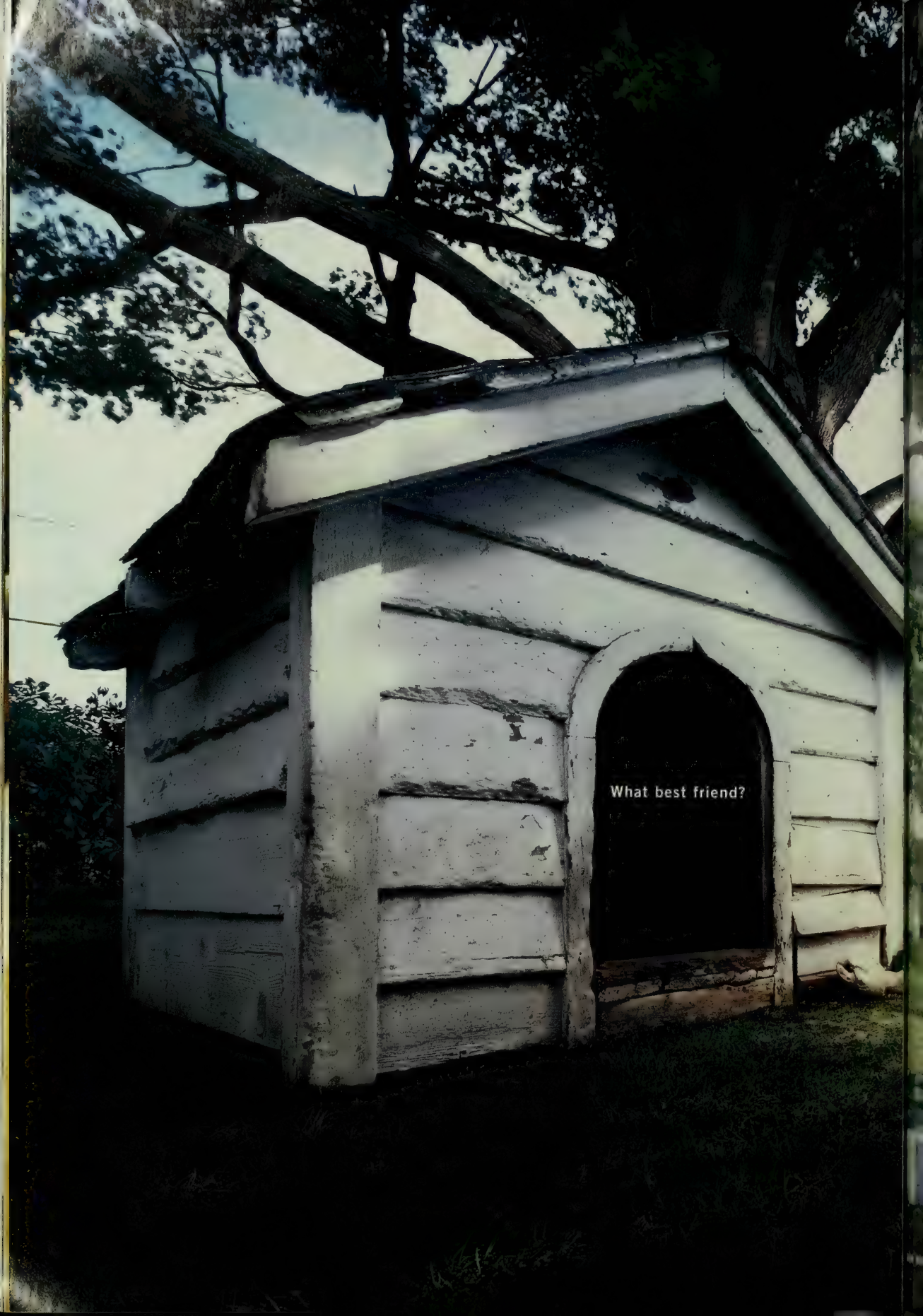
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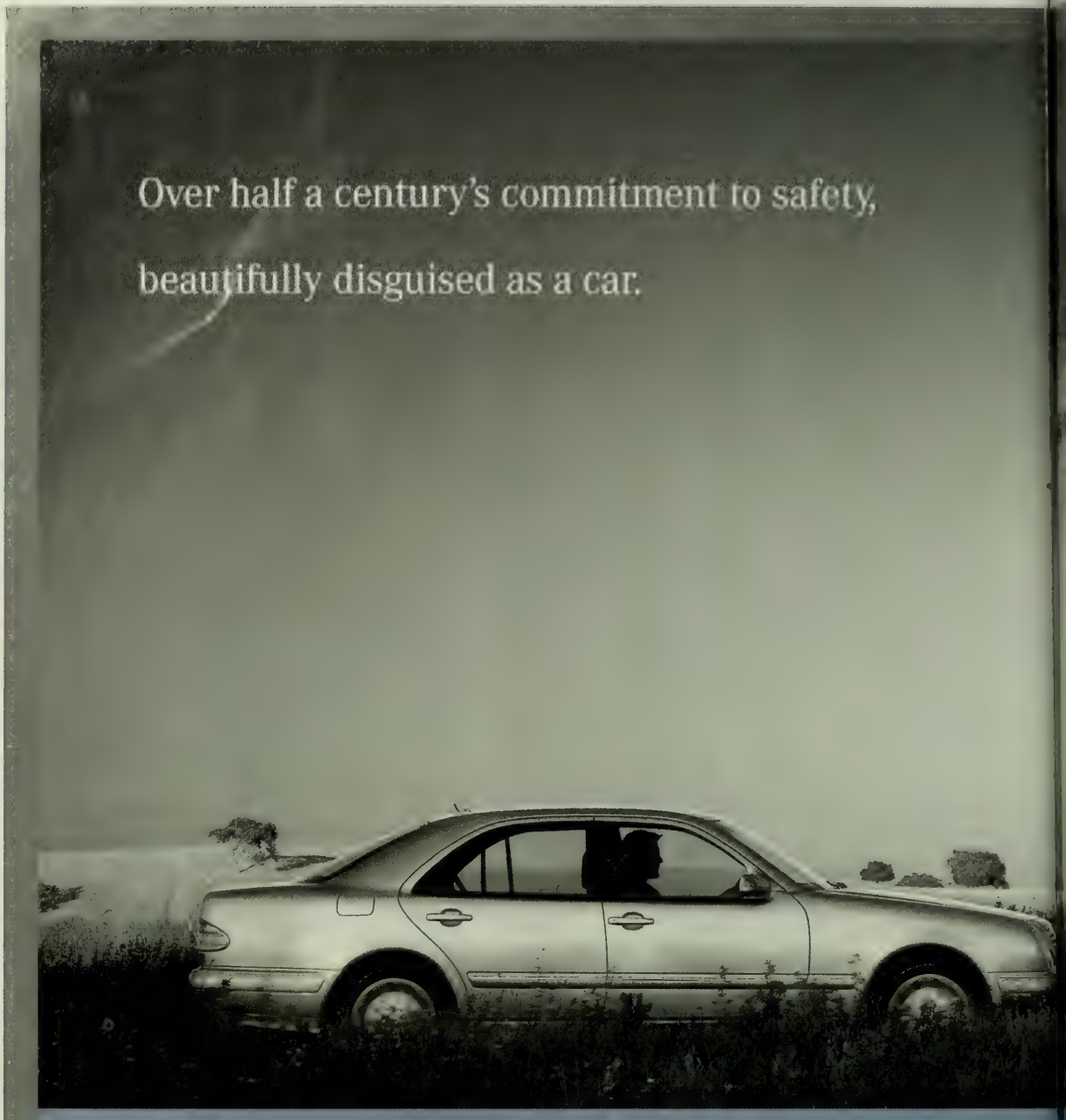
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GLASS FROM THE PAST | 307


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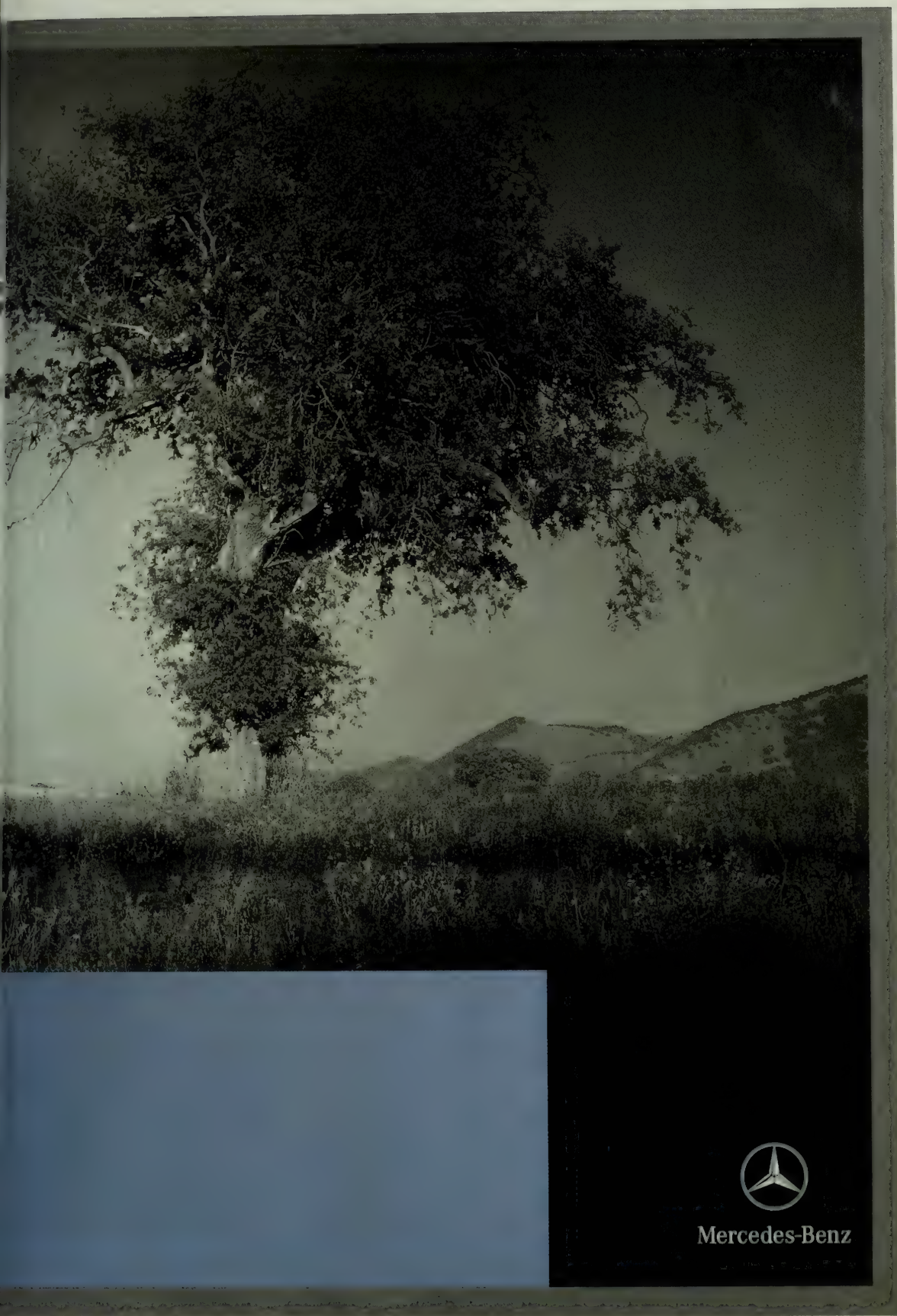

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ANITY FAIR
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ADVERTISING AND PROMOTION • EVENTS AND OPPORTUNITIES

Sean John's Success

erica has found a new fashion mantra. And led by none other than Sean "Puffy" nbs, hip-hop music's reigning impresario. er a successful launch party in April at omingdale's, Combs' new clothing line, n John, has been flying off retail store ves. The new fall line is available at fine hing stores nationwide.







ckwise from top: **Bloomingdale's Senior VP for Fashion Direction, Kal Ruttenstein and "Puffy" del the new line; Sean John's line of menswear includes hats, pants, bags, knits, and outerwear; n "Puffy" Combs with Bloomingdale's Chairman and CEO, Michael Gould.**

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ies must be received by December 31, 1999. For complete details, rules and regulations, fax your request to 212.286.6054, isit the Clicquot website at http://www.clicquot.com.

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bots Women's Scholarship Fund awards $100,000 annually to women returning college to finish their undergraduate degrees. Five women will receive $10,000 d 50 others will receive $1,000 based on factors including financial need, work, d volunteer history. Applications are available at all U.S. Talbots stores from now rough March 3, 2000. Award recipients will be announced by July 2000.

Romance is in the Air

hat makes your heart skip a beat? Ralph Lauren Fragrances wants to find out! nply visit the *Vanity Fair* Reader Link Web site at www.vanityfair.com and fill out e Ralph Lauren Romance Survey. The first 100 responses we receive will get a luxe mini sample from Ralph Lauren Fragrances. While at the site, get entry tails and complete rules on how to win the Grand Prize, a Ralph Lauren agrances gift basket. No purchase necessary; deadline for entry is December 15, 99. Open to any legal U.S. resident, 18 years of age or older as of December , 1999. Approximate retail value of the prize is $250.

Christian Dior Opens New York Flagship Store

Christian Dior is relocating its Fifth Avenue boutique to the LVMH Tower in Manhattan. The new 10,000-square-foot, two-story flagship store was designed by Peter Marino, creator of the renowned Dior store in Paris.

The storefront's spectacular 30-foot-tall sandblasted glass window complements the modern architecture of the LVMH building. The interior incorporates Dior's signature design elements, including limestone and brass finishing interwoven with etched glass and silver, to create a unique showcase for the Dior ready-to-wear and accessories collections designed by John Galliano.

Dior's North American flagship, located at 21 East 57th Street, will open December 1st.

Hamilton Winners Reap Rewards

On July 31, Yann Gamard, President Worldwide of Hamilton, presented Jodi Reamey, of Miranda, CA, and her son Brian, with two Hamilton Khaki Action watches at the Beverly Hills Watch Company in Beverly Hills. Reamey is the winner of Hamilton's "All Across America" Sweepstakes, sponsored in part by *GQ* and *Vanity Fair*. In addition to the watches, Reamey won a weeklong road trip for two along the quintessential American roadway, Route 66, which ended with a spectacular weekend in Hollywood.






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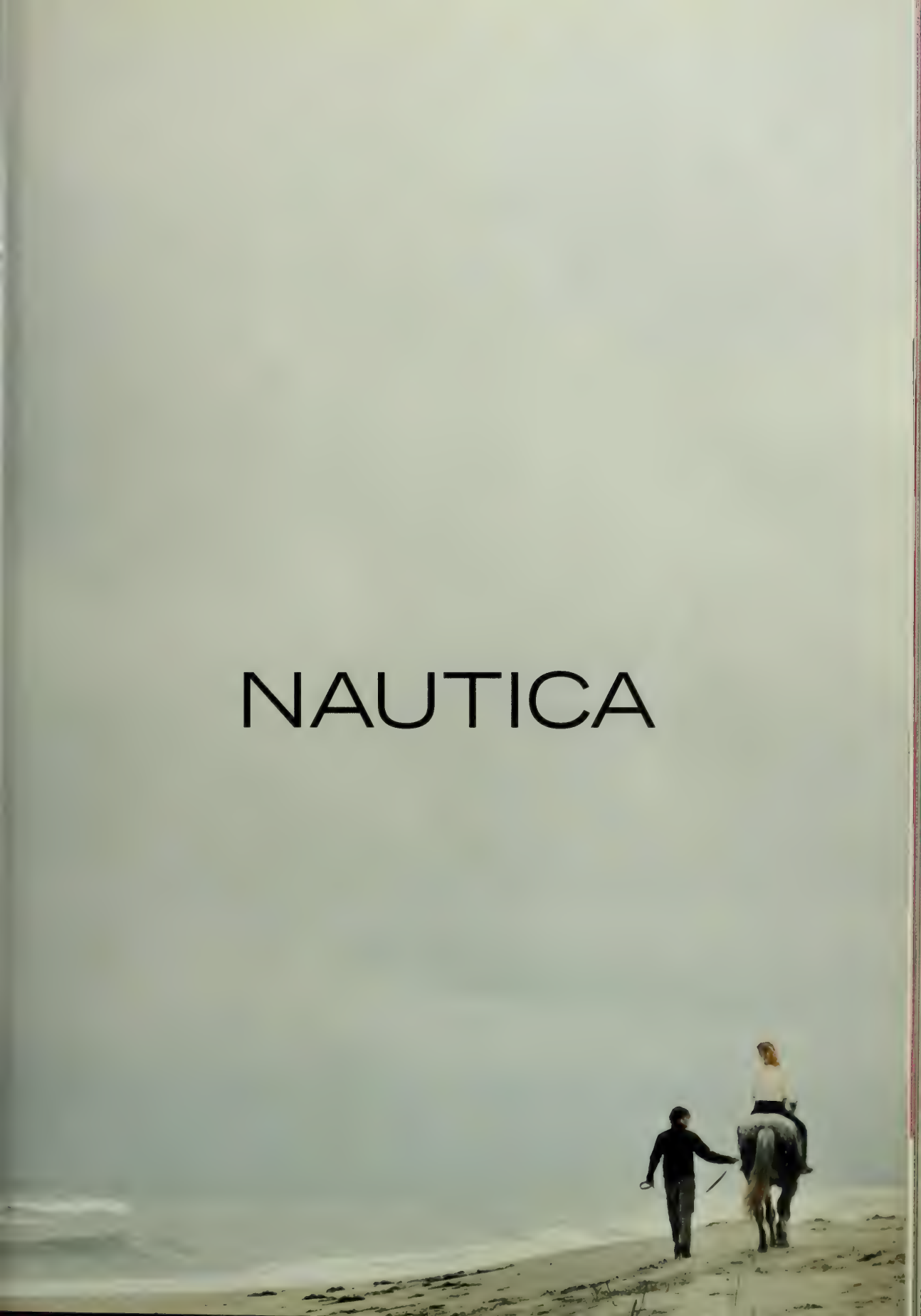
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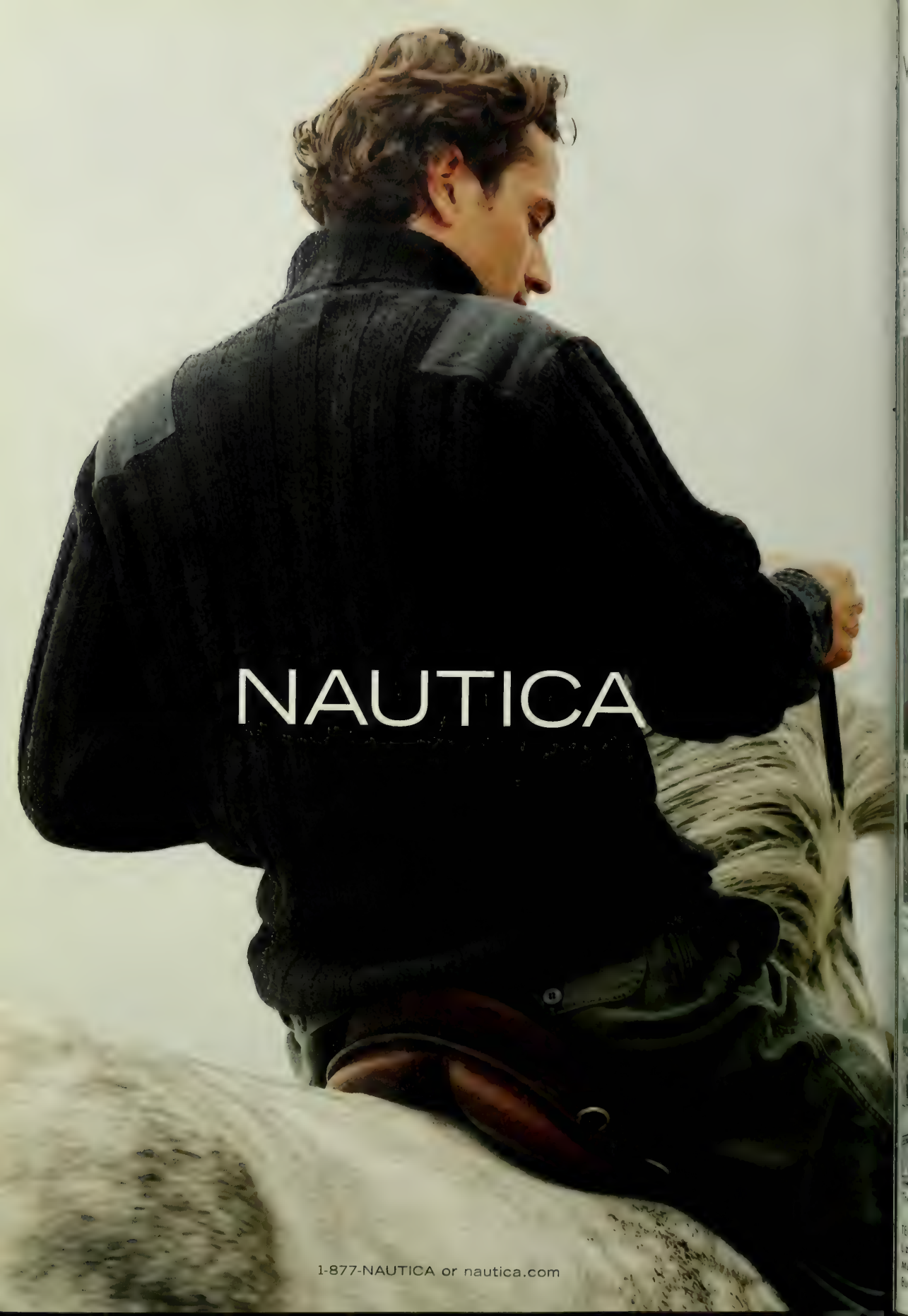











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VANITY FAIR agenda

ADVERTISING AND PROMOTION • EVENTS AND OPPORTUNITIES

The 26th Annual Telluride Film Festival took place over the Labor Day weekend in the sun-filled mountain town of Telluride, Colorado. A showcase for new and independent films from around the world, this intimate festival draws celebrities, moviegoers, journalists, and heavy hitters in the filmmaking industry. With a roster of events including parties, panel discussions, tributes, seminars, and film screenings, the Telluride Film Festival proves year after year that the spirit of film is alive and well in the mountains of Colorado.



Michael Benavente, President of Longines Watches, presents a watch to Festival tributee Catherine Deneuve.



Telluride's main thoroughfare serves as the picturesque center of the Festival.



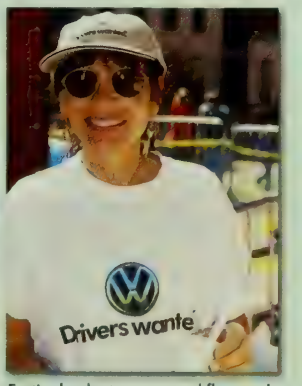
Neutrogena distributed tote bags at the Patrons' Brunch.



Composer Philip Glass was honored at this year's Festival.



As the official car of the Festival, Volkswagen provided transportation for Festival guests to the Max Theater.



Festival volunteers served flavored ice to thirsty Festival attendees, compliments of Volkswagen.



Neutrogena was the Official Sponsor of the Patrons' Brunch at Skyline Guest Ranch.



Filmmakers convened at Polo Jeans' Labor Day Picnic.



Actor Billy Crudup, star of *Jesus' Son*.



The Festival kicks off at Smirnoff's Opening Night Feed on Main Street.



Filmmakers Werner Herzog (*My Best Fiend*), Iona Ziok (*Karussell*), and Peter Sellars.



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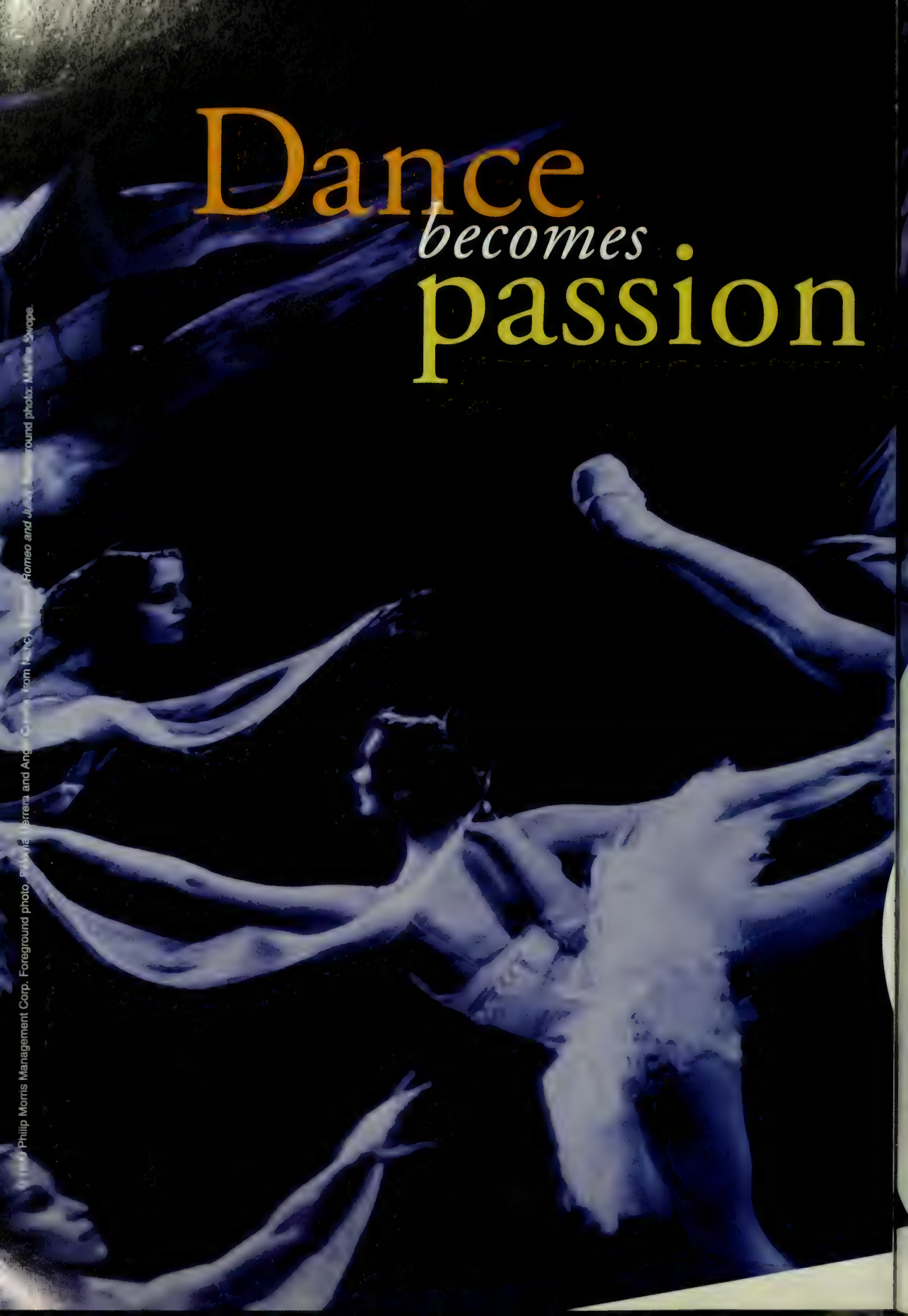


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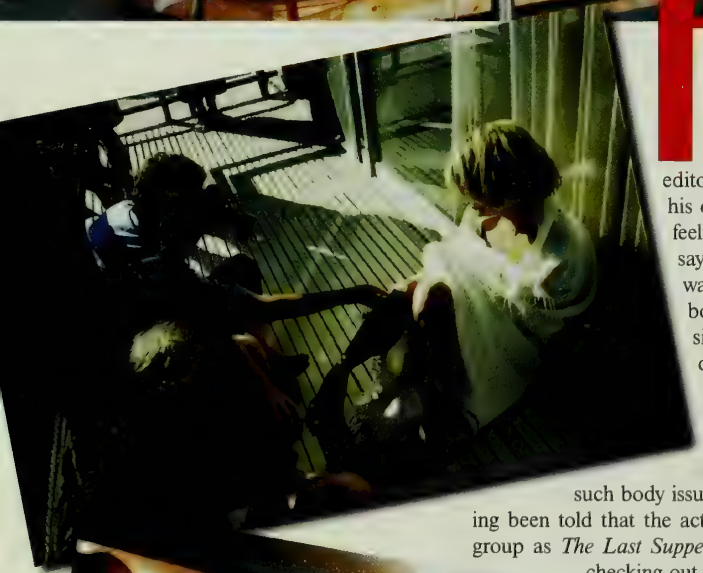
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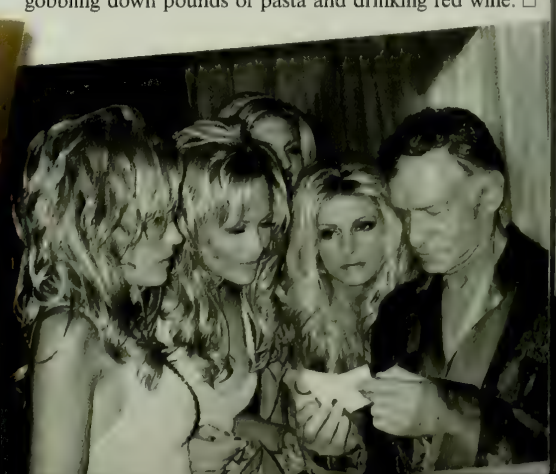


V.F. in the flesh, *from top:* Annie Leibovitz photographs Lance Armstrong in Brooklyn. In Malibu, Mario Testino puts some finishing touches on Meg Ryan. The producers and cast members of *The Sopranos* review Leibovitz's Polaroids in her New York City studio. The Bentley twins, Brande Roderick, and Jessica Paisley (at rear) check out the shoot results with Hugh Hefner at the Playboy Mansion in Holmby Hills, California.

For many photographers, getting their subjects to take it off is an age-old challenge. But for Annie Leibovitz, who captured 1999 Tour de France champion Lance Armstrong, the trick was how to make him keep it on. "We showed up with all kinds of underwear and G-strings," says *V.F.* associate style editor Kathryn MacLeod, "but he jumped at the chance to drop his drawers." Meg Ryan wasn't such a cinch. While "one got the feeling she didn't want to be Nicole Kidman wearing couture," says Polly Mellen, who styled the shoot for Mario Testino, Ryan was no exhibitionist. "We had to woo her into letting us show her body." Modesty crept in again at, of all places, the Playboy Mansion, where Hugh Hefner's girlfriend Sandy Bentley voiced her discomfort with being photographed on a bed: "What would my *mother* think?" Meanwhile, her identical twin, Mandy, monkeyed around on that mattress like a kid inside a Moonwalk. "Funny how Sandy's mother has a problem with it," noted Hefner, "and Mandy's mother doesn't." There were no such body issues for the cast of the HBO hit Mob series, *The Sopranos.* Having been told that the actors were major-league eaters, Leibovitz decided to shoot the group as *The Last Supper.* But don't let the sparse meal on page 311 fool you. After checking out the Polaroids, the cast had supper the way it's *supposed* to be—gobbling down pounds of pasta and drinking red wine. □





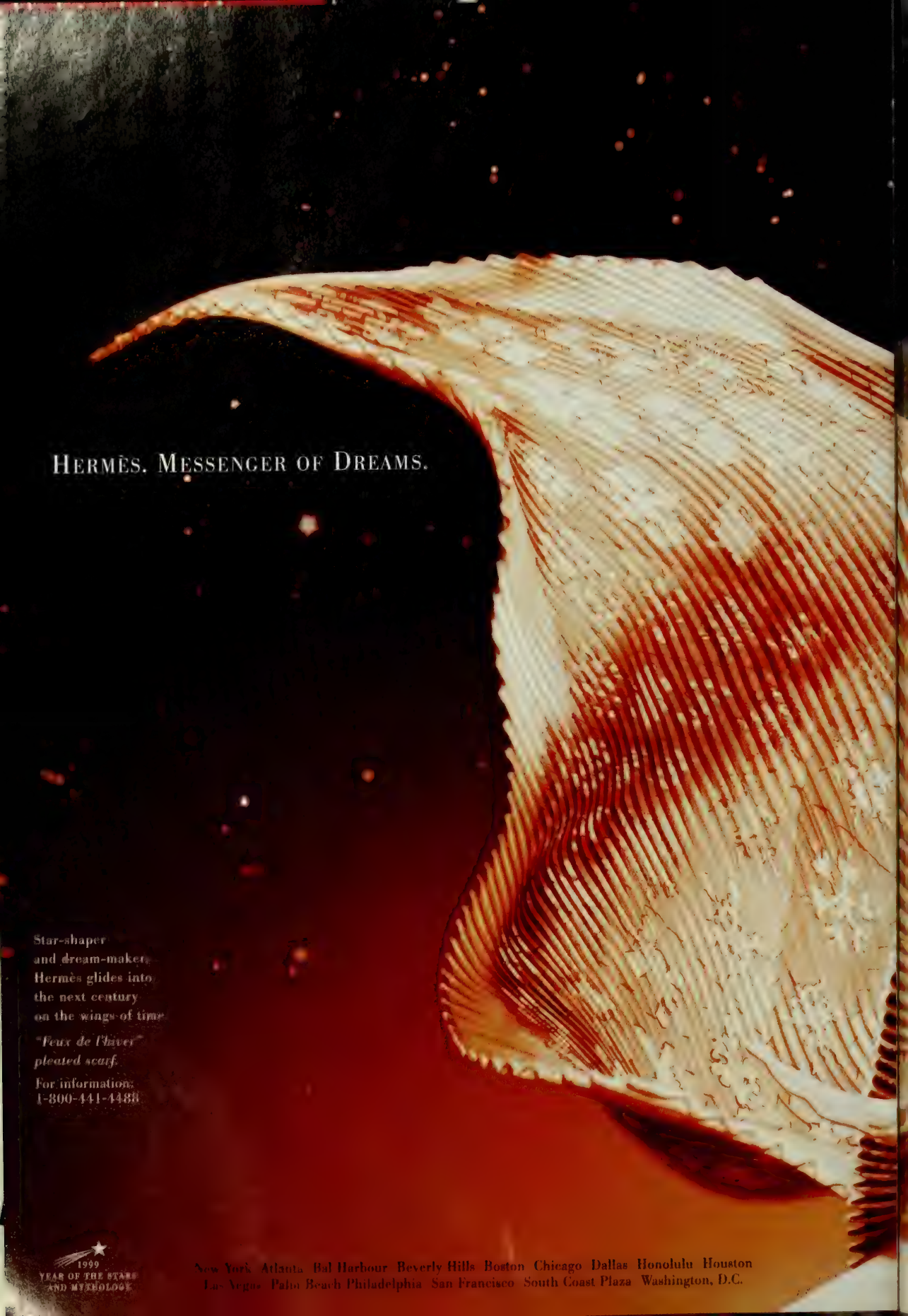


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This is contributing editor **James Wolcott's** third year writing *V.F.*'s annual Hall of Fame—and the process isn't getting any easier. "It's much harder than doing a column, where you can sort of get momentum," Wolcott says. "This is very fitful." While Wolcott doesn't select the nominees himself (he compares his part of the project to being in the batting cage and not knowing if he's going to get a fastball or a curve), he's an expert on the criteria. "They have to be standout, newsworthy, and also larger than what they are—epitomizing some sort of trend, development, or value." Wolcott's own favorites this year include Mia Hamm and Lance Armstrong, and, he adds, "I get a kick out of Hugh Hefner."

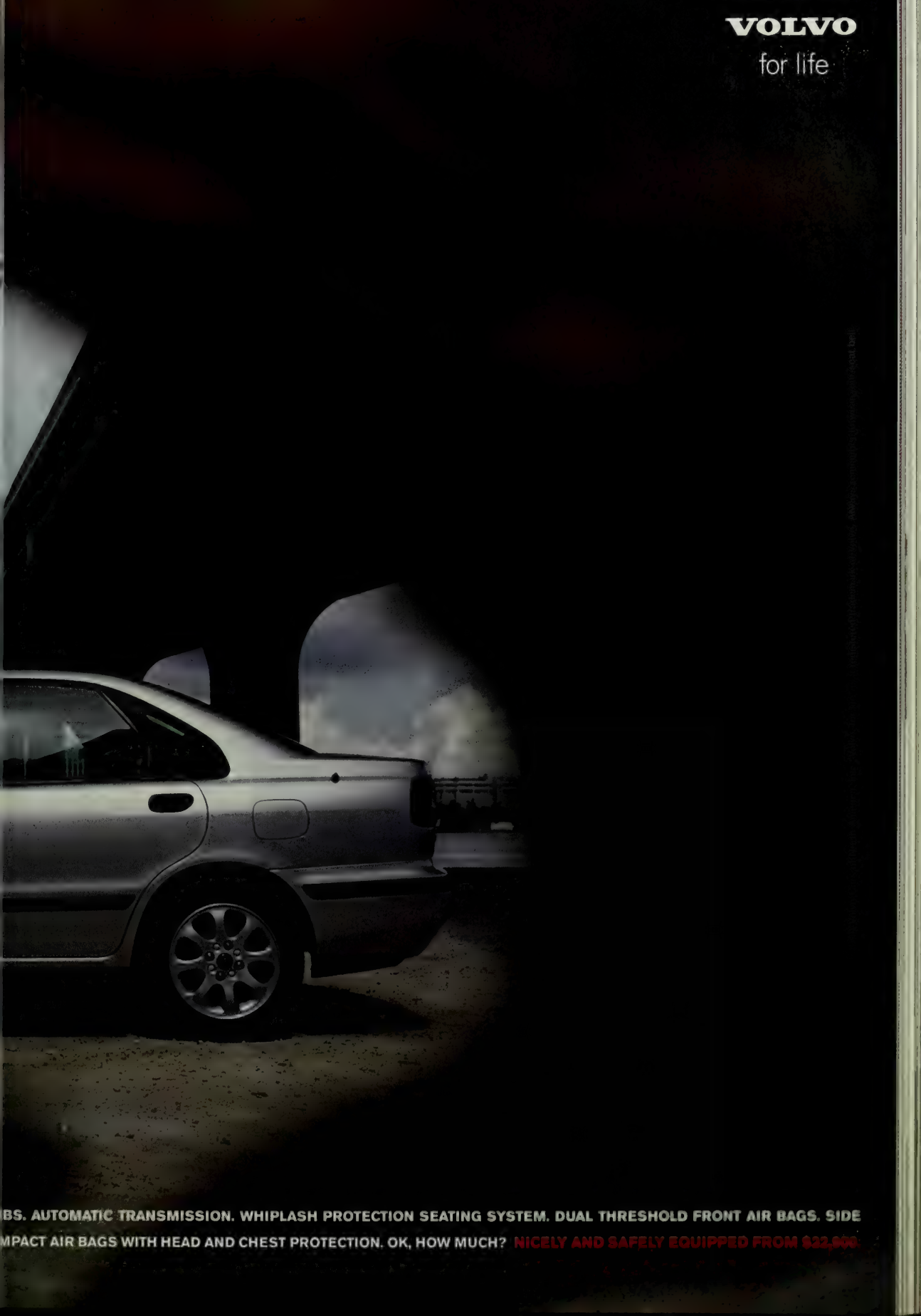


Contributing editor **Lisa Robinson,** who has covered rock 'n' roll "for all of my adult life—such as it is," writes about this season's album releases in her regular "Hot Tracks" column, on page 298. "Record companies traditionally attempt to milk the public at Christmas with tons of greatest-hits packages from the dead and defenseless," says Robinson, but she admits that even the most jaded listeners will probably remove the shrink-wrap on some of this year's boxed sets.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 101


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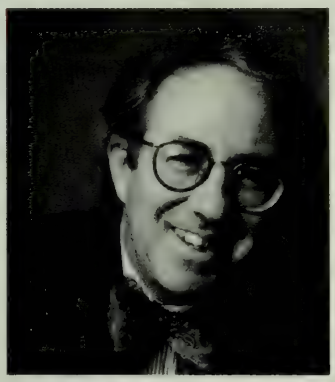


GASPER TRINGALE

A former *Times* man himself, contributing editor **David Margolick** says he was torn about reporting on the feud between mer *New York Times* executive editors Abe Rosenthal and Max Frankel. "I still feel very close to the place, and writing about them was extremely difficult for me," says Margolick, whose story begins on page 194. At the same time, these are two enormously important and very different journalists, and the fact that they have this relationship going back so many years that hadn't been explored—and that helps explain the character of the *Times* today—made it too important a story to ignore."



Special correspondent **Amy Fine Collins** is a longtime fan of the legendary fashion designer Pauline Trigère, whom she profiles this month. "For half a century her name connoted old-world sophistication and elegance. Her clothes gave women dignity and panache. And nobody looked better in them than she," says Collins of Trigère, now 91 years old. She adds, "Pauline's one of the most beautifully groomed women I've ever seen—the scarlet nails, the hair, the glasses are always perfect." Collins is currently working on two books, one of them a novel.



MARC ROYCE

When **James Atlas** went to have dinner Seattle with *Slate* magazine editor Michael Kinsley, who inspired his article on cashing out, Kinsley arrived in a cycling suit. Atlas ized he'd entered a "Europeanized lifestyle with an emphasis on pleasure." Editor of the Lipper/Viking Penguin Lives Series, Atlas was fascinated by these young people "who have achieved financial security but still possess the fanatical work ethic of a New York writer with children." Atlas's book on Saul Bellow, *Bellow: A Biography,* is due out next fall from Random House.



These days it seems that every time you turn your head (or turn a page), there's one of **David LaChapelle's** singularly surreal photographs. This month's issue features what could be his wildest subjects yet: the Jukka Brothers, MTV's backwoods mascots, and eight World Wrestling Federation stars. LaChapelle took quite a shine to the grapplers in spandex. They were "humble, polite, and disarmingly friendly," LaChapelle says. "Add one more hard-core wrestling fan to the growing multitude of millions." His new book, *Hotel LaChapelle,* was published in October by Bulfinch Press.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 104

for all the laughter
that lies
ahead
of me

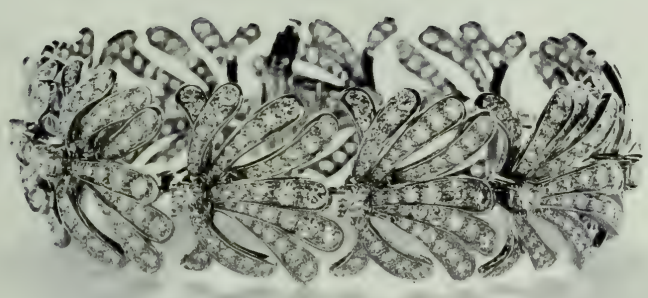
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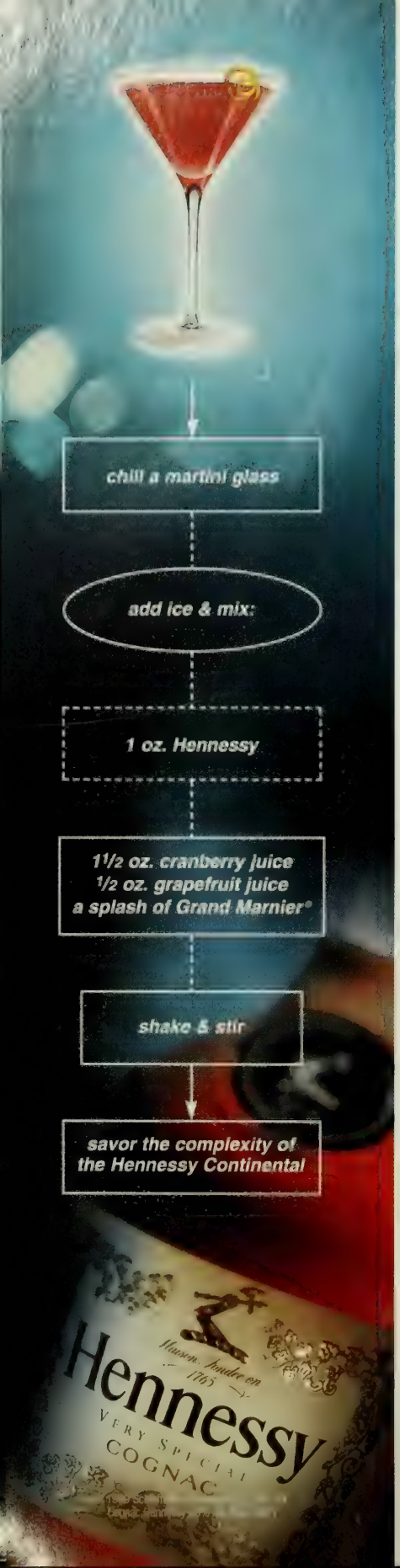




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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104



Robert Walsh is one of the few *V.F.* staffers required to read every word of every article of each issue—often more than once. As the legal-affairs editor, he assesses the sourcing and phrasing of hundreds of potentially libelous statements. "The easiest part of my job is to add all the conditioning words—the 'reportedly's and 'allegedly's," says Walsh. After more than 10 years at *V.F.*, he says, "I know quite a few secrets about material we haven't published because of legal issues, but I can't reveal them." Walsh adds, "I'll save them for my memoirs."

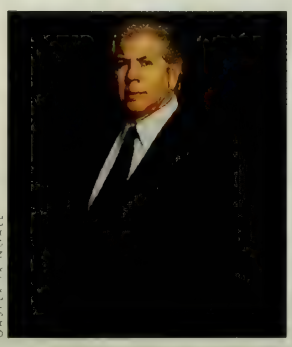


GASPER TRINGALE

"I had heard Louis Prima's 'When You're Smiling,' 'Buona Sera,' and songs like that a long time ago, but this piece made me dig deeper into my own affection for mid-century entertainment," says contributing editor **David Kamp,** who profiles the late Las Vegas singer an his ex-wife Keely Smith on page 348. As for the swing redux of the late 90s, which has made Louis and Keely's music popular again, parts of it Kamp can do without. "Overall, it's a good cultural phenomenon, although some of the stylized trappings are tiresome."

While photographing John Richardson's Manhattan apartment for this month's issue, **Todd Eberle** experienced a special kinship with the loft's owner. "I feel like I found a soul mate in John," says Eberle, who spent several hours with the art historian while shooting the converted 5,000-square-foot space on lower Fifth Avenue. "I think the pictures were more powerful as a result of my connection to him." As for the apartment itself? "Incredible. They don't make them like this anymore." To find out just what Eberle means, turn to page 354.





GASPER TRINGALE

When contributing editor **Carl Bernstein** first heard rumors that John McCain would run for president, he was determined to probe the life the military hero. "I wanted to see if he was as unconventional as I thought he was," says Bernst who met with McCain in Washington, D.C., followed him on the campaign trail, spent four d at his home near Sedona, Arizona, and even join the senator for a dip at his favorite swimming hole. Bernstein, whose findings begin on page 14 is now working on a biography of another quixotic politician: Hillary Clinton.


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GODS AND MONSTERS

Readers weigh in on Hitler's Pope; Billy Wilder's forsaken star; Kent students raise their voices; Kerouac–*On the Road* and off the wagon; How dare you, Nan Darien?; *Money* talks; fat girls, gay men, oh, and Ben Affleck



The sound and the **Führer**: **Left**, *Adolf Hitler speaking at a rally in Altona, Germany (now part of Hamburg), in 1933;* **below**, *Pope Pius XII giving a speech on Radio Vatican in Rome on April 4, 1946.*

It is instructive that *Vanity Fair* chose to publish the journalism of John Cornwell ["Hitler's Pope," October] as opposed to an excerpt from the first English translation of the compendium volume of the Vatican archives on the Holocaust. *Pius XII and the Second World War: According to the Archives of the Vatican,* by Pierre Blet, offers precisely what Cornwell cannot deliver: evidence. And the evidence says that no one did more to save Jews during the Holocaust than Pope Pius XII (which is why Jews the world over were so thankful).

It must also be said that despite the efforts of Cornwell and Condé Nast the process of beatifying Pius XII will continue undisturbed by the politics of the moment.

WILLIAM A. DONOHUE
President, Catholic League for Religious and Civil Rights
New York, New York

WITH REGARD TO John Cornwell's excellent piece on Pius XII, I would point out that not only Pope Pius but the entire apparatus of the Roman Catholic Church must be held responsible for its part in supporting Hitler.

Yes, we often hear tales of persecution of the church by the Nazis, of the murders of priests and nuns, but, terrible as these crimes were, they pale in comparison with the level of support given the Nazi regime by the church in Europe. The Catholic clergy who perished at the hands of the Nazis did so because of political, not religious, reasons. To count them as victims of the Holocaust is insulting to the memory of the *real* victims, the Jews. In fact, the church was more often than not an *instrument* of the persecution, assisting actively (at worst) or turning a blind eye to the reality around it (at best). The Catholic Church was then, as it is now, a powerful force. Had its clergy, from the Pope down to the humblest parish priest, united in their condemnation of Nazism, millions of Germans and others would have resisted. The church's silence was tantamount to support of Hitler.

Little has changed. To this day the Catholic Church has not posthumously excommunicated Hitler, because he, individually, did nothing to violate canon law. Evidently the planning and leadership of the worst case of mass murder in the history of humankind are not nearly so serious in the eyes of the Roman Catholic Church as is, say, remarriage after divorce.

ERIC J. BROCK
Shreveport, Louisiana

AS A FORMER DEVOUT Catholic who has lately contemplated returning to the faith, I found John Cornwell's article on Pius XII both enlightening and discouraging. If even half of what Cornwell says is true, Pius XII is surely spending eternity with his co-conspirator, Adolf Hitler, and not in the never-ending rapture of God's presence. To those of us raised in the dogma of Roman Catholicism, this much is clear: whatever good Pius XII brought to his papal role must, in God's


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eyes, be overshadowed by his contempo[rary] [know]ledge of the Hol[ocaust] and his refusal to intervene on behalf of its victims.

Moreover, it is difficult to understand how any right-thinking Catholic, including John Paul II, could believe that the case for Pius XII's canonization has merit. Conferring sainthood on him will make a complete mockery of the institution. For those of us who wish to re-establish our Catholic faith and devotion, it will be all the more challenging if we must, on one hand, reject Satan in his many forms and, on the other, pray to one of his cohorts—"Saint" Pius XII.

MICHELE SIMPSON
Stanhope, New Jersey



A Wilder world: Billy Wilder, photographed by Michael O'Neill on August 8, 1999, at the director's home in Los Angeles.

GRANTED, PIUS XII was an authoritarian who tried to weaken any real or potential rivals to his power. Granted, he feared Bolshevism and made too many decisions based on "the Red Menace." But Cornwell's evidence of his anti-Semitism is inconclusive. Eugenio Pacelli's revulsion at the Communist attempt to take power in Munich was shared by many, as was his charge that the revolutionaries were almost entirely Jewish. And Pacelli's unwillingness to provide German Jews with palms for the Festival of Tabernacles during W.W. I simply shows that Catholics felt that theirs was t[he] only true faith—not that Pacelli hat[ed] Jews. Both before and after be[ing] elected Pope, Pacelli certainly [did] rely heavily on Vatican diploma[cy]. But being too much a diplom[at] and too little a pastor is not a ca[r]tal crime, nor does it reveal an[y] Semitism. Pacelli could have do[ne] more to help Jews; he should ha[ve] done more. But he does not [de]serve this vicious portrayal by Co[rn]well. His diatribe might have be[en] written by Christopher Hitchens!

NORMAN RAVITC[H]
Professor of history, University of Califor[nia]
Riverside, Califor[nia]

THAT PIUS XII would walk a hi[gh] wire of ambiguous intrigue a[nd] cool compromise is all the more [en]heartening when one remembe[rs] his predecessor Pius XI and his unflin[ch]ing recognition that Nazism was the e[vil] bodiment of that old Catholic baptism[al] epithet: "the glamour of evil."

From an early age Catholics learn th[at] the history of the Popes is not always [an] atific, that any one Pope is not the offi[ce] itself, and that the soul of many a depa[rt]ed Pope is no doubt in need of our pray[er]ful intercession. It is finally the burden [of] every Pontifex Maximus to remember th[at] beneath his baroque floor-length gow[n] are the simple shoes of a fisherman.

GENE GREMBOWI[EC]
Houston, Te[xas]

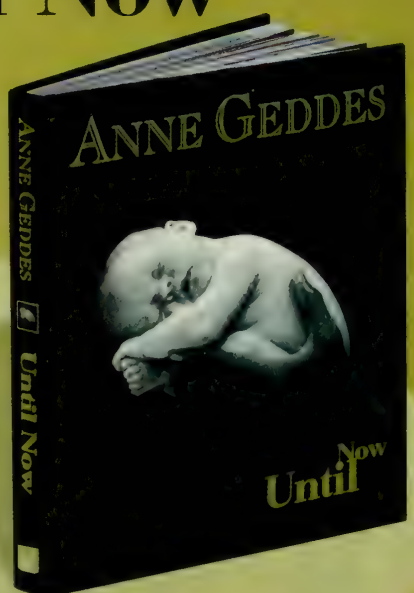
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The Wilder Bunch

THE GREAT BILLY WILDER granted [his] actors immortality by casting them in [his] film classics. But in his sublime remi[nis]cences for Cameron Crowe ["Conver[sa]tions with Billy," October], he buries [the] star prematurely. Recalling 1959's *So[me] Like It Hot*, Wilder says that silent-fi[lm] veteran Joe E. Brown "did the part, a[nd] shortly after, he died." Actually, Bro[wn] lived 14 years longer, until July 1973, a[nd] was taken from us during the same da[y] week that we lost screen icons Be[tty] Grable and Veronica Lake.

JAY BLOTCH[ER]
New York, New Y[ork]

YOUR BILLY WILDER PIECE was w[on]derful. In reference to your account ab[out] how the book *Conversations with Wil[der]* came about, however, I'd like to mak[e] small clarification. As a longtime fri[end] of the Wilders', and one who has tr[ied] for many years to persuade Billy to w[rite]


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a book, I should point out that it was a struggle to get him to sit for an interview. Wilder had already been the subject of several unauthorized biographies. It was only after I read Cameron Crowe's hilarious *Jerry Maguire* diary in *Rolling Stone* and sent it to Mr. Wilder that he agreed reluctantly to be interviewed by Cameron Crowe. I then wrote Cameron Crowe cold and asked if he'd be willing to sit for a book of interviews with his hero. We three met, and it became love between them a few sights after that.

KAREN LERNER
New York, New York

Student Protest

I WAS APPALLED by "The Kent School Mystery" [by Michael Shnayerson] in your October issue. The subject at hand concerns Kent alumnus and *Family Guy* creator Seth MacFarlane and headmaster Father Schell—*not* the Kent School. There was no need for you to deface it.

I graduated from Kent in 1996. When I attended the school it was not the corrupt and debauched place you make it out to be, and I do not believe a school could change that dramatically in only three years. In his article Shnayerson writes, quoting a faculty member, "The things [Father Schell] attacks in *Family Guy* he allows in the school. There is no code of morality on paper." This is in no way true. The things Father Schell attacks in *Family Guy* are definitely *not* allowed at Kent School. In fact, students are kicked out of school for displaying "un-Kent-like behavior." The other statement that shocked me was the quote from the mother of a former Kent student: "Virtually everyone in the dorms was on drugs. They were doing angel dust, cocaine, and grinding up Adderall . . . in order to snort it." That is an outrageous statement and a horrendous label to put on Kent School students.

ANNE RYDER
Washington, D.C.

I AM ONE of the 550 students who attend Kent. I have just entered my junior year, and hopefully it will be as great and enlightening as the last two. What provoked you to publish such nonsense about our school is beyond my comprehension. I know Seth MacFarlane's father, and he is a wonderful and amiable man. In fact, I had him for the first term of English 2 last year. We shared laughs and jokes along with difficult tests, and we never imagined that a few jokes made on his son Set TV show would ever develop into such ugly mess. You have no idea how we t students feel about this terrible eve Many of us have to apply to colleges t year, and the last thing we need is to known as the scandalous school with t horrible headmaster. Father Schell is wonderful, happy man. Understandab he took offense at the personal nature the program's content. You cannot ima ine how outraged the students on this ca pus are. It is far too late for you to ta back what you said in the article, but I feel that you owe the school an apology could probably continue this letter for other 10 pages, but I need to go to clas

TIMOTHY JARVIS CASTANTI
Kent, Connecti

AS PRESIDENT of the Board of Truste of Kent School, I write to express t board's concern about Michael Shnay son's article and to set the record straig

The facts are fairly straightforward. S eral months ago, the school's headmas Father Richardson W. Schell, was drav by a unique set of circumstances, to a t vision show whose content he consider objectionable. He believed that the sh was not appropriate for viewing by you people, especially as it aired in a prim time programming slot. Father Schell th wrote letters to encourage the show's c porate advertisers to reconsider their su port in light of the content. In fact, the ters were relatively successful. Several these companies indicated that they wo reconsider advertising on the show.

Mr. Shnayerson used this as the po of departure to create an article that based largely on innuendo and ano mous quotes, and one that portrays a torted view of both the headmaster a Kent School.

Particularly troublesome is the artic suggestion that the school is lax or to ant in matters of student conduct. I w to make it clear that Kent School's lead ship has zero tolerance for cheating, for the use of drugs and alcohol. T school has strict and clear procedures place to ensure enforcement of its p cies and the application of rigorous, c sistent discipline in cases of infracti by students in these areas.

Beyond that, your readers should kn that the Board of Trustees has confide in Father Schell's stewardship of the sch and supports him fully. Kent is in ex lent condition in all respects—levels of plications, enrollment, academic ranki alumni support, and financial strength

In our judg- CONTINUED ON PAGE



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2 ment. Kent's headmaster stands by what our school teaches. As an individual and secondary-school educator, Father Schell spoke out on an issue that affects the development of all young people. The matter is as simple as that.

BRANDON W. SWEITZER
Kent, Connecticut

Drink to the Beat

I ENJOYED James Wolcott's trenchant and concise article on Jack Kerouac ["Kerouac's Lonesome Road," October]. His observations are informed and astute, not only about Kerouac but also about the Beat movement itself and its legacy.

However, while it's quite easy to see the Kerouac of the 1960s as a "test model for . . . Archie Bunker" whose alcoholism caused his work to "taper off into wispy formlessness," it's important to realize that compositional formality wasn't part of Kerouac's aesthetic to begin with—as Wolcott himself suggests when discussing the editing of *On the Road.* As to Kerouac's physical decline, I once observed to Allen Ginsberg that it was a shame that Kerouac had ended up sitting around in dirty clothes drinking beer at his mother's, and Ginsberg replied, "Sure, but what you've got to understand is that Jack had *always* sat around in dirty clothes drinking at his mother's. He just got old



Darkness visible: Jack Kerouac in a recording studio in New York City circa 1962, after having read poetry for a record.

It's also worth noting that though Kerouac *did* go int marked personal and artistic cline after, say, 1961, Kerouac t les the subject of alcoholism h estly and head-on in his 1962 n *Big Sur,* offering a stark firsth account of the subject whic to my mind, unrivaled in Eng

KEVIN McGO
Professor of E
North Carolina State Univ
Raleigh, North Car

Corn-Fed Up

I AM A MIDWESTERNER will not be renewing my subs tion to *Vanity Fair.* I cannot scribe to a magazine that allows disrespectful and irresponsible writin socialite Nan Darien's description of travels to the island of Farnango ["V ties: Mad About That Island!," Octob

Ms. Darien calls midwesterners, spe cally Ohioans (I live in Cincinnati), cl ers and large people. She also says would like to dip us in disinfectant, c off our beer bellies, and do someth about our shoes. I am not sure whom is talking about, because I (like mos my friends) am in great shape; enjoy w not beer; and wear Birkenstocks m often than not. By publishing her colu *Vanity Fair,* I assume, condones this tude of disrespect.

In addition, Ms. Darien also cho to be irresponsible in her descriptio bulimia. It is difficult enough for yo ladies today to avoid the pressures being thin. That an established and spected magazine such as *Vanity* would encourage purging is appall "Say what you will about bulimia," Ms. Darien, "but bulimics are absolu some of the most gorgeous people in world." Apparently, *Vanity Fair's* i of gorgeous is a head in the toilet, ting teeth, potassium deficiencies, ken blood vessels, and sometimes de In the future, I hope your editors th more before publishing such dribble.

THERESA LU
Cincinnati,



NAN DARIEN RESPON
Theresa, you are absolutely rig think me a horrid old bag. Disrespec Irresponsible? Yes. That's me. That's who I But given the amount we are all force euphemize and fictionalize and verbally pr in life—my entire life *is a fiction, darli isn't the occasional blast of civet a refres*





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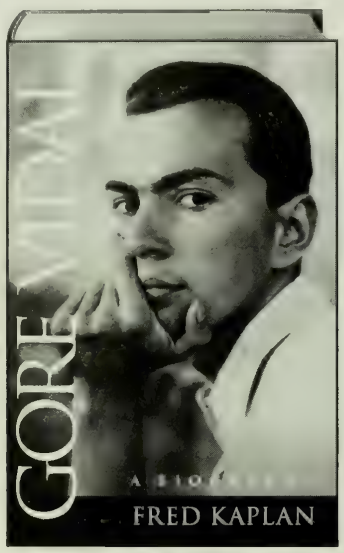
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Letters

tonic? I think so. I will, however, quibble with you over one thing—your last sentence. You've confused "dribble" with "drivel," n'est-ce pas? Take that b *out of your drivel, Theresa, and put it back in your bonnet.*

Money Problems

YOUR MAGAZINE ERRED in "The New Establishment" [October] when you wrote that the efforts of Time Inc.'s editor in chief, Norman Pearlstine, "to push *Money* upscale . . . , with a new editor and redesign, failed."

The facts prove quite the contrary. *Money*'s newsstand sales are up 34 percent this year over the second half of 1998. Ad pages are up 12.6 percent, while those of the rest of the personal-finance category are down. As for going upscale, *Money* now has the wealthiest audience in the category, with a median household income of $70,211. In fact, 2.4 million *Money* readers have a median household income in excess of $100,000. That's nearly four times the figure for the competitor you mistakenly cited as our model, *Smart Money.*

Clearly Mr. Pearlstine's efforts at *Money,* and those of Bob Safian, our talented managing editor, have succeeded quite well.

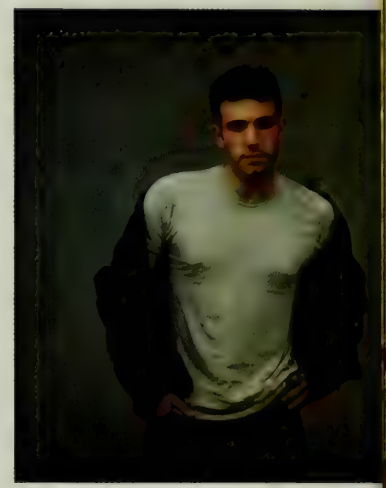
DAVID W. KIESELSTEIN
President
Personal Finance Magazine Group
Time Inc.
New York, New York

EDITOR'S REPLY: Mr. Kieselstein quotes our article on Mr. Pearlstine incorrectly. Vanity Fair *states that* Money*'s redesign "failed* to impress its conservative readers.*" This is true, based on the negative response* Money *received from its own readers in the wake of the redesign. Based on published figures, it was clear that* Money*'s redesign and new stewardship were not initially a success in terms of paid circulation.*

Chasing Affleck

AFTER READING your article on Ben Affleck ["Let's Try It Ben's Way," by Evgenia Peretz, October], I must say I am dismayed. In reference to Gwyneth Paltrow, Ben is quoted as saying: "She's actually the funny, down-to-earth fat girl in the beautiful girl's body." I guess Ben believes that pretty girls cannot be down-to-earth and that "fat" women cannot be beautiful. Sorry, Ben, but you are indeed a "chump," and I would never be willing to be with someone so ignorant.

MICHELLE KAIN
Saskatoon, Saskatchewan



A man's world: Ben Affleck, photographed by Annie Leibovitz on August 7, 1999, in New York City.

I REMEMBER WATCHING the Oscars a couple of years ago with a group of mostly gay friends and trying to convince everyone that Ben Affleck and Matt Damon were not gay. "But they came with their mothers!" everyone howled, as if that were proof enough. No, Ben is not gay, but he *is* what we desperately need more of in this world: an absolutely 100 percent heterosexual guy from a working-class Boston background who is secure enough in his own sexuality to be flattered and amused by speculation and attention from the gay community.

While I can safely say that most homosexual men *wish* Ben were gay (especially after viewing those wonderful pictures by Annie Leibovitz), I'll take Ben just as he is—a very grounded straight boy devoid of the macho homophobia that permeates so much of our culture.

JOSEPH CRANGLE
Toronto, Ontario

CORRECTION: On page 324 of the October issue ("Let's Try It Ben's Way"), we referred to a "finals club" at Harvard. The correct term is "final club."

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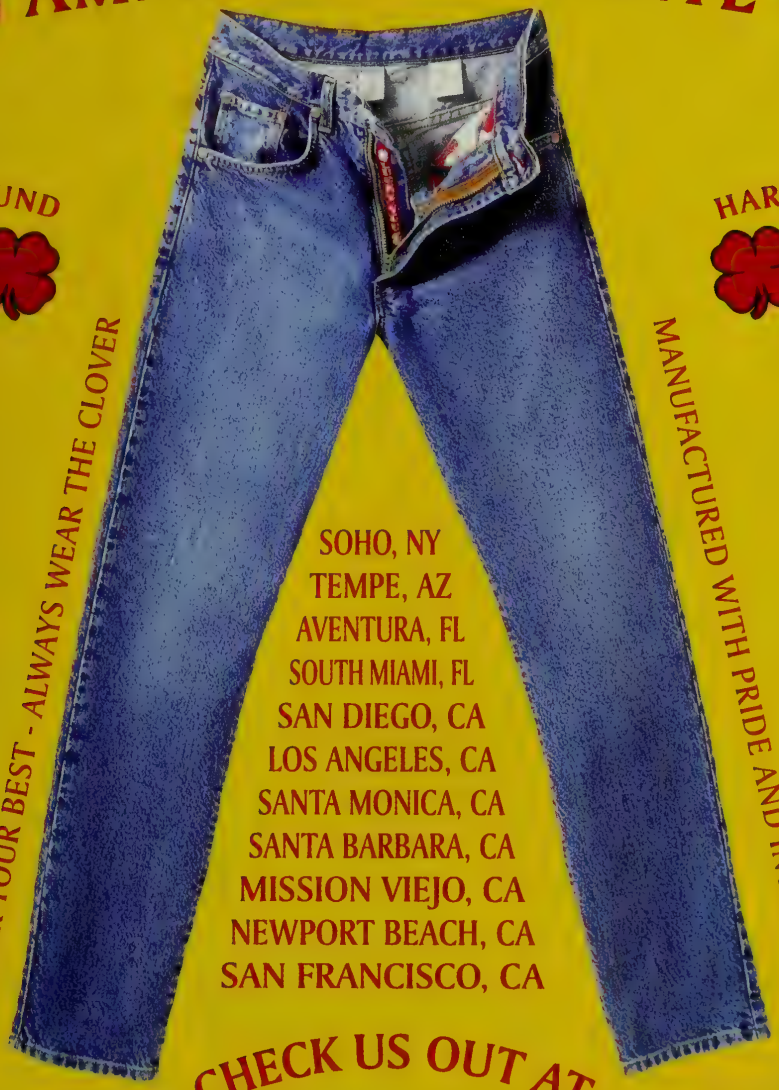
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timately thought, as I let the paper drop from my hands, was about my first sight of New York.

In 1970, I lurched out of the Port Authority terminal to discover that everything I had hoped for was true, only more so. I vaguely knew, of course, what New York looked like, because I'd been born in this century, but not what it sounded like, or what it felt like, or smelled like. Right across the street was a star-spangled campaign storefront for James Buckley, brother of the more celebrated William F., then the hero of *Firing Line*. JOIN THE MARCH FOR AMERICA, the sign said. In that year, he ran as the Conservative Party nominee for Senate against Charles Goodell (Republican) and Richard Ottinger (Democrat), and won. Mr. Goodell held the seat only because Robert Kennedy had been murdered, and because Nelson Rockefeller had appointed him pro tem. There were rallies and arguments everywhere, about the war and civil rights and (yes, I recall distinctly) independence for Puerto Rico. I stayed with the subject of New York politics, and observed John Lindsay as mayor, L.B.J.'s ex–attorney general Ramsey Clark going straight and running—as later did the floppy-hatted feminist Bella Abzug—for the Democratic Senate nomination (and being beaten by Jacob Javits in the main event), and James Buckley eventually coming up against Professor Daniel Patrick Moynihan and finishing second. Hell, this was a state in which Gore Vidal had done well in a congressional race in a conservative district in 1960—outpolling Jack Kennedy, who was atop of the ticket—and in which Norman Mailer, Jimmy Breslin, and William F. Buckley Jr., had been able to run at least in a city election and create some decent noise. There may not have been giants in those days, but there was some vivid and vivacious politics.

Saddened by that thought, and affronted by a fatuous, money-driven applause machine aimed at a coronation, one might decently demand a return to the politics of division. Anything to save the honor of New York. And yet, and yet. The subhead of that ignoble *New York Times* report read, naïvely but suggestively: "Hillary Thinks, Rudy Waits, Pundits Yearn." I propose only a small revision: "Pundits Think and Wait, Rudy and Hillary Yearn." For what are we really gazing at if not the potential romance of the century? As they contemplate running, aren't they really seeking a mate?

Like so many lovers, Hillary and Rudy will—on some refulgent still-to-come day look back and bashfully review the moment when each of them just *knew*. Was it, she will breathe into his indomitable ear, the time when she saw how right—how very right—he was about Jerusalem and the Puerto Ricans? How vapid and girlish she had been—how untutored and innocent—until she switched her positions to match his! No, he will grin alarmingly yet indulgently as he half turns on the masterful pillow. For him, everything became as crystalline as the first morning in Eden when she came out in favor of sexual abstinence for the under-21. "Oh, Rudy," she exhales. "Honey," comes his muffled yet decisive response as he buries his well-honed muzzle like a hatchet in her ... block that metaphor. And at this point she becomes, truly becomes, what she has only faked all year. She becomes a woman on the verge.

Vogue and *Talk* can drivel all they like about strong womanhood, but one has to be able to recognize sexual and political magnetism when it's staring one right in the face. See the pair of them as they try and pretend to fight it during the photo op at the 1996 unveiling of the Eleanor Roosevelt memorial in Riverside Park. Attraction of opposites just doesn't cover it, if only because they are more twins than opposites. This is real, and fierce, and animal. It's coupling, and it's doing what comes naturally. Here is the Montague-Capulet checklist.

1. She comes out for dairy-industry subsidies while on her "listening tour" of upstate dairy farms. *The Wall Street Journal* attacks her for putting special interests before milk-hungry schoolkids. Something stirs in Rudy's breast. Not only does he (belatedly) come out for the same subsidies, but he claims he did so in a much-neglected speech that was delivered earlier than hers! This is more than mere gallantry.

2. She has herself photographed dancing on a beach with her gruesome husband just before Ms. Lewinsky sends everything into the tank. He has himself photographed dancing at Gracie Mansion with his rarely spotted wife, some time later. Body language was still language when last I checked. "I feel your pain" would be an approximate translation of his semaphore.

3. They are both keen Yankee fans, but he can be her guide and (a phrase from a sad past) her "mentor." In fact—and this thought makes me perspire—he'll have to be her mentor. "Come, my Cub, and let me kiss away those tears."

4. They have both, very extensively a very deliberately, betrayed their own pa ties. No going back.

5. They both believe, when it comes other people, in the politics of person destruction.

6. They were both publicly opposed the impeachment of President Clinton.

7. They are both enthusiasts for capit punishment, mandatory sentences, and th war on drugs.

8. They both ban smoking materia anywhere they can ban them (Mrs. Cli ton having failed with the use of cigars i the White House).

9. They have both had advice from Dic Morris: Mr. Giuliani's advice good but fre and Mrs. Clinton's advice bad but expensiv

One could go on. But at how man weddings could you have said half a much about twin souls? The "dono community" loves them both, if not equa ly, but Mrs. Clinton's deftness with cattl futures could help smooth the mayor's re

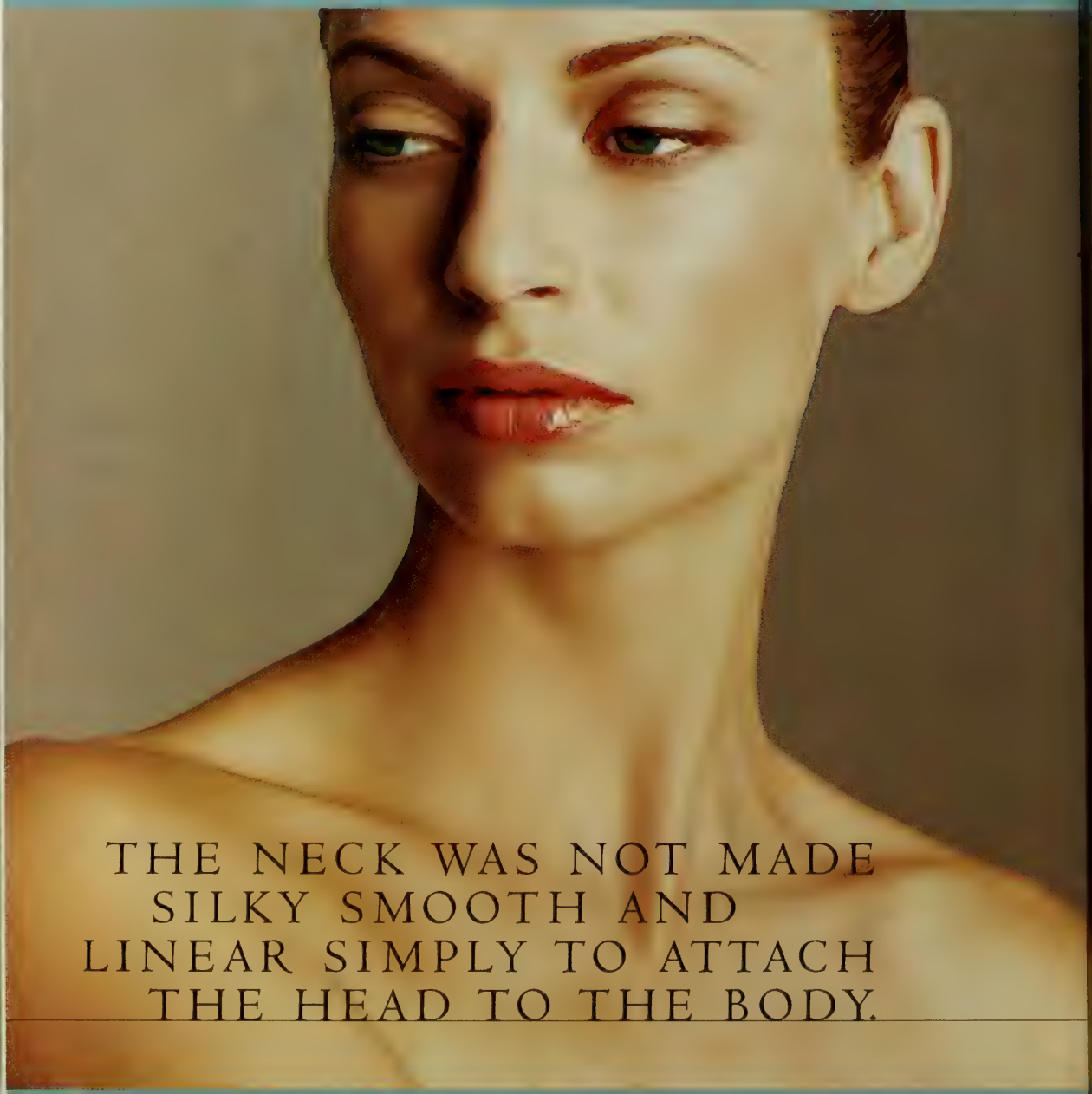
Attraction of opposites just doesn't cover it, because they are more twins than opposites

turn passage to those downtown board rooms whose occupants he so offende back when he was a brokerage-raidin perp-walking U.S. attorney. Mr. Giulian doesn't have much time for pets; Mrs Clinton edited a cringe-inducing book o kids' letters to Socks and Buddy. Where they don't make a perfect fit, they have gaps that truly suggest they need each other. I hesitate to mention it, but the very words "prosecutor" and "indictment" could at least keep a spark going at the dinner table for years to come.

But let's stay with the breakfast table for now. Recall the stupid and pointless battle that was going on while I was writing this. Some fool in some Brooklyn museum decides to mount yet another exhibition of tapped untalent that upsets the Catholics, or at least upsets their spokesmen or cardinals. Filth! Public money! (Write the ensuing dialogue yourself, or paint it by numbers, or indeed with elephant dung, as we now term it.) Says Rudy: Stay away from this vileness until I can have it torn from the taxpayers' wall. Says the wife of the Leader of the Free World: I wouldn't grace the building with my own presence, and I'm quite sure without viewing the stuff that it's offensive, but I'm not certain that we should penalize the museum. Sensation in a slow season for the press! Hillary blasts Rudy and vice versa! Grow up, comrades. What is this but a low-cholesterol and bran-centered non-event? You CONTINUED ON PAGE 140

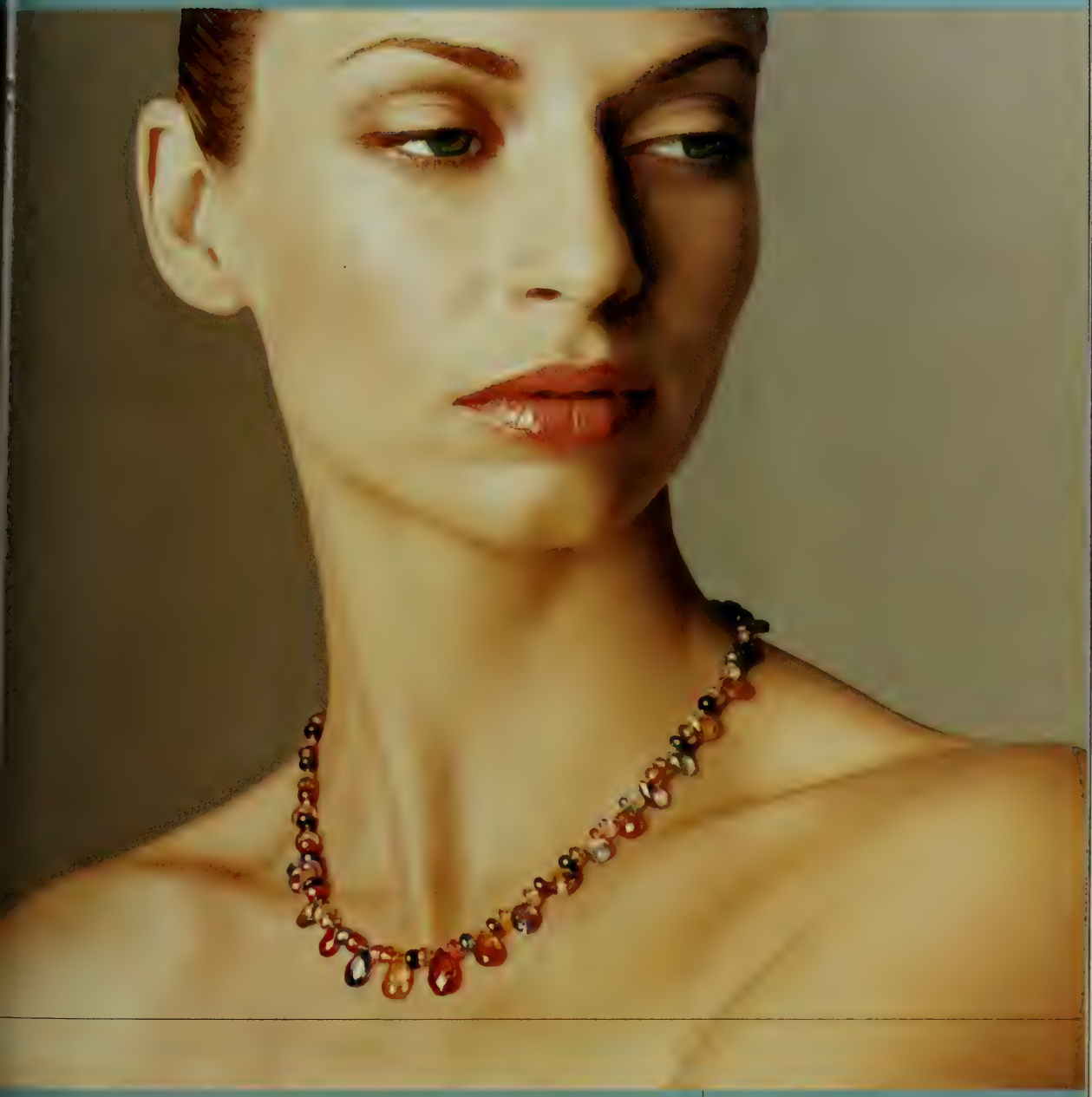
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 110 can just picture it. Husband in Scarsdale throws down the newspaper and says that's it—he's never contributing another penny to a museum he's never supported, and he's never paying another visit to a gallery he'd never heard of until this very morning. Wife says soothingly that he's probably quite right but that it may not be all the gallery's fault, and he's about to miss his train. Can't you just see and hear this Westchester idyll?

Everybody knows that we are looking at two dead-battery marriages here. Yet, in each expired partnership, there is always one who is secretly hungry for love. (Actually, there are probably four partners hungry for love, or at least affection, but the president and Donna Hanover just don't compute as a team.) What an awful waste it seems, that the two most viable survivors should be glaring at each other instead of stealthily smirking. Just ask yourself: What use would either of them be in the Senate? Mrs. Clinton would have to be "collegial" and "bipartisan" with a "deliberative body" nearly half of whose members voted to convict her (first) husband. And she'd have to remember that one electrifying and armpit-igniting moment on the Hill when she pledged universal health care. Mr. Giuliani would be reminded, often not too gently, that he is only one hick in Hicksville, and he wouldn't have the scope (for the indulgence of micro-megalomania) that he had as mayor of the Big City.

In order to determine which one of them gets to waste away in this manner, they have to affect a few courtly and dull disputes about things such as school vouchers. Not really enough to keep the mind and soul alive, is it? Look how tepidly things are tending, and how disagreements more or less have to be confected. Trying to draw the sting from any mention of health care, Hillary patronizingly says that she's now "from the school of smaller steps." What's Rudy to do—say that he feels the same way about jaywalkers? Or—even more of a joke issue when you think about it—her fans complain of the mayor's undue "abrasiveness" while she retains the services of the suave and gallant Harold Ickes. This sham fight has a huge boredom potential that is already beginning to manifest itself. And the dance of the 700 "exploratory" veils, in a race without declared candidates, would deserve to be called foreplay in any other connection.

But together! As a team. As a power couple. I imagine them (or "envision" them, as they would both prefer to say) as the joint stewards of the governorship of New York. Here is a large but essentially empty position—Mario Cuomo was only one of many to demonstrate how you can hold it and grasp it and yet leave it vacant—which cries out for the abolition of loneliness at the top. Together, the one-time Goldwater girl from Illinois and the subverter of Pataki could make the sweetest music since George and Lurleen Wallace formed their Alabama combo. Totally unfit for anything but public life, and extremely reluctant to go back to the practice of law, they could be content in pretending to govern the state, and New Yorkers—of all shades and conditions—could pretend to be governed by them. From Niagara to Viagra in one triumphant bound.

I say nothing about the children, because it's not my way to make war on the innocent, but we can at the very least be pretty sure that there wouldn't be any more of them. Also that the existent one wouldn't be offered up, or would not consent to be offered up, very much in public. Do not say that this is a small mercy.

Back in those dear lost days, there were two other New York political currents swirling dankly below the surface of the mainstream. There was always some unpolished Italian law-and-order type—one Democratic mayoral candidate in particular I remember named Mario Procaccino—who thought that Frankie Rizzo's tough-guy Cop Land Philadelphia was the way for New York to go. And there was always some overwrought female-victim type who thought that the personal was the political. Now we have a law-and-order Italian who grabs Democratic working-class votes by the bagful, and an overwrought female victim who can't decide whether the personal is political or whether it isn't (and who prays to be given Al Sharpton's endorsement—but not yet, dear Lord, not yet, otherwise she would have mentioned the names of Abner Louima and Amadou Diallo by now).

The other great thing this pair holds in common is a fanatical attachment, at least in theory, to family values. Jake La Motta, on hearing how attractive his new opponent was, once growled, "I dunno. I got a problem: if I should fuck him or fight him." Fiddle with the gender a bit and this is a highly pertinent question for our own Italian stallion and his proud but pettish potential antagonist. How long can he ignore those demure, downcast, and essentially complicit glances? Is he a man or a mouse? Is she a strong woman or a mere flirt?

I see it now. A brave day in the New York spring. Onto the steps of City Hall emerge the blissed-out duo, blinking with astonishment at their own happiness. Snapping in the breeze atop the building are the flags of Illinois, Arkansas, New York, and Palermo. Case-hardened newsmen and lensmen wipe away manly tears. The *New York Post* runs a headline: HEARTLESS COUPLE IN BOTTOMLESS LOVE. Both bride and groom, with snarling grins, affect to see, and share, the joke. Just to think of this scene is to realize how very, truly, madly, deeply *right* it is. Come on, come through, New York, New York. □



The dance of the 700 "exploratory" veils would be called foreplay in any other connection.



WALTZ OF THE POWERS
***Top,* the Clintons dance—without music—on a beach in St. Thomas, January 4, 1998. *Above,* on V-J Day 1995, the rarely-seen-together Giulianis trip the light fantastic.**


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IRON JOHN
Senator John McCain, and dark-horse presid candidate, in the rotu of the Russell Senate Building in Washingto March 4, 1999.

NOTHING LEFT TO FEAR

By now, the heroism of Senator John McCain's five years as a P.O.W. in the "Hanoi Hilton" has become legend. More intriguing, as McCain seeks the Republican presidential nomination, is the way his political near death–the Keating S&L scandal–brought him a new kind of freedom

BY CARL BERNSTEIN

He's not afraid to lead and not afraid to take some hits. He's faced death and survived it. That makes John who he is. I love his story. Yeah, he'd be a great president.

—Senator Bob Kerrey
Democrat of Nebraska

Throughout the spring of 1999, as NATO fought its first war, Captain John S. McCain III (U.S.N., retired) became the most formidable—and credible—armchair general of the post-Vietnam age. He praised Bill Clinton's decision to go to war in support of a moral principle, criticized fellow Republicans for sitting on the fence, told the country, the Congress, and the president that bombing might not be enough—that Clinton had blundered badly by announcing to the world (and to Serb leader

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL O'NEILL


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Slobodan Milošević) that American soldiers would not slog through the Kosovo mud. Perhaps coincidentally, by the time the bombing stopped, McCain had commandeered more free airtime than any other candidate seeking the presidency in 2000. And, to the consternation of young George W. Bush, he continues to do so.

John McCain counts big-time these days. He is chairman of a powerful committee in the Senate, a proven fund-raiser for members of his party, a sought-after expert on defense issues, a sophisticated and influential voice on matters of foreign policy. So are half a dozen other senators who fantasize about running for president. What has set McCain apart, makes him outsize, and keeps him near the top of the list of every TV-talk booker is what he did *before* he got to Congress—and how he has assimilated that experience since. "He's had a *life,*" notes Bill Bradley, the former senator (and fellow presidential aspirant), of whom the same might be said. "I think near-death experience allows you to focus on what's really important, because, you know, you might not be around if you keep waiting for the big moment."

"He's had a *life,*" Bill Bradley says of McCain. "I think near-death experience allows you to focus on what's really important."

Conventional political wisdom holds that the Republican nomination for president is George W. Bush's to lose. He has the money, the name, the big-state governorship, the endorsements, the telegenic looks. But McCain, 63, short, balding, his body bent from the years he spent in solitary confinement in a North Vietnamese prison, is determined to be the political surprise of Campaign 2000. At the very least, he will be the campaign's most unpredictable candidate, with the most extraordinary life story.

McCain, if elected, would be the first president to have spent time in prison—five years—even if that prison was in North Vietnam. The extremity of his maltreatment as a prisoner of war in a Hanoi jail, it could be argued, made him what he is today—he cannot even raise his arms high enough to comb his hair. But on a sweltering summer afternoon when I meet him in his Senate office, there is no bitterness about him.

On first impression, you feel yourself in the presence of a *person,* not a persona, as he greets you with his signature "pal" ("How ya doin', pal?"). A physically unprepossessing man in a wrinkled suit and Gucci loafers, he looks for all the world like a half-made bed. But he talks with animation, even on a day when all the ugliness of millennial America's politics is in fetid bloom in Washington, enveloping the capital in a swamp gas of intolerance, corporate lobbying, and legislative inertia. The most promising campaign-finance reform bill in a generation has just been put to death in the Senate, where a proposal to regulate the tobacco industry had also been killed recently—by senators bankrolled by campaign contributions from Big Tobacco. McCain sponsored both initiatives.

In the meantime, the leader of his party in the Senate, Trent Lott of Mississippi, has been refighting the culture wars, training his sights on gay people, declaring them "sinful." This, says McCain, is not where he wants his party to be. American war hero and eternal optimist, McCain is about as down as he gets. Yet he doesn't convey the feeling of a man depressed or grappling with failure, even when he says, "Nothing positive is getting done in this town. Everything is about tearing down something or somebody." He seems worried less about himself than about his dejected staff.

He's not, in fact, a man given to self-doubt. "Both tobacco and campaign-finance reform are going to happen," he tells me, and makes clear that he expects to lead the final charge, whether from the White House or the Senate. (In October he failed again when the Senate was unable to pass a slightly modified campaign-finance bill.) But what's actually on his mind is as unexpected, as unpredictable, as the man himself: his dying friend, Mo Udall, the former Democratic congressman from Arizona and quixotic candidate for the 1976 presidential nomination. Udall is wasting away with Parkinson's disease in a V.A. hospital, where McCain is his only regular congressional visitor. (Udall died last December.) "For the first time in maybe two years," McCain says, "I thought he recognized me. I said, 'Hey, Mo . . . Mo . . . ' and I saw his eyes opening, and then within 10 seconds his eyes closed again. So you don't know." One senses that McCain, who for years lived in a dark, lonely box, knows something of what it's like to feel abandoned, a hopeless case, a lost cause.

On most political issues, he is a down-the-line conservative, and he supported every clause of Newt Gingrich's Contract with America—"a political troglodyte," the writer Garry Wills calls him. But he has an agenda, personal and political, which, l Barry Goldwater's in his later years, c founds easy categories. For a Republic (or possibly just for a politician), he h staked out some very interesting territory

His circle of ardent admirers, wi indeed, is no easier to predict. Includ would be Henry Kissinger ("In my mi he would make a good president," s Kissinger, who recently co-hosted a glitt New York book party for McCain), Nan Reagan, Gary Hart, Colin Powell, Mi Wallace, Bill Cohen, Phil Gramm (his cl est friend in the Senate), Brent Scowcr Barry Diller, Zbigniew Brzezinski, B Dole (who put himself into hot water home by telling *The New York Times* th he'd wanted to contribute to McCain's ca paign, despite his wife's presidential ca didacy), a fawning Washington press cor even Warren Beatty—who, before toyi with the idea of his own candidacy, ga a small Hollywood dinn for McCain. "He strik me as a person of uni peachable integrity," Bea tells me. "He's the kind man you want in pub life. I'm not a conservati If I were to support Jo McCain, it would probab do him more harm tha good. But I think he's a hell of a guy."

To the consternation of some Repub can senators, McCain often sings his own tune, and not always to co structive effect. He has a temper that h led to famous shouting matches in t Senate cloakroom, and he has famous put his foot in his mouth: last year he to a Chelsea Clinton "joke" so tasteless th his friends wondered what part of his so it came from. "Tenacious" seems to b the polite adjective used by those wh have opposed him, "principled" the ch sen description by allies.

"I've always had a pretty good ide about how to define something as t whether it's right or wrong," McCain say "I don't mean that I'm better or wor than anybody else. I just mean that whe I see an issue and think about it and tal to people, I do generally have the abili to know what's the right course of actio even if it may not be what the majorit wants. So I have a certain amount of co fidence that I don't have to have a majo ity opinion on my side."

"He can piss off some of his fello senators," says Tom Korologos, a dean c the Republican lobbying establishmen and a good friend. To wit: McCain mai tains a "pork" Web site which once ha an image of a pig rolling a barrel fille with money. The CONTINUED ON PAGE 1



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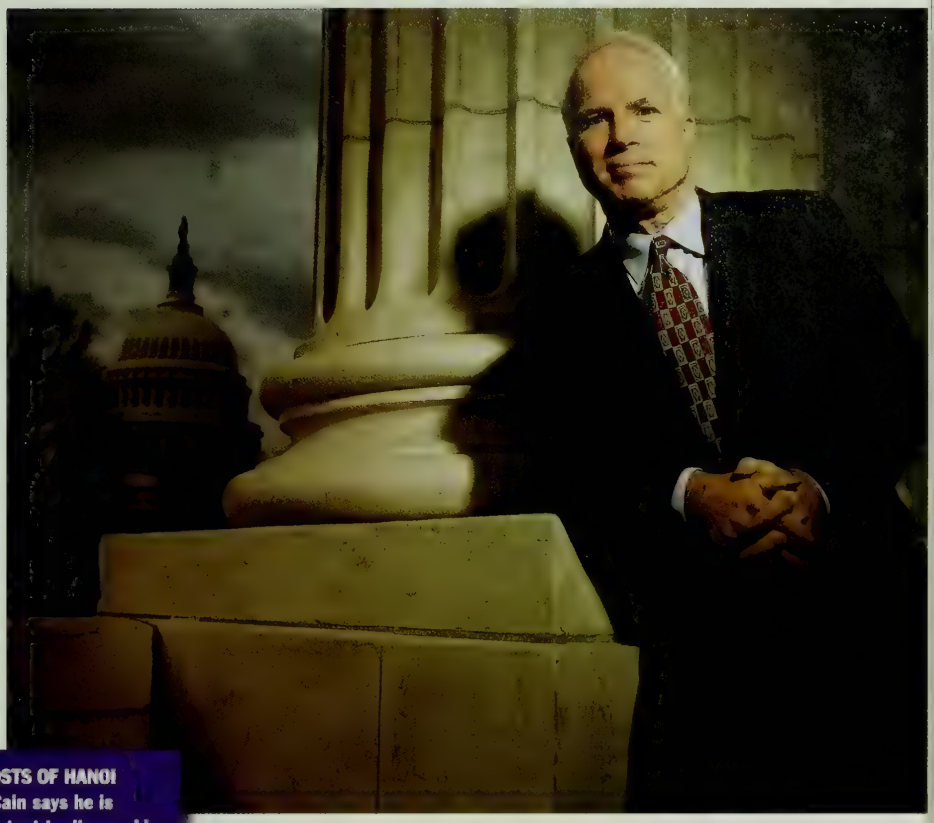
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 146 site is dedicated to listing home-state projects of dubious merit that members of Congress slip into appropriations bills.

McCain established his independent streak early in his congressional career. In 1983, during his first term as a member of the House of Representatives, he voted against stationing American troops in Lebanon—a difficult decision for a former military man with a warm personal relationship with President Reagan. One month later, the Marine barracks in Beirut was blown up by suicide bombers, killing 241 American servicemen.

He seems remarkably at ease with himself. "I can't be anything other than what I am. I have my warts and I wear some of them. I see myself as different because I've had different life experiences—and I don't mean that as a criticism of others."

When, I wonder, did he first get that sense of himself?

"Probably when I was in prison. I was confronted with challenges all the time in prison. By the Vietnamese: 'Write this. Do that. Nobody will know. Accept early release'—that was probably one of the seminal events in my life. We can talk about it if you want to hear about it, because this really"—McCain's voice becomes almost inaudible—"was not an easy one."



GHOSTS OF HANOI McCain says he is reluctant to discuss his years as a P.O.W. in Vietnam, but his story routinely moves audiences to tears.

"Nothing positive is getting done in this town. Everything is about tearing down something."

When John Sidney McCain III was born, in 1936, there was little question that this grandson of an admiral and son of an admiral would attend the Naval Academy. At Episcopal High, the prep school across the Potomac from Washington, he seemed like anything but a clean-cut prospect for the academy. Fixated on women, as he would be for much of his life, McCain once managed to get arrested for shouting "Shove it up your ass!" at two older girls who judged his attempt to pick them up somewhat crude. McCain was "a hard-rock kind of guy, a tough, mean little fucker," according to an Episcopal classmate quoted in *The Nightingale's Song,* a book written by fellow Annapolis graduate and Vietnam veteran Robert Timberg. The book, about five graduates of the Naval Academy—McCain, Oliver North, John Poindexter, James Webb, and Robert McFarlane—is a generational classic and an indispensable source of material on McCain's life.

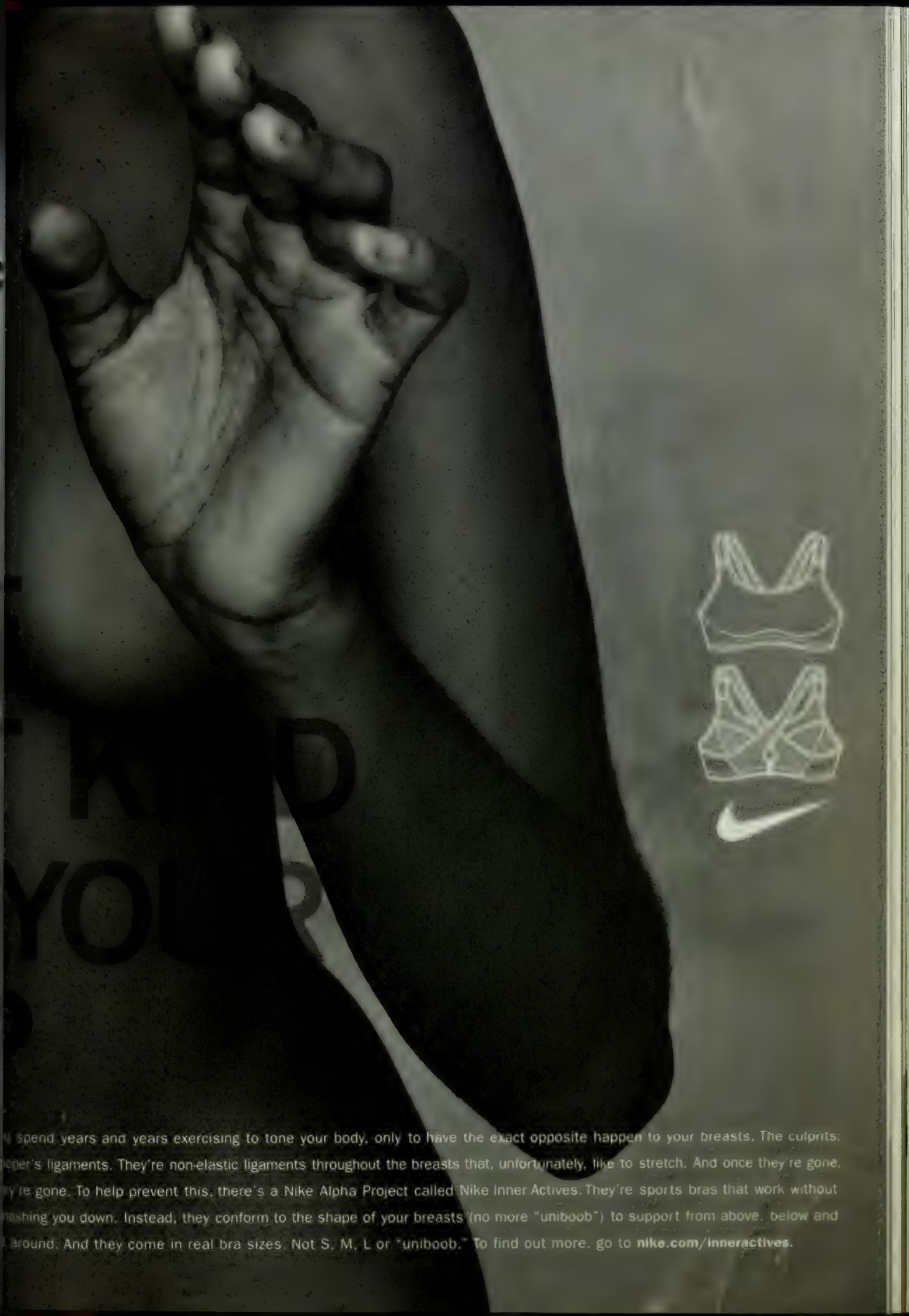
John's father, John Sidney "Jack" McCain Jr. (Annapolis '31), had been a submarine commander in World War II and was, despite his diminutive size, a larger-than-life figure—a blood-and-guts, cigar-chomping military man. His grandfather Admiral John Sidney "Slew" McCain (Annapolis '06) died four days after witnessing the surrender of the Japanese aboard the battleship *Missouri.* Like many children whose navy fathers were off at sea, McCain, his older sister, Sandy, and his younger brother, Joe, were raised largely by their mother, Roberta, a former homecoming queen renowned for her beauty and brains; today, at 87, she is a Washington doyenne.

After the war, McCain's father became chief of the navy's legislative-affairs office. In this liaison job, he cultivated relationships with congressmen—especially the powerful chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, Carl Vinson of Georgia. But, according to his son, "if you'd have asked him, 'What do you think about minimum wage?' or any issue outside of the navy, he wouldn't have had a clue." This was the navy culture of Herman Wouk's *The Winds of War.* "They were insular," McCain says of his father's friends. "They all knew each other because they all went to the Naval Academy. Their whole lives were wrapped up in that circle."

As for John McCain III's years at Annapolis, "I hated the place, and in fairness the place wasn't all that fond of me either," he has written in his memoir, *Faith of My Fathers,* published in September. As Timberg notes in his book, McCain was a mess—"shoes unshined, late for formation, talking in ranks, room in disorder, gear improperly stowed." He devoured literature which had nothing to do with his coursework, but "I was adept at cramming for exams, and blessed with friends who did not seem to mind too much my requests for urgent tutorials." He was a jock and—as he acknowledges today—"a wild one" who developed a reputation for escorting one beautiful woman after another off campus. He and his fellow Annapolis revelers were known as "the Bad Bunch."

Always on the edge of flunking out, McCain finished fifth from last in his class. Poindexter—the future national-security adviser—finished first. After graduation, McCain went out of his way to choose a naval career that was as different from his father's as imaginable. "Actually," he says, "I wanted to be a navy pilot, because I thought it was a pretty exciting life. I wasn't interested in being on a destroyer or a battleship or a submarine. I thought being a


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spend years and years exercising to tone your body, only to have the exact opposite happen to your breasts. The culprits:
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...ator would be a lot of fun. But that was the extent of my ambitions. It was not to reach higher rank or to advance up the ladder. I just thought it would be a great life, and it turned out indeed it was."

But it was also extremely hazardous. Flight school at Pensacola was a riot of hard playing for the young flier, whose Corvette was most likely to be found parked by a beach or at Trader John's, a strip bar. He dated a dancer nicknamed "Marie, the Flame of Florida" before moving on to advanced flight training in Corpus Christi, where his carousing and womanizing evidently took a toll on his flying. He found himself literally underwater after his training jet stalled and he couldn't make land. Knocked out as his plane smacked into Corpus Christi Bay, he regained consciousness on the bottom and struggled to the surface. While deployed in the Mediterranean in the early 1960s, he hit some power lines while flying too low over Spain. "I liked the squadron life," he recalls. "We'd be in port for a week, 10 days. I was single. I mean, it was wonderful. I was embarrassed to take my paycheck."

McCain also renewed a friendship with Carol Shepp, a divorced mother of two who had been married to one of his Annapolis classmates. A tall, attractive former model, she was exactly what McCain's friends agreed he needed—someone smoother around the edges than he but full of life. In July 1965 they were married. That fall he was flying back to Norfolk solo when the engine of his plane failed and he had to bail out just before it plowed into a tidal stand of trees. It was his third accident, but, miraculously, he floated onto a deserted beach with only minor injuries.

Undeterred, he took his work more seriously and began steeling himself for Vietnam. In 1966, McCain was sent to Yankee Station in the Gulf of Tonkin at a moment when the air war against North Vietnam was intensifying. His first combat missions were flown solo in an A-4 Skyhawk carrying 500- and 1,000-pound bombs. Each flight off the deck of the U.S.S. *Forrestal* was an hour of sheer excitement and unspeakable terror. "The trick is to control fear," he explains. "You know, you should be afraid. You'd be crazy not to be. But the fear can help you because it heightens your awareness, it heightens your senses. But it's also exhilarating. When a surface-to-air missile misses you, you know, you're afraid. When you drop your bombs on the target and get back, you feel great."

On the flight line of the U.S.S. *Forrestal,* he barely survived one of the most harrowing accidents in naval history. An air-to-ground Zuni rocket meant to take out antiaircraft batteries accidentally fired on the deck and struck the fuel tank of his fighter jet. Initially trapped in his cockpit, the carrier deck a vast hell of flames, he managed to get out, jump into the inferno, and roll to the opposite side of the deck. "All around me," McCain later wrote, "was mayhem." He took some shrapnel in his chest and thighs as more ordnance fired, but tried to help more seriously injured personnel. It took a day for sailors to put out the raging fires. Ultimately, 134 men died, hundreds were injured, and 29 planes were lost.

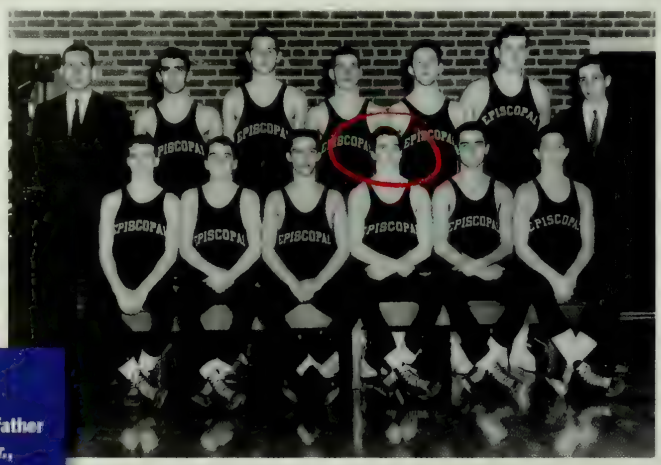
Less than three months later, with 22 missions under his belt, John McCain took off for Hanoi, which was heavily defended against air attack. His target: the North Vietnamese capital's power plant. As McCain neared the target, surface-to-air missiles seemed to come at him from eve... direction. He went in low and let loose ... bombs. As he pulled up, a SAM sheared ... his plane's right wing. He pulled the ej... apparatus and—still in his seat—was p... pelled into the sky by small rockets. ... was immediately knocked unconscio... and came to as his chute put him do... in a small lake in the middle of Han... His arms were grotesquely broken fr... the force of the ejection; a knee was al... broken. Somehow, he got his mouth ont... toggle on his vest, pulled it with his tee... and, as the vest filled with air, struggled ... the surface. He was rescued by Vietna... ese, who dragged him back to shore.

A murderous crowd awaited him. Som... one in uniform bayoneted him in the ank... and then in the groin. A rifle butt smashe... his shoulder. His clothes were ripped of... He saw that his right leg was horribly co... torted—bent almost at a right angle, wit... the bone protruding. Some in the enrage... crowd tried to pull his attackers away. M... Cain would not forget that, nor the pain ... the short ride in the back of a truck t... North Vietnam's main P.O.W. penitentiary... Hoa Lo prison—the Hanoi Hilton, as th... Americans would come to call it.

Beaten, kicked, refused medical trea... ment, left on the floor of his cell, McCai... knew that he was going to die. He pleac... ed in vain to be taken to a hospital. The... a prison official—"the Bug," as the prison... ers called him—entered. "Your father is ... big admiral," he announced. "Now we tak... you to the hospital." There, without anes... thesia, a doctor mis-set one broken arm... and ignored the other entirely.

McCain's father—who then commanded... U.S. naval forces in Europe and who would... later assume command of American naval...







THE SON ALSO RISES
From left: **McCain in the arms of his grandfather John Sidney McCain Sr., 1936; senior year at Episcopal High School; as a midshipman at the U.S. Naval Academy, 1956.**

"The trick is to control fear," McCain says of his harrowing experience as a fighter pilot. "The fear can help you."

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forces in the Pacific theater, including Vietnam - had, in effect, saved his life. Now his father's position made his existence a living hell: he was a prized prisoner, and the Vietnamese were determined that he should "confess" or make anti-war statements. The pressure on McCain (whose weight had dropped to 100 pounds) was constant. The carrot dangled in front of him was early release; the stick, a cycle of isolation and brutality. (Under the American military's Code of Conduct, P.O.W.'s are prohibited from accepting parole or other favors from the enemy. In Vietnam, American prisoners generally felt that an exception could be made for seriously ill or injured prisoners.)

Unexpectedly, in his eighth month of captivity, McCain was called before "the Cat," the commander of the Hanoi prison system, and asked if he wanted to be released. No, McCain said. By this time McCain doubted that he could survive for another year. Later, he was led into a room where the camp commander, a deputy, and 10 guards demanded that he confess his "crimes." McCain refused. Told he was guilty of "black crimes," he was beaten with such savagery that several ribs were broken, some of his teeth knocked out, and his injured leg battered anew. Then ropes were tied to his disfigured arms and tightened behind his back until the pain was unbearable. For the next several days, he was beaten repeatedly and told to confess. Collapsing to the cement floor from a fist in the face, he broke his arm again on a bucket that was his toilet. Again, the torture ropes were administered. After each beating, he slipped in and out of consciousness, lying in his own waste, given no water. After a week he could take no more. "Fearing the close approach of my moment of dishonor," McCain writes in his memoir, he tried to hang himself with his shirt. "Every man has a breaking point," he wrote. "I had reached mine."

He worked on a "confession," using stilted Communist jargon, elemental misspellings, and obvious grammatical errors that would indicate coercion. But after a 12-hour interrogation, McCain was made to sign a statement which said, "I am a black criminal and I have performed deeds of an air pirate. I almost died, and the Vietnamese people saved my life."

Signing that confession, McCain says today, was the worst experience of his life. He insists that he still feels remorse for failing to hold out. "I'll never get over it," he says.

During the years of imprisonment that followed—most of them in solitary confinement—McCain was notoriously combative. He worked to rebuild himself physically and mentally. His arms could not be extended fully, yet each day he did sit-ups, push-ups, and ran in place. At the "university" that P.O.W.'s established to keep themselves occupied, McCain taught a social-studies class that he modestly called "The History of the World from the Beginning."

Fragments of information from newly arrived P.O.W.'s would circulate through the camps. "I knew there was that anti-war element in American society," McCain says. "I respected their right to do it, so I didn't have any anger about it. But I had no appreciation of the magnitude of it. Every cell had a loudspeaker, and they played anti-war stuff over the loudspeaker—a lot of anti-war speeches, a lot of tapes from the anti-war demonstrations. But you thought it wasn't true, because they lied about everything else."

In April 1972, President Nixon ended an almost four-year-long pause in the bombing over North Vietnam. McCain didn't know it, but his father, who each Christmas would travel as far north of Saigon as possible to be nearer his imprisoned son, had issued the orders to send bombers over Hanoi. The bombing, cheered by the P.O.W.'s, finally ended on December 30, and on January 23, 1973, Nixon announced an agreement to end direct American involvement in the war. When Secretary of State Henry Kissinger went to North Vietnam to implement the final treaty, he was told by the Communist leaders that he could take one man back home with him: John McCain. He refused, and McCain later thanked him profusely.

Ropes were tied to McCain's disfigured arms and tightened behind his back until the pain was unbearable.

Perhaps the most interesting question about McCain is, How did he come to his forgiveness?

—Gloria Emerson,
Vietnam war correspondent.

On March 14, 1973, McCain, a hero returning, was greeted at Clark Air Base by the admiral who had succeeded his father as commander of Pacific forces. McCain and his fellow P.O.W.'s would be honored at the White House (a widely printed photo showed McCain, white-haired at 36, leaning on his crutches and shaking hands with Richard Nixon), presented with keys to cities, given parades, and required to digest a lot. "Everything had changed," he says. "From the clo ing styles to the sexual revolution to kind of cynicism about government a disillusionment—a certain lack of co dence in America's future."

Always a voracious reader, McCain n set out to understand what had happen while he was gone. First, however, he wr an article for *U.S. News & World Rep* which both enhanced his celebrity a distinguished him from most of his low ex-prisoners in one important respe Though expressing anger at the North V namese, McCain seemed to harbor alm no ill will toward Americans who had posed the war. The more he read, the m he thought that America's political a military leaders had served the coun badly. The Pentagon Papers—the sec study of Vietnam decision-making—co vinced him that the generals and admira including his father, had lo known that the war was unw nable unless the United Sta was willing to bomb millions Vietnamese civilians to death. believed that the military lead ship should have resigned.

Today, McCain often spea of the duty to follow his co science in politics, rather tha polls or party discipline. This, he say comes from having escaped death and b coming "more aware of the transience everything we do." Friends, family, and f low senators sense that McCain lives eve day as if it were extra time granted by grac

His path would not be smooth, howeve "Serious mistakes and doing the wro things" is the way McCain puts First, there was his marriage, which b trashed in spectacular fashion. "I w bear the guilt of our divorce as long as live," he says. Unbeknownst to him, Ca ol had been in a car accident on Chris mas Eve 1969. Her legs were crushed. Sh broke her pelvis and her arm, and he spleen was ruptured. Hospitalized for s months, she underwent 23 operation over the next two years, and to this da has a limp. When they were reunite both McCains were on crutches.

Carol McCain, who went to work i the Reagan White House and who sti lives in Washington, has insisted that the breakup "was not caused by my accide or Vietnam or any of those things. I don know that it might not have happened John had never been gone. I attribute more to John turning 40 and wanting t be 25 again than I do to anything else."

"I was responsible for it," McCai says. "The fact that it happened the way happened . . . the fact that she had bee loyal and faithful and wonderful all th

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years I was gone. . . . Look, you can't find a much worse guy than me."

McCain moved to Washington in 1977 to become director of the navy's Office of Legislative Affairs in the Senate. Marine Corps commandant General Jim Jones, who was his deputy there, says, "It was clear that even in those days as a navy captain he was a personality in the Senate, a very charismatic person. He was a war hero." Senators were honored to have their pictures taken with him. McCain used his position to win significant gains for the navy over the other services. "All roads to the Congress went through John McCain," says Jones.

his nomination to be secretary of defense during the Bush administration—but McCain saw Tower as a model. In the Senate, McCain would later carve out influence and power for himself in the same areas as Tower: defense, national security, and economics. (Today, McCain is chairman of the Commerce Committee.)

His relationship with Tower also contributed to his chilly view of the tail that wags the Republican dog these days in Washington—the far-right ideologues (though he usually votes with them on major issues). "It was the far right that started that lynching," he says of Tower's Senate rejection, striking a rare note of bitterness.

when they took out a marriage licens[e] in May 1980 did they learn the truth.

That year, McCain began talking [w]ith his friend Maine senator Bill Cohen ab[out] running for Congress in Arizona. His in[-]tience may have been related to his rea[l]-tion that, unlike his father and grandfath[er] the only father-and-son pair ever to h[old] four-star rank—he was unlikely to make [ad]miral. A promotions board had turned [him] down once; a sea command hadn't ma[te]-alized; his physicals were lousy; and a[m] too much of the swashbuckling, devil-m[ay]-care John McCain still showed, as [Gen.] Jones recounts: "I came into work one [day] and he was banged up even more—his a[rm]







TOP GUN
McCain, right, in front of a T-2 Buckeye plane in Meridian, Mississippi, 1966; his release from prison in Hanoi, March 14, 1973; President Nixon greeting him in Washington, D.C., May 24, 1973.

"Every man has a breaking point," McCain wrote of his torture-induced confession. "I had reached mine."

McCain's urge to understand the world that prison had kept him from more than balanced his desire to defend his "side" of the war. Though they agreed on little politically, he became close friends with Senator Gary Hart, who had been a leader of the anti-war movement and had served as campaign manager for George McGovern during his failed presidential race against Richard Nixon. He also established friendships that would yield political dividends in the future. Of all these relationships, none proved deeper or would pay off more bounteously for the navy than the one with the late senator John Tower of Texas, the ranking Republican on the Armed Services Committee, who came to look upon McCain as the son he never had.

McCain served as Tower's military escort on numerous foreign trips and became an eager student. Tower was an Anglophile, an internationalist, and a defense intellectual who thought in more global terms than many Republicans of his day. He also had a drinking problem—it figured heavily in the Senate's rejection of

Indeed, the allegations of drunkenness and sexual impropriety were first made by members of the Christian right, who despised Tower because of his pro-choice record on abortion, one issue on which McCain has taken a position different from that of his mentor.

In 1979, during a Hawaii stopover on a congressional junket to China, McCain (who was separated from Carol) saw Cindy Hensley of Phoenix across a room at a reception. Attracted by her blond, all-American good looks (even today she looks like a Sunbelt cheerleader), he promptly introduced himself. As it turned out, she was as rich as she was beautiful. Her father, an air-force pilot in World War II, owned the fifth-largest beer distributorship in the United States. Cindy, despite her country-club background, had majored in special education and taught the disabled children of migrant farmworkers. At 25, she was 17 years younger than McCain. She told McCain she was 28, while he subtracted four years from his age. Only

was in a sling, bandages on his face, and [it] took me a while to pry out what had ha[p]pened to him. He had gone flying in an [ul]tralight—and he crashed. Now, my questi[on] to him was: 'You've been shot down—y[ou] know what that's like. . . . You've been ca[p]tured. . . . You've been tortured, and eve[ry]thing else. Why in the world would y[ou] want to get back up in a single-engine ult[ra]light airplane, knowing that there's nothi[ng] good that's going to come of it?' And [he] didn't have an answer."

McCain retired from the navy in 198[1] immediately moved to Phoenix with Ci[n]dy; knocked on 20,000 Republican doo[rs] often in 100-plus-degree heat; won th[e] primary for a House seat unexpectedly v[a]cated by the retirement of former minori[ty] leader John Rhodes; swept through th[e] general election; and in January 1983 r[e]turned to Washington as Congressma[n] John McCain. He laughed at the carpe[t]bagger charge that had dogged hi[m] throughout the campaign ("I got lost o[n] the way to my own rallies"). Ultimatel[y] it proved to be his CONTINUED ON PAGE 1

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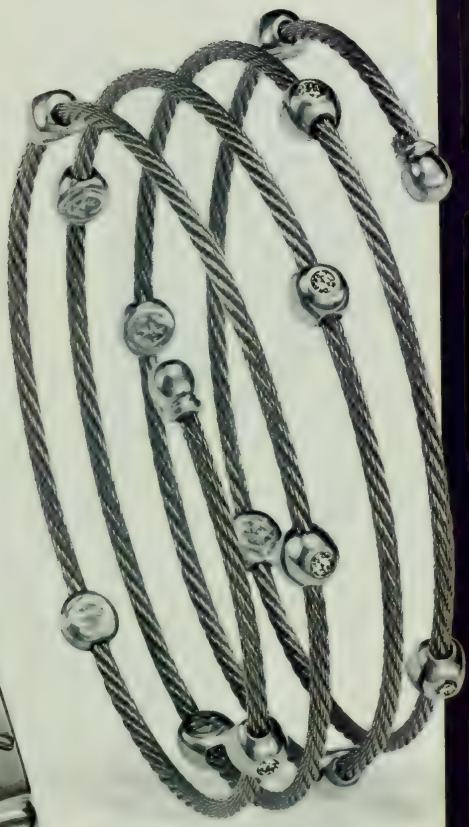
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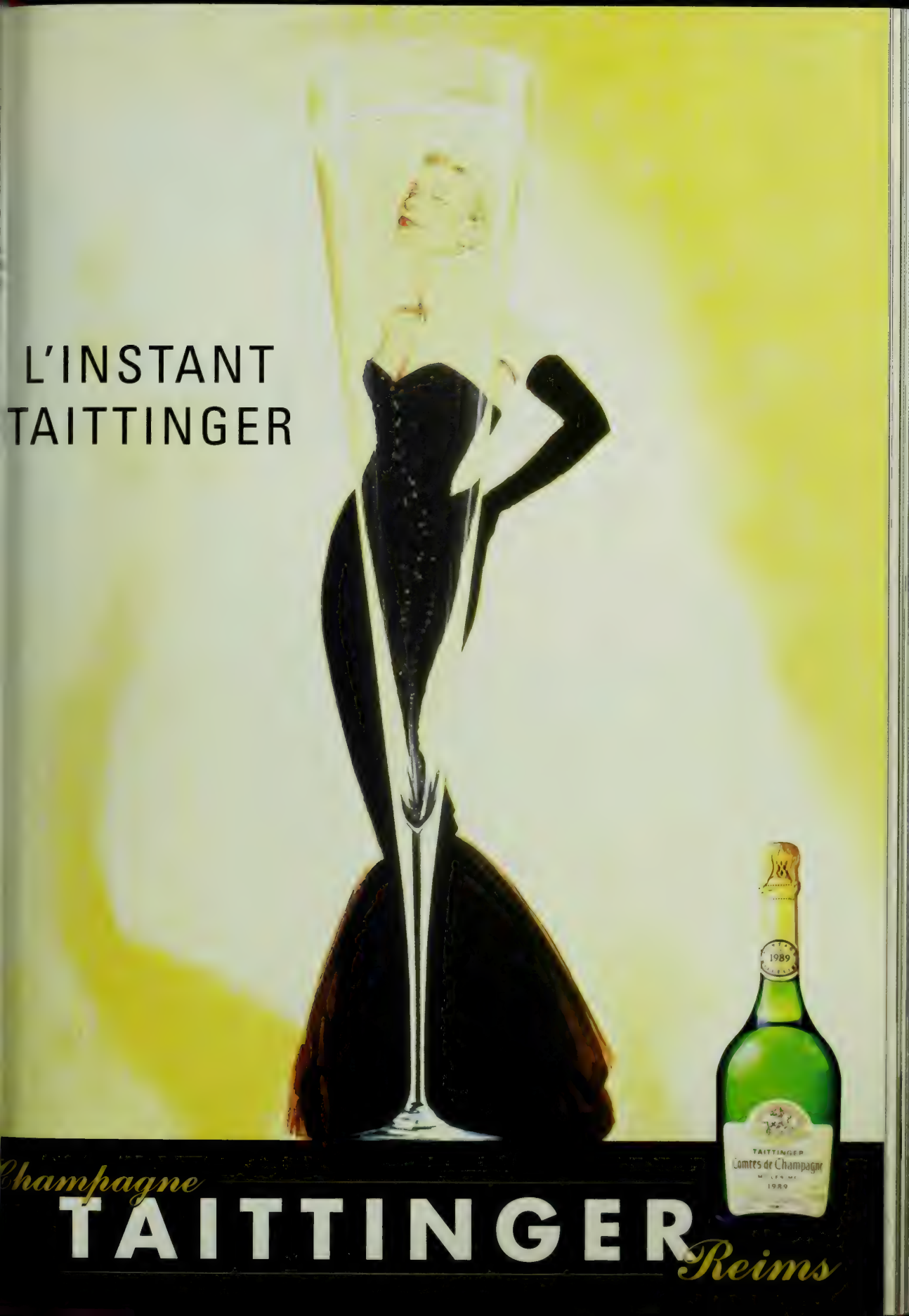
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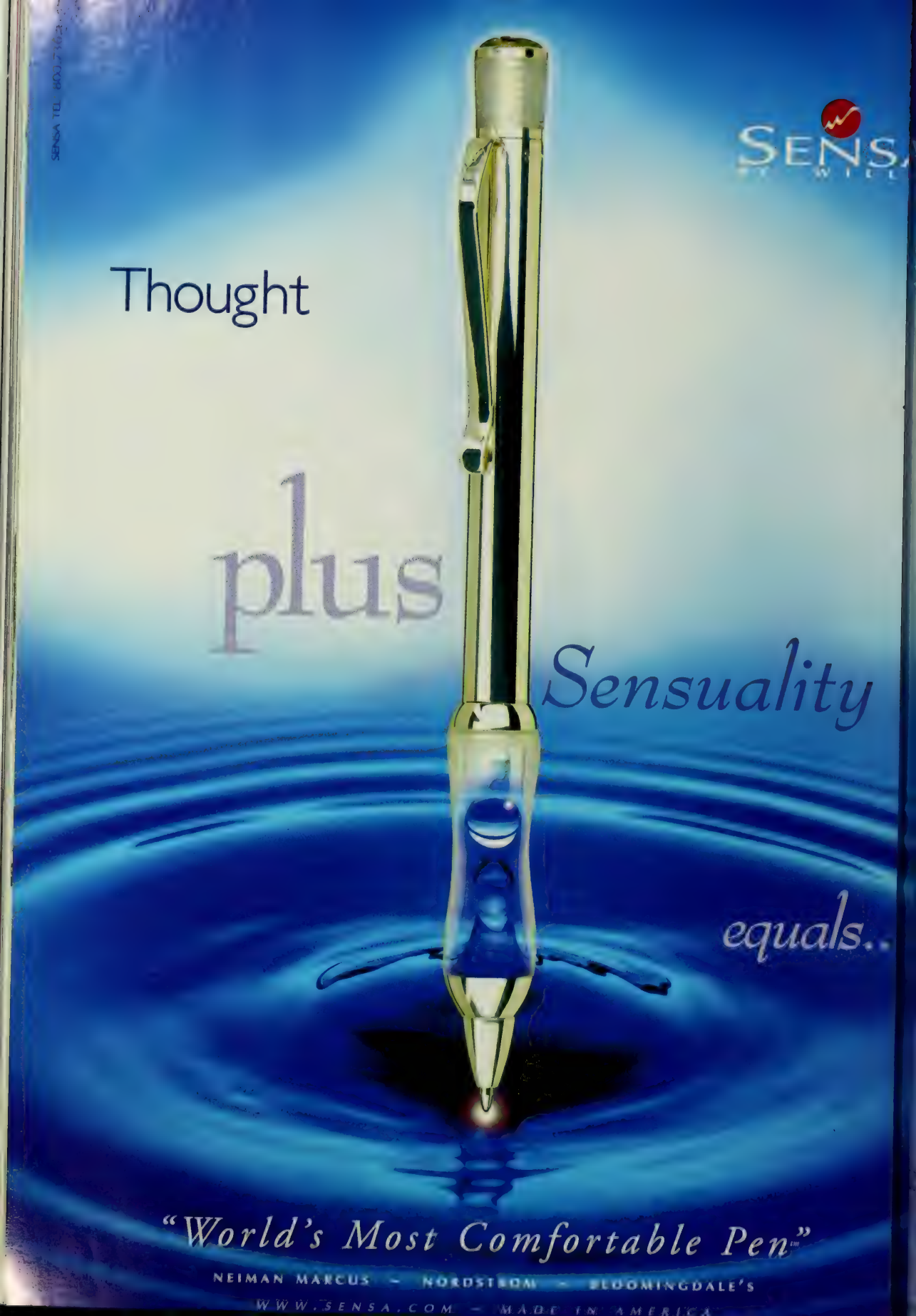
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 158 trump card. "Listen, pal," became his typical response to a hostile question. "We in the service tend to move a lot . . . I wish I could have had the luxury of spending my entire life in a nice place like the First District of Arizona, but I was doing other things. When I think about it now, the place I lived the longest was Hanoi."

On the night of his election, McCain was already talking about running for the Senate in 1986, and his celebrity got him elected president of the G.O.P. freshman class. A month after his 1984 reelection, with a landslide 78 percent of the vote, he had been invited to Hanoi by Walter Cronkite, for a CBS special on the war's end. The trip was one of the most significant events of McCain's emotional life, a reckoning. On the shore of the lake where he had been pulled from the water in 1967, he and Cronkite inspected a statue commemorating his capture: McCain carved in stone, on his knees with his hands in the air, identified on an accompanying inscription as "McCan [*sic*] . . . the famous air pirate."

To his amazement, he was treated kindly by Hanoi's ordinary citizens, who reinforced his urge to reach across the war's dividing lines. He met with General Vo Nguyen Giap, architect of the war against the Americans. At the end of their conversation, Giap suddenly said, "You were honorable," speaking not just of McCain but also of the other Americans who had fought in the war. "Coming from him, that meant something," McCain says. Much to the chagrin of many Republicans, in 1995 he would back President Clinton's decision to resume normal relations with Vietnam, providing invaluable political cover to a president who had evaded the draft during the war.

In the meantime, McCain's political good luck showed no signs of abating. On March 18, 1985, Arizona's governor, Democrat Bruce Babbitt, announced that he would not seek the Senate seat being vacated by Barry Goldwater's retirement. It was a message from political heaven, and McCain was on the next plane to Phoenix to proclaim his candidacy. After being elected with 60 percent of the vote, he was frequently mentioned as a vice-presidential possibility. On October 7, 1989, he won his biggest legislative victory, bucking the leadership of both parties and forcing through the Senate a repeal of increased Medicare rates.

The next day, flying higher than he'd ever before ascended in the political stratosphere, McCain went down in flames for the fifth time. That morning, newspapers reported that McCain had received more than $112,000 in campaign contributions from one Charles Keating, including $54,000 for his Senate campaign. Between 1984 and 1986, the press noted, the McCain family had spent vacations in a Bahamian house owned by Keating, the corrupt owner of a savings-and-loan empire which had wiped out the life savings of its investors, many of them elderly retirees, and had ultimately cost taxpayers $3 billion.

In return for his largesse, Keating expected McCain and four other senators he had courted—John Glenn of Ohio, Donald Riegle of Michigan, Dennis DeConcini of Arizona, and Alan Cranston of California—to protect him from federal banking regulators. Twice in 1987 the senators met with Keating to discuss his complaints. The next three years—during which McCain was invariably referred to in the media as "one of the Keating Five"—were, he would later say, worse than the five he spent in prison in Vietnam. In fact, efforts on Keating's behalf by Glenn and McCain were perfunctory at best. When Keating showed up in McCain's office, clearly expecting a quid pro quo, McCain later testified, he threw him out.

Upon meeting McCain after the war, Vietnamese general Vo Nguyen Giap said, "You were honorable."

The Ethics Committee investigation lasted 14 months. Polls showed that almost half of Arizona's voters wanted McCain to resign. McCain, the only Republican among the five, was a "political hostage," the committee's senior Republican member, Warren Rudman, insists. The committee's counsel urged in his report that all charges against McCain be dropped. In the committee's final report, McCain and Glenn received only mild rebukes for using "poor judgment," but the ordeal devastated McCain.

He wasn't the only family member to crash and burn in those years. Cindy, by then the mother of four, was exposed in the Arizona press as a painkiller addict. She was also accused of stealing Percocet and Vicodin from the pharmacy of the American Voluntary Medical Team, a nonprofit Third World relief organization that she had set up with family funds. She escaped possible criminal prosecution by entering a treatment program as part of a deal with Arizona prosecutors. It had not been a good few years for the McCains.

During the Keating Five experience, McCain had found himself sealed inside a nightmare for the second time in his life, but once again—somewhat to his own surprise—he had survived. Oddly, the experience ensured that he would someday run for president as distinctly his own man. After Keating, he seemed even less concerned about the usual protocols of the Senate and of his own party. "If hypocrisy were gold, the Capitol would be Fort Knox," he said in a particularly impolitic moment. "Some of those guys," he told *Esquire,* referring to his fellow senators, "have they even had lives? What have they done?" He added, "Aw, jeez, this is exactly the kind of thing that gets me into trouble."

But it also wins him affection in the media, particularly among reporters seldom known to cotton to conservative Republicans. In fact, no recent national politician has enjoyed a more favorable—indeed glowing and less skeptical—press than McCain. The reasons for the media's McCain Swoon are simple: his unpredictability, which by now is almost predictable, makes great copy; he is always accessible to reporters, a Washington rarity; and he is a fountain of candor (or, say his critics, a calculated false candor) in a city where almost everybody who counts seems scripted.

Regarding the media swoon, nothing may be more important than the way the post-Keating McCain has bucked his party on the campaign fund-raising system, which works to Republican advantage (as well as to the advantage of every incumbent in Congress, regardless of party). He has also led the fight against the tobacco industry and its hordes of deep-pocketed lobbyists. These are worthy goals for anyone, in the eyes of many reporters, but especially so for a conservative Republican. No wonder there are so many stories about McCain the "maverick," the "political Don Quixote," the "populist." These are the elements in a repetitive media saga—and possible presidential biography—that sounds part John Wayne, part Mr. Smith, part Ike.

McCain is, to use *The Weekly Standard*'s term, "ideologically complicated"—a decided asset in winning Democratic crossover votes if he ever becomes his party's nominee, but a question mark in his bid for the Republican nomination. He was the only Republican senator to vote against the anti-consumer Telecommunications Act. McCain has used his clout as a military man to push for the closing of obsolete military bases (a potential hazard with voters in the New Hampshire primary). He fought to kill the B-2 bomber and to expunge a pet navy project, the Sea Wolf submarine. He

... the United States should pay its ... to the United Nations, and has supported President Clinton on aiding Russia and using the International Monetary Fund to deal with the global financial crisis.

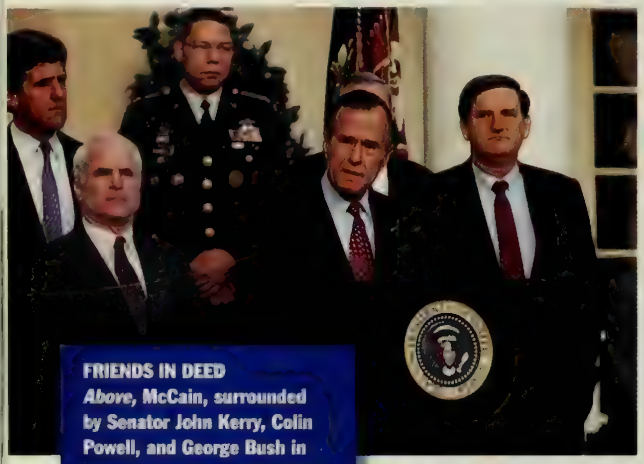
It is easy to forget that, on so-called litmus-test issues, McCain has remained a safe Republican vote distinctly in tune with the hard right of his own party and constituents. He has voted against Clinton's health-care proposals, for all proposals to limit access to abortion, against gun control, against government funding of PBS and the National Endowment for the Arts, against raising the minimum wage, against making Martin Luther King's birthday a holiday. He has expressed support for term limits and constitutional amendments to prohibit flag burning and require balanced federal budgets. His ratings by conservative organizations remain in the 80-to-90-percent bracket.

Although Bob Dole passed over him as his vice-presidential running mate ("John had a lot of assets," Dole told me, "but I had many of the same ones"—hero, senator, less than ideologically pure), McCain's speech putting Dole's name into nomination was the emotional high point of the last Republican convention. Dole and McCain still meet every three or four weeks. "He's a good man—the kind of man I want in a foxhole with me.... He'd be a good president," Dole says, and then adds with a laugh (his wife was still in the race at this point), "He'd be great in Elizabeth's Cabinet ... secretary of defense, secretary of state."

Meanwhile, outside the Beltway, it is anything but hurtful to be known as the Washington politician who says that the political system is up for sale, and who takes on tobacco executives who maintained with straight faces under oath that smoking is not addictive. McCain's main issues campaign-finance reform, school vouchers, regulation of the tobacco industry, a broad critique of the Clinton administration's "ad hoc approach" to foreign-policy and defense questions—have struck a chord with a broad spectrum of Republican voters and local officials. Equally important, he has something of the magnetic aura of a celebrity, with his war story and his name in the news almost every day. Bush campaign strategists have taken note: McCain, they believe, is the only serious threat to their nomination bandwagon.

Traveling with McCain as he barnstormed for Republican congressional candidates late last year, I was constantly struck by the enthusiasm he generates. Partly it's a matter of his enormous energy. He's like a jack-in-the-box, always popping up, always ready to shake a hand or tell a joke. He is almost an anti-celebrity celebrity, genuinely fun to be with. Driven as he is, he never seems to take himself too seriously. He calls himself "the old geezer." He reads two or three books a week—fiction and nonfiction—and his recreational taste is distinctly that of the people who elect him: he's a sports nut. At his "cabin" (a magnificently landscaped seven-acre retreat with a modest log main house and two guesthouses), in the mountains near Sedona, he has a satellite dish programmed to receive every televised football and basketball game in America. On his porch, tending the barbecue, he wears shorts, sneakers, and a ragged T-shirt, and listens to a boom box playing golden oldies from the 1950s.

As with any politician, a lot of what McCain has to say is boilerplate, and he can waffle and fudge with the best of them. But you get the sense that all his years in purgatory have left him with some informing principles that he actually believes in. While flying from Washington to San Francisco, I ask him what makes a great president. "Vision," he replies unhesitatingly—a formula that any Republican might jump at in the post–George Bush 90s years but that from him seems more heartfelt. "I think that every great president ... had a vision of what they wanted the United States and the world to look like.... I don't see how you can have vision unless you have principles.... F.D.R.—he did things that maybe we wouldn't approve of from a pure constitutional standpoint. But he saw World War II coming. He saw the looming threat, and even though the American people might not have been with him he did things necessary to prepare us. And Reagan. I think he had the vision, clearly. I think he was a great man."





FRIENDS IN DEED
***Above*, McCain, surrounded by Senator John Kerry, Colin Powell, and George Bush in Washington, March 10, 1992. *Right*, McCain and his wife, Cindy, with Henry Kissinger in New York, September 8, 1999.**

"If there's a word that probably describes him," McCain says of President Clinton, "it's 'undisciplined.'"

Before the House voted to impeach Bill Clinton, McCain seemed far more concerned about the president's fund-raising abuses than about his relationship with Monica Lewinsky. To my surprise he didn't hesitate to express real admiration for aspects of the Clinton presidency. "He's done a lot of things well. He recognized that he had to move to the center in order to achieve successes—welfare reform, the balanced budget, a long string of issues that he's addressed in a bipartisan fashion.... He deserves enormous credit on management of the economy."

He continues, "The president's greatest strength, in my view, is communicating with the American people. He certainly stands

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up for the poor, for the elderly, for Americans with disabilities, women.... What he wants for America is very laudable." Then McCain launches into a critique of Clinton's penchant for taking polls and elevating "bullshit things" such as school uniforms to policy initiatives. "I don't admire that, even though it works for him politically.... I don't think there's any evil or any hidden agenda or anything malevolent about him.... I've never met a more charming man. If there's a word that probably describes him in the conduct of his foreign policy especially—but also to some degree in domestic policy and in his personal life—it's 'undisciplined.'" He adds, "But no one believes that the president having an affair with an intern and covering it up is a quarter the magnitude of the serious constitutional crisis that occurred during Watergate." Still, McCain voted to convict Clinton on both counts during his Senate trial.

Many details of McCain's foreign-policy critique of the Clinton years (that it is a seat-of-the-pants operation with no controlling philosophy) reflect his frequent conversations with Henry Kissinger, Brent Scowcroft, and Zbigniew Brzezinski—all former national-security advisers—and other pillars of the foreign-policy establishment. McCain regularly consults with various "brain trusts," which include former P.O.W. and current ambassador to Vietnam Pete Peterson, Colin Powell, Andy Grove of Intel, and Dick Notebaert of Ameritech. Ask him what he would do as president on any number of issues and he'll tell you that he would convene the best minds on the subject and then decide what actions to take—not too different from what George W. Bush has been saying.

Of Bush he says, "He understands and is sensitive to the Hispanic issue—perhaps one of the only Republican leaders that really does a magnificent job at it. He's very attractive and he's done a great job as governor. So he's got great credentials, and I think he'd make a fine president." When asked what he offers that Bush doesn't, McCain's answer is carefully crafted: "Probably experience. Probably more in-depth knowledge of the issues. A record of service in many areas." I ask what he means by that. "Well, I mean, I think it's obvious. George Bush was recently elected to office, has had four years as governor of the state of Texas. I've been 16 years in the Congress. Before that, I had service in the military. That's where I think there's some difference in our credentials."

At a luncheon attended by a couple of hundred business leaders in San Francisco, McCain is asked, "Can you think of any reason why you should not be president?" He replies with a typical mix of humility, self-deprecation, and a self-confide deep that it borders on arrogance: think of a number of them. I tell jokes. I've been known to have a ter have been known to not to support iss programs that may be important to primary states.... I also think tha are probably people who are a lot s than I am who may be running. I guy who stood fifth from the bottom class at the Naval Academy. I don't what ever happened to the other think the only thing I bring to the which I know—is I do have a recor of 16 years, and I've always tried to what I thought was the best for the try. And that has guided me.... Th thing I can do is assure people would act on principle."

Earlier, I had asked McCain if h any fear of being president. "No," plied. "The thought's never crosse mind. I think there would be an aw responsibility. I can't think of any it would inspire fear."

McCain may not be a stem-windi ator, but he's a mightily effectiv As he rocks back and forth, seem to vanish from his face whe talking about ideas that engage hi five feet eight, McCain would be sh a modern president. There is an childlike earnestness about him, a determination to win over any dou There is little need for him to rea speeches, because they are all va of The Speech, whose topics shift what but whose overarching theme unchanging. Its essential elements off McCain's assets handsomely: effacing reminder of his military h ("I would point out that it doesn't t lot of talent to get shot down: I was to intercept a surface-to-air missile my own airplane"); a willingness to h ly criticize his own party and Con an expertise on defense and nati security issues; and—thanks to his le ship on the tobacco and campaign-fi issues—an identity as a political who dares take on the Goliaths of l ing and special interests. Each of themes—and his out-in-front stan Kosovo, an issue which Bush mis dled—positions him as a Republica from a different cloth.

At the Reagan Library in Simi V California, where he is escorted t lectern by Nancy Reagan, McCain b a number of audience members to "Many of us who were prisoners o in Hanoi had heard of and admired ernor and Mrs. Reagan," he says. "In pered conversations and taps on ou walls we learned they were personally



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mitted to our well-being and helping us return to the country." In his peroration, McCain heaps more than the usual amount of scorn on Clinton for "squandering" the Reagan legacy in foreign and defense policy and for "debasing" the White House.

At a small dinner after his speech, Nancy Reagan turned to her other dinner partner and said, "Wouldn't it be exciting if he really runs for president?"

Not everybody admires John McCain. "He's a crook and he's a showboat," says Richard Brookhiser of the *National Review.* Arizona is home to a small army of McCain-bashers, and some in the local media cannot fathom the national media swoon for their senator. "Someday, some enterprising [Washington] reporter is going to come to Arizona—or, for that matter, plug McCain's name into a database like Lexis/Nexis—and strike it rich, discovering the 'secret' life of John McCain . . . from nasty to downright sleazy," began a 1997 story in the *Phoenix New Times,* an alternative newspaper.

The basic anti-McCain rap has it that he is a Machiavellian figure who, by cloaking himself in the flag and advocating a couple of neo-populist no-brainers, has gotten away with misrepresenting a relatively reactionary, right-wing record and with obscuring his own moral and ethical lapses. Among their many complaints, his critics assert that:

• He voted against campaign-finance reform in 1987 and 1988—and didn't support the concept until 1990, shortly after the Keating story broke. (True.)

• Despite owning more than $1 million worth of stock (with his wife) in the family Anheuser-Busch distributorship, in 1991 he did not recuse himself from deliberations in which the Commerce Committee refused to take up container-recycling legislation opposed by the beverage industry, including Anheuser-Busch. (McCain, who was not then committee chairman, responds rather lamely that he regarded container recycling as an environmental question.)

• While presenting himself as an environmentalist in speeches and op-ed pieces, he has consistently been ranked near the bottom of the League of Conservation Voters' list of environmentally friendly members of Congress. (McCain maintains that his conservation record, especially in regard to the Grand Canyon and wilderness protection, is admirable.)

• Until he began thinking about national office, he consistently opposed gay rights—to the extent that he spoke at a 1993 fundraiser for Oregon's anti-gay-rights initiative. (McCain produces a copy of his speech, in which he excoriated "the party of Lincoln" for not being nearly inclusive enough—and for ignoring gays, blacks, and the poor.)

In fact, McCain has been all over the place on matters relating to gays, at one point fought legislation barring job discrimination against homosexuals. "He's a one hundred percent anti-gay," Barney Frank, the gay congressman from Massachusetts, told *The New Republic.* "The only difference between him and other conservatives is that he bashes with his votes rather than his rhetoric."

"He's shrewd," one senator says of McCain. "People should never underestimate his shrewdness. His positions, in many instances, are very calculated in terms of media appeal. He's aware of that. It's not the basis of his decisions, but like everybody with ambition, particularly to be president, that is part of the calculus." But this senator (like every other senator I spoke to, Democrat or Republican) sees McCain as a work in progress—sometimes calculating, often open to new ideas, willing to grow politically and personally. "If there's a prevailing Republican view," says a well-connected person who works in the Senate, "it's that a lot of the senators feel he's short of pursuing his own missions without sufficient deference to their important home-state interests. A lot of them are perpetually pissed off because he perpetually tries to take away their pork and get in the way of their bills."

The most common complaint about McCain on Capitol Hill has to do with temperament, not ideology. He is, in the words of one senator, "too quick to respond precipitously on issues, too quick to judge, kind of prickly in terms of his personality."

"Well, he's got a temper," says Brent Scowcroft. "My sense is . . . he doesn't suffer fools quietly."

It can safely be said that John McCain is the only politician to have had dinner with Nancy Reagan one night and Warren Beatty the next. "I mean, I've been watching his movies since, you know, *Splendor in the Grass,*" McCain says of Beatty, whom he met last summer. "I mean, *Natalie Wood.* I can tell you it's a scene too."

There is something touching about watching McCain navigate Beverly Hills with an innocent sense of wonder—a very different response from that of, say, Bill Clinton. The morning after his visit to Beatty's home, he is singing the praises of actress Annette Bening, Beatty's wife. "She's just a down-to-earth, really fine person. She's the kind of person you would like in a social occasion and think she would be a teacher or, you know, a businesswoman." These are exactly the qualities that impress others about Cindy McCain.

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publican leaders in the Peninsula Hotel, McCain is escorted to a chauffeured green Rolls-Royce. He sinks into the leather seat, fingers the burled-walnut side panels, and confirms that this is his first ride in a Rolls. "Pretty neat, huh?"

Next stop is the Beverly Wilshire, for a forum sponsored by the National Republican Senatorial Committee. We arrive while Senator Mitch McConnell of Kentucky, the N.R.S.C. chairman, is discussing a video primer on negative advertising—a strategy that McConnell thinks is just wonderful.

Aside from Majority Leader Trent Lott, McConnell is the most powerful member of the Senate Republican leadership because of his role in raising and doling out campaign funds from a huge war chest. He is the ultimate take-no-prisoners, red-meat Republican fighting machine. He and McCain have clashed bitterly over campaign-finance reform. McConnell does not just oppose the idea; he loathes it (and perhaps McCain as well). After McConnell happily declares, "This is going to be as close to an issue-less election as we've ever seen—which can work to Republican advantage," McCain rolls his eyes and gets up for a cup of coffee.

That night, after a cocktail party for him in Connie Stevens's backyard, McCain attends Milton Berle's 90th-birthday celebration at the Beverly Hills Hotel, where two rope lines hold back 200 or so photographers and reporters. They snap pictures of Steve Allen, Sid Caesar, Cyd Charisse . . . and then they spot McCain. Suddenly he is engulfed; microphones and cassette recorders are shoved in his face; inane questions are shouted at him. It takes him fully 10 minutes to walk 15 yards. Only Bob Hope—ailing and frail—gets as much attention.

A few weeks later, light-years away from such spectacle, McCain is where he loves to be the most: at his family's Arizona mountain retreat. Here he is not a senator but a camp director, wading through a creek with his kids (aged 14, 13, 11, and 8; he and Carol have three older children) to reach a swimming hole he's discovered. He and Cindy sit under a huge river oak; they pick apples and pears.

He is so relaxed, so demonstrably at peace with himself, that for a moment you wonder why he'd want to give it all up for the ordeal of a presidential campaign in the post-Monica era. He says he wonders too sometimes—particularly about how it will affect Cindy and the children. "I was born and raised out here and I find Washington very unreal sometimes because—" says Cindy, searching for the right way to phrase it. "You'll go to some-

thing and people there will shak
hand and look over your head f
husband. . . . I'm very mixed o
running. . . . I think the campaign
than what the end result would
some degree, just because it's so
letting."

Even at 63, McCain still has so
of the all-American boy about hi
unlike that of Bill Clinton, who g
poor and fatherless, dreaming o
president, McCain's political odys
much more whimsical one. In 19
Cain spoke at a commissioning ce
in Bath, Maine, for the U.S.S. *John*
Cain, a destroyer named after his fat
grandfather. "They were my first hero
says, "and their respect for me ha
the most lasting ambition of my life."
is something relaxed about McCain
ing, a sense of self-liberation that
usual in a politician, especially on
ing the presidency. (It helps to have
Senate seat.) Yet one suspects that h
never dream of running for presid
less that "ambition" had already b
alized and the difficult expectations
inheritance overcome.

"The only time that I've talked t
about the . . . about the P.O.W. exp
was in '91," says Senator Bob Ke
Nebraska, who lost a leg in Vietnam
is when he was angry at me and I w
gry at him [about the Gulf War,
McCain supported and Kerrey di
And I went to that statue [of McC
Hanoi]—it was all covered with bird g
and I said, 'Jesus, this is a pretty bi
And the big deal is that when the P.
came back in '73 there were a lot
myself included, who said, 'Who ar
guys? You know, all they did is sit o
butt in a jail. They've got these he
comes and parades and everything
what the hell did we get out of this
. . . And so, in Hanoi, I wrote hi
said, 'I didn't realize you'd suffere
much. Until I came here and saw
didn't understand.'

"He's done something which
tremely difficult to do, and that is h
appointed Republicans in his ow
cus." Kerrey was referring prima
McCain's leadership on tobacco, cam
finance, and consumer issues. "He
pointed friends. That's the hardest
to do in life, and though it may not
vious to people who are not politi
politicians are living human being
they do not like to disappoint frien
It is the most important thing to
you're going to follow your consc
which is to say to a friend, 'I think
wrong, and I'm going to have to tak
course of action even though you're
to be disappointed.'" □

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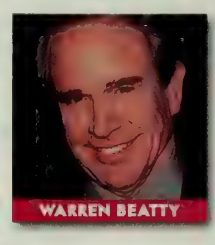
THE MIRANDA OBSESSION

She said she was a beautiful, well-connected blonde named Miranda, and she enchanted an astonishing circle of powerful men–Billy Joel, Paul Schrader, Buck Henry, and Quincy Jones among them–with her flirtatious, gossipy phone calls. But who was the woman behind the voice?

BY BRYAN BURROUGH


BILLY JOEL


QUINCY JONES


WARREN BEATTY


TED KENNEDY


ROBERT DE NIRO


BUCK HENRY


BOB DYLAN




STING


RICHARD GERE


STEVE WINWOOD


PETER WOLF


BRIAN McNALLY


ART GARFUNKEL


PAUL SCHRADER


VITAS GERULAITIS


ERIC CLAPTON

Paul Schrader took the first phone call at his hotel in New Orleans. It was 1981, and Schrader, who wrote the screenplay for *Taxi Driver* and went on to direct *American Gigolo* and other films, was in Louisiana to shoot *Cat People,* with Nastassja Kinski. The woman on the line introduced herself as Miranda Grosvenor, and before Schrader could get rid of her, she had somehow managed to keep him talking for 20 minutes, gossiping about Hollywood and a number of famous men she seemed to know all about.

Intrigued, Schrader invited Miranda to

PARTY LINE

Some of the men who allegedly took Miranda's calls, and a Polaroid Miranda claimed was of herself. She said she was a model and Tulane coed who lived in Baton Rouge and cared for her fabulously wealthy father in New York.


COLE HAAN
RESORT

[illegible] and she did again and again. "She would just call you up," says Schrader, "and she was very, very charming. Funny, too. It was incredible. The information she had on people was very accurate. She knew who was where and who was going to do what project. Once that happened, you got into the game, too, because she knew half the dirt on someone, and you added 10 percent. Then she took that 60 percent and went to the next person.... And there was always sort of a tease, how good-looking she was, wait till you meet my friends. It was all about talking, flirting, power networking."

Repeatedly, Schrader arranged hotel-lobby rendezvous with the shadowy Miranda, but she never appeared. Perplexed, he phoned one of the names she had dropped, Michael Apted, director of *Coal Miner's Daughter* and *Nell.* Yes, Apted confirmed, he had talked on the phone with Miranda, too; no, he didn't know who she was, either. Apted mentioned that Richard Gere had a host of his own Miranda stories to tell. Schrader also reached Buck Henry, the screenwriter and occasional *Saturday Night Live* host, who confessed he too was captivated by Miranda's calls, though he also knew her only as a voice over the telephone. Amazed, Schrader nevertheless had neither the time nor the energy to unravel the mystery of his newfound friend. "This went on for five, six months," he says, "till finally it got so frustrating, all these aborted meetings, I just kind of let it go. I never found out exactly who she was."



CALL OF THE WILD
Movie director Paul Schrader, who remembers Miranda's calls as "incredible," repeatedly tried to arrange meetings with her, but she never appeared.

Nor, apparently, did Robert De Niro, who, friends say, also took Miranda Grosvenor's phone calls. Nor Billy Joel, who tried out songs in progress on her answering machine and considered turning their strange relationship into a musical. Nor Peter Wolf, lead singer of the J. Geils Band, who attempted to meet her at a Louisiana hotel. Nor, in fact, did most of the dozens of well-known and well-to-do men on both coasts who answered calls from Miranda during the 1980s and suddenly found themselves drawn into the most fascinating, invigorating telephone conversations several of them say they ever enjoyed. It wasn't sex talk, everyone agrees, but it was flirty, gossipy, and more than a little mysterious. "You actually started living for these phone calls," remembers Brian McNally, the noted Manhattan restaurateur and hotelier. "I was absolutely—I mean, I couldn't wait for her call. She made you feel fantastic."

"A lot of nights she was my only friend," says Joel, who understood that Miranda was also phone pals with Eric Clapton, Steve Winwood, and Sting. "As they say, she did give good phone."

The story of Miranda Grosvenor, the riddle of who she really was and why she finally disappeared from the phone lines, has grown into a kind of urban legend in certain circles in Los Angeles and New York. The men who talked to her, a number of whom now decline to confirm they did so, came from all walks of the high life; they were actors and directors, rock stars and record producers, athletes and politicians, even a journalist or two. "[I believe] we're talking about hundreds of people," says Buck Henry. "This went on for 15 years. There's lots of people who think they have seen her, and it was not her. We're talking about someone who can con people into saying they saw her. It's very complex."

"She knew who was where and who was going to do what project."

With her mellifluous, accentless voice—Henry thought she was British, others heard a hint of Manhattan's Upper East Side—Miranda Grosvenor was a silky phantom who told men she was beautiful and blonde, lived in the South, did some modeling, and looked after her fabulously wealthy father in New York City. Many men believed her; at least a few actually fell in love with her.

"Patrick believed she was the most ravishing woman on earth, with a red Ferrari, a powerful family, airplanes landing on the lawn," recalls Cynthia O'Neal, whose late husband, the actor Patrick O'Neal, became one of Miranda's most fervent phone pals a decade before his 1994 death. "She called him endlessly. I remember arriving at an airport someplace and Patrick was being paged. It turned out to be her.... In the early stages, Patrick was really, really—well, she was intriguing. It made me nervous. Personally—and I didn't say this to him, not till after, when Patrick would t about her—I kept seeing this image of t lonely, very fat girl sitting in a room don't remember how it ended, but he n er talked about it afterwards."

The name Miranda Grosvenor, in fa is one that any number of famous and spected figures would just as soon forg "No, never heard of her," Gil Friesen t me from his car phone one morning Beverly Hills. Friesen, a former preside of A&M Records, is now president of t board at L.A.'s Museum of Contemp rary Art.

"From the phone," I clarify, havi been told that Friesen was on close ter with Miranda.

"Oooooh ... Ohhhhh, my God. Yeah Friesen says. "Oh, my God."

Friesen takes a moment to colle his thoughts as I list the names some of Miranda's confidants. "... sus," he finally says. "Well, Bob D Niro and Quincy Jones I can co firm. I know that through Quincy."

Friesen dates his relationship wi Miranda to the early 1980s, her he day. "She called me in the office," remembers. "She just had an incred bly sexy voice and she had a gre game, delivery, come-on. She sa she was from—where?—Louisiana? I' never been there, but I was ready go.... We were going to hook up in Flo da and of course that never took plac because that was never her intention. H game was just to have fun with this. Y know, Quincy thought she was this real large woman."

Friesen laughs. "This went on for weeks he continues. "She keeps you on the lin because she has a very, very engaging wa of making you feel that she is dying t talk to you. She knew the male psych quite well. [Eventually] I think I jus dropped it, once I put two and two to gether and realized this was one of the si liest things I had ever done. It wasn't go ing to go anyplace. It wasn't real. It wa just someone with a switchboard and vivid imagination."

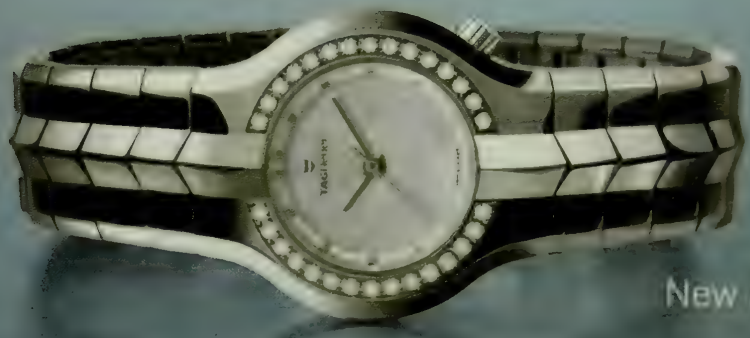
Brian McNally, who has operated som of Manhattan's most glamorous restau rants, such as Odeon and Indochine received the first call at his Tribeca loft i 1982. It was supposedly a wrong numbe but then the woman on the line, who in troduced herself as Miranda Grosvenor seemed to have a spark of recognition "Oh, you're the guy who has Odeon!" she exclaimed.

"So we started talking," McNally re members. "She sounded very funny, charm ing, and incredibly sexy. The whole situa tion was sexy, though she never, ever spoke



Strength isn't always a mood

inner strength



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about sex. You couldn't get her on the subject. We talked for 20 minutes. So I said, 'Call back.'"

And she did. Before he knew it, McNally was hooked. Miranda seemed to know everything about everyone, especially in Hollywood—which director was considering which scripts, which actor was secretly dating whom. She alluded to friendships with Warren Beatty and Ted Kennedy. "It was amazing—she knew all these disparate sorts of people, all of them famous," McNally says. "Ask Buck [Henry], ask everyone—everyone was completely obsessed with this girl. It was just extraordinary."

Whatever doubts McNally had about Miranda's contacts evaporated when she phoned him one day at Odeon. A busy dinnertime crowd was buzzing around him when an aide handed him the phone, saying it was "Miranda from New Orleans."

"So who all's there today?" she asked.

McNally craned his neck and rattled off several names, including that of Alexander Cockburn, the Anglo-Irish journalist.

"Alex!" Miranda cried. "I know him!"

"No, you don't," McNally replied.

At Miranda's insistence, McNally walked over and handed the receiver to Cockburn.

"Oh, hi, Miranda!" Cockburn said.

"How did she do it? I don't know," says Cockburn, who spoke off and on to Miranda when he lived in New York in the early 1980s. "She would just ring up and say something flattering. She probably told Brian what great spring rolls he made. She would gab away, and she was very funny. She obviously had a romantic effect. We weren't talking about Socrates."

McNally says he began to have second thoughts about Miranda only after an episode in which he heard firsthand the effect she had on men. "She had a tape of Alex, on [her] answering machine, I think, and she played it for me," says McNally. "It was very funny. Alex was begging. 'Why haven't you called? You were going to call. I have your Solidarity T-shirt for you.'" McNally was disconcerted to discover that Miranda might be taping her calls. Still, he kept talking to her for months after. He couldn't help himself. It was Miranda who stopped calling. "*She* dumped *me!*" he yelps today.

"I got the call in the middle of the night—this was in '80 or '81," remembers Buck Henry. "It was a confusing long-distance call, apparently from somebody I knew. I called back, got an operator, but of course [I now know] it was all phony. It was an act. Ultimately I'm talking to this girl who says she has no idea who I am, and I have no idea who she was. During the conversation she suggests I am remiss not to know her, because she is this great-looking English girl going to school at Tulane."

Henry, like so many of his peers, was entranced by Miranda. "She was hip, funny, smart," he says. "If I brought up someone, she would know something about that person a civilian wouldn't know. What she did brilliantly was cross-reference everybody. She networked everything. I knew right away it was some kind of con, but I liked talking to her."

"You actually started living for these phone calls. . . . I couldn't wait. . . . She made you feel fantastic."



LOVE, TO GO
Brian McNally, who would take Miranda's calls at Odeon, a fashionable Manhattan restaurant he ran.

In the weeks to come Henry spoke often with Miranda, who always seemed to know his whereabouts, whether he was in New York or Los Angeles. Occasionally an operator would break into the call and say something like "Senator Kennedy calling from Aspen," an experience remembered by McNally and others as well. Yet Henry couldn't dismiss it as a put-on. Once, as he was fishing for information about her, Miranda volunteered that he would meet someone she knew the following Tuesday night. She suggested cryptically that he ask that person about the restaurant '21.' That Tuesday, Henry was on *The Tonight Show,* and during a commercial break it hit him. He leaned over and asked Johnny Carson, "Did you ever have anyone come up to you at '21' and say they're a friend of mine?" A look of recognition crossed Carson's face. "Yeah," he said. "A blonde girl, good-looking too."

"My mind reeled," Henry says. Ever since, he has made a hobby of collecting all the information he can about the woman who called herself Miranda Grosvenor. "I have a book's worth of material on her," says Henry. "I couldn't begin to tell you the whole story. It would take 1 hours to tell it all. . . . The stories are to long, and I want to save some of them. . . And I've only scratched the surface. Som of it is really dark and strange."

The real story is indeed dark an strange. But it is also a love story. Or tw Or more.

On a cul-de-sac high in the hills abov Sunset Boulevard, behind the gates o a sprawling Art Deco–style hom Ronald Reagan built for Jane Wyman i 1941, Richard Perry gazes out at th evening lights of Los Angeles. Perry, 57, i a fixture in the L.A. music scene: one wal of his den is lined with the gold records h has produced over the years for the like of Barbra Streisand, Carly Simon, and th Pointer Sisters; on another are dozens o candid photos of Perry with friends an collaborators, an arm around Frank Sina tra, cuddling with Diana Ross, sharing a laugh with Paul McCartney and Ringo Starr. Perry's once longish brown hair i now tastefully short and gray He is an earnest, thoughtfu man with a smooth baritone a romantic who after tw failed marriages lives alone i this one-acre compound, sur rounded by Tiffany lamps 1940s-era furniture, and tw hissing cats.

"My story," he says, sinking into a desk chair and pour ing himself a glass of 1989 Château Lafite-Rothschild "begins with a phone call."

It has taken considerable prodding to get Perry to talk about the events that, friends say, preoccupy him to this day. He isn't proud of what happened, nor is he ashamed. But he knows what people may say about a man who fell for a woman he had never met. He doesn't want to sound pitiful. He doesn't want to sound cruel.

She reached him at home for the first time on a night in May 1982. Somehow, giving only the name "Ariana," she managed to keep him on the phone. In retrospect Perry realizes she had done considerable research on him. She knew his résumé by heart and within minutes had coaxed him into a conversation about his passion for 1950s doo-wop records. She knew all about Big Joe Turner and the Platters and even mentioned a classic recording he had never heard but later rushed out and bought, a duet by Ray Charles and Betty Carter. "I'm open and adventurous," Perry concedes. "I was having fun with it. I was getting off on this mystery woman."

They talked for 20 minutes, and he in-


PERRY ELLIS
FOR MEN

...ried her to call back anytime. That led to ...ger and longer talk and then another and ...nother, until Perry realized he was looking forward to her calls. In a throaty, sexy voice, Ariana was funny and empathetic and made him feel wonderful about himself without being obsequious. She gave him a nickname, "Sicko."

In their second or third conversation she said she lived in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, but attended Tulane University in New Orleans. She said she had done some modeling.

Perry had just broken off a long-term relationship with an actress, and as spring turned to summer he found himself increasingly drawn to the witty, wise woman on the phone. They began talking two, three, sometimes four times a day. Before long Perry was scheduling his studio time around her calls; he made sure to finish work every night by seven, then he would race home, lay out his dinner, pour a glass of wine, and put Ariana on the speakerphone as he ate. They would talk late into the night.

"As it grew," Perry says after a sip of wine, "she would weave her spell and make you feel closer and closer and closer to her, until you're saying to yourself that this is the most extraordinary woman I've ever met in my life. I thought, I'm falling in love with her."

The photographs and letters didn't hurt. Perry had pushed to meet her, but she always had an excuse: She had to study. There was a problem with her father. She had to work. But she did send him a photo, cut out of a magazine, of a lithe, voluptuous model. A separate snapshot showed a white Ferrari parked on what appeared to be a college campus, with a blonde behind the wheel. Perry admits he swooned.

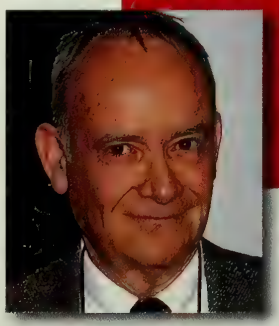
Then, at a recording-industry cocktail party, Perry ran into Gil Friesen. When Friesen asked how his love life was faring, Perry told him everything. An odd look crossed Friesen's face. "The same exact thing happened to me," he said. And then Friesen told Perry of the frisky calls he had taken from Miranda Grosvenor, who said she lived in Baton Rouge but attended Tulane. Both men realized it had to be the same woman.

"It was a knife through my heart," Perry says simply. Yet so deep were his feelings for the woman on the phone that he willed himself not to believe Friesen. "I was just livid, incensed," he says. "[I thought] Gil was doing this just to fuck with me. I felt no other human being could experience what I'm experiencing now. This is a once-in-a-lifetime event."

Shortly after his talk with Friesen, Perry discovered that his friend Buck Henry was also obsessed with Miranda Grosvenor. Henry's perspective, however, contrasted sharply with his own. Henry's initial infatuation had given way to a bemused disillusionment, and while he continued taking Miranda's calls, he had begun to investigate who she really was.

Henry's suspicions were triggered by a picture she had sent him, a photocopy of a leggy blonde model standing on a rock

"We're talking about someone who can con people into saying they saw her. It's very complex."



BELLS ARE RINGING
Comedy writer Buck Henry, who became suspicious after Miranda sent him a photo of a model she claimed was herself.

in a magazine fashion layout. "I thought it was a really bonehead move on her part," Henry says. "The model was fairly well known at the time, and it took me about 10 minutes to find out who the model was. I thought, Wait a minute. Something's going on." Henry confided his doubts to a friend, who mentioned that Jack Haley Jr., the *That's Entertainment* producer who was once married to Liza Minnelli, had taken Miranda's calls, too. Haley told Henry, in Henry's words, to "watch your step, I think this is some kind of con job." (Haley confirms the story but remembers no details.)

Miranda, in turn, took pains to persuade Henry she really was a rich, gorgeous blonde, an effort that led to the Johnny Carson incident and an even stranger episode in New York. Henry was staying at the Essex House on Central Park South, to which he returned late one Friday night after a long rehearsal as host of *Saturday Night Live.* At the desk was a message from Miranda Grosvenor. The next morning the hotel staffer who had taken the message told Henry it had been left by a beautiful blonde woman who had stepped out of a fire-red sports car and was leading a tiny corgi dog.

Henry determined to find out who Miranda Grosvenor really was. He and his then girlfriend, *Time* magazine designer Irene Ramp, gave Miranda's phone number to a *Time* stringer in Louisiana. Somehow, presumably using a reverse telephone directory, the stringer was able to come back to Henry and Ramp with an address in Baton Rouge and a name Henry had never heard: Whitney Walton. The stringer also found a clipping from the September 20, 1978, edition of Baton Rouge's *The State-Times,* which quotes Whitney Walton discussing how local elderly people can avoid being scammed by con artists.

The next time Miranda phoned, "I confronted her [about] Whitney Walton," Henry says. "She turned that into part of the made-up story. 'Yes, I'm also Whitney Walton. But so what? I'm adorable and so are you.' And then the relationship kind of petered out."

Henry wasted no time briefing Perry on his mystery love's real identity. "I told him she was a phony," says Henry. "He got angry at me and stopped talking to me. She got him thinking I was trying to wreck her relationship with him because I was so in love with her." Perry did take Henry's advice, however, to begin taping his calls with Ariana/Miranda/Whitney.

"Ironically," Perry says, "the first call taped was the first time she told me she loved me."

The most important things lie too close to wherever your secret heart is buried, like landmarks to a treasure your enemies would love to steal away. . . . That's the worst, I think. When the secret stays locked within, not for want of a teller but for want of an understanding ear.

—Portion of a letter from "Ariana" to Richard Perry, September 11, 1982

Autumn winds moan and thrash the pines outside Perry's window as he answers a phone call, then flips on a CD of soft jazz. He says he remained angry at Friesen and Henry, but their allegations nagged at him. Not long after, he finally confronted Ariana. For the first time he asked pointed questions: "What are you doing? How many other men have there been? What's the point of all this?" Over the course of several calls, she seemed to come clean. She said Whitney Walton really was her real name. Yes, she had called dozens of famous men. She wasn't sure why she did it. It was like a game. She

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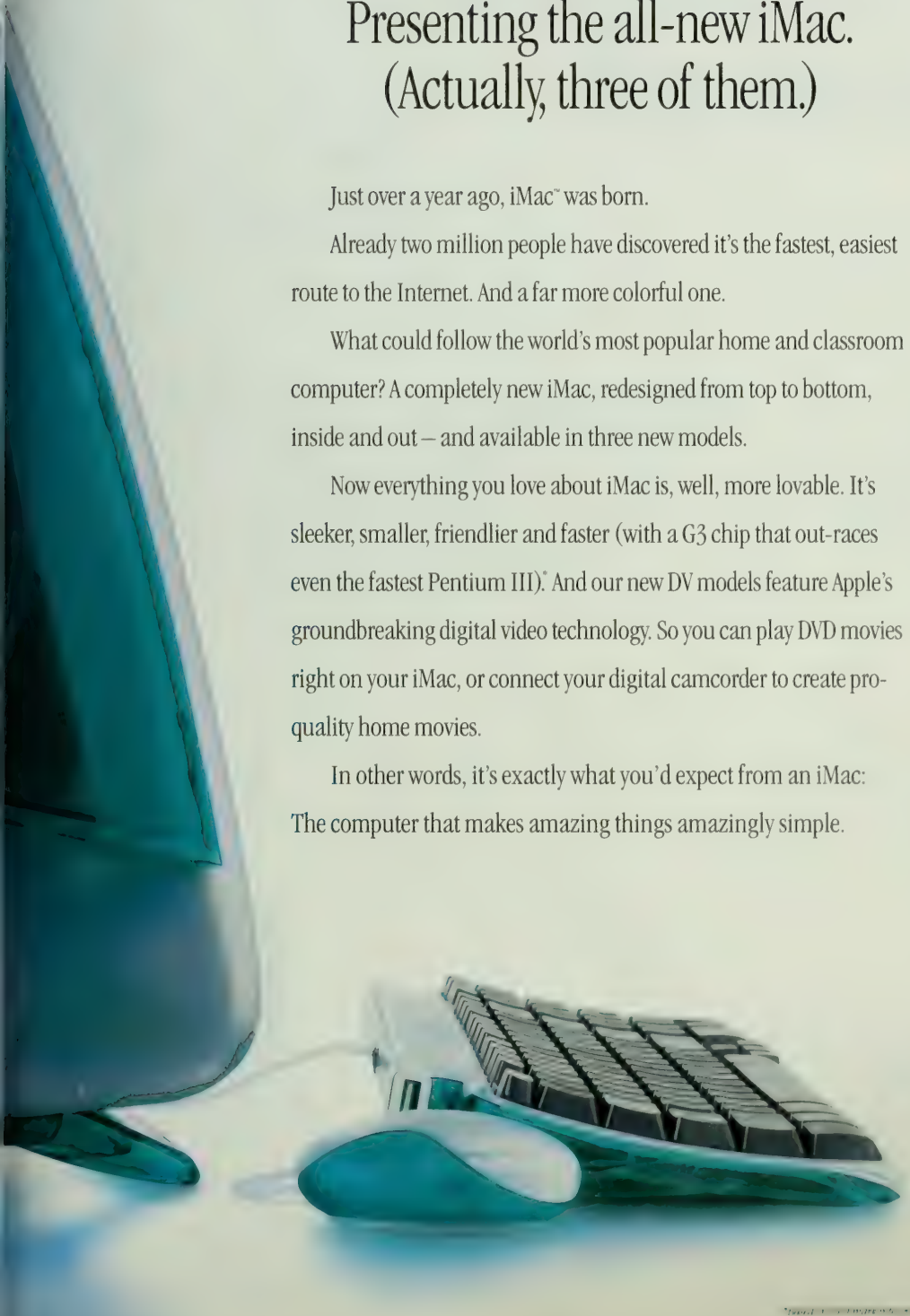
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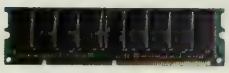




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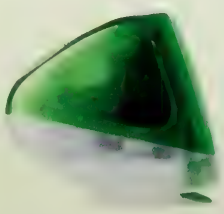
Point and plug. A new easy-access side panel makes connecting the built-in 56K modem, Ethernet, USB and high-speed FireWire® (in DV models) a snap.



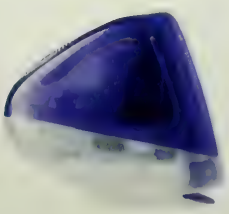
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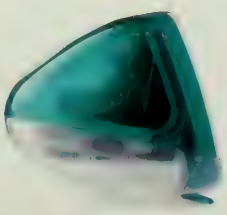
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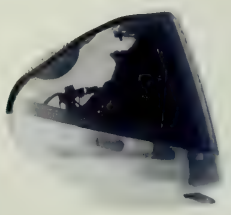
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*DVDs not included



7:48 am. Dad's on pancake duty. And cruising the Internet for stock quotes, world news and delicious details from last night's game.



7:48 am. Alex uses his iBook™ to check his favorite game website for the latest on new releases.

From the kitc classroom or t

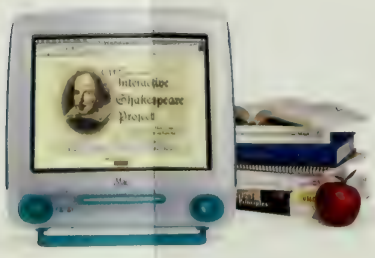


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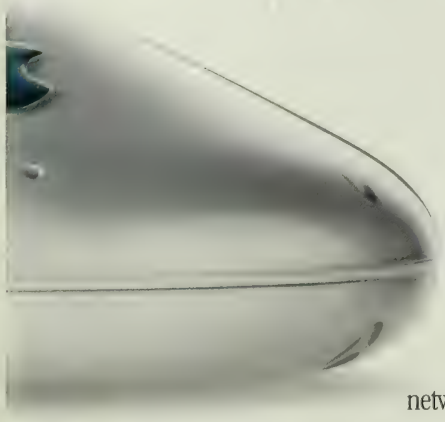


7:48 am. Erin uses her new iMac to conduct web research on Shakespeare while getting ready for school.

hen, den, ree house.



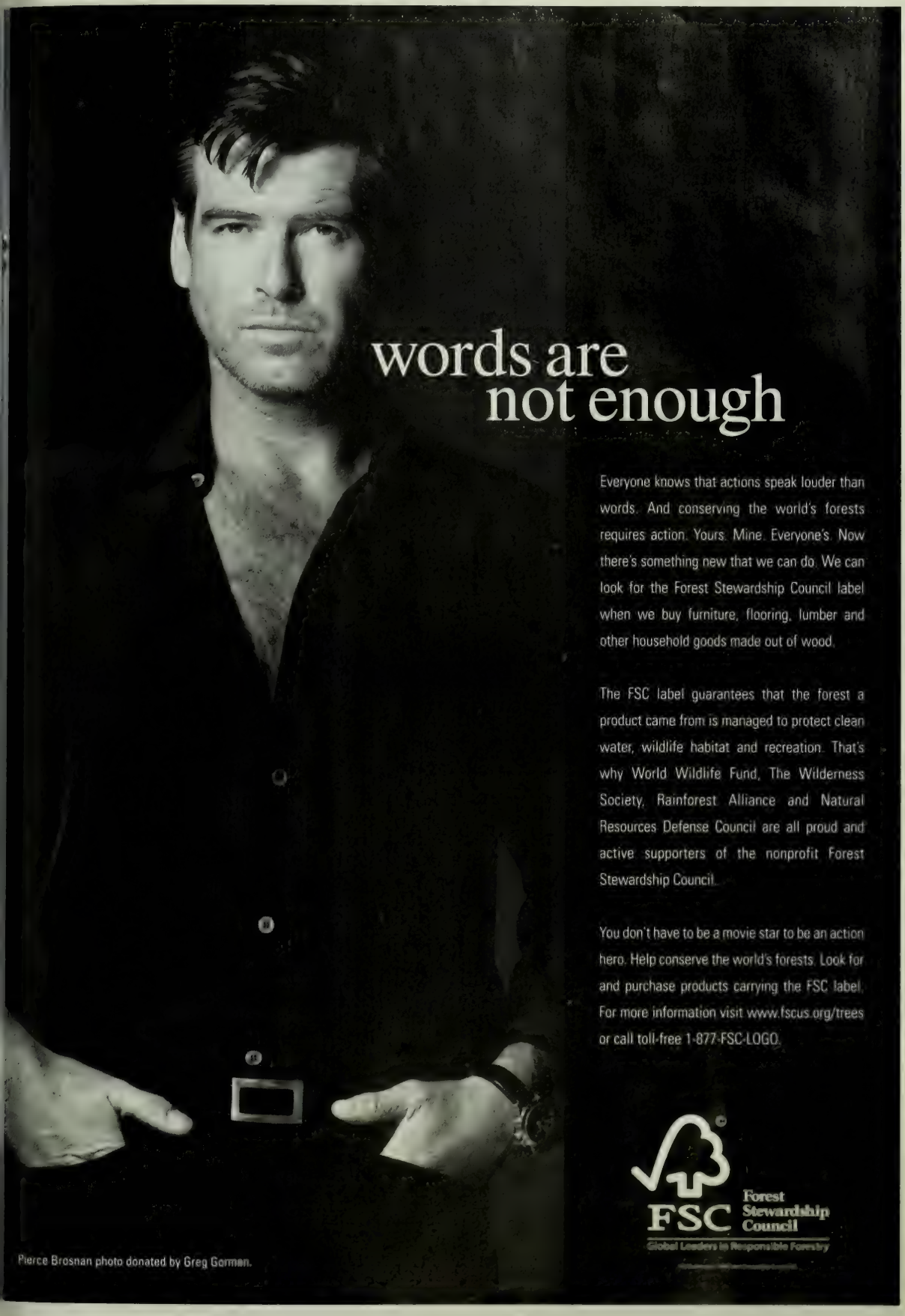
7:48 am. Mom scours the web for travel deals while she proofs the term paper Alex just sent via his wireless connection.



be anywhere within 150 feet of the base station – literally half a football field away.* All ten users can visit different websites simultaneously, or exchange files, or play the latest network games with each other – all without any wires.

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called it "jacking" men. She referred to men who talked with her as "jackable."

"She said her goal—her 'get-off'—was she felt she could make any man on the planet fall in love with her," Perry says. "Whether it was a farmer in Iowa or a senator in Washington."

Amazingly, Whitney's admission only deepened Perry's feelings for her. Now, he told himself, he knew the "real" Whitney. "It didn't matter to me," he sighs. "I was so deeply involved."

By the fall Perry found himself drawn even further into Whitney's calling game. She told him of talks with Robert De Niro, Bob Dylan, and Paul Schrader and other Hollywood directors. He was surprised to learn that one of her closest phone pals was his friend Peter Wolf of the J. Geils Band; when he called Wolf, the singer freely told him of his own infatuation with "Miranda." Wolf related a story similar to Henry's Essex House experience. In Baton Rouge for a concert, Wolf had arranged a rendezvous with Miranda at his hotel. When he arrived, he found only a message at the front desk, dropped off, the hotel clerk told him, by a striking blonde in a red Porsche. Instead of being put off, Perry was in awe of Whitney's talents. It seemed she really could get anyone to fall in love with her.

MTV had debuted the previous year, and one night Whitney proclaimed to Perry her fascination with the lead singer of a Canadian rock band whose video was in heavy rotation on the new channel. "This guy's really cute," she said. "I'd love to jack him." A few days later she brought up the singer's name again. He was visiting Los Angeles, she said. Would Perry agree to meet him? Maybe he could help the singer's career. Perry reluctantly consented, and the singer appeared at his house late one night, "completely love-struck," as Perry puts it, "to pour his heart out about her. He wanted to marry her." Perry consoled the young man, wished him well, and never saw him again.

That fall Perry, an enthusiastic University of Michigan alumnus, flew to Ann Arbor to watch one of his favorite football players, the celebrated Michigan wide receiver Anthony Carter. He had mentioned his interest in Carter to Whitney, only to have her insist she would arrange a chat. When Perry arrived in his hotel room, the phone rang. "Richard Perry, this is Anthony Carter," the voice on the other end said. "Whitney Walton asked me to give you a call."

"That blew my mind," Perry says. "She had gotten Carter out of a football meeting to call me, just to give you an example of her powers."

Not long after the Michigan incident, and only after months of pleading and cajoling, Perry persuaded Whitney to meet him in New York. He mailed her an airline ticket and reserved a room for her at the Park Lane on Central Park South; at her insistence, he promised to stay at a different hotel, the Sherry-Netherland, not far away, on Fifth Avenue. Friends urged him not to go, but Perry wouldn't listen. He was fully aware his heart might be broken, he told Henry. But he had to go. He had to know.

At J.F.K. airport in New York, Perry was met by one of Whitney's friends, whom she had introduced him to over the phone. Walking to the baggage-claim area, he spoke frankly. "Look, if you really care about Whitney," he said, "if she's not the person that she has made herself out to be, tell me now, so I can prepare myself, so she won't have to see in my face the shock and letdown of knowing I've been conned."

"She would weave her spell . . . until you're saying to yourself this is the most extraordinary woman I've ever met."



DIAL-A-MATE
Record producer Richard Perry, who believed from Miranda's phone calls that he might marry her.

The woman thought for a moment. "She's not," she said.

Perry brooded all that night, steeling himself for the worst, but allowing himself to hope for the best. The next afternoon Whitney checked into the Park Lane and telephoned him at his hotel room. They agreed he would go to her room at seven to meet her. She asked him to wear a blindfold. He refused. They compromised. She would leave the room darkened but with the curtains open. The only light, Perry recalls, "was to be the city lights coming in the window."

Just before seven Perry walked to the Park Lane. Within minutes he was standing before her door. His mind raced. He didn't know what to expect—a model, a college student, a maniac with a carving knife, or the woman he would spend the rest of his life with. He knocked. The door was unlocked and he pushed it open. S was sitting on the edge of the bed. He beside her and took her hand. As eyes adapted to the darkness, he began see her face.

You're right if you're thinking "Miran Grosvenor" is hardly unique. Tales si ilar to hers—the latest versions inclu anonymous romances blooming in Interr chat rooms—float through dinner parties Manhattan and Los Angeles on a regul basis. Right now Connecticut is home ba for a woman who represents herself as Saudi princess and who has lured seve al prominent Wall Streeters into busine deals; she was recently unmasked by *T Denver Post* after making an unsuccessf $450 million bid to buy the Denver Nugge basketball team.

During the late 1970s, a woman usi nothing but a telephone and a sexy voi enticed a number of wealthy Los Angel men to give her gifts of cash and jewelr One young man, the scion of a promine Southern California family, fell hard f her. A local prosecutor, urged by t young man's family to investigate, four the woman was a fraud. It didn't matt to the young heir. He met t woman and married her. T two lived happily ever after unt family friends say, the woma died in the mid-1990s. The sto was ultimately turned into screenplay that was never filme

The photographer Peter Bear who has dabbled in film projec over the years, read a screenpla with a similar story about 2 years ago. "I remember it well, he says. "The story had suppo edly happened to Warren Beatt who called the police, the F.B.I and Missing Persons to find th woman who was calling him. W were going to try to get Beatty t [star in] it, make it like a nonfi tion, drama thing. But it went nowhere. I' never forget the last scene. Beatty finds th woman, rings the doorbell, and the woma comes out. She's a real hog. The movi ends with them embracing."

Screenplays, sadly, are not real life.

She was no model. As Perry's eyes ad justed to the darkened room, he saw short, frumpy woman in her 30s, may be 30 pounds overweight, with a larg mole on her right cheek. She wasn't ugly But she wasn't, he realized in a moment o self-loathing and almost unbearable sad ness, a woman he could spend his lif with. "I felt I had been conned," he say today. "Thank God I had been prepared."

They walked to the Plaza Hotel for a

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awkward dinner at Trader Vic's. Perry strained to keep his composure. "I didn't want to let her know I was freaked out, that I was devastated," he says. But after talking in circles for a time, Perry gave vent to his feelings. He told her he was deeply disappointed. She tried to explain. "[She said] we were in too deep for her to admit the whole thing was a fraud. She had gone too far, she didn't know how to deal with it. I had given her a dose of her own medicine. She said she was hoping I could see beyond the deception. But I couldn't."

They parted with a hug and a quick kiss, and Perry agreed reluctantly to meet her the next evening at the Carlyle Hotel bar. That afternoon Perry went to the apartment of singer Art Garfunkel to pour out his woes. Garfunkel, he was aware, had also taken Miranda's calls. In fact, Garfunkel said, he had been so enraptured by Miranda he had almost taken a Swiss vacation with her. The two men were so deep in conversation Perry almost forgot his second meeting. "Wait! You've got to finish the story!" Garfunkel yelled after Perry as he ran out.

Their meeting at the Carlyle, Perry says, "was not a pretty sight." Perry told her again that he felt duped. She begged him to look beyond her lies. "I never expected to fall in love," she told him. She began to cry. He told her he felt used and rose to leave.

She grabbed his arm and begged him to stay. He removed her hands. "I'm terribly sorry, Whitney," Perry said. "But I don't think I was treated fairly. I'm not in the habit of giving my heart easily. And you should have respected that. I can't ever really trust you again." And then he walked out, leaving her in tears.

Perry returned to Los Angeles. Several weeks later he received a handwritten note at his home. It said simply, "You have broken my windows and crashed through all my doors. W."

The episode lingered with Perry for months, in scenes he would replay in his mind again and again. In time he got over it.

Then, two or three years later, Perry was dining at the Ivy, a restaurant in Beverly Hills, when he heard someone call his name. He turned, and, to his surprise, there was Whitney. She was sitting on a banquette with a man. He walked over and saw it was Quincy Jones.

"Quincy and I are buying a house in Bel Air!" Whitney exclaimed.

In the end, Whitney Walton isn't that hard to locate. A public-records search turns up a current address in Baton Rouge, near the Louisiana State University campus, just down the street from the Mississippi River levee; the phone number, ironically, is unlisted. An Internet search of local newspaper archives uncovers a half-dozen mentions of a Whitney Walton during the 1990s, including a letter she wrote to thank people for donations to Head Start and other programs benefiting disadvantaged youth. On the flight down to find her in Baton Rouge, I imagine her as a sedate housewife, dressed in blue blazer and white Keds, active in local charities, her secret past as Miranda Grosvenor shed and half forgotten, perhaps a crazy prank she dreamed up with sorority sisters.

A call to the local Head Start office leads to a run-down elementary school in a poor area of north Baton Rouge within sight of the levee. Directed to a door marked SOCIAL SERVICES, I stick my head in, peek over a room divider, and ask for Whitney Walton. "I'm Whitney Walton," a woman sitting behind a corner desk says. She rises to join me in the corridor outside, and I see she is a weary-looking woman around 50, maybe five feet six and 250 pounds. She wears shocking-pink stretch pants and a matching top, a Slinky-like assemblage of gold bangles and chains around her right wrist, what appear to be diamonds twinkling at her earlobes and knuckles, and the fading remnants of a blond dye job. There is a large mole on her right cheek.

"She felt she could make any man on the planet fall in love with her."

I begin to explain my quest. Before I can finish, she hisses, "Keep your voice down!" and then leads me into an indoor play area. There, as we sit on folding chairs, I tell her the whole story, of an enchanting woman who called herself Miranda Grosvenor and who once made powerful men swoon with the sound of her voice.

Her reaction is immediate and irritated. "It rings no bells with me," she snaps. "I don't know anything about it." I begin to list the names of Miranda's many confidants. "I don't know these people," she interrupts.

There is no surprise in her reaction, no dismay, no sense of hearing an outlandish story for the first time. Only anger and a dash of sarcasm. I press, saying I am certain she is Miranda Grosvenor. "It's not me," she says flatly. "There's a lot of people named Whitney Walton. . . . This is intr sive, this is invasive. I'm a social worke

A crowd of kindergartners file into t room and begin to play. Eyeing the ch dren's teacher, she again admonishes n to keep my voice down. She quickly gro impatient, refusing to answer questio about her background and issuing an u yielding wall of stern denials. After a bit, rise to leave and apologize for botheri her. She stalks back into her office.

In a half-hour with Whitney Walton sense not the slightest whiff of *joie vivre,* of curiosity, of playfulness or whims any of the qualities men have attributed Miranda Grosvenor; in fact, it is impos ble to reconcile this woman with the stori told of her. As I drive off, a question na at me: Is there some chance this Whitn Walton isn't Miranda Grosvenor?

Then, later that night, unable to slee wondering how to handle the contradi tion, I return to the tidy off-campus d plex where Whitney Walton lives.

In the rear carport sits a fire-red Porsch

"Oh, I remember Miranda," giggles Bar bara Davidson.

"Oh, and she used Ariana," says Genny Abel. "And Brianna."

"She was proud that she knew famou people," says Davidson. "It was her s cial life."

"It was her life," says Abel.

Abel, a smiling woman in granny glass es and a navy "Take Back the Night" T shirt, is director of Baton Rouge's battered women's center, in a brick building o a shaded street north of downtown. Sh and Davidson, her co-worker, joined th center in 1982 and were assigned to a three-woman office with Whitney Walton Walton, after earlier jobs as a librarian and a consumer-fraud investigator for th city, had joined the center a year earlier a a counselor.

"The first thing I remember is she ha a big poster of Vitas Gerulaitis, the ten nis player, on her door," says Abel. "I re marked on it. She said they were grea friends. They talked on the phone a lot."

For the next three years, until she left i 1985 to become a social worker, the two women say, Walton spoke endlessly of he many famous friends. To convince them she was telling the truth, she played he answering-machine tapes for them at the office. The two women remembered that Walton's friends included Peter Wolf, Buck Henry, Art Garfunkel, and others, includ ing two other tennis pros, Yannick Noah and Guillermo Vilas.

"But her big romance," Abel says with a grin, "was Billy Joel. She let us listen to their calls. He was always calling to see how she was. It wasn't sexual; it was

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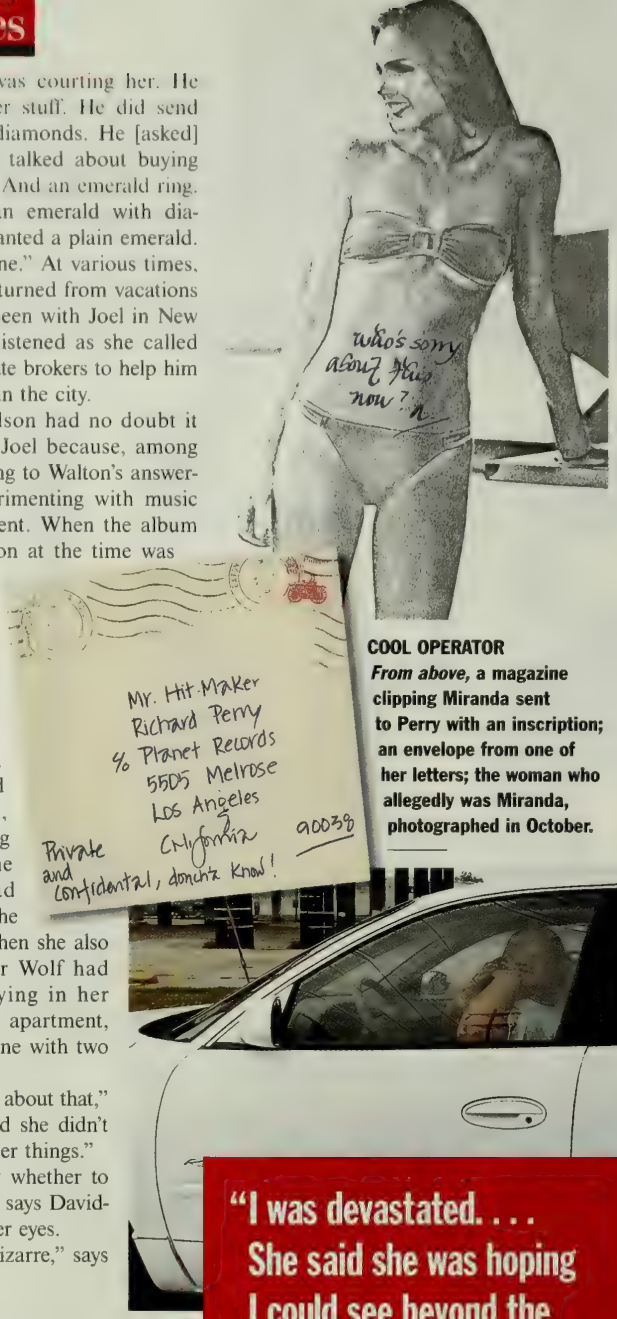
intimate, like he was courting her. He wanted to send her stuff. He did send her a Rolex with diamonds. He [asked] did she get it. He talked about buying her a grand piano. And an emerald ring. She didn't want an emerald with diamonds in it. She wanted a plain emerald. He couldn't find one." At various times, they say, Walton returned from vacations claiming she had been with Joel in New York. Once, they listened as she called Manhattan real-estate brokers to help him find an apartment in the city.

Abel and Davidson had no doubt it was the real Billy Joel because, among other things, he sang to Walton's answering machine, experimenting with music and lyrics as he went. When the album Joel was working on at the time was finished, the two women believed that its title, *Uptown Girl*, referred to Walton, not Joel's new love at the time, Christie Brinkley. Walton, they say, returned from one vacation, in St. Barts, claiming she had spent time with Joel and had been present when he met Brinkley. But then she also claimed that Peter Wolf had spent a week staying in her small Baton Rouge apartment, where she lived alone with two tiny dogs.

"She complained about that," says Abel. "She said she didn't like him touching her things."

"We never knew whether to believe her or not," says Davidson with a roll of her eyes.

"It was just so bizarre," says Abel.



COOL OPERATOR
***From above,* a magazine clipping Miranda sent to Perry with an inscription; an envelope from one of her letters; the woman who allegedly was Miranda, photographed in October.**

"I knew her as Whitney Walton," says Billy Joel. "At first [when she called] it was a pain in the ass. [I said,] 'I don't know you, what's the catch?' [But] she seemed to know a lot of people in my business. Stevie Winwood. Sting. Eric Clapton. [So] I thought she was on the level.... This was just before I started dating Christie Brinkley. I was dating Elle Macpherson at the time."

There ensued the familiar pattern. They talked a little, and then more. He appreciated her quick mind and began rehearsing lyrics and rhythms over the phone with her. "Musicians," he says, "get calls from all kinds of wacko people.... But this girl was different.... She was awfully good company." Joel pushed to see her. She demurred. If he wanted to know what she looked like, she suggested he go to the drugstore and buy a bottle of Clairol ash-blond coloring; she was the model on the box, she said. Rendezvous were arranged, but she never appeared. Joel insists he never actually sent her any gifts of note—only a stuffed animal perhaps.

But then "one day," he says, "someone showed up at my house with a gift, I don't know what it was, a toy or something. It was a friend of hers. Her car was out front. There was a person sitting in t back of the car. I couldn't see who it w I assumed it was her." He says she gr oddly possessive. When he dated oth women, says Joel, "she would get je ous.... I think I sent her a tape of a so It was called 'And So It Goes.' It was tually written about someone else.... sent it to her to kind of say I was seei other people."

After she failed to appear at th third appointment, "I just said that's this is some kind of phony," Joel members. "When it was ending, she sa she was going to start seeing Sting." pauses. "I was even thinking about ma ing a musical about this, because eve time I tell people this story, they nev believe it."

Probably no one other than Walto knows exactly why Miranda Gro venor and her alter egos retired, that's what happened. Buck Henry hea an unconfirmed story that Miranda ma have "disappeared" in the wake of threa from the late Vitas Gerulaitis's lawyer the Gerulaitis estate's current attorney sa he knows nothing about it.

Few of the men Walton courted are wi ing to shed any light on wha transpired. Her relationship wit Quincy Jones apparently ende abruptly after Richard Perry sa them together; though a Jone spokesman refuses to commen on the matter, a Los Angele friend says Jones sent Walto packing within days of seein Perry at the Ivy. Warren Beatt Peter Wolf, Richard Gere, M chael Apted, Art Garfunkel, Bo Dylan, Ted Kennedy, Eric Clap ton, Sting, and Robert De Nir all declined to be interviewed.

But if Miranda Grosvenor i dead and gone, her memory live on. What men such as Richar Perry remember most was her elo quence. In the absence of any tape re cordings—Perry says he lost his—he words can be found only in letters, in cluding one Walton wrote to Perry afte their awful encounter in New York.

"On a good day," she wrote, "I fee like a shipwrecked person spotting the sigh of some nearing shore: a taste in the wind a softness in the light, a sudden passage o words. Love is so easy in the movies. N conflicts are too hopeless to resolve, no ob stacles too painful to overcome, no resolu tions too final for last minute reconsidera tion. Love means forever in the movies. No to worry—what was ignited when I love you continues to burn."

Somewhere. □

"I was devastated.... She said she was hoping I could see beyond the deception. But I couldn't."


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PAPER TIGERS
Abe Rosenthal, *above*, New York, 1998. Max Frankel, *right*, Washington, D.C., circa 1995.

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...EW YOR...

CLASH OF THE *TIMES* MEN

Former *New York Times* executive editor Max Frankel's memoirs, published earlier this year, included a decidedly un-*Times*-like attack on his predecessor, Abe Rosenthal. Now the decades-long cold war between the two men has turned thermonuclear, with shocked colleagues weighing in on their feud and legacies

BY DAVID MARGOLICK

Max Frankel, who led *The New York Times* as its executive editor from 1986 to 1994, says that for much of his career at the paper Abe Rosenthal, who held the position before him, stood in his way. Rosenthal picked fights with Frankel's beloved mentor, Washington-bureau chief James "Scotty" Reston, denied him resources as an editor, dissed his subordinates. When they went head-to-head for the top post in 1976, Rosenthal beat him. But Frankel, eight years his junior, eventually outlasted his tormentor, overcoming Rosenthal's attempt, upon his retirement a decade later, to bequeath the post to someone else. Even then, Rosenthal was ungracious, Frankel felt, doing nothing to ease the transition into journalism's most powerful position. "I have spen...

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OCCASIONALLY, HOWEVER, HE MAKES AN EXCEPTION.



Yo Ma says the 1712 Stradivarius he plays is "like a great Bordeaux," while the 1733 Montagnana is "earthier, a Burgundy." About a third instrument, his Rolex, he says, "I just love it. You can use it for any occasion."



ROLEX

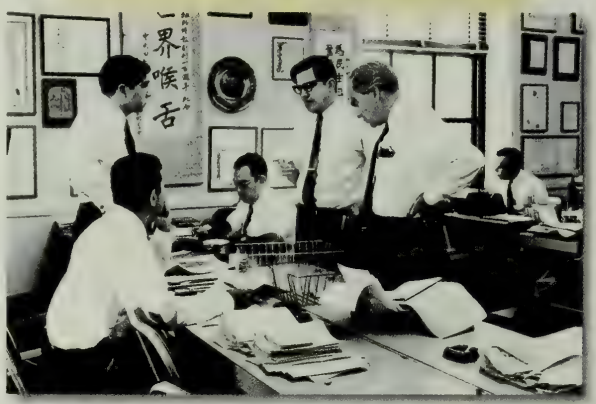
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my entire career avoiding working for Abe Rosenthal," Frankel once told a colleague.

Abe Rosenthal says that to the degree he considered Max Frankel at all, it was as a fool failing ever upward. To him Frankel was a self-styled clone of Reston, whom Rosenthal deemed a pompous journalistic courtier. Rosenthal blamed Frankel for blowing the *Times*'s coverage of Watergate and regretted not firing him for it. He felt that Frankel had done a poor job as Sunday editor, and that his initial challenge for the top job was an act of pure hubris. Rosenthal admits that a decade later he tried to find an alternative to Frankel, but maintains that when he failed he passed on the torch as gracefully as he could.



"There's a darker side to Max Frankel than I thought," says *Times* London-bureau chief Warren Hoge.



THE YOUNG LIONS: *Top*, correspondents in Moscow, 1959; from left, Frankel, Stanley Johnson (A.P.), Osgood Caruthers (*New York Times*), Peter Kumpa (Baltimore *Sun*), Ben Grauer (NBC). *Above, Times* men in New York, July 1967; from left, James Greenfield (seated), Mitchel Levitas, Henry Lieberman, Rosenthal, Larry Hauck.

Rosenthal and Frankel came of age journalistically during the Cold War. Both won Pulitzers covering it: Rosenthal after he was kicked out of Communist Poland in 1959 for reporting events there too zealously for the local authorities, Frankel for chronicling Richard Nixon's historic trip to China 13 years later. And for nearly 30 years the two waged a cold war of their own. It was bitter and intense, but only rarely did it break out into the open. Outside of the *Times* building, on West 43rd Street in Manhattan, and even, for the most part, inside, the two men maintained appearances. That has always been the *Times* way.

But a decade after the real Cold War ended, the Frankel-Rosenthal cold war has gone thermonuclear. It happened with the publication earlier this year of Frankel's memoirs, *The Times of My Life and My Life with the Times*. What has followed is something unprecedented in the history of the *Times:* a bitter, public squabble between the two men who together shaped the destiny of the world's most important newspaper for 25 turbulent years. It is a rivalry to rival any of the great internecine governmental feuds the *Times* has so savored, one whose ferocity impresses even a seasoned participant in several. "There's clearly enormous animosity there, but I don't know why," said Henry Kissinger, who knows both men.

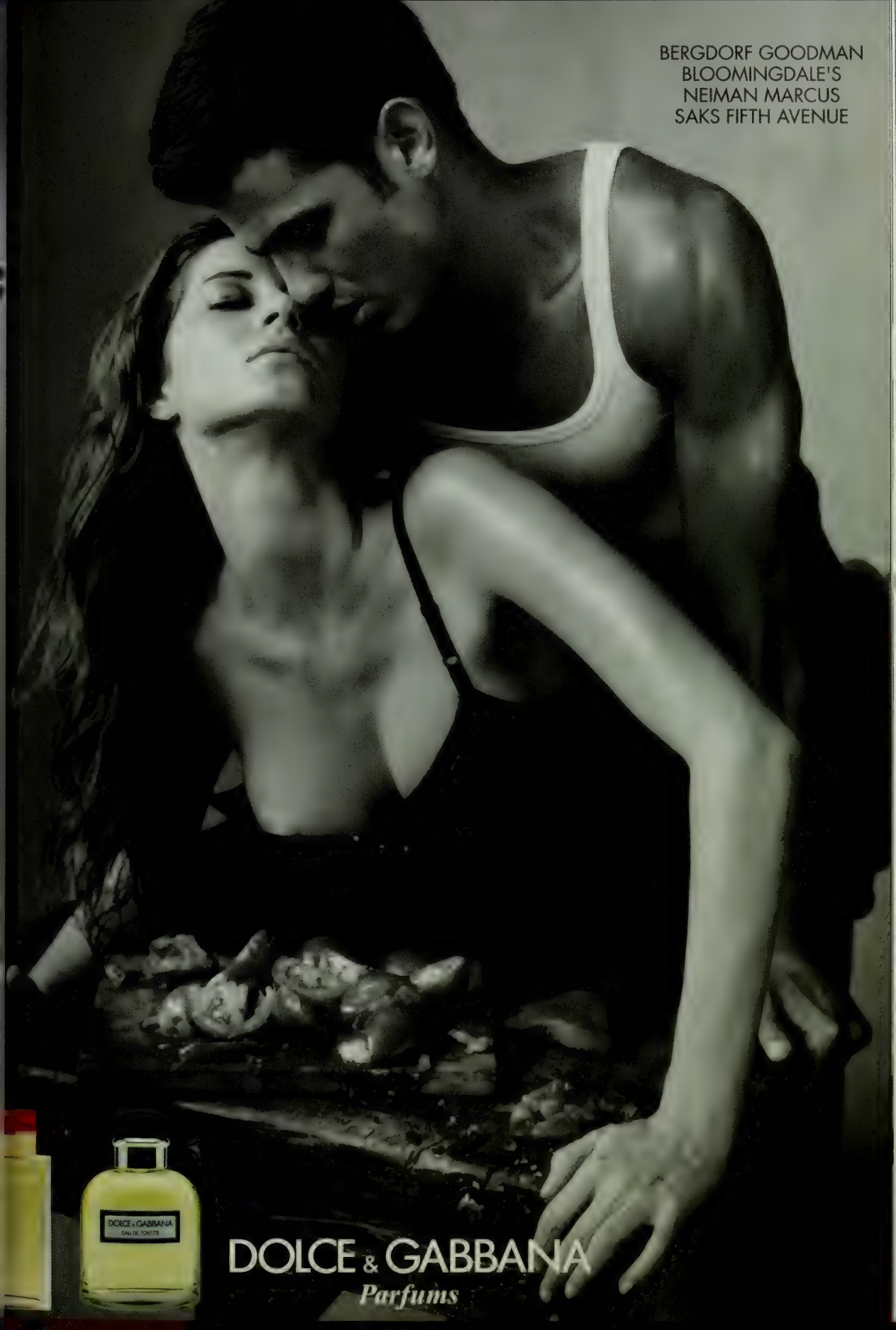
Writing with a fury that few had detected previously in him, Frankel buries Rosenthal under a heap of unflattering adjectives: "self-promoting," "volcanic," "Learlike." He depicts him as self-pitying, hypocritical, vindictive, selfish, petty, small-minded, tyrannical, and occasionally either hallucinatory or just plain ridiculous. He suggests that Rosenthal lost his cool during one of the highlights of his career—the *Times*'s publication of the Pentagon Papers in 1971—and writes that when he replaced Rosenthal in 1986 he had but one goal: to be "not-Abe." Indeed, that's what he calls an entire chapter of his book. Frankel's comments have shocked and saddened people at the paper, including many of those with whom I worked in my own 12 years there, which spanned the eras of both men.

"The Max Frankel who came up with that title ["Not-Abe"] and wrote those angry passages is not the Max that I knew," said Warren Hoge, a former assistant managing editor who now heads t *Times*'s London bureau. "T Max Frankel I know kno enough to know how hurtful would have been." Hoge, w described himself as "extrem close" to both men—"I may one of the few"—said that person Frankel had always be courteous, even gallant, to predecessor, taking care to co pliment him and include h after his retirement in vario *Times* events. "I don't und stand the motivation," Hoge sa "I would have to go into deepe psychobabble. It must mean th there's a darker side to M Frankel than I thought."

Rosenthal initially held h fire; old habits die har But half a world away fro Times Square, in interviews la spring first with the Israeli dai *Ha'aretz* and then with *The Je usalem Post,* his discipline fina ly cracked. He compared Fra kel to Slobodan Milošević, who first impulse after playing secon fiddle for 25 years in Yugoslav was to stab his predecessor the back. Rosenthal said he leafed through Frankel's boo only to toss it in the trash. "I' a city boy, and I know enoug that when I walk along and see a dog shitting in the stree not to stop to examine his dung," he to *The Jerusalem Post.* "I just walk on an forget his existence."

Rosenthal has not cooled down since In a series of interviews with *Vanity Fai* he called Frankel a "coward," "some what of a liar," "a non-entity who is ill, and "a bit of a fool," described Frankel version of the Pentagon Papers saga a "a comedy," and said he had "cheap ened the paper" during his tenure. "Ma Frankel has no significance in my life, he said. "I think he's left little of signif cance at the *Times.* I'm not saying zero but he'll be remembered for little else be sides his attack on me." Rosenthal insist ed he had never paid the man muc mind—"He wanted the job I had an couldn't have it"—and theorized that i was this indifference that most rankled Frankel. "I obviously did not admire hi very much," he said, "but he was no someone who seemed very worthy of a lot of emotion. Maybe that's what drov him around the bend."

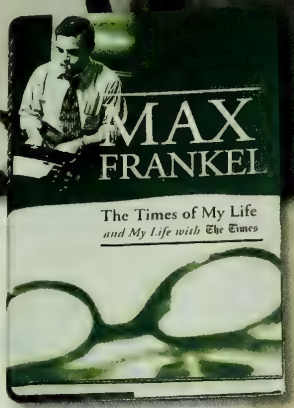
Far from distancing himself from his earlier scatological quote, Rosenthal elab orated upon it: "I really feel as if I wa


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walking in dog turd. I'm not kidding—as if it were splashing on me and I needed to take a shower," he said about reading the book. The *Times* confers extraordinary megaphones on its top editors, he said, and it was "contemptible" to spout disrespect for fellow *Times* men through them. "I don't think in my life I've ever done that," he said. Repeatedly, he stressed that the whole debate was beneath him, especially if it helped Frankel sell books. "I'm not interested in Rosenthal versus Frankel,"



PRIZE ASSETS: *Times* Pulitzer Prize winners pose in New York, 1977. Front row, left to right, Walter "Red" Smith (for sportswriting), Rosenthal (Poland coverage), Ada Louise Huxtable (architecture criticism), and Frankel (Nixon in China). Back row, Sydney Schanberg (Cambodia coverage), Seymour Hersh (Vietnam coverage), and Harold C. Schonberg (music criticism). Inset, Frankel's 1999 memoirs.



"The *Times* tradition is that in private you can do anything horrible to one another, but you don't do it publicly," says Leslie Gelb.

he said. "It's a fantasy in Frankel's mind." But surely, he was told, a disagreement between two such important journalists was inherently newsworthy. "Who's the other important journalist?" he shot back.

For his part, Frankel, who had readily discussed his book with Charlie Rose, Brian Lamb, Matt Lauer, and many others, has suddenly gone silent. "I've got to put a big halt to this interview," he declared abruptly when I told him my topic. "If you want me to explain what I've already explained, I don't want to do that. If I wanted to elaborate I would have. What I said I said.... He [Rosenthal] has his own take on events and he has a right to it."

In some ways, Rosenthal and Frankel seem like doppelgängers. Both are Jewish. Both overcame perilous childhoods and troubled first marriages. Both began working at the *Times* while in college and never worked anywhere else. Both returned from distinguished tours abroad to climb the *Times* hierarchy, winning the confidence of longtime publisher Arthur O. "Punch" Sulzberger and ultimately persuading him to entrust them with everything. Both steered the *Times* through lean years. Both felt the peculiarly oppressive burden of editing a newspaper that millions pore over daily for the slightest sign of bias or silliness or deviation from its historic standards. Both had to somehow maintain those standards while adjusting to changing technology and tastes. And both, as the paper's current executive editor, Joseph Lelyveld, put it, "handed over to his successor a better paper than the one he got." Both literally moved upstairs upon stepping down as executive editor—Rosenthal in 1986, Frankel in 1994—where both write columns that have enhanced neither of their reputations. Both work out of offices on the 10th floor of the *Times* building, though what divides them now is more a chasm than a corridor.

But their differences are more impressive than their similarities. Rosenthal is edgy; Frankel seemingly at ease and avuncular. Rosenthal's face is lean and scarred, the mirror of a tempestuous life, while Frankel exudes burgherish contentment and prosperity. Rosenthal's voice is high-pitched and pinched, almost squeaky, still bearing traces of the Bronx, while Frankel's is low and mellifluous, a radio voice of uncertain provenance. Rosenthal's steely façade scarcely conceals an inner mushiness; Frankel's friendly façade masks an inner steeliness. With Rosenthal, what you see is what you get; with Frankel, there is what you see and what you miss. Rosenthal wants to be loved; Frankel wants to be agreed with. Their columns reflect their differences. Rosenthal is raw, and, as the Yiddish expression goes, what's in the lung is on the tongue; Frankel is always felicitous, but has far less to say.

Their differences feed neatly into stereotypes long drawn by and among European Jews. To Eastern European Jews and their descendants (like Rosenthal), German Jews (like Frankel) are formal, fussy, unemotional, bloodless bureaucrats. To German Jews, Eastern Jews are uncouth, overly emotional, primitive, slightly embarrassing. The Holocaust and assimilation have made these old caricatures matter less, but the rap on German Jews remains sensitive enough for Frankel (born in Germany in 1930 to Polish parents) to argue his ethnic bona fides with uncharacteristic vehemence. "I refused to think of myself as a *German* Jew," he writes. "Except for my place of birth, I was a Galician, dammit, an *Eastern* Jew just one generation out of the shtetl."

In fact, the two men sit on opposite sides of the fault line that runs through journalism, and maybe particularly through the *Times* and the people who work there. It is the line that separates the passionate from the priggish; the gritty from the refined; the extravagant from the restrained; the introvert and iconoclast from the establishmentarian; the visceral and spontaneous and instinctive from the more cerebral and contemplative; the sentimental from the hardheaded; the quirky, ever slightly mad from the more conventional and cautious; the innovator from the systematizer; the street kid from the Ivy Leaguer; the journalist who'd jump on a story from the one who'd analyze it to extinction. Neither man perfectly embodies either archetype, yet anyone who knows them two knows which is which.

To *Times* insiders, the Rosenthal-Franke


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feud is nearly as much a fixture around the place as the bust of Adolph Ochs, the paper's patriarch, in the lobby. "We were all young together," said Arthur Gelb, the paper's former managing editor, who accomplished the delicate task of working loyally for both men without ever alienating either. "I can remember a time when Abe and Max genuinely liked and respected one another."

But both were fiercely loyal to the newspaper and kept its secrets, at least until Frankel spoke out. "It's so contrary to Punch's view of how you run the *Times,*" said Leslie H. Gelb (no relation to Arthur), former deputy editorial-page editor and now president of the Council on Foreign Relations. "The *Times* tradition is that in private you can do anything horrible to one another, but you don't do it publicly."

Frankel's book has received good reviews, including two in the *Times* itself. He writes elegantly, with the appreciation of someone who came to English late and cherishes it, and his first few chapters, which describe how his mother managed to get herself and her eight-year-old son out of Nazi Germany, are gripping. Moreover, few take issue with his depiction of his predecessor. The paper's longtime culture editor Seymour Peck once famously described Rosenthal as a "sentimental gangster." So controversial does Rosenthal remain around the *Times* that people go off the record to *praise* him—or at least won't defend him without a lengthy preamble cataloguing his many sins: terrorizing staffers, promoting mediocre but loyal underlings, intimidating gays and ignoring gay issues (which led to the paper's tardiness on the AIDS crisis), punishing (or banishing) reporters he thought too liberal. Indeed, by failing to nurture and even driving out his most promising potential heirs, Rosenthal all but guaranteed that Frankel, the man he so despised, would become the only man for his job.

Nor do they take issue with Frankel's depiction of the demoralized, fearful state of the paper he inherited. Hired by Rosenthal in 1981, I was a reporter on the metropolitan desk when Frankel (who subsequently made me the paper's law columnist) took over five years later. His arrival and his manner—calm, civil, collegial—brought great sighs of relief. Punch Sulzberger had given Frankel his marching orders—"Make the newsroom a happy place again," he said—and this Frankel proceeded to do, at least for a time. He was Gerald Ford during that first impeachment summer, declaring that "our long national nightmare is over."

Instead, what has so offended so many *Times* people about Frankel's recollections of Rosenthal is a matter not of truth or falsity but of perspective, of graciousness, and of what lawyers call "standing." They believe that, given Rosenthal's enormous contributions to modernizing the paper, it ill becomes any *Times* person, particularly one claiming to be in love with the place, to harp on his obvious shortcomings. Moreover, many contend that such criticism particularly ill becomes Frankel, whose own journalistic vision was far more limited than Rosenthal's, and whose journalistic shadow seems far shorter. "Rosenthal was not the nicest man to work for but—and there's a major but—he may have saved *The New York Times,*" said R. W. Apple Jr., the paper's longtime correspondent. "That seems to me to be of some importance."

"I think Frankel's left little of significance at the *Times,*" says Rosenthal. "He'll be remembered for little else besides his attack on me."

Frankel's book has, in fact, managed to do something quite extraordinary: it has generated a wave of Rosenthal revisionism. "Abe was a special character," said Frank Prial, the paper's wine correspondent. "I wouldn't want him to marry my daughter, but I'm certainly glad that I worked for him." A steady stream of visitors have made their way into Rosenthal's office since Frankel's book appeared, offering tributes bordering on condolences. ("He looked like someone who'd been slugged," said one.) People who have barely spoken—or have refused to speak—to Rosenthal for years are speaking up to defend him. Frankel's book has motivated people to reach beyond the erratic and haunted Rosenthal of his later years in the newsroom, and beyond the author of a column even those who love him are hard-pressed to defend, to the man who, by essentially reinventing the *Times,* helped ensure that Frankel had a paper to inherit.

"I once heard a person in frustration at the *Times* yell out that Abe was a world-class editor and an amateur human being," said Gene Roberts, a *Times* veteran who served in the number-two spot managing editor under Lelyveld. "But you don't give him credit for caring abo the *Times* and doing one hell of a lot protect and grow the paper, then he g badly shortchanged, no matter what y think of him as a person.... I'm partial Joe and his term is not yet complete. But if you look at all the editors befo him, Abe might very well come off best."

Ari Goldman, a former religion writ at the *Times* and now an assistant profe sor at Columbia's Graduate School of Jou nalism, said that he initially planned to a sign Frankel's book to his students. Fra kel, after all, had gone to Columbia; t story of his apprenticeship in journalis his experiences abroad, the ethical dile mas he faced during the Cuban missile c sis (when President Kennedy asked t paper to hold its story on the missil and the impending blockade)—all, thought, could be grist for lively cla room discussions. "But the last thi of the book made me angry," he sai "He treats Abe so unfairly. It ju seems mean-spirited. It's not what want my journalism students to read

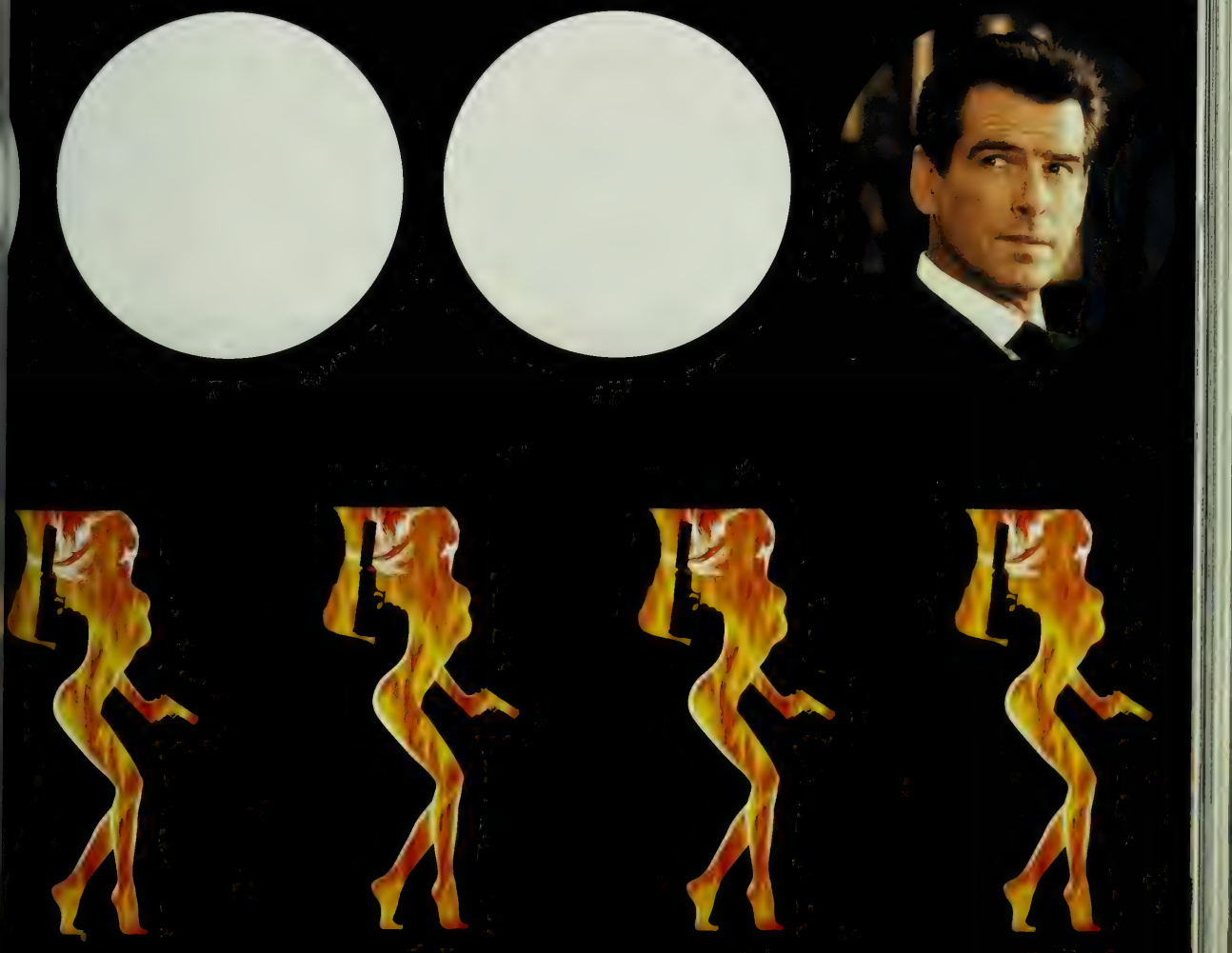
Frankel does have his defender "I was surprised by the cand with which he dealt with Abe said Dave Jones, a former assista managing editor at the paper. "You cou view it as a settling of scores, but y could also view it as an act of honesty Max sees it, which takes a certain amou of courage.... He could have pulled h punches." I asked Jones if he admire Frankel for what he wrote. "Probably fu damentally I do, because we're journalis and we're supposed to tell it like it is," h said. "Yes, I don't like to see the dir linen washed in public, and, yes, in som cases it was unfair, but on the other han I'm sure he knew it was not going to b well received and I don't think Max is s petty as to do this only to settle scores. would like to not believe this. Maybe I' being naïve."

Another *Times* executive offered Fra kel a second defense: that what he wro could have been much worse. He note that *The Trust,* a newly published histo of the Sulzberger family by the husban and-wife team of Alex Jones (a form *Times* reporter) and Susan Tifft, describe Rosenthal's love affair with a secreta and other peccadilloes that marred h twilight years, things that Frankel omit "Max's view of Abe is pretty balance however it comes across in the book," h said. "His portrait of Abe would be a l more balanced than Abe's portrait of Ma Max is not a man eaten up with resen ments." Frankel, CONTINUED ON PAGE 2

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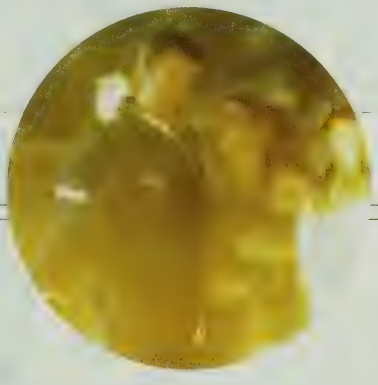
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NTINUED FROM PAGE 200 he insisted, vas not a man going out of his way to ck a finger in Abe's eye." That was only ir, he added, because with only a few emorable exceptions—particularly an in-s-cups toast at a 70th-birthday party for rmer managing editor Arthur Gelb five ars ago, in which he decried the paper's lling standards—Rosenthal rarely second-iessed Frankel publicly. "There was nev- any warmth between them, but Max as grateful for that," this executive said.

Frankel does sprinkle around some ords of praise for Rosenthal. He credits m with being one of the best writers and nalysts on the paper, refers to him as ong one of our stylistic models," and alls him "a masterful foreign correspon-ent" and an "innovative" city editor. And approvingly notes Rosenthal's "memo-bly succinct" policy on conflicts of inter-st: "I don't care if you fuck elephants as ng as you're not covering the circus." But ie friendly sound bites are invariably pre-ides to more lengthy explications of Ro-enthal's excesses. Again and again he omes back to Rosenthal in some unflatter-ig way, as if he simply cannot resist the emptation: the Rosenthal who didn't want second man named Rosenthal on the *imes* masthead (Rosenthal said that this is Bullsh--, more baloney"), who opposed sing "Ms." in the paper, whose "political assions and prejudices were better known the world than mine," even though Rosenthal was in charge of news and Frankel was writing the editorials.

What accounts for Frankel's tone? His explanation is candor: if he were to do a book, he told Bill Goldstein, books editor of *The New York Times on the Web,* he would have to do it honestly. That vow no doubt accounts for Frankel's much-debated, unsparing portrait of his first wife and her mental problems. Frankel also occasionally mocks himself, his vanity, and his mistakes. Oddly enough, his book is as much a catalogue of the mega-stories he all but missed—Watergate, John F. Kennedy's philandering and ill health, the incipient quagmire in Vietnam, the turmoil of 1968—as of those he covered. But there are too many omissions and evasions in the book for one to believe that Frankel was simply letting it all hang out.

Since the book contains no great revelations or epiphanies or vivid portraits of any of his *Times* colleagues, the anti-Rosenthal material may well have been included to liven things up. But the conclusion many inevitably reach is that Max Frankel is an angry man with a long memory, far angrier than anyone ever suspected. Or, as one member of the editorial board told a colleague on a *Times* elevator shortly after reading the book, "it's payback time."

Times people find the bitterness surprising; for all the obstacles Frankel faced as a child, his journalistic life has been charmed: he was on rewrite the night in 1956 when the *Andrea Doria* went down, and it all followed from there. Not that it was just a matter of luck. Thirty years ago Frankel recalled for some *Times* reporters how he'd arrived in a strange land with the wrong clothes, the wrong language, the wrong customs, and had virtually willed himself to fit in. He'd made himself a place in America, he said, and if things ever soured here, well, then, he'd go somewhere else and do it all over again. "I thought to myself at the time, Whoa! Get out of this man's way," one of his listeners that day recalled.

Frankel has said that he'd have been unable to write any book that would "bite the hand that had fed me all this wonderful career, namely the Sulzberger family." His candor is commendable, but any journalist who creates such criticism-free zones, particularly one that effectively immunizes his boss, is likely to mete out other darts and bouquets rather tactically. Outside the *Times,* Frankel picks traditional punching bags: Richard Nixon, Ed Koch, Al D'Amato. Inside, there are glancing blows at *Times* heir apparent and current editorial-page editor Howell Raines, columnists Anthony Lewis and Frank Rich, and even the current publisher, Arthur O. Sulzberger Jr. In one remarkable sentence, Frankel describes R. W. Apple Jr. as gluttonous and pompous, attributes the sentiment to Rosenthal, and then claims credit for rehabilitating Apple's flagging career. (Rosenthal denies harboring such sentiments; Apple, whose career is alive and well, said, "He had never told me my career was dead and he was resurrecting it, nor had anyone, nor is it true.... I think Max Frankel could give me and almost anyone else lessons in pomposity.")

But what unites many of Frankel's targets at the *Times* is their vulnerability: they're too old, too ill, too forgotten, or too dead to defend themselves. (Thirty years after former *Times* managing editor Clifton Daniel crossed him, Frankel strikes back, dismissing him as a socialite and a dilettante; Daniel is now 87 years old and has had a stroke.) Or they are too polite to do so very vociferously, like former *Times* reporter Neil Sheehan, whose skeptical coverage of the Vietnam war riled up the

"You could view it as a settling of scores, but you could also view it as an act of honesty as Max sees it."





OLD TIMES: ***Above,*** **Washington-bureau chief James "Scotty" Reston, in 1960.** ***Left,*** **an Arnold Newman photo of Clifton Daniel,** ***Times*** **managing editor from 1963 to 1969, and his wife, Margaret Truman, in New York City, 1956.**

more politically orthodox Frankel, then Washington-bureau chief. In his memoirs, Frankel calls Sheehan "excruciatingly slow" and "dawdling." "One person said to me that there are two Maxes: one is the Max you talk to and the other is the one who wrote the book," said Sheehan. "He's still angry, and I'm not. I thought we'd buried the hatchet. I'm puzzled."

Or, like Rosenthal, they are too burdened with baggage, old and new, to have others defend them, at least without some prompting. "Every time he sits at a typewriter, he keeps inviting getting punched," said one veteran *Times* reporter who is sympathetic—and grateful—to the man, who added that Frankel, in his treatment of Rosenthal, had flouted the standards of fairness the *Times* itself demands. "Abe's an easy target for anybody, because he's such a curious combination of strength and tenderness," said Gay Talese, author of *The Kingdom and the Power,* the classic chronicle of another, earlier era at the *Times.* "There are a lot of people you can't reach, but he's someone with no walls around him. Anyone can hit him."

The seeds of the Frankel-Rosenthal rivalry date back to the historic schism between the *Times*'s headquarters in New York and the paper's Washington bureau during the 50s and 60s. For years, the paper's editors in New York, Rosenthal among them, felt that the capital bureau was too autonomous and too cozy with the Washington establishment, traits embodied by Scotty Reston, Washington columnist and confidant of presidents. But Frankel, who joined the Washington bureau in 1961 after an astonishingly precocious stint as the *Times*'s number-two man in Moscow, became what one *Times* editor called "a Jewish Scotty," right down to the pipe, the bow tie, the walk, and the talk.

By 1963, Rosenthal was running the city desk of the New York office. If anything, his path to the paper had been rougher than Frankel's. His father, a housepainter, took three years to die after falling off a scaffold; four of Rosenthal's five sisters died young, too. As a teenager, a botched treatment for a debilitating bone disease nearly crippled him. While Frankel, fluent in German and with an Ivy League education, glided into his first prestigious foreign assignment, Rosenthal, who had dropped out of City College to work at the paper, waited nearly 10 years for his. But Rosenthal used the lessons he'd learned abroad well: resolving to have his staffers cover New York the way he had reported from New Delhi or Tokyo, he and his deputy, Arthur Gelb, revolutionized the paper, enlivening and broadening its coverage, shaking off old rules, humanizing its pages, loosening up its stultifying, "paper of record" style. Soon, along with Gene Roberts, he did the same for national coverage, bringing in a generation of distinguished storytellers. Rosenthal's vision—literate, imaginative, humane reportage—became the *Times*'s signature. Long before the presses could handle reds, yellows, and blues, he brought color to the Good Gray Lady.

In 1968, Rosenthal, then associate managing editor, joined in an attempt to wrest the Washington bureau from Reston's control and install someone from New York. Rosenthal went along, Frankel contends, not as a matter of journalistic conviction but out of pure lust for power—"in the service of his superiors." "These personal and bureaucratic ambitions were never openly acknowledged, of course," he writes of the anti-Washington cabal, which threatened to derail his own hopes of heading the Washington bureau. "They were piously sheathed in a lot of sanctimonious concern for the reader and the reputation of the *Times,* sometimes even the fate of the Republic." Frankel helped persuade Punch Sulzberger to scuttle the plan, in part by threatening to quit, and soon headed the bureau himself.

"Abe was not the nicest man to work for . . . but he may have saved the *Times,*" says correspondent R. W. Apple Jr.

"Rosenthal scrambled . . . for terra firma," Frankel recalls. "He loudly advertised the pain of his humiliation and shrewdly extracted new assurances from Punch that he was still loved and prized." Indeed, by 1969, Rosenthal was the paper's managing editor, the first Jew ever in the post. But between Frankel and Rosenthal an irreparable breach had opened. "Trust and friendship, which I always hoped for in a boss, proved irretrievable," Frankel writes. "His manner was too often confrontational or condescending, and his calls were unwelcome."

In March 1971, when former Pentagon analyst turned anti-war activist Daniel Ellsberg unloaded the Pentagon Papers—an archive of secret government documents on America's involvement in Vietnam—onto Neil Sheehan, Frankel and Rosenthal became entwined again. Fran depicts himself as integrally involved digesting the documents and getting th ready for print. According to Frank when Sulzberger, fearing prosecution printing government secrets, equivocat it was Rosenthal's job to embolden hi Instead, Frankel writes, Rosenthal w shaky, self-centered, unreliable, even bit unstable, digressing into concern his personal finances and "weary, fea ful hallucinations" of what would fa him should Sulzberger's reluctance print the package as planned force hi to resign.

Rosenthal's number two at the tim Seymour Topping, conceded that both and Rosenthal indeed weighed resigning Sulzberger refused to go forward. But wh Rosenthal quite understandably mull over the financial repercussions, Toppi said he never gave them any priorit Frankel's version of events, Toppi said, was "all to show that Ma was the central person, instr mental in the publication of t Pentagon Papers." He conti ued: "It's not a bad book, tw thirds of it, but it's so much Ma Frankel and how great he is. . Max is a self-centered man." Fra kel, said James Goodale, the paper chief counsel at the time, "was not, my view, really part of the decision-maki process." Rosenthal himself is more blu about Frankel's contribution. "He wrote good memo on something or other," h said. (One person who did see Frankel at th center of the Pentagon Papers, however, wa Richard Nixon. "Don't give them anything. he can be heard remarking on a recently r leased tape recording, referring to the *Time* Washington bureau. "And because of tha damned Jew Frankel all the time—he's bad you know. Don't give him anything.")

"Max was very supportive, but Ma didn't have to stick his neck out the wa Abe did," said Sheehan, recalling ho Rosenthal was convinced Sulzberger woul fire him for pushing him too hard. Mak ing his stance all the more remarkable Sheehan said, was that Rosenthal sti supported the war.

"He told me, 'A lot of people whos views I don't approve of are going to tak advantage of this material, but that doesn matter. Our job is to publish it,'" Sheeha recollected. "I thought that was the mar of a real American journalist."

It was not the only time that Rosen thal's passion for a good story trumpe his conservative, anti-Communist politics "I loved Abe because deep down he hate many of my stories, but he never got i my way," said former *Times* reporter Sey mour Hersh, who exposed the C.I.A.'



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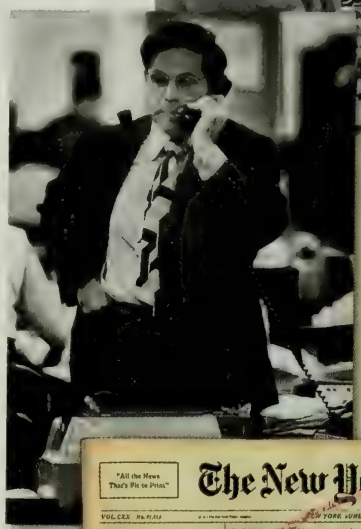
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role in secretly financing covert opposition to Chilean leader Salvador Allende.

Hersh remembered a visit to director of Central Intelligence William Colby in the mid-1970s, in which Rosenthal, after noting that nobody hated Communism as much as he, asked why the C.I.A. supported so many right-wing "fingernail pullers" around the world. Colby's patronizing response—that it was not the agency's job to make judgments about the people it was asked to work with—left Rosenthal livid. "When Abe got out of the building he was just staggered," Hersh remembered. "I don't recall the literal words, but he told me, *'Keep doing what you're doing.'* The paper at a critical time had a moral voice: that was his voice."





"Frankel was not really part of the decision-making process [on the Pentagon Papers]," says James Goodale. "He wrote a good memo on something," says Rosenthal.



The New York Times

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The Washington Post

SUNDAY, JUNE 18, 1972

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Analysts Measure Hanoi's Goals and Results

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Appeals Court Delays Ruling On Pilot Strike

Nader Blasts Civil Service As Arrogant

MUCKRAKERS: ***From top:*** **left to right, Rosenthal, publisher Arthur Sulzberger, and counsel James Goodale during the Pentagon Papers affair, 1971. Frankel at work, 1971. The *Times* front page, June 13, 1971. The *Washington Post* front page, June 18, 1972. *The Washington Post*'s Katharine Graham and Ben Bradlee, 1971.**

While Frankel devotes two chapters to the Pentagon Papers, on Watergate he is considerably more terse: three pages. He offers several alibis for being beaten by *The Washington Post* on the scandal: it seemed like a police story; the paper lacked local sources; the *Post* required less rigorous documentation; he was as naïve about Nixon's mendacity as he was about Kennedy's dalliances and diseases. What Frankel does not write, but what one *Times* Watergate veteran recalls, is that he was an absentee bureau chief for much of that summer, either on the campaign trail or at the Aspen Institute. "You can imagine Ben Bradlee saying, 'I want this story,'" this reporter recalled. "You can imagine Max calling Henry Kissinger, asking him if there was anything to it, being told 'No,' and going on to talk about Cambodia." Ben Bradlee, the *Post*'s editor at the time, recalled the *Times*'s competitive weakness: "*The New York Times* was fairly far down the list of things we were worried about."

Only as Frankel was leaving the bureau—to become Sunday editor, in late 1972—did the *Times* throw reporters from outside Washington at the story, such as Seymour Hersh and Nicholas Gage, and recoup some of its respectability. But the world of elite newspapers had changed—"*The Washington Post* was small potatoes, a small-town newspaper, and suddenly overnight it was being talked about the same way as the *Times*," said Arthur Gelb—and it angered Rosenthal. It still does. "He screwed up totally on Watergate," Rosenthal said. "Not totally. It was my fault for not having removed him." For years afterward, Rosenthal exacted promises from the Washington bureau that it would never, ever let another Watergate happen. "That was a bone in Abe's throat from the time it occurred, and it never got out, and he was never shy about talking about it," said Bill Kovach, the outgoing curator of Harvard's Nieman Foundation for Journalism, who got the lecture after he took over the *Times* Washington bureau in 1979. "I presume that was in Max's craw from those days, and this [writing his memoirs] was his time to get back."

Frankel got the Sunday job—overseeing *The New York Times Magazine, Book Review,* and "Arts & Leisure," "Week in Review," and "Travel" sections, among other weekly supplements—because Res-

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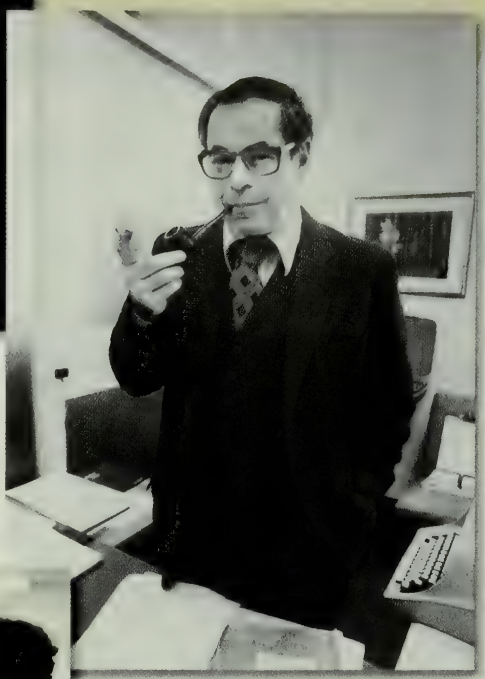


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"I believe that once Sulzberger passed over Max he said, 'I'll make it up to him,'" says Tom Wicker.



BIDING HIS *TIMES:* Rosenthal, *above,* and Frankel, *right,* 1977, shortly after Rosenthal won a competition for the top spot. *Below,* left to right, assistant managing editor James Greenfield, deputy managing editor Arthur Gelb, and Deirdre Carmody, a reporter, 1977.



ton pushed for him; Rosenthal had favored his close friend Arthur Gelb, then metropolitan editor. (A few years earlier, Reston and Rosenthal had fought the same proxy war over the Metro Desk; that time, Gelb had bested Frankel.) With the Sunday job, Frankel traded in what he calls the "200-mile buffer zone" that had happily separated him and Rosenthal for five measly floors. But there was a reason: he thereby became a bona fide rival to Rosenthal for the post of executive editor—vacant since Reston had left it in 1969—should Sulzberger ever merge the daily and Sunday operations. This, too, annoyed Rosenthal. "I think on Abe's part there was a certain amount of resentment," Topping recalled. "He'd been running the paper and here was this guy coming out of left field. And there was always the feeling that Scotty Reston was behind Frankel, pushing him."

Not surprisingly, a turf war ensued. Frankel writes that Rosenthal would not give staffers time off to work for the magazine, sowed discord among the Sunday critics, and complained to him when the "Week in Review" scooped the daily paper. "Although [Rosenthal] commanded a third-floor division of 1,000, he treated our eighth-floor platoon of 100 as a threat and repelled bids for cooperation," Frankel writes. Rosenthal in turn thought that Frankel's sections were badly done and his staff demoralized. (In fact, so unhappy were Sunday arts critics such as Clive Barnes, Hilton Kramer, and Vincent Canby with "Max the Ax"'s edict that they shorten their stories that they asked Gelb, then the daily culture editor, to wrest control of the "Arts & Leisure" section from him.)

According to the Tifft-Jones book in the history of the Sulzberger fam in 1976, at a time when the pap was in the economic doldrums, Pur Sulzberger asked both Rosenth and Frankel to write mem detailing their visions for t *Times.* Rosenthal's was expans and imaginative, positing t multi-sectioned paper devoted sports, living, home, and ent tainment that followed. Franke on the other hand, dismissed th vision—"a bloated package ... like supermarket," he sniffed—and ima ined a more modest product aim at a more elite readership. It was p cisely what Sulzberger, who prid himself on investing in the pap when times were tough—on "putti more tomatoes in the soup" rath than watering it down—didn't wa to hear. "It was a fold-your-tent pl not a vision of a big future, but o very constricted one," said Alex Jon "Max not only misread the futu but misread all of the politics of t situation."

(Frankel depicts the competiti as a more casual, after-the-fact a fair. "I composed a hurt and hu ried creed to display my manageri talents," he writes. "But Rosenth easily outbid me by taking a week the Caribbean and crafting what mu have been a compelling summary his considerable achievements managing editor and his hopes f the paper's future.")

One day around this time, Frankel i vited all of his editors to lunch in an e ecutive dining room on the 11th floo and solemnly announced that the Sunda department was defunct. "We all kne exactly what he was talking about," on eyewitness recalled. "He had been defea ed by Abe." Rosenthal was named exec tive editor, and added the Sunday se tions to his portfolio. Shortly thereafte Rosenthal and Gelb staged what amoun ed to a victory march through their new acquired realm. They also held a party i Frankel's freshly vacated office, lookin as another former editor recalled, like pair of Prohibition-era federal revenu agents who'd just broken into a brewer At long last, the paper was all theirs.

Frankel got the booby prize, at least a he saw it: editor of the editorial page, job he deemed a dead end. "I recoile with envy of Abe," he writes. But if Rose thal still felt him breathing down his neck Frankel states, it was because Sulzberge wanted him there, as a possible replace ment down the road. Some speculate tha

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the publisher was more explicit. "I believe that once he passed over Max he said, 'I'll make it up to him,' and he may even have said that to Max," said Tom Wicker, the paper's veteran Washington columnist. (Both Punch Sulzberger and his son, Arthur O. Sulzberger Jr., declined to comment for this story.)

Seven floors now separated the two antagonists, but again Frankel found Rosenthal a hindrance, and not just over the matter of hiring a deputy. Rosenthal resisted Frankel's controversial plan to banish several longtime members of the editorial board, some of whom Frankel dismisses as "fervently righteous and predictable liberals," to the news department. (That plan too left a lingering bitterness. The man Frankel succeeded, John Oakes, called Frankel "ruthlessly ambitious," and his version of events "shabby" and "distorted." He also recalled what Sulzberger's right-hand man, Sydney Gruson, had told him while the dispute flared: "I'd hate to stand in the way of Max Frankel or anything he wanted.")

In fact, Frankel still coveted Rosenthal's post. Another high-ranking *Times* editor recalled two visits he had made to Frankel's aerie in the early 1980s, during which, he said, Frankel pumped him for horror stories about Rosenthal's antics downstairs—compiling a dossier, he surmised, that would somehow find its way to Sulzberger. (Frankel did not return a subsequent phone call asking for comments on this and other subjects.) "I think he was just building the case against the way Abe treated people, to keep the notion going that Abe needed to be moved out," he said. "I thought of him as more of a careerist than Abe. Abe in his own way thought more deeply about the paper and journalism than Max did.... I don't think the passion was there. You could see it in Abe, even when it was wrong, which was often."

Frankel was advancing himself in other ways. In August 1985, Sulzberger, angry at what he perceived to be *Times* columnist Sydney Schanberg's attack on the paper's coverage of a highway-development project, took the extraordinary step of killing Schanberg's column. More than four awkward months passed until Schanberg, who'd spent 25 years at the *Times* and won a Pulitzer Prize for his coverage of Cambodia, finally left the paper. And in all that time, Schanberg recalled, Frankel, for whom he nominally worked, never said a word to him except, that is, for a brief hello and good-bye during an accidental encounter on Schanberg's last day. Schanberg theorized that once he himself had become damaged goods Frankel feared that any overt friendliness might hurt him with Sulzberger and thereby impair his advancement. "He was hiding under his desk," Schanberg said. "He took very few chances."

During his decade atop the *Times*, Rosenthal was an enormous presence in the lives of his reporters. His influence could be malignant, punitive, capricious—as when he blocked someone's advance or yanked someone back to New York for what he perceived to be political or personal malfeasance. The honor roll of those he drove out or demoted is impressive. Or his influence could be beneficent: he would confer a plum assignment on a reporter, a deal invariably consummated in his inner sanctum with a long and affectionate hug. Relationships were parental, with all that that entails.

"As you know, we've never really been friends," longtime *Times* foreign correspondent Michael T. Kaufman wrote Rosenthal from Poland in 1986 upon hearing of his retirement. "But when the message came this morning, I had a feeling akin to mourning. Why this was seems strange, but I realized that for much of my life I have worked where you have wanted me to work and done what you have wanted me to do, and insofar as I like my life I need to say thank you." "Abe was for years the most important editorial influence in my life, but I felt liberated when he left because he demanded so much love and attention that it drove everyone half nuts," said one of the *Times*'s most successful reporters.

Anyone who worked in the news department of the *Times* can attest to the surreal poignancy of Rosenthal's first days there. He walked through the newsroom as if in a trance, shirttail hanging out, seemingly oblivious to everything around him. Weighing on him along with all the personal problems was the matter of his mandatory retirement—he would turn 65 in the spring of 1987—and of succession. Rosenthal was supposedly on the case, staging what Frankel calls (and few would dispute) "ostentatious but patently ineffective 'tryouts'" of various would-be successors. What Rosenthal really wanted to prove, most people felt, was his own indispensability.

In fact, the fix was in whether Rosenthal knew it or not. As early as June 1985, Sydney Gruson was telling people that the job belonged to Frankel, who had been waiting on deck so long and was the only candidate Sulzberger really knew. In his book Frankel presents himself as a detached observer, unaware of Rosenthal's "Lear-like tempests" downstairs until Gruson told him about them. It was also Gruson (who died in 1998) who told Frankel that if he wanted Rosenthal's job he should inform Sulzberger. "This I did, offhandedly," Frankel says. (Tifft and Jones say Frankel "had taken the bold step of asking the publisher out to lunch and deftly letting him know that he was available.")

In October 1985, Sulzberger announced Rosenthal's retirement and Frankel's elevation, and Frankel wrote Rosenthal a note, cited in the Tifft-Jones book and omitted from his own. "It's Friday evening and our world's about to turn and I wish at that precise moment we could properly touch, even kiss," he wrote Rosenthal, adding that he felt "oh so proud to take the chair that you have raised so high." But Frankel's book reveals no touching or kissing—Rosenthal was singularly unhelpful in the transition, he writes, essentially leaving him to sink or swim—and little praise. "Actually, I had



HEALING TIME Current executive editor Joseph Lelyveld in the newsroom, 1998.

Both Abe and Max "handed over to his successor a better paper than he got," says Lelyveld.

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an except to be not-Abe," he writes. ankel was "not-Abe" in many salu- ways. Apart from lifting the storm l over the newsroom, he diversified taff and essentially liberated the pa- gay reporters. He raised questions, overdue, about the changing nature ws, and how newspapers had to be- still more intelligent, feature-oriented, analytical. He began offering finan- ewards to some of the paper's best ters. He dispelled the fear that any cal misstep could be professionally us.

it there were problems. Rosenthal launched several new sections with- ompromising the paper's standards; kel's "Styles of the Times," which ed fashion and society, was much ized (by Rosenthal among many s) for its frivolousness before it was ly scaled back. And there was the ous profile of Patricia Bowman, the an who accused William Kennedy h of rape; the *Times* was the first re- ted paper that printed her name and cted her life. The story caused a orm inside and outside the paper. kel writes that because the person in ie pages the story ran was a woman— a Golden Behr, the national editor one could say that "only piggish s" had been involved. What he n't say is that Behr adamantly op- d running the piece or identifying man by name, and that he overrode objections. Nor did he make that t at the unprecedented and vituperа- staff meeting that followed, leaving , the only woman on the stage, to much of the abuse from the 300 ple on hand. Nevertheless, it was a ite to the glasnost that Frankel and paper's incoming publisher, Arthur Sulzberger Jr., had brought in that a meeting was held at all. (Behr de- d to comment for this story.)

ome of what Frankel did as executive or has been reversed by Lelyveld: the t page includes more hard news again, es have once again grown longer, y features have been pushed farther into the paper, and the paper has ied in new editorial directions. In- singly, in fact, Frankel's regime seems nterregnum, a step between the trou- paper he inherited and the towering er the *Times* has become, one that ncreasingly dwarfing its competitors. ny readers say Frankel's pallid account his term of office reveals how, hav- achieved his life's ambition, he was ly not happy running *The New York es*. Rosenthal had clung to his crown; nkel, on the other hand, buffeted by a economy and charges that he was an intellectual bully, yielded it willingly, and prematurely, in 1994.

One high-level *Times* executive called Frankel's reforms "Clintonesque," the newspaper equivalent of school uniforms and V-chips. They were, he said, "lots of feel-good things ... more earnest than spectacular."

In the end, Frankel's memoirs leave Abe Rosenthal standing where he always has: in Max Frankel's way. Even in Frankel's own book, or at least the second half, it is Abe, not Max, that *Times* people find most fascinating. Rosenthal's presence lingers in the newsroom far more than Frankel's; when the time comes, he will surely have the longer obituary with the more dramatic lead. What may irk Max Frankel most is that in the end he really is "not-Abe"—and could never have hoped to be.

In all likelihood, every *Times* editor to come will also be "not-Abe." As with Franklin D. Roosevelt, Rosenthal's very enormity became an argument for shorter terms of office; the franchise is simply too precious and too fragile to entrust to anyone indefinitely. One of the reasons pundits favor Howell Raines over Lelyveld's current deputy, Bill Keller, in the race for the top spot a few years hence is that he's older. That may well mean he's wiser and more qualified; it certainly means that he can't run amok for as long.

On the 10th floor of 229 West 43rd Street, a floor below where the earnest portraits of Rosenthal and Frankel hang near each other in the lengthy gallery of Pulitzer winners, the two men have not run into each other since the book came out, and that may be just as well. "I'll just turn away," Rosenthal said. "What else is there for me to do? Cry? Slap him? I'll just turn away."

Years ago, Rosenthal received a large advance for his own memoirs, and he began working on them. But when he got to the death of his four sisters, he just stopped; it was too difficult to go on, and he won't do so now to get in his licks. Not long ago, his column was cut from twice a week to once. Soon it will surely be discontinued, and another wrenching separation will occur. Once more, Rosenthal's career will be weighed—but this time with Frankel's book in the balance. Even a small book has a long shelf life. Acid-free paper lasts much longer than newsprint.

"All right, Abe is the enemy," said Gay Talese, an acknowledged Rosenthal fan. "But those fucking wars are over." □

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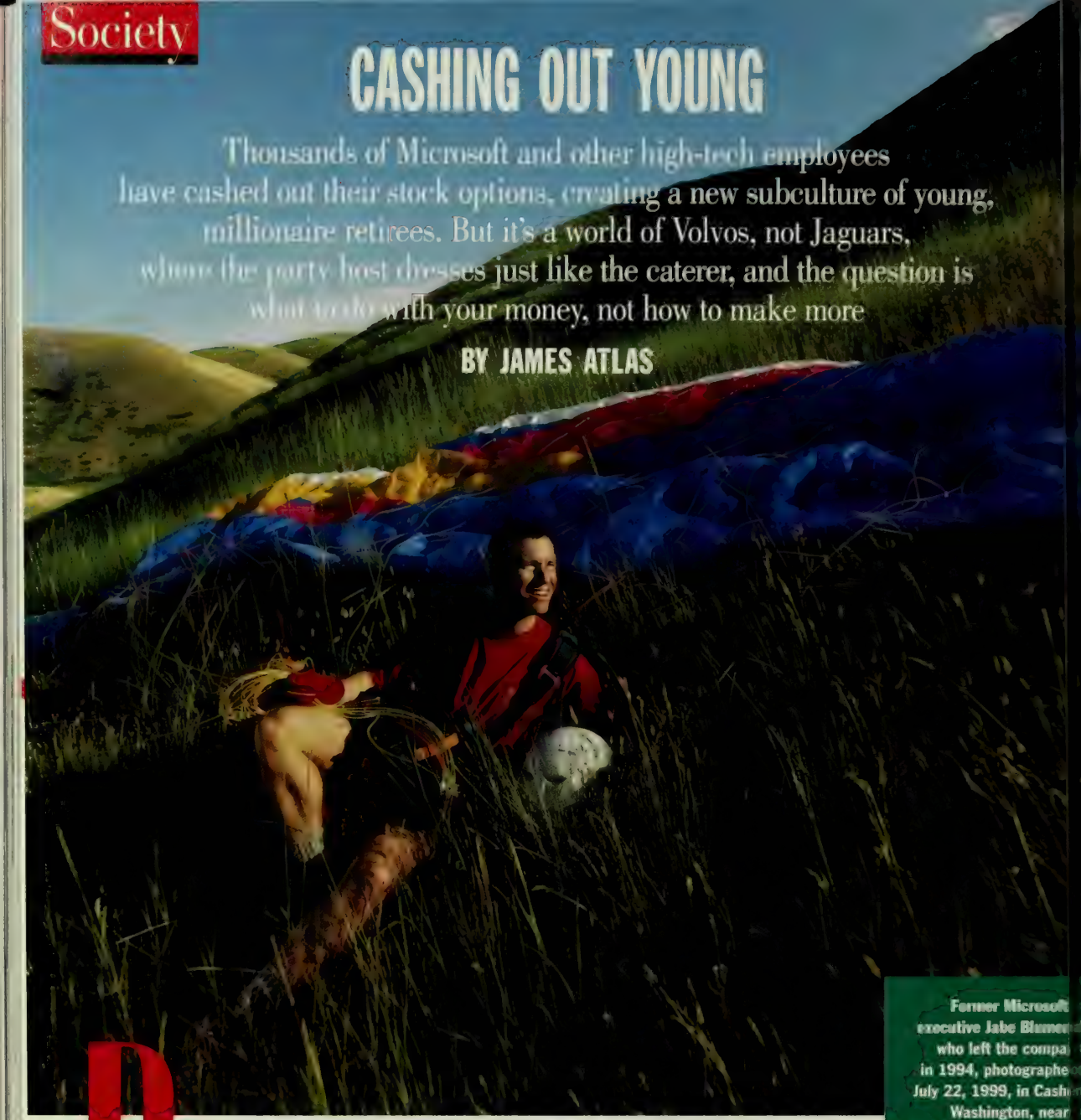
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CASHING OUT YOUNG

Thousands of Microsoft and other high-tech employees have cashed out their stock options, creating a new subculture of young, millionaire retirees. But it's a world of Volvos, not Jaguars, where the party host dresses just like the caterer, and the question is what to do with your money, not how to make more

BY JAMES ATLAS



Former Microsoft executive Jabe Blumen who left the compa in 1994, photographe July 22, 1999, in Cash Washington, near his paragliding scho

Betsy Davis, the proprietor of Portage Bay Goods, the store she founded four years ago in a bohemian Seattle neighborhood, was showing me around her shop one morning this summer. At first glance, it looked like your standard countercultural tchotchke shop, full of scented candles and throw rugs and homemade greeting cards with funny messages. ("Resentment is suicide.") Upon closer inspection, however, the things for sale at Portage Bay Goods were notably ingenious. The throw rugs were made from recycled blue jeans, Betsy pointed out, and the black rubber purses on a table near the door were made from old inner tubes. There were bottle openers made out of bicycle chains, photograph frames made out of old skateboards, drinking glasses made out of discarded bottles. "I just love recycled stuff," she said as I admired some goofy wire sculptures with a cutlery motif. The artist's name was displayed on a little card: Spoon Man.

Betsy's worn blue jeans and tie-dyed jacket also had a recycled look. Like "Pike/Pine," the rapidly gentrifying neighborhood in which her store is situated, she' both a throwback to the 60s and a pioneer in the high-tech world You would hardly guess from her hippie uniform or her vaguel stoned way of talking ("blah, blah, blah" is her favorite expres sion) that, at the age of 42, she's a Microsoft millionaire.

So are a number of her friends. One of the strangest outcome of the software—and now the Internet—revolution has been th creation of a new class: the retired instant rich. In Seattle, most o them worked at Microsoft and "cashed out" when their stock op tions reached a certain optimum level, a cohort so numerous tha it has a name: the Class of Two Thousand. Actually, it's ever more: there are close to 60,000 households in the Puget Soun area with a net worth of $1 million or more, and a lot of tha money has been generated by the electronic revolution. The cit

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HARRY BENSON


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Millionaire former Microsoft executive Betsy Davis, photographed on July 23, 1997, at her waterfront home, still under

itself is in the midst of a marathon refurbishment. It seems as if half the blocks in downtown Seattle are crane-littered construction sites.

Seattle isn't the only center of newly minted wealth out West. Silicon Valley, the software lodestone 30 miles south of San Francisco, has also produced its share of cash-outs—men and women, most of them still in their 30s and 40s, who made a ton of money off Internet start-ups early in the game and headed (often literally) for the hills, climbing Mount Rainier, trekking in Nepal, watching the sunset from their redwood decks high up in the Santa Cruz Mountains. Because of who they are and where they come from and the way in which they became rich, they've spawned a social revolution of such magnitude that it is transforming entire sectors of the West. Unlike people in the financial-services industry, who end up as bond traders or bankers because they want to make a lot of money, "Microsofties" made their wealth serendipitously; for the most part, they tended to be from academic backgrounds—geeky, creative, interested less in striking it rich (until recently, when the Internet got to be like the Gold Rush) than in devising innovative software programs.

Redmond frowns upon the pursuit of money for its own sake. The prestige aeronautical item isn't a Learjet but a paraglider.

There's also a geographic—or is it a sociological?—component. Wall Street money builds temples of conspicuous consumption: houses in the Hamptons, estates in Connecticut, duplexes on Park Avenue. Silicon Valley and Redmond, the home of Microsoft, frown upon the pursuit of money for its own sake. "It's cool—or cooler—to be understated out here," says Julie Bick, 34, a New Jersey native and Wharton School of Business graduate who left Microsoft in 1995 and wrote an engaging book, *All I Really Need to Know in Business I Learned at Microsoft.* "Conspicuous consumption isn't the style. People don't have jets or huge vacation homes. They have a cabin in the woods furnished by Ikea." You see as many Volvos as Porsches in the parking lots along Highway 101 in the Valley or on the Microsoft campus. The prest aeronautical item isn't a Learjet but a paraglid "I know people out here who have 10 times m money than your typical New York real-est mogul, but you'd never know it," the writer Jam Fallows, a transplanted easterner who was spend six months at Microsoft developing a software p gram for the electronically challenged, told me o dinner one night at the Woodmark Hotel in Ki land, Washington (just a few miles from Microso headquarters and practically the company's offic hotel). "They don't have town cars with drivers, th don't wear Sulka suits. They do have big houses, b you don't know where they are. They're not looki to be written about on 'Page Six.'" Another easte er I know who attended a party out here recount to me her chagrin when the blue-jeaned guest s was deep in conversation with excused himself a headed for the kitchen; it turned out he was one the caterers. It's a different value system.

One question that nagged at me as I explor the cash-out phenomenon was: How mu money are we talking about here? Two m lion? Ten million? A hundred million? I kn how much some people were worth because read about them in the paper or b cause they'd become part of high-te lore. Paul Brainerd collected $130 m lion from the sale of his Aldus Corp ration, a pioneer in desktop publis ing, in 1994 when he was 46. But as nosed around, I was surprised by ho modest the cash-out figure could b "There are a lot of financial planne around Seattle who will do the calc lations for you," one Microsoft retir explained to me. "Say you're living $250,000 a year; there are spreadshee and programs. You figure inflation, gro ing your capital, and you want to se your kids to Yale, buy a house on t beach. A lot of people watch the sto price and when it hits their numb they're free. After that they're a volunteer at the company Working out the numbers—and envying the fact that middl class people everywhere but in Manhattan can actually li well on a quarter of a million dollars a year—I came up with figure of something like $7 million.

But "fuck-you money," as the retirement number is cor monly referred to out here, can be a lot less. I heard abo people who'd cashed out with a mere million. Bill Barnes, 3 who helped launch the Microsoft Network and worked wi Michael Kinsley at the on-line journal *Slate*—"I was the te guy"—told me about "a friend" who'd cashed out with tw and a half million. Barnes won't say how much he left with he cashed out in 1997—but his own number might have be even lower. "I'm glad I left when I did," he told me. "The da it crossed my mind, I looked at my financials and saw that th thing I wanted to do I could go do. My wife and I spent a l of time with spreadsheets to figure out how much we cou live on, and did a half-assed budget that turned out to be wil ly inaccurate. We had to figure out how much we could dra on our capital, and finally came up with a number that ind cated we needed to work 17.3 hours a week." He's glad he didn strike it rich in the I.P.O. sense—at least not yet. "I don't kno


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what it would be like if I were stupid rich. I wouldn't want to have to make that choice, wake up every morning and figure out what to do with myself."

Two phrases I heard over and over among Microsofties who'd cashed in their chips: "It's like winning the lottery" and "I didn't know what a stock option was." In this regard, Betsy Davis is typical. A Stanford graduate and daughter of a Seattle attorney, Davis started out at Microsoft as a temp, after typing stints at other Seattle businesses that included a videotape distributor. "I'd done some word processing, but I didn't know much about computers," she told me as we sat in her cluttered office at Portage Bay Goods. She ended up at Microsoft in 1983 after she answered a help-wanted ad. "I was a little under number 400 in the company." (This is a significant statistic in the Microsoft mythology: employees, especially those who got in on the ground floor, can tell you their exact rank in terms of when they entered, a notable distinction in a company that has expanded from 3 people to more than 28,000 since it was founded in 1975.) "It was like being on a frontier. If one was energetic and hardworking, there was work to be done. I wasn't a muckety-muck, I wasn't a visionary, I was just your regular little Joe who got things done." She spent about two years in Ireland working for the company, managing the "localization" of products (adapting Windows to the needs of publicans and weavers, presumably), and left Microsoft in 1997.

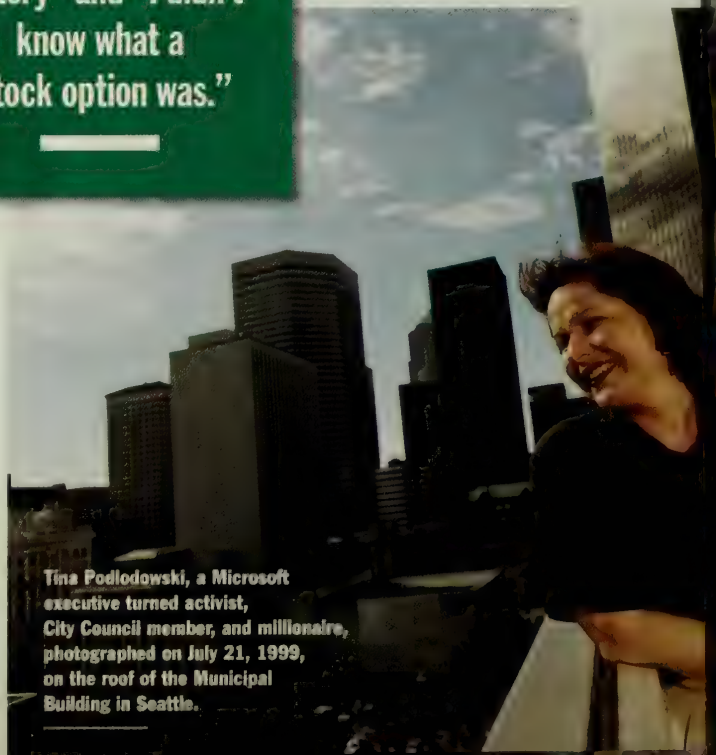
What prompted her to found her own company? (Portage Bay Goods also has a concession stand, Portage Bay Goodies, that sells a vast array of mochas and lattes and cappuccinos out of a sidewalk window in the store.) "I don't have a good reason for why I started this store," she says, struggling to reassemble the tale in her head. "In Ireland, people were doing things that were fun, not dowdy. On a personal, survival level I'd spent nearly 14 years managing other people and listening to other people. I wanted to do something that reflected my own voice. I made a spreadsheet." She grabs a piece of paper and roughs it out for me. "There were three things that I decided matter: community, soul, environment. Soul is hard to define. When someone creates something from within themselves, that's soul. Community is the connection between the people who make the product and the people who sell it. Environment? I'm active in community planning in Pike/Pine, trying to figure out how you do gentrification without driving out independent stores." As examples of her approach to enlightened capitalism, she listed her benefits package: employees get a free massage once a quarter, and free bus passes (good for the environment); she will pay their salaries for up to 20 hours a year of community service; and—this really impressed me—her store is in a building owned by a nonprofit group that leases the space upstairs to Catholic Services, which has renovated apartments above her store for the homeless. Her rent goes to support the program.

Was she surprised to find herself rich? "Yeah, totally. I totally remember driving to the ocean one day 15 years ago, saying to myself, If I had $5,000 I'd take three years off and play. Now I own my own house." Does she miss the adrenaline rush of M Microsoft days? "Not really," she answers in her deliberate, o ball way. "Microsoft fed the analytical part of me, the part t likes to get things done." Now she's rehabilitating herself—"th apy and yoga, working with a personal trainer, learning to my heart rate to go up. I can do a handstand—I did my th one today," she says proudly. "In Seattle, there's this thing go around: simplify life, consume less, have more freedom choose what your life is."

I heard this refrain everywhere in my travels around the c It was the mantra of Microsoft money. One afternoon I w down to City Hall and talked with Tina Podlodowski, 39, a l bian activist with two adopted children. At Microsoft, she he ed up Microsoft University, the company's worldwide traini program. She left the company in 1992, ran for the Seattle C Council in 1995, and won 65 percent of the vote. A national f ure in the gay-rights movement, she was co-chairman of Clinto re-election campaign in Washington state, and made natio news when she resigned after the president agreed to sign a R publican bill denying federal recognition to gay marriages. the table in her office is a photograph of her with Al Gore. S also helped start the Podlodowski/Mileur Fund for Gay and L bian Families with Children. Now she chairs the City Counc Public Safety, Health and Technology Committee and overse the police and fire departments. "If you had told me I'd be pervising drug busts, heroin, police brutality . . . " She shakes h head. "That's what I do—make people feel safe—which is how felt when I got my money."

For Podlodowski, whose own parents were Polish immigra factory workers in the Northeast, Seattle is a Renaissance ci state, flush with cultural patronage. "V could be the Florence of the next mille nium. People are taking their money a putting it into the community. There's a d ferent mentality that drives it. In New Yor people want their name on a museu There's not the sense [in Seattle] that there an upper class. Having money out he doesn't mean a closetful of Armanis."

Two phrases I heard over and over: "It's like winning the lottery" and "I didn't know what a stock option was."

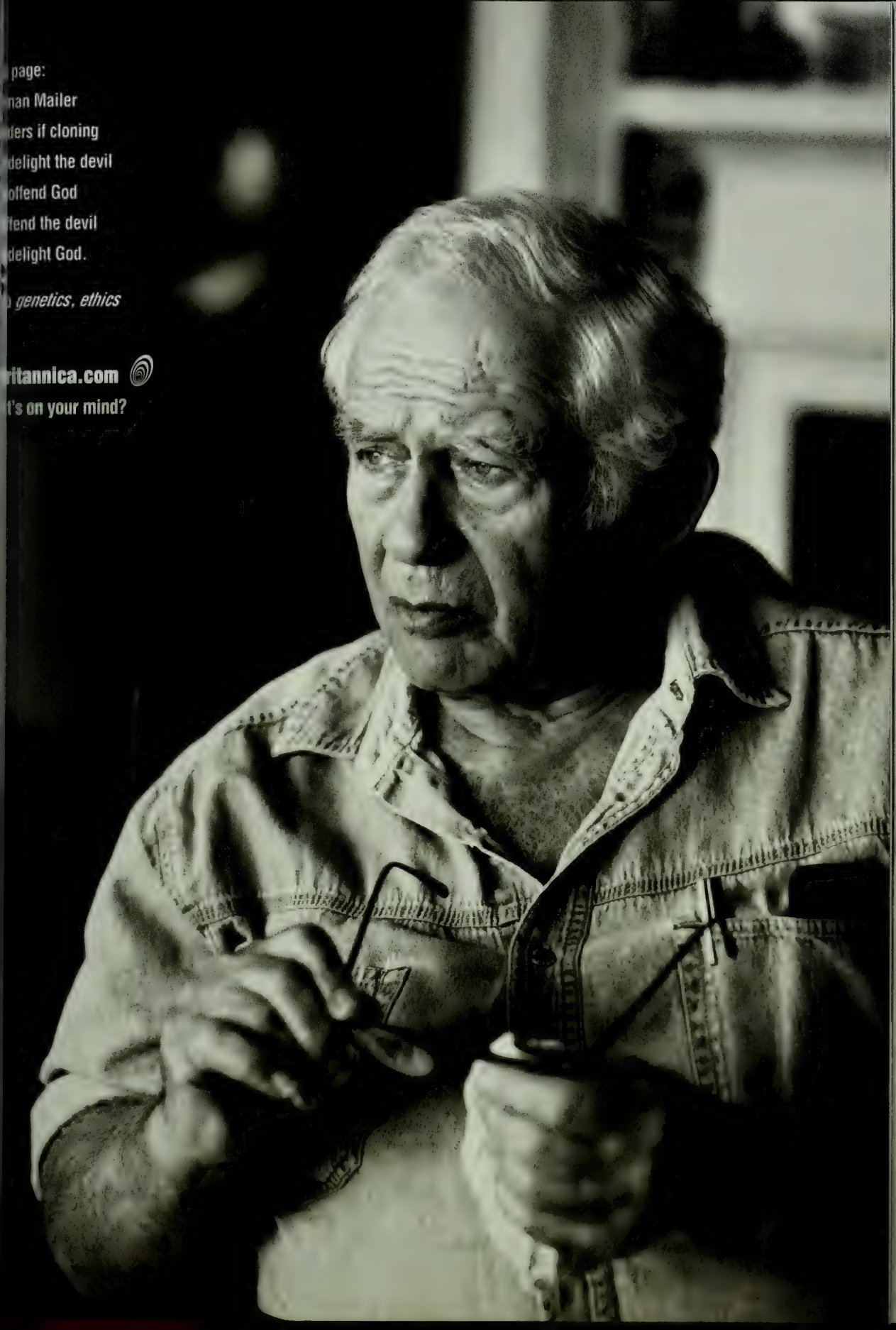


Tina Podlodowski, a Microsoft executive turned activist, City Council member, and millionaire, photographed on July 21, 1999, on the roof of the Municipal Building in Seattle.

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thought of how money is raised in New York, the fund-raisers you read about every Sunday in the "Styles" section of *The New York Times* posh parties for the New York Botanical Gardens, New York Hospital, the New York City Ballet. In New York, you write the check and go to the party. In Seattle, the prestige thing is to go into the nonprofit sector—and work. "There's been a huge transfer of wealth," says Podlodowski. "How do you harness that? How do you take a nonprofit structure and make it self-mastering? Imagine the sweeping reforms that could happen."

The buzzword for this transformation is "social capitalism." Three years ago, Paul Brainerd, the founder of Aldus, dreamed up Social Venture Partners, which has given away nearly a million dollars to children's causes. Through the group, Brainerd has sought to encourage what he called "a new kind of giving," in which investment is tailored to the specific needs of communities and schools—the social equivalent of small businesses. Among S.V.P.'s projects are grants to elementary schools, mentoring programs, and classes that focus on "at-risk" children in poor districts. "The model we're trying to steal from is venture-capital investing—long-range goals, finding the right nonprofits, learning how to develop philanthropic skills," Paul Shoemaker, the executive director of S.V.P., explained to me one afternoon. We were sitting in the modest boardroom of his light, airy Seattle office, in a renovated building on the edge of a seedy though rapidly gentrifying neighborhood downtown. Dressed in blue jeans and a T-shirt, the standard techie uniform—in a week out West, the only person I saw wearing a tie was the bartender at the sushi bar of the Hotel Nikko in San Francisco—Shoemaker told me that he'd worked at Microsoft for seven years in direct marketing, and retired in February 1998 at the age of 37 to spend more time with his two young boys, one of whom was roaming around the office while we talked. He also wanted to make a contribution to society. "The chance to have 30 years to give back, that's really cool."

"Giving back," like "luck" ("I happened to work in the right company, I'm not smarter than others"), was a common theme among the idealistic cash-outs I met during my time in Seattle. Trish Millines Dziko, one of the few African-Americans among the Class of Two Thousand, was raised in Belmar, New Jersey, by a single mother who "cleaned floors for wealthy white people." Dziko, 42, got a computer-science degree from Monmouth University and worked at Microsoft for eight and a half years as a program manager. She quit in 1996 to found the Technology Access Foundation, an organization devoted to educating "communities of color" in the new technology. "I expected to be working for a very long time. I had no idea that I'd be leaving this early. I left when I felt that I had enough money so that I'd never have to work if I continued to live the way I do. I'm pretty middle-class. I live in a normal house in a normal neighborhood, which is a big step up from the way I was raised. I got a whole generation coming behind me that doesn't even have what I have. We didn't have a lot of stuff, but we nev did without. Mother did her philanthropy throu the church. I sold cookies, cleaned fish for fi fries, that kind of stuff. I was raised to give back



Microsoft millio
Trish Millines Dziko, who fou
an organization that edu
"communities of color" in high
issues, photographed
some of her students on Jul
1999, in Se

Since a lot of cash-outs never expected to be rich in the first place, giving up the prospect of greater riches is no big deal.

Not everyone who drops out of Microsoft hea straight for the public sector. Bill Barne *Slate*'s former tech guy, resigned from Micr soft in August 1997 and "fiddled around," puttir Betsy Davis's store on-line, consulting, reading biographies of Churchill and Theodore Rooseve the Penguin *History of the World.* He became Civil War buff, lingering at Antietam and Vick burg, checking out Harper's Ferry. Last year h and his wife, a potter, bought an R.V. and traveled around th country for nine months. A fresh-faced young man with a clos cropped chin beard and a Yellowstone cap, he has the geni manner of someone whom life has treated exceptionally well. H exemplifies the Microsoft style—laid-back but energetic, centere but driven. "I got antsy on the last leg of our trip," he told m "My brain was sending me signals: 'I need to be used, I need t be used.'" Now he's gone back to work: he's vice president technology for a small Seattle start-up called Giftspot.com, whic offers electronic gift certificates. "I'm having a ton of fun. There nothing more fun than working with smart people. I'd forgotte I'm in this for a year or two, then the wife and I will hit the roa in the R.V. again."

Jabe Blumenthal, 38, a former Microsoftie whom I visited i his big old house in northeastern Seattle, a residential neighbo hood of stately Tudor-style mansions from the 1910s, made th point that since a lot of his friends and fellow cash-outs had neve expected to be rich, giving up the prospect of even greater riche is no big deal. "There's a difference between people who went int business to make money and those who never thought they make money," he said one afternoon as we sat on his sunporc while he watched his six-week-old boy, Pascal. "When Microso went public, employees were offered 200 shares at the offerin price—something like 20," Jabe recalled. "That day it shot up t 29¼, and almost everyone sold their shares. They never thought



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could go any higher." Jabe attended a local private school, Lakeside (the same one Bill Gates attended); now he has returned to teach math and physics. What made him leave, I ask. "It's a big world out there; there's a lot of cool stuff to do. At Microsoft" where Jabe was the first program manager—"I felt like every intellectual ability I had was called into play. What I do now is a little narrower, but the relationships are more intense. If somebody said, 'Do you think you'll be doing this in 10 years?,' I'd say absolutely." As I left, Jabe handed me a card for Airplay, his paragliding school in the Cascade Mountains—"The largest in the country," he said. "I never miss an opportunity to get the word out."

Like just about every Microsoftie I met, Jabe had a second career. I was struck by how few cash-outs—at least in the West—were devoting themselves to golf or lying on a beach (though I did read in *The Wall Street Journal* about a former Microsoft vice president who was training himself to be a pro bowler). Many of them were managing to reproduce, even if in a scaled-down version, their frenetic lives at Microsoft. "I'm working just as hard here as I ever did," Paul Shoemaker confessed, describing his 10-hour days of meetings and late-night E-mailing sessions. Scott Oki, one of the founders of S.V.P., said the same thing: "My life is as hectic now as it ever was at Microsoft. I don't work on weekends, but Monday through Friday I'm as busy as ever. Now it's no longer achieving business goals or doing deals—it's helping nonprofits achieve their goals. It's a different kind of reward system. I'm trying to give money away instead of make more money."

The problem is that even if you don't need more money than you have—if you don't even particularly care about money—it's still a measure of worth in our society. "What's the difference between $30 million and $60 million?" said a rich cash-out I know on the East Coast who sold his telecommunications business a few years ago. "The difference is in your head." So why keep trying to accumulate more? "For a lot of guys I know, it's because they can't do anything else," he told me. He named two well-known money managers in New York who are still putting in 16-hour days. "They have no outside interests. Th just keep adding zeros." It's a way of defining your achievemer Nathan Myhrvold acknowledged. "It's feedback. It's those wh lines in the middle of the road that let you know where you a and one of those markers is financial. Once you get in th mode—'I'm making lots of money'—you can lose sight of t fact that you don't want to be doing that. It's hard to let when you're making millions of dollars a year."

Myhrvold, who has amassed a fabled fortune estimated to more than $250 million—along with a high profile—as Micr soft's chief technology officer, is eloquent on the benefits of h recent and much-publicized departure from the company, bill as a sabbatical. "There were all kinds of things I wanted to do reading and writing. I was originally going to be a scientist, ar took a left turn instead of a right turn. Eventually it dawned me that no one would ever walk into my office and say, 'W don't you take some time off?' If you work 10 years here, y get an extra week off." The higher he rose at the company, t harder he worked. "If you succeed, every day your rut gets dee er. You have more people working for you. The moat that sep rates you from other things gets wider. Success forecloses yo options. I've met people who have no money at all yet ha arranged their lives so that they're doing what they want to do. friend of mine who's 40—my age—and I had a discussion. 'S you live 25 more years,' this person said. 'That means the ne three months is one percent of the rest of your working lif When you're on your deathbed, are you going to wish for mo money or more time?'"

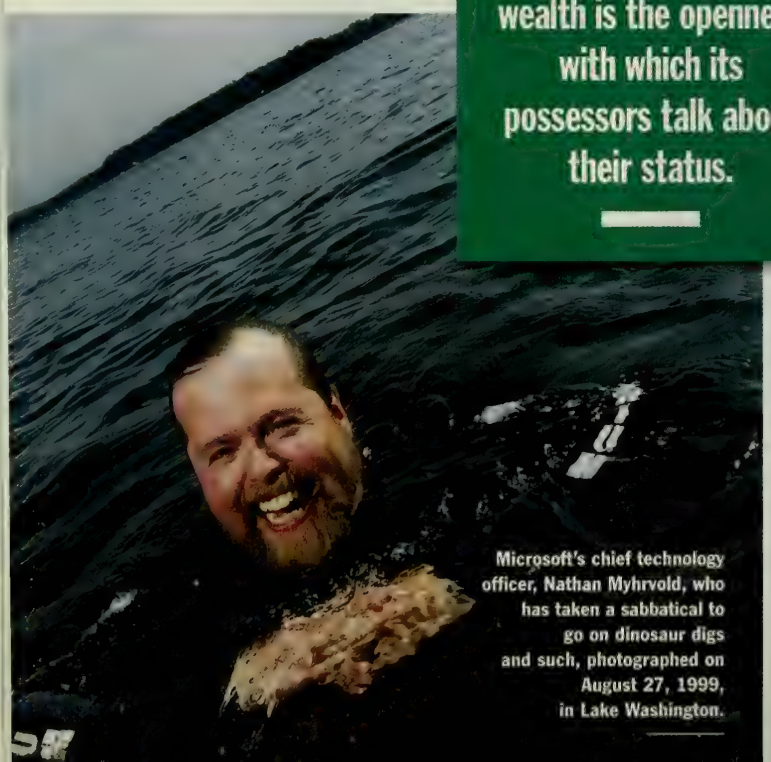
It was at that point that Myhrvold decided to leave.

Not surprisingly, he has ambitious plans. He went on a d nosaur expedition this summer, and later in the year, he plans t spend some time at the Institute for A vanced Study at Princeton. "I'll see wh comes of it. I'm hoping there's somethin I don't know I want to do."

All the same, he's nervous about lea ing behind the main source of his identit "I'm giving up this fantastic job for . nothing, for an absence of something t do." His friends fret that he'll drop o *Vanity Fair*'s New Establishment list, an that no one will call him on the phone "though I did get invited to the Sun Valle conference," he said with a nervous laug

One of the most startling things about this new pool of wealth is the openness with which its possessors talk about their status.

One of the most startling things abou this new pool of western wealth is th openness with which its possessors tal about their status. At first, I had though the story was in New York, which is havin its own cash-out moment—Goldman Sachs and Neu berger Berman doing I.P.O.'s, Internet companie such as TheStreet.com popping up on Wall Street t capitalize on investor greed. But when I tried to dis cover what cash-outs in the area did with their dough I was invariably rebuffed. One fortysomething friend of mine, who bailed out of Goldman two years ago t become a pig farmer in New Jersey, backed off fro an interview as if I were a leper. Another forme Goldmanite curtly rang off when I called him on th phone. At the Harvard Club on West 44th Street, approached a clot of expensively tailored regulars a the backgammon table in the Grill Room, hoping fo some insight as to how they regarded early retirement I knew that most of them no longer worked, becaus when the room cleared out after lunch, they lingere



Microsoft's chief technology officer, Nathan Myhrvold, who has taken a sabbatical to go on dinosaur digs and such, photographed on August 27, 1999, in Lake Washington.



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East Coast cash-out Michael Steinhardt, a hedge-fund operator turned philanthropist, photographed on July 16, 1999, at his home in Mount Kisco, New York.

on, hunched over the backgammon table, until cocktail hour; I'd heard that yachts and Hampton homes changed hands clandestinely. When I made my introduction as a journalist, the players glared at me stonily. "I don't see the upside in talking about this, and I do see the downside," one finally muttered. A dogged reporter, I made a lunch date with the chairman of the Games Committee; perhaps he could enlighten me. Instead he stood me up. It finally occurred to me: New York is all about work. Work is our badge of honor, the thing that defines us, the reason for tolerating the city's weird, hopped-up environment. No one's going to admit that he or she doesn't work. It would be like admitting to some private weakness or affliction. I'm retired—I can't get it up.

Work is a New Yorker's badge of honor, the thing that defines us. No New Yorker is going to admit that he or she doesn't work.

One of the few people who would talk to me was Michael Steinhardt, the 58-year-old hedge-fund wizard who retired in a blaze of publicity a few years ago, having made fortunes for his clients and a reported $400 million dollars for himself. Steinhardt claimed to be retired—this was his second pass at retirement. He had gone off to Israel, and put in a lot of time at his Mount Kisco estate developing his menagerie of exotic animals. He started a movie company, got interested in horticulture. Now he's engaged in philanthropy; among his other schemes I'd read about was Birthright Israel, which proposed to offer a free "educational" trip to Israel for every Jew on the planet. (Did you have to go?, I wondered.)

Steinhardt didn't look retired. I called on him at his headquarters on 59th Street and Madison Avenue, where he occupies a huge corner office on the 17th floor, overlooking the Plaza Hotel and Central Park. A portly, balding man with a mustache and gold-rimmed glasses, he sat behind an immense desk in red suspenders, surrounded by glass cases filled with treasures of ancient Judaica he'd collected over the years. "I've managed to transfer the intensity and temper of trading to my philanthropic life," he told me. Like many self-made men, for whom giving often means serving on boards and submitting to the whims of others, Steinhardt isn't interested in becoming part of the philanthropic establishment. He wants to do things his own way. It was in the spirit that he sponsored, together with 12 other wealthy partners, including Edgar Bronfman and Leslie Wexner, a fund to encourage Jewish education—"to get people used to the limelight interested in collective Jewish causes, such as the creation of new Jewish day schools. The idea was that things need to be done Jewishly; the Jewish world has deteriorated through intermarriage. We Jews aren't great givers anymore. We're the product of two great rivers: Eastern European Jewishness—shtetl life—and American secularism, which has enabled us to go into all professions. As the century ends, one river has become a trickle, while the other has grown and grown. Are we so different from everyone else anymore?"

This was all fascinating, and I admired Steinhardt's vision for increasing Jewish philanthropy. The disconcerting thing was that, in the midst of describing to me his post-retirement dreams, Steinhardt was trading bonds compulsively, ceaselessly, obsessively, breaking off our conversation to bark directives into his intercom at a harried assistant in a yarmulke who materialized every few minutes to debate their current position. "We bought a hundred at 21," he said to the assistant, "so that puts us at what, $750,000, $800,000? I'm getting antsy. We've blown it a little bit. After we've bought 300 bonds what happens to us at 15, 16, 17?" Five minutes later, another urgent exchange ensued: "So we're at 450,000. If you short 1,400 bonds you lose a million. Oh, brother."

"It doesn't feel like retirement," Steinhardt said to me, gazing across his vast desk with watery, trouble eyes. No, it doesn't, I acknowledged. As I headed down the hall hearing his voice boom over the intercom, it occurred to me, not for the first time, that it's not easy being rich.

One afternoon I joined Betsy Davis in a boardroom on the 41st floor of one of the three skyscrapers that loom over downtown Seattle. We were there to attend a session of SoulTenders, a spiritual-outreach program for stressed upper-level managers that was founded in 1998 by two ex-investment bankers, Liz Ellmann and Christine Noonan. Liz, an elegant woman in her early 40s with close-cropped brown hair and piercing blue eyes, used to work at Bankers Trust on Wall Street, specializing in global markets. "I reached a point where that just wasn't feeding me," she had told me earlier that day, when we met over coffee at the 611 Supreme, a 60s-style coffeehouse in Pike/Pine. "I wondered why it wasn't satisfying. Wall Street is the center of the universe. I was going to church, but I hadn't discovered God." She and her husband—a financial consultant—dropped out and spent a couple of years backpacking in Asia. "A palm reader in India really got it for me. We were in Mysore on New Year's Eve 1991, and he looked at my palm and said, 'You're going to die when you're 62.' It was the thought of my mortality that turned me around. I just felt called upon to serve."

SoulTenders was her answer. "I'm not interested in evangeliz



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ing; I'm interested in nurturing the creativity within us." To this end, she's been trying to sign up new recruits for her program; one of her first clients is the Environmental Protection Agency. Companies are starting to lend her the use of their boardrooms and in some instances pick up the tab. "There's a shift from the ordered, Newtonian way to this more open world of the Internet," she explained, fixing her intense blue eyes on me as she offered up a spiritual analogue to deconstruction. "There are no credentialed truths out there; it's alive and evolving." From the Dow to the Tao, as it were.

A few hours later, in the boardroom of Marshall & Sullivan, investment advisers, Liz joined her partner, Christine Noonan, 49, a former executive at IBM, Merrill Lynch, and the Lotus Development Corporation, who is now interested, according to the course brochure, in "reconciling spiritual life with corporate culture." They sat at the head of the table, surrounded by five eager charges who had shelled out $250 for the 12-week course. Today's theme, Liz announced, was "Owning Our Ambition."

As I gazed out over the lovely skyline of Seattle, the green islands and lakes and the snowcapped mountains on the horizon, Liz and Christine addressed their flock, which included a couple of high-level Internet executives who made it clear that they were spending 80 hours a week engaged in start-up ventures, on "the art of blessing the day." Liz read from a poem by Marge Piercy ("Attention is love, bless whatever you can with eye and hand and tongue. / If you can't get ready to bless it, make it new"). At that point, a gong sounded, the kind of faintly resonant bell I'd last heard in an ashram I stumbled into somewhere north of San Francisco 30 years ago. "Take a deep breath and bring yourself into the present moment and as you breathe in let go of everything that has happened in this day," Liz advised in a calm voice. Then she read a Celtic blessing while outside in the corridor, visible through the glass walls of the conference room, secretaries bustled back and forth. Again the soothing bell rang.

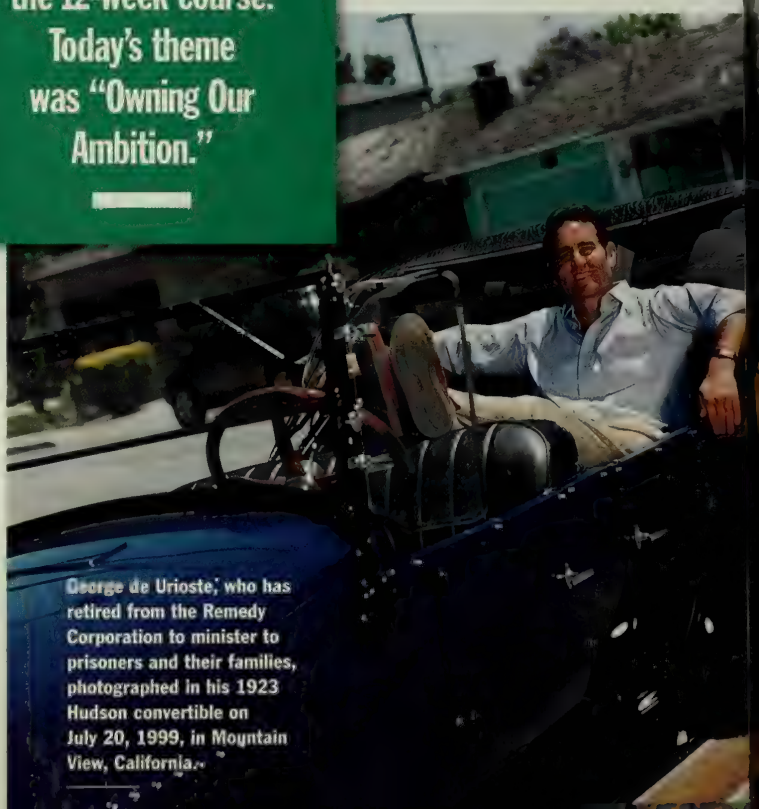
After the reading of the blessing, Liz asked for a report on the "god boxes" the group had made the previous week, cardboard containers in which they had placed objects symbolic of their inner conflicts. A man named Bill described how he had put shards of glass in his box and then tied it up with wire. "All my fears stem from fear of fragmentation," he explained. "I don't need to put anything in the box because it's already there." (Maybe he didn't want to look in the box and find out what his conflicts were, the Freudian in me murmured, but I quickly suppressed my doubts.) The participants had been given another assignment—to write "morning pages," a stream-of-consciousness exercise designed to ferret out their deepest anxieties. But most of the group had been so harried by work-related crises and meetings that they hadn't written their pages.

Never mind. Today's lesson, Liz intoned, was about "gratitude." The class assignment was to write a Celtic blessing. First we were to choose some object from our daily lives—"For the Celtic farmer it might have been the milk cow"—then close our eyes and "think about touching it, ask so energy, the presence in the universe, to be with you and that ject," and then "invite the poet in you to write a blessing." As example, she had written her own blessing—to her refrigerat "Thank you for keeping cool and fresh / the herbs of the meadc / the produce of the fields and forests . . . " Then she put or tape of Celtic music, a soothing medley of pipes and flute. Wh it was over, she asked for volunteers to read their blessings. woman named Patricia had written a blessing to her eyeglass Bill, the guy who had tied up his "god box," blessed his wo space; Christine blessed her kitchen: "Thank you for your dra which takes away the unwanted . . . " ("Lots of levels of meani there," volunteered a man named Tim.) Feeling as if I ought participate, I had written a blessing on the piece of paper I'd be handed: "Bless my laptop for giving me the ability to genera words that communicate . . . " Fortunately, I wasn't called upon read it. What I really wanted to write was a blessing to my c phone ("Thank you for enabling me to call my agent at any ho of the day or night . . . "), but somehow that seemed crude.

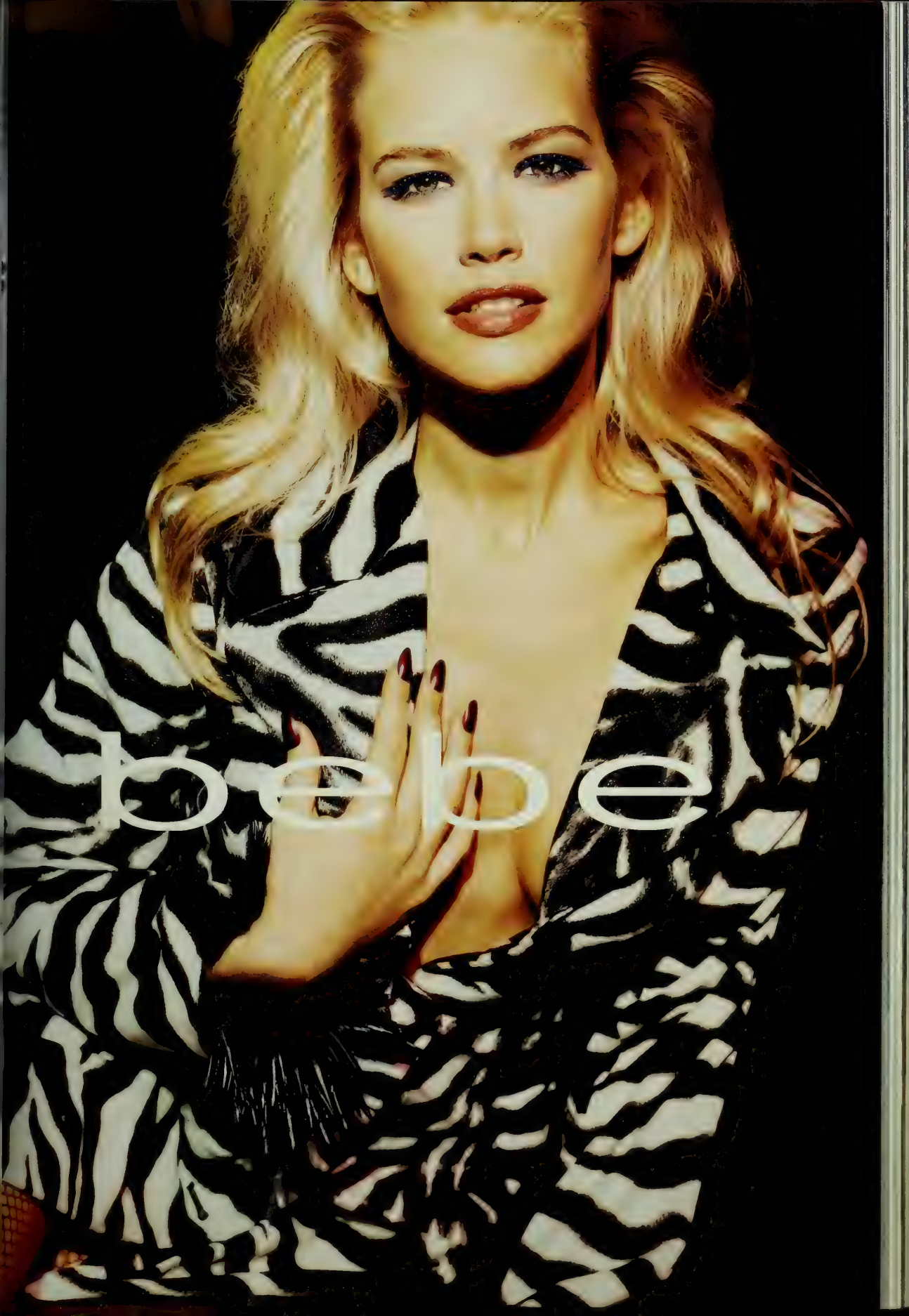
As the class drew to a close, Christine gave a packet of thank-y cards to everyone, suggesting the students write to a person of th choice to give thanks for something they'd been given, and re ommended an hour's contemplative walk. They were also to wr down "50 things you're thankful for in life." Then the resonati bell rang once more, and we dispersed to the elevator bank.

As at many moments in American history when great weal has accrued to a group—the great philanthropic largesse of Carneg and Ford, the culture temples of Chicago built by the great mi western fortunes at the end of the 19th ce tury—the vast piles of money being made the high-tech industry have already begun attract an evangelical component, for who "giving back" is the essence of capitalism One afternoon I sat around a conferen table at the brand-new offices of Grego Slayton's company ClickAction, just off th 101 freeway in Palo CONTINUED ON PAGE 2

Five eager charges had shelled out $250 for the 12-week course. Today's theme was "Owning Our Ambition."

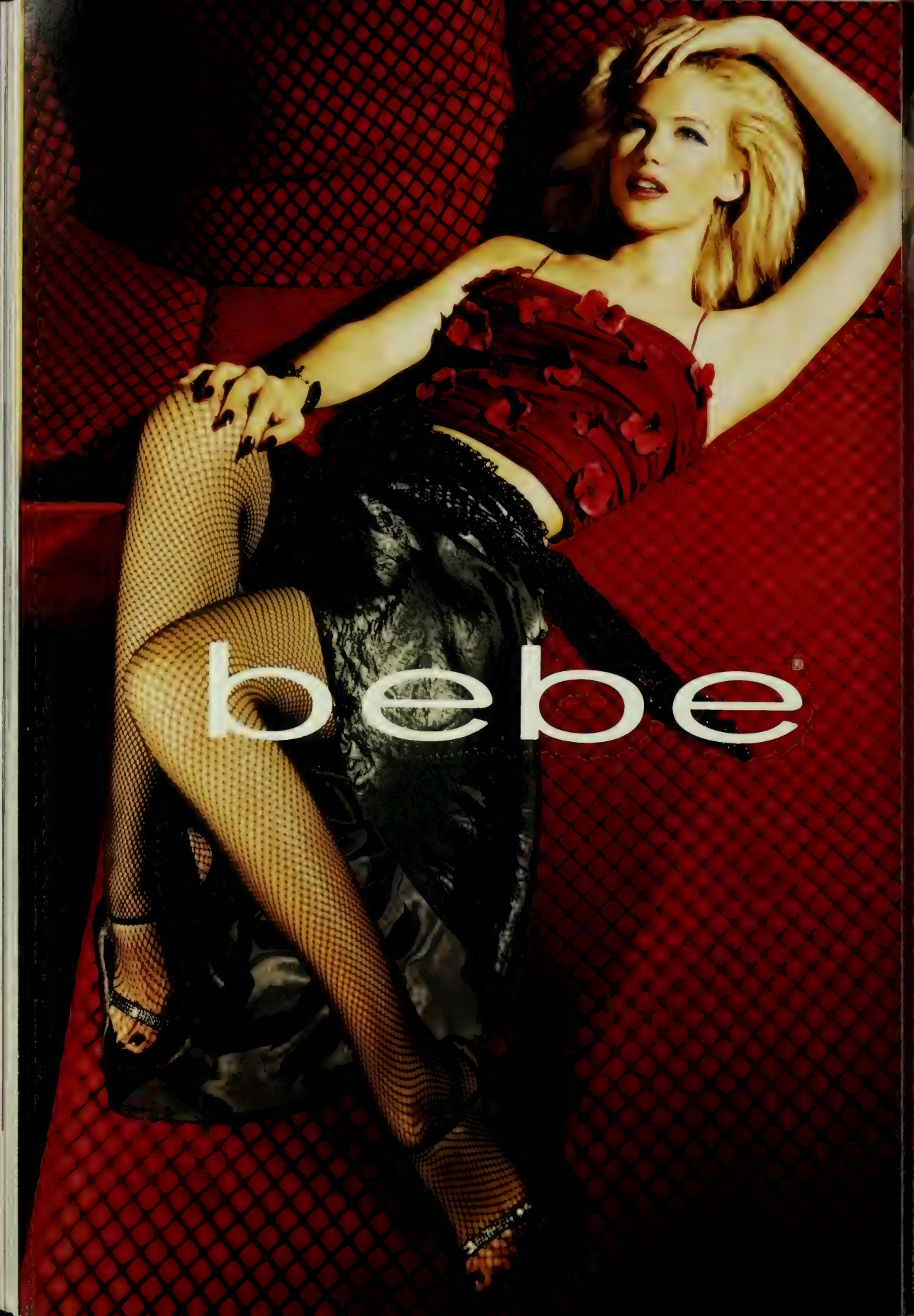


George de Urioste, who has retired from the Remedy Corporation to minister to prisoners and their families, photographed in his 1923 Hudson convertible on July 20, 1999, in Mountain View, California.


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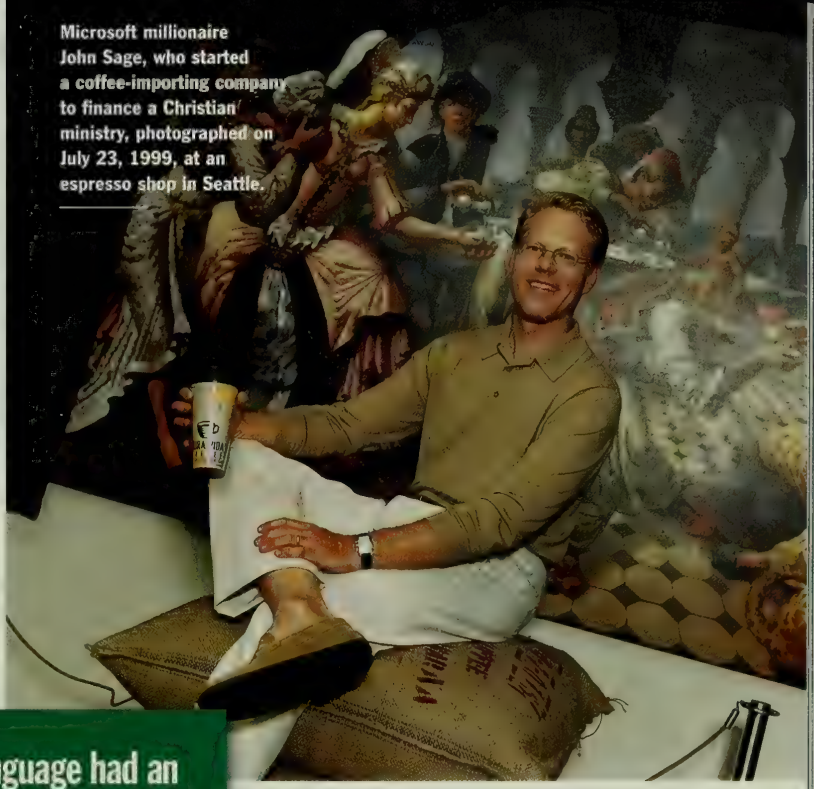



bebe

ONTINUED FROM PAGE 228 Alto, with a group of ash-outs in their 30s and early 40s who were al-eady—as the philanthropic term goes—making a ifference. The language in which they described eir philanthropic work had an evangelical cast o it; they had made millions in the software usiness and were now busy fulfilling the will of od. George de Urioste, whose company, a pi-neer in Internet applications, had grown so apidly that he had had trouble keeping up with , was a handsome, intense C.F.O. who had tak-n a year off—"Retired!" he scrawled on his ard—"to get off the fast-moving train, slow own life, pursue obscurity," as he put it. He as working with Charles Colson, the 68-year-ld Watergate felon turned born-again Christian, a prison-fellowship ministry developing out-each programs such as the Angel Tree Network hat help the families of prisoners in high-crime eighborhoods like East Palo Alto: "We're trying o reach out to the children of prisoners who ack a role model for what it takes to become a ood, productive, law-abiding citizen."

Also at the table was John Sage, down from eattle for the day. John had oined Microsoft in 1989 and een plunged into "the clas-ic Microsoft experience—all-onsuming and exhausting." By 994, still in his 30s, he was burned out," as the *Seattle Times Magazine* described him n a cover story last April. In he space of a year, he had got-en married, shipped a new oftware program—Office 4.0 -and lost a brother to AIDS. His former Harvard Business School roommate and close riend Chris Dearnley had ounded a charismatic church n San José, Costa Rica, to escue slum children in the grip of drugs and poverty. Dearnley was just about out of money; Sage was at loose ends. "I was twiddling my thumbs, thinking, How do I steward these resources? In one of those great poolside, margarita-induced conversations"—he now refers to it as an 'epiphany"—"we dreamed up a business that would serve solely as a source of income for Chris's company."

He handed me a brochure for Pura Vida Coffee—"Supporting Christian Ministry to Children and Families in Costa Rica." Sage had gotten into the coffee business, buying coffee beans cheap from a wholesaler and selling them over the Internet; his target audience was church groups. "The coffee they serve in church is really terrible." Their first batch sold out in a couple of months, and "in a moment of craziness we ordered 10,000 pounds more." All the profits go into the ministry, and Sage was euphoric about the results: "There was this six-year-old deaf girl we bought a hearing aid for, and we have incredible footage that's on our Web site now. The moment when she was fitted with the hearing aid and she hears her mother talking to her for the first time—it just blows you away." For Sage, the work he's done for Pura Vida replicates the Microsoft model; the only difference is that it's non-profit. "I view this as a laboratory," he said with quiet excitement in his voice. "There has to be a way to harness capitalism on behalf of social causes. By sending brochures and sample packs to churches, we've got a virtuous loop going. By creating a church channel, we've created an opportunity to sell other goods to them—tea bags, stirrers, paper towels. It's a very powerful economic model, and it couldn't happen without the Web." Sage claims to have a "business gene," and I believe him. He can't help making money.



Microsoft millionaire John Sage, who started a coffee-importing company to finance a Christian ministry, photographed on July 23, 1999, at an espresso shop in Seattle.

Their language had an evangelical cast. They had made millions in the software business and were now busy fulfilling the will of God.

The luncheon meeting at ClickAction had the aura of a revival meeting. David Paterson, a former Apple executive who, at 56, was the senior man at the table, told of having bought a Porsche and getting stuck in a traffic jam. "I thought, Goddamn it, I ought to have the right-of-way here." Everyone around the table laughed. "I came home thinking, What has happened to your head? Money does strange things to people." The others nodded in agreement.

When I got home, there was a bag of Pura Vida waiting for me.

Two days later, I was back at the grill room of the Harvard Club in New York City. Outside, it was a bright summer day; inside, the regulars were huddled around the backgammon table, rolling dice or whatever they did. I was homesick for the West—for the lush green hills of Silicon Valley; for the casual atmosphere of Buck's in Woodside, where V.C.'s (in my day, those initials stood for Vietcong, not venture capitalist) and entrepreneurs sat around tables beneath model airplanes and talked the morning away; for the misty evenings in San Francisco when you drove into the city from the south and the cable cars were trundling up from Fisherman's Wharf; for the woody landscape of Seattle, the lakes and islands that reminded me of Canada. Maybe when life is so much about the outdoors, people get in touch with neglected parts of themselves, dream up other things to do with their lives than make money. Or maybe those are the kind of people who end up out West. Whatever it was, it sure seemed a lot more appealing than the lugubrious tableau at the Harvard Club.

That night I happened to be reading Bertrand Russell's *The Conquest of Happiness*, and I came across the following thought: "To be able to fill leisure intelligently is the last product of civilization."

LADY OF SORROWS



WILD IRISH WOES

Two-time Oscar nominee Emily Watson, photographed at the Chelsea Hotel, New York City, September 16, 1999.

"Everyone expects me to be such a nutter," Emily Watson says merrily. "But I'm really O.K." Hardly what you'd expect from her screen roles. In Lars von Trier's 1996 *Breaking the Waves,* Watson played a saintly obsessive who prostitutes herself at the insistence of her paralyzed husband. Her harrowing film debut earned an Academy Award nomination, which she promptly followed with another for her devastating portrayal of cellist Jacqueline du Pré's tragic battle with multiple sclerosis in *Hilary and Jackie.* And now the Oscar buzz has begun again for *Angela's Ashes,* based on Frank McCourt's "epic of woe" about his miserable Irish Catholic childhood. Watson stars as the author's mother, who bears seven children and loses three to poverty and illness, begging in order to support her family. "Her life is pretty grim," admits Watson, who actually comes from a nice middle-class English background and is married to actor Jac Waters. "Really being absolutely taxed and stretched is a fantast feeling as an actress—but also exhausting." Tim Robbins's upcomin *Cradle Will Rock* brings yet another character *in extremis,* a homeles street waif. Watson, who turns 33 in January, is now filming Nabokov *The Luzhin Defense.* More Sturm und Drang? "I have an aptitude fo going down a certain path if I want," acknowledges Watson, wh credits her first director. "Lars drew something out of me that I didn know was there. It just opened your heart and mind to the possibilitie of extreme emotion—and once you've done it, you know how to ope those doors again. I have a very vivid imagination." And whatever th occupational hazards of portraying desperate characters, she add "Waitressing was a lot worse."

—LESLIE BENNETT

PHOTOGRAPH BY JULIAN BROAD

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Screenplay



"READING NEVER SOLVES ANYTHING" Midler as Susann, photographed by Firooz Zahedi this year in Los Angeles.

INTO THE *VALLEY OF THE DOLLS*

With her steamy 1966 novel, *Valley of the Dolls,* Jackie Susann broke publishing records. An excerpt from the screenplay of the upcoming movie *Isn't She Great,* starring Bette Midler, with Nathan Lane as Susann's agent husband, Irving Mansfield, shows how the couple turned "tits, ass, and the truth" into best-selling gold

BY PAUL RUDNICK

've got to leave something on this earth before I go," Jacque Susann wrote in her diary on New Year's Day 1963. More the point, she added, "I don't want it discovered AFTER I I want to be around to get that Nobel Prize." While she ne made it to Stockholm, the fame-hungry actress turned playwright turned TV pitchwoman turned dirty-book wr had most of her dreams fulfilled in 1966 when her first no Valley of the Dolls, *hit the top of the* New York Times b *seller list. So did her next two novels—a then record hat tr of which Günter Grass and Wole Soyinka might be envio Perhaps they should try using more words like "nympho" "Nembutal" in their work.*

A quarter-century after her death from breast cancer we are i in the midst of a Jackie Susann revival, and if you were castin movie about her you too would probably hire Bette Midler, just the producers of Isn't She Great *have. Nathan Lane co-stars Mr. Jackie Susann—an old-school press agent named Irving Ma field who devoted himself cheerleader-like to his wife's care Though based in part on Michael Korda's memoir of Susann (editor in chief of Simon & Schuster worked on her second nov Paul Rudnick's empathetic yet wickedly funny screenplay take number of liberties with actual events—Susann, for instance, already a published author when she was writing* Valley of t Dolls. *But surely she of all people would excuse a few fudges pursuit of a better story.*

*The film, to be released early next year, has been directed Andrew Bergman (*The Freshman *and* Striptease*) and produc by Mike Lobell. Other performers who will appear in the follow scenes include Stockard Channing as Jackie's best friend, Floren David Hyde Pierce as her editor; Amanda Peet as her public and Daniel Cosgrove as Jim Morrison. This excerpt begins wit frustrated Jackie on the verge of great inspiration.*

INTERIOR JACKIE'S BEDROOM—DAY

Jackie is lying in bed playing solitaire. Florence sits beside her, off ing her treats from a box of candy, which Florence also nibbles fro

FLORENCE: Please, for me. Eat something. You need yo strength.

JACKIE: No. Not till I'm famous. I'm going on a hunger strike. Like, what's-his-name-Gandhi. He got famous.



FLORENCE: (*considering this*) And thin.

The bedroom door opens, dramatically. Irving enters.

IRVING: A book.

JACKIE: What? What are you talking about?

IRVING: A book.

FLORENCE: Irving, no. Reading never solves anything.

IRVING: She's not going to read a book.

JACKIE: Thank God.

IRVING: (*to Jackie*) You're gonna write one.



INT. LIVING ROOM—A FEW MINUTES LATER

Jackie sits on the couch, still in her peignoir; Florence loung nearby. Irving appears, with a tray of champagne flutes and bottle of champagne.

JACKIE: He's crazy. That's ridiculous. A book? I can't wri a book.

IRVING: (*playing his ace*) Writers get famous. World-famou They get legendary.

LIEV SCHREIBER AS ORSON WELLES

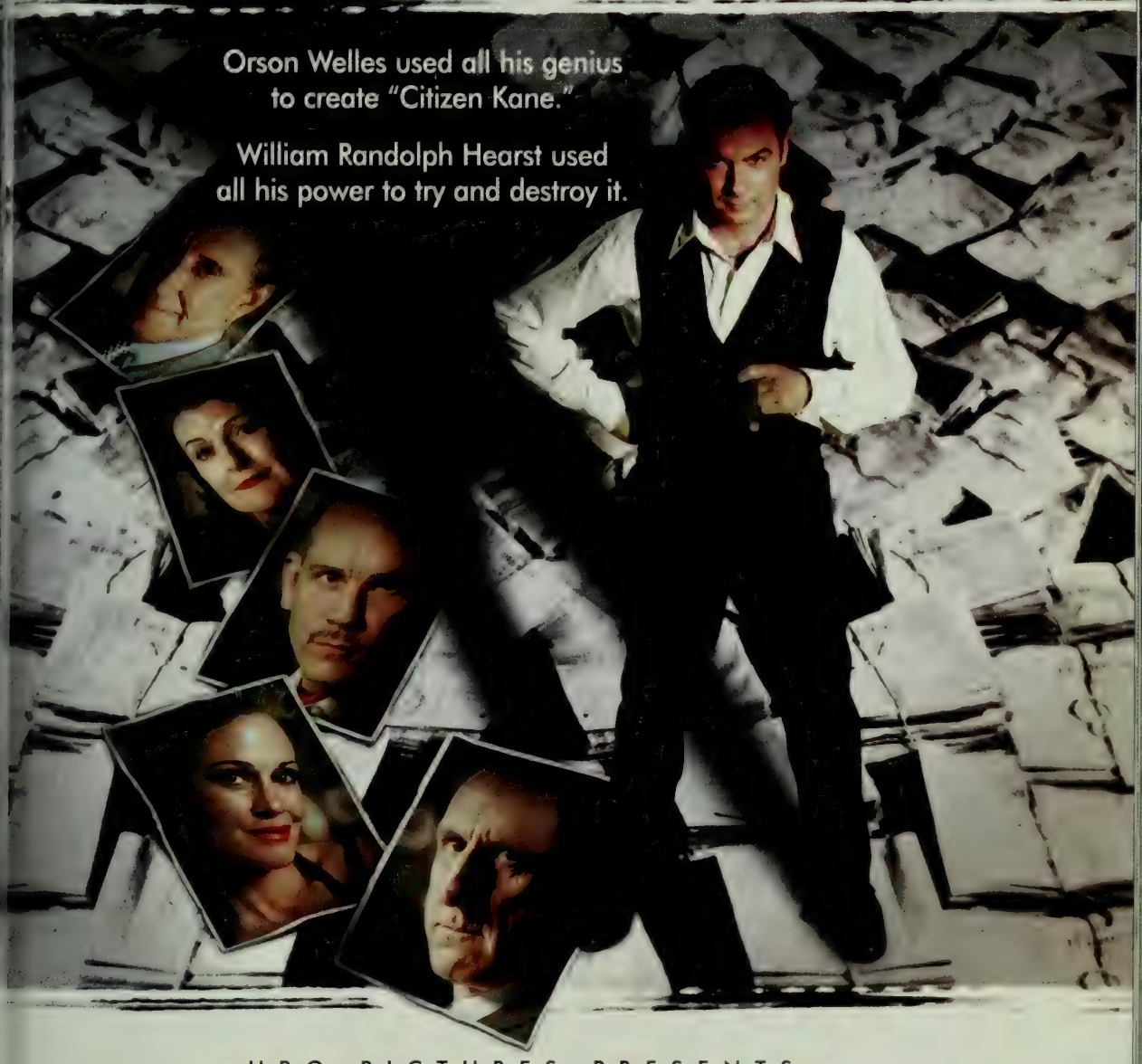
JAMES CROMWELL AS WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST

MELANIE GRIFFITH AS MARION DAVIES

BRENDA BLETHYN AS LOUELLA PARSONS

ROY SCHEIDER AS GEORGE SCHAEFER

and JOHN MALKOVICH AS HERMAN MANKIEWICZ



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FLORENCE: You know—that's true. Think of—Hemingway. Dickens. And I'm sure there are others.

JACKIE: But a book? A whole book? What would I write about?

FLORENCE: I've got it!

JACKIE: What?



FLORENCE: You could write—about me. My story. The tale of a beautiful actress, and the handsome young men who desire her.

JACKIE: Science fiction?

IRVING: Do you remember that movie *I Remember Mama*?

FLORENCE: Starring Irene Dunne, with the braids.

IRVING: Right. She was playing a Swedish woman. And she had this little daughter who wanted to be a writer.

FLORENCE: Irene was nominated. It was a slow year.

IRVING: Flo, please. And the little girl was in the kitchen, with her wonderful Swedish mother. And the mother says, "Write about what you know." And so she wrote about her mother, and it was a blockbuster.

JACKIE: But I don't have a wonderful Swedish mother. And all I know about is show business. All I know about are people fucking their way into the movies, popping pills, and ending up in the gutter. A[ll] I know about are aging stars, hopeful whores, [a]nd cheap studs. All I know about are tits, ass, and [t]he truth. And nobody writes books about that.



"YOU WOULDN'T USE [REA]L NAMES, WOULD YOU?" Florence (Stockard [Cha]nning) worries that her [best] friend, Jackie, might be writing a *roman à clef.*

IRVING: Why not?

FLORENCE: (*protecting herself*) Jackie?

JACKIE: (*thinking Irving's idea over*) Yeah?

FLORENCE: You wouldn't—use real names, would you?

INT. BEDROOM—THE NEXT MORNING

Jackie, still in her robe, is pacing. A pile of yellow legal pads, a [c]up filled with pens, and a pink typewriter now sit on a side tab[le]. Jackie picks up a pen, then puts it down.

INT. LIVING ROOM—DAY

Irving is sitting on the couch, sipping coffee and reading Varie[ty]. *The bedroom door opens, and Jackie appears.*

JACKIE: Can I write about having orgasms?

IRVING: (*thinking it over*) Yes.

The bedroom door shuts. A second later, it opens again, and Jack[ie] sticks her head out.

JACKIE: Can I write about not having orgasms?

IRVING: How would you know?

Jackie, mock-outraged, slams the door. A second later, we hear t[he] sound of typing.

INT. BEDROOM—THREE DAYS LATER

Jackie, now dressed, paces furiously. Finally, the suspense killi[ng] her, she bursts into the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM—SAME TIME

Irving has just finished reading a pile of typewritten pink page[s]. Jackie stands over him, vibrating.



JACKIE: Well? The first three chapters? What? Tell me. No, don't. They're very rough. I can fix them. I'll start over. Give 'em back to me. Pretend you didn't read them. So? What? What's wrong? What did you think?

IRVING: O.K., so it's about these three girls who come [to] New York, to make it in showbiz. So far, Jennif[er] does naked exercises, to make her boobs bigge[r]. Neely becomes a pillhead, and Anne loses her vi[r]ginity in a hotel room, to a handsome, cheatin[g] bastard named Lyon Burke. So far, it's all nipple[s], nut jobs, and nymphos.

JACKIE: Well? Yes? No?

IRVING: It's magic!

INT. BEDROOM—A FEW DAYS LATER

Jackie is seated, typing away. Irving enters, holding more pages.

IRVING: Sweetheart?

JACKIE: (*still typing*) Mmmm?

IRVING: Chapter 12. Jennifer's wedding night. She's marry[-]ing Tony Polar, the handsome nightclub singer. H[e] wants her to perform an unspeakable sexual ac[t]. I'm lost.

She's Eastern Standard.
You're Pacific.
But there's no time like the present.

Send her a cable.



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JACKIE: (*still typing*) Up the butt.

IRVING: Ah. Gotcha.

He gives her a thumbs-up signal and exits.

INT. LIVING ROOM—FIVE WEEKS LATER

Irving sits, reading the manuscript's final chapter. Jackie moves in and out of the room, rearranging objects, removing invisible lint, fidgeting helplessly. Irving puts down the last pages.

IRVING: The end.

JACKIE: And? O.K., tell me the truth—is it good? Is it great? It's gotta be great, is it the greatest book anyone's ever read?



IRVING: It's . . . incredible. It's like—*Madame Bovary.*

JACKIE: Name a real book.

IRVING: It's like—*Gone with the Wind.*

JACKIE: (*thrilled*) Like the movie? You mean, it's like a book that could win the Oscar?

IRVING: Only filthy.

JACKIE: Oh, Irving!

Jackie grabs him and kisses him passionately as her poodle, Josephine, barks happily.

INT. PUBLISHER'S RECEPTION AREA—DAY

We are in the glossy lobby of a prominent publishing house; the camera PANS *across a brass logo on the wall, reading "Simon & Schuster."*

RECEPTIONIST: (*offscreen*) Mr. Hunter says to tell you that your manuscript is not what we're looking for right now.

The camera reaches the large, polished reception desk. The frosty receptionist slides Jackie's manuscript across the desk, toward Jackie and Irving, as if it had a bad smell.

JACKIE: (*to the receptionist*) So, sweetheart, tell me, what are they looking for?

RECEPTIONIST: Quality.

INT. CUBICLE—DAY

Jackie and Irving sit across from a snooty, condescending junior editor, a young man in horn-rims, a Brooks Brothers suit, and a rep tie.

JUNIOR EDITOR: I'm sorry, but there really isn't a place for this sort of thing here at Putnam's.

JACKIE: Why not? I need a reason.

JUNIOR EDITOR: We publish primarily classic literary fiction, in the tradition of William Faulkner and Herman Melville.

JACKIE: They're dead. They've stopped.

IRVING: (*referring to the manuscript*) This is a gold mine!

JUNIOR EDITOR: Perhaps there might be some interest at another house.

JACKIE: Like which one?

JUNIOR EDITOR: (*after a beat*) Yours?

JACKIE: You fucking little snotnosed Ivy League putz . . .

IRVING: (*defending Jackie*) You're talking to a lady!

Jackie suddenly gasps and sits back in her chair . . .

IRVING: Are you all right?

JACKIE: I'm fine. I'm upset.

Jackie, almost surreptitiously, puts a hand to her chest.

[Jackie finally sells her novel to a more unconventional publishing house, one willing to take a chance on her. The editing process is long, involved and amusing. We pick up the screenplay as *Valley of the Dolls* is about to hit bookstores.]

INT. FACTORY—DAY

We see copies of Valley of the Dolls *being printed, bound, c traveling along a conveyor belt. Percolating* MUSIC *begins.*

EXTERIOR WAREHOUSE—SIX A.M.

We are in a grimy and barren part of town, on the waterfr Michael, Jackie's tweedy editor, and Debbie, the book's young p licist, carry large cardboard bakery boxes and stand in front of huge garage doors of an industrial warehouse.

The Mansfield Cadillac pulls up out front. Irving gets out.

IRVING: Hey, kids. Ya made it. Ya got the crullers?

DEBBIE: And the honey-glazed.



MICHAEL: Irving, it's six A.M.

IRVING: We're late.

Irving helps Jackie out of the car. She is dressed to the hilt, i tight Pucci and a Rita Hayworth fur.

DEBBIE: (*impressed*) Jackie—nice work.

The garage doors begin to rise.

JACKIE: Showtime.

INT. WAREHOUSE—CONTINUOUS

Within the warehouse is another, bustling world, of huge trucks ing loaded with crates of books by burly, grizzled Teamsters. Jac enters the warehouse with great authority, a real star entrance.

JACKIE: (*to the Teamsters*) Hello, boys.

The Teamsters pause for a moment to examine Jackie. One g lets out an appreciative wolf whistle.

JACKIE: I'm Jackie Susann. And I wrote a book.

IRVING: *Valley of the Dolls.*



JACKIE: And right now you're loading that book onto these great big trucks. And I just want you all to know, I'm grateful. And we've got hot coffee.

DEBBIE: And doughnuts.

IRVING: So, if when you deliver these books, you tell ever body a little something about this lovely lady, we appreciate it.

JACKIE: Because my book is about the biggest and the be hung guys on the planet Earth.

TEAMSTER NO. 1: (*suspicious*) Who?

JACKIE: *Teamsters.*

The Teamsters CHEER. *A group of truckers lift Jackie onto a p of crates, where she crosses her legs and poses like a movie st*

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asking the truckers their names, joking, and carrying on. Debbie and Michael begin handing out coffee and doughnuts, while Irving shakes hands.

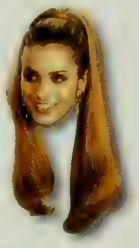
EXT. HIGHWAY—MORNING

We see the Mansfield Cadillac cruising along the interstate.

IRVING: (*voice-over*) We didn't know much about books, but we knew show business. If you want a hit—hit the road, and be prepared.

INT. CADILLAC—CONTINUOUS

Jackie is driving; Irving sits beside her. Debbie holds a set of file cards and quizzes Jackie.



DEBBIE: All right. Stroudsberg. Go.

JACKIE: Gladrey's Book Nook. Harry and Irma.

DEBBIE: When's Irma's birthday?

JACKIE: (*smiles*) Today.

DEBBIE: You're good.

EXT. GLADREY'S BOOK NOOK, STROUDSBERG, PENNSYLVANIA—DAY

Jackie, Irving, and Debbie stand outside a small, local mom-and-pop bookstore. Jackie is very dolled up. We hear milita music.



UNION MAID
Jackie (Midler) impresses the International Brotherhood of Teamsters with her knowledge of male anatomy.

IRVING: Ready?

JACKIE: Ready.

Jackie and Irving are already striding toward the store; Debb runs to catch up.

INT. GLADREY'S BOOK NOOK—CONTINUOUS

The interior is small and cramped, packed with books. Mr. Gladre the doughy, middle-aged owner of the store, is dusting and stacki books. Mrs. Gladrey, his pinch-faced wife, sits behind the cash reg ter. Irving enters, with Debbie, and approaches Mr. Gladrey.

IRVING: Mr. Gladrey?

MR. GLADREY: Yes?

IRVING: I'm Irv Mansfield, and there's someone very ne and exciting I'd like you to meet. Get ready f lightning. Get ready for love. Get ready for Mi Jacqueline Susann.

Jackie enters, with a big smile.

JACKIE: *Harry.* How are ya?

MR. GLADREY: Do I . . . do I know you?

JACKIE: (*kissing him on the cheek*) You do now. And I' written a book. A book I think you're gonna love

Debbie holds up a copy of the book.

DEBBIE: *Valley of the Dolls.*

JACKIE: And when I decided to publish, the very first thin I told my publisher . . .

DEBBIE: Henry Marcus . . .

JACKIE: . . . was—Gladrey's Book Nook. In Stroudsberg Pennsylvania.

MR. GLADREY: You've . . . you've actually heard of me? And m store?

JACKIE: (*as if everyone's heard of Gladrey's*) What're yo talking?

IRVING: Are you crazy?

JACKIE: (*grabbing Debbie*) This is my daughter Debbie.

DEBBIE: (*who wasn't prepared for this*) What?

JACKIE: And where did I always say we'd take you, if yo were very, very good?

IRVING: For a special treat?

DEBBIE: (*catching on*) Gladrey's!



MRS. GLADREY: Harry, who are these people?

JACKIE: (*turning to Mrs. Gladrey*) Irma!

IRVING: (*to Mrs. Gladrey*) You look great!

JACKIE: Happy birthday!

MRS. GLADREY: (*stunned*) How . . . how did you know?

JACKIE: Because I care. Now—let's talk books.

MONTAGE

To music, the tour moves west: we see signs for Santa Fe, New Mexico; Fort Worth, Texas; and Salt Lake City, Utah.

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IRVING: (*voice-over*) But bookstores were just the beginning. The building blocks. Jackie was ready to reach out.

INT. TV STUDIO, BOISE, IDAHO—DAY

A local news show is on the air. Bob Shawcross, the news anchor, sits behind the news desk.

BOB: Welcome back, to *The Six O'Clock News.* Today was pure sunshine here in Boise, but what about the weekend? Let's ask today's celebrity weather girl—author Jacqueline Susann.

ANGLE *on Jackie, in a Pucci, standing in front of a weather map of Idaho. She holds a wooden pointer and gestures to the map.*

JACKIE: Well, as for Sunday, it looks like rain. From the border right on down to Sun Valley.

(*a beat*)

Of the Dolls.

INT. HENRY MARCUS'S OFFICE—DAY

Henry, Jackie's publisher, is reading the Times Book Review, *and chortling.*

ANGLE *on the best-seller list:* Valley *is now at No. 8.*



IRVING: (*voice-over*) She was on her way—straight to the top. To the king. To—Carson.

INT. BACKSTAGE—NIGHT

Jackie is in the wings, waiting to go on.

JOHNNY CARSON: (*offscreen*) And now I'd like to introduce someone brand-new to our show. She's the author of a spicy new best-seller, please welcome Jacqueline Susann.

We hear applause and music. Jackie steps out onstage.



"SHE'S HEAVY"
Jim Morrison (Daniel Cosgrove, left) and an unidentified fellow book-lover appraise Jackie's literary talents from the *Tonight Show* greenroom.

INT. GREENROOM—NIGHT

Irving is seated on a couch in the show's greenroom, watching monitor. Beside him sits a lanky, stoned rock star—Jim Morris

IRVING: (*watching the show*) They love her! Doesn't she lo great? What's your name again, Ken?

JIM: Jim. Jim Morrison.

INT. ONSTAGE—NIGHT

Jackie is now seated beside Johnny Carson. Note: This scene uses t actual footage and dialogue from Jackie's appearance on The Toni Show *with Bette Midler inserted into the scene with the real Carso*



JACKIE: You know, Johnny, people are saying that my book is so dirty, but I wonder—have they ever watched soap operas? Have they seen what housewives watch all day?

JOHNNY: Look, when you're washing the floors every day yo need a little something in your life to keep going.

INT. GREENROOM—NIGHT

Irving and Jim are both laughing over Johnny's remark.

IRVING: I love that guy!

Jim takes out his fifth of Jack Daniel's and swigs from it. He offe the bottle to Irving, who declines.

INT. ONSTAGE—NIGHT

Jackie and Johnny continue their chat. Johnny now holds a new paper clipping.

JOHNNY: I just wanted your views on this, but in the admi istration's proposed changes in the federal crim statutes, there's a federal bill about disseminatin obscene material and they define obscene materi as such in this bill that is pending right now:

(*reading*)

"An explicit representation or detailed written o verbal description of an act of sexual intercourse."

JACKIE: It sounds good to me.

JOHNNY: Under this bill, any verbal description or act or de tailed writing of sexual intercourse is obscene.

JACKIE: (*fanning herself*) Ooo, Johnny.

JOHNNY: Now this really gets into something of a problem doesn't it? Because under this kind of thing to, to de fine the act of sexual intercourse, then you'd have t say the act of sexual intercourse is obscene in itself

JACKIE: Yeah—if you do it right.

The audience ROARS *and* APPLAUDS.

INT. GREENROOM—NIGHT

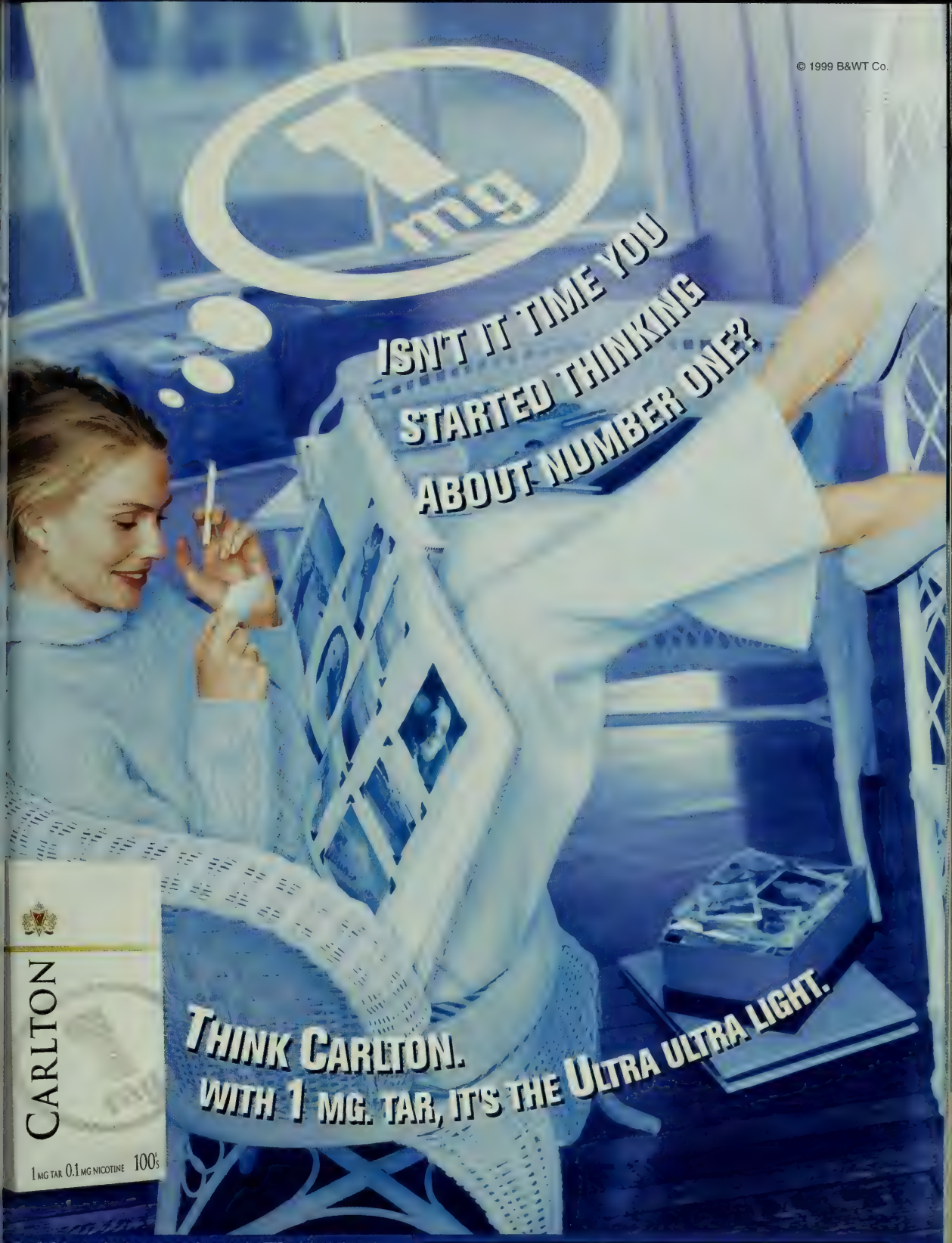
IRVING: Isn't she great?

JIM: She's heavy.

IRVING: Who handles you?

Superimpose the New York Times *best-seller list.* Valley *is now at No. 3.* □

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DIAMONDS AREN'T FOREVER

Between 1977 and 1996, an estimated $20 million in jewels were stolen from Carolyn Skelly, the horribly disfigured, wildly extravagant oil heiress who threw endless parties in Newport and Palm Beach. Most were never recovered. The deeper mystery is how America's No. 1 jewel-robbery victim lost her husband, her children, and her beauty.

BY MARK SEAL

Carolyn Skelly loved to make grand entrances, and she did not disappoint the detectives from the Newport, Rhode Island, Police Department. Today, nearly three years after her death, she is known as America's No. 1 jewel-robbery victim, from whom an estimated $20 million worth of jewelry was stolen in a string of extraordinary thefts. But it's not the statistics that the police remember; it's the style in which she entered, and then began dominating, their lives.

In the early hours of August 16, 1984, officers were called to the poor side of Newport, where one of Skelly's maids had chased her husband from their apartment with a knife. The police found the maid guarding a pile of glittery jewelry. She had stolen it from Skelly's bedroom after a disagreement over back wages. When one of the detectives phoned Skelly, he was put on hold while her secretary went to see if any jewelry was missing. "Oh, my God," she said to the detective. "I looked, and everything is gone."

Driving up to Bois Doré, Skelly's 36-room mansion between Newport's fabled Bellevue Avenue and the Atlantic Ocean, Detectives Mickey Metzler and Al Conti had the $2 million worth of jewelry in the two pillowcases in which the maid and an accomplice had carried it away. In the foyer, they laid the jewelry out on a table and a secretary described the items while they waited for the lady of the house to appear.

"This is a platinum-and-pearl bracelet with diamonds and rubies," the secretary explained. "It's worth $585,000. She bought this necklace in England. There is no value on it, because CONTINUED ON PAGE 253



Top, Bois Doré, Carolyn Skelly's 36-r… mansion in Newport. *Inset,* Skelly on … one of a Dallas newspaper in 1933 … when she was married to oilman Free… Burford and shortly to move into what … the Mansion on Turtle Creek hotel

PHOTOGRAPH BY JONATHAN BECKER

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NTINUED FROM PAGE 248 it used to be
ng to Joséphine."

The detectives shot each other a star-
d look. *Napoleon's* Joséphine?

"Right," said the secretary.

An hour later, the detectives watched
de-eyed as Carolyn Skelly, then 78, slow-
descended the grand staircase, passing a
rtrait of her late father, Oklahoma oil
n William G. Skelly. Less than five feet
, weighing a little more than 100 pounds,
elly wore a housecoat, a big blond wig,
d enormous sunglasses. Even so, the de-
tives couldn't miss her face. Horribly
sfigured, patched together with skin
afts, it was a shocking, incinerated mask.
he couldn't talk very well, because she
dn't have all her lips," Metzler remem-
rs. "She talked with a lisp. Her *s*'s
unded like *b*'s or *g*'s." Her mouth, per-
anently set agape, opened a bit wider as
e demanded, "How did this happen?"

The Newport Police Department's Car-
n Skelly era had officially begun. Heir-
s to the Skelly Oil fortune, a member of
ewport, Palm Beach, and Manhattan so-
ety, and a lavish contributor to Republi-
n causes and candidates, Skelly had
eady been burglarized of $199,000 in
welry in Southampton, Long Island.

Newport police seldom made calls to the
ottages" on and around Bellevue Avenue,
here the vacant castles of Vanderbilts and
stors sit ghostlike beside the Atlantic,
any of them museums maintained by the
eservation Society of Newport County.
he other side of the resort city, the side
ith the public-housing project, gets most
the police attention. But Carolyn Skelly
ould bring the two sides of Newport to-
ther as effortlessly as she mixed the di-
rse guests at her dinner parties. The po-
e responded to at least 50 calls from
ois Doré between 1984 and 1996.

Her three-story mansion, they quickly
scovered, was the perfect setting for a
wel heist. It offered an abundance of
sy entrances, exits, and hiding spaces,
pecially since the owner refused to acti-
te the alarm system, use the safe, or
ck a door when she went out. The scene
endless parties, Bois Doré was perpetu-
ly filled with potential suspects. Dubious
scorts, party-crashers, and an ever chang-
g staff (eventually totaling 375) mixed
ith social and political swells. To make
atters worse, the elderly heiress neglect-
d to inventory or insure her jewels, be-
eving that it was cheaper to buy more
an to pay insurance premiums.

ew octogenarians achieve life-of-the-
party status as Carolyn Skelly did. Dur-
ing the 1980s, I got to know her in four
ities: mixing with her circle for cocktails
the bar of her former Dallas home, the Mansion on Turtle Creek, which is consistently among the top-ranked hotels in America; watching her navigate the buffet line at Palm Beach's exclusive Bath and Tennis Club, where such social stalwarts as Listerine heiress Sue Whitmore hung on her every word; attending the nonstop revels in her Newport mansion, where, she'd say, that "darling Gordon Getty" or the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough had recently spent the night; toasting her at Manhattan's River Club after she announced that she had helped back the 1985 Broadway play *Aren't We All?*, starring Claudette Colbert. Each gossipy story she related had her squarely at its center. She airily described dining beside Prince Charles at a London benefit for the New Globe Theatre, whose construction she said she had helped underwrite. And she once told the New York *Daily News* that she had been trapped, almost naked, in her Manhattan penthouse when a fire broke out near her neighbor Henry Kissinger's unit. "'Lady, get up and put some clothes on, you're not going anywhere,'" she quoted a fireman shouting to her as she waited to be rescued. "I put on my sable coat and my evening gown, and I watched with glee as the firemen attacked the fire from my terrace."





***Above,* the entrance hall of Carolyn and Freeman Burford's home in Dallas, which today is the restaurant lobby of the Mansion on Turtle Creek hotel. *Left,* Skelly with the Skelly gas pump that stood in the ballroom of Bois Doré, circa 1990.**

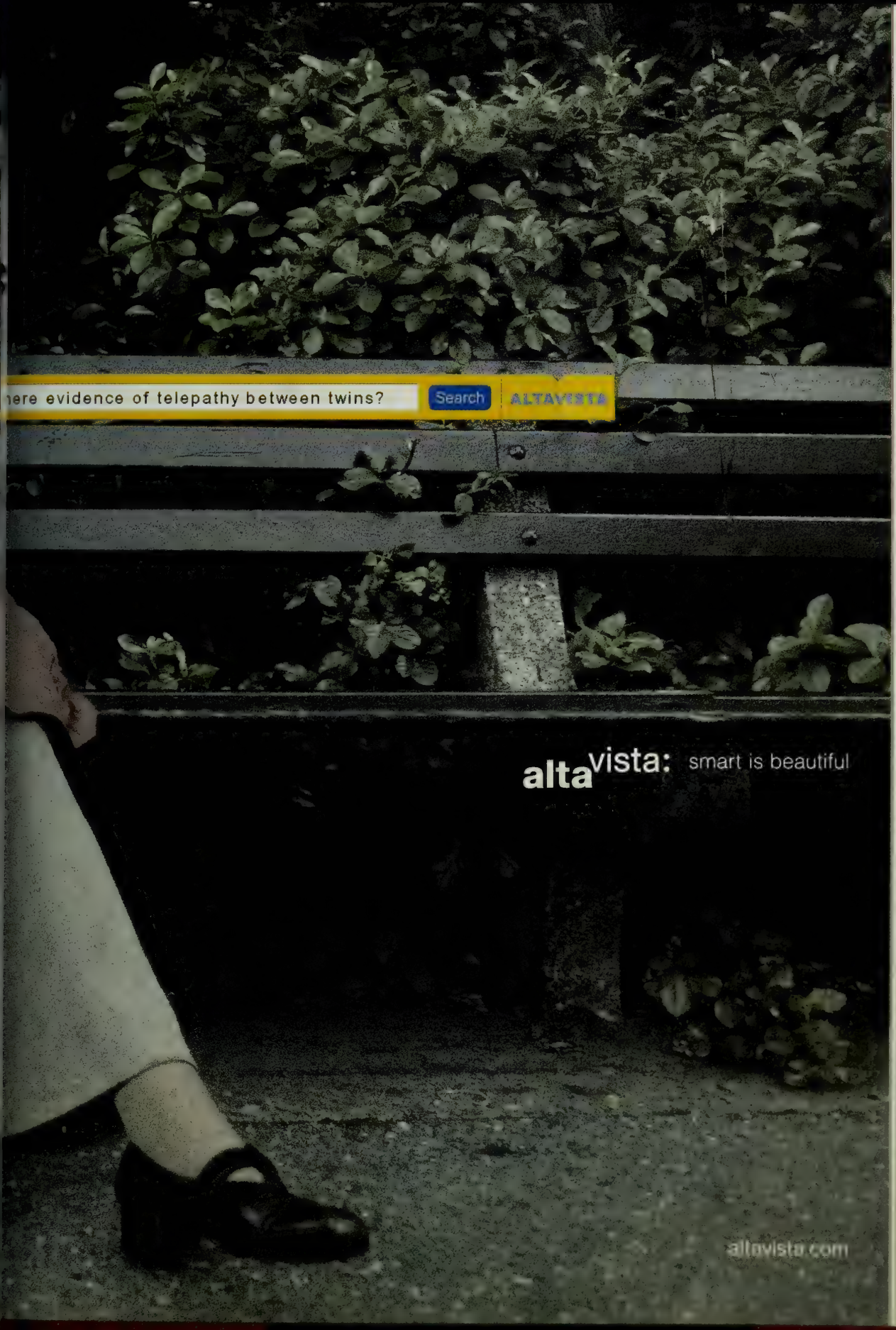
"Carolyn was brilliant. She could have gotten the Academy Award for her performances of the ditsy old lady."

Like most people who got to know Carolyn Skelly, I became a devotee. Yet I knew very little about her, this indefatigable creature perpetually trailed by an entourage and rumors of a dark, mysterious past. I joined her party in Bermuda one summer weekend in 1986, ostensibly to write about her life. Every question triggered a new evasion. She was, after all, busy hosting a team of young sailors from the Yale Corinthian Yacht Club, who sucked up to her grandly in hopes that she would sponsor the club in the upcoming America's Cup.

When she and her party took leave of the island, she was carrying a small, heavy suitcase. "Lift this for me, won't you?" she asked me as we approached airport security. I put it on the conveyor belt and watched as it passed through the X-ray machine; the screen disclosed loops of necklaces. That was the only insight she afforded. For Carolyn Skelly never revealed her secrets. Not even her three children knew, or felt free to tell, her story, even after she died and left them ensnared in a court fight over her estate. But nearly a year after her death at 91, a clue to her life and the crimes that haunted it rose up like flotsam from a shipwreck. It was a $500,000, 138-carat-diamond necklace, which appeared in Sotheby's October 29–30, 1997, *Magnificent Jewels* auction catalogue. Those who knew Skelly recognized that it bore a striking resemblance to one stolen from her in 1990 as she slept in her bed, while a party attended by a number of ambassadors and the wife of Jeb Bush, now the governor of Florida, raged on in her ballroom below.

Skelly's younger daughter, Ann Fletcher, stopped the sale of the necklace just days before the auction, and the riddle of who had stolen her jewelry resurfaced. Employees, friends, family members, even the late heiress herself were suspects. The Manhattan District Attorney's Office, with assistance from the N.Y.P.D. Major Case Squad, issued a


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subpoena ordering Sotheby's to show how the necklace had come to the auction house. An investigation by the Newport police is ongoing. In the meantime, Rhode Island private investigator Henry Roy, who has spent the last three years tracking down leads in six states, says he is close to cracking two of the robbery cases, each involving different suspects, one connected by DNA evidence. "Four of the thefts occurred in August, the height of the Newport season," says Roy. "Was a message being sent? Is there a season for robbery? For her, there was." Roy is offering a $1 million reward for the recovery of the rest of the stolen jewelry and has established the Carolyn Skelly stolen-jewels Web site (www.reward-offer.com/skelly/skelly.html).

When I recently returned to Bois Doré, I found a house very different from the 1980s party palace where one socialite got so drunk she drove her Mercedes right up the front steps. The staff has dwindled. The ballroom, with its Skelly Oil Company gas pump on display, is not in use. The guest rooms stand empty. During my visit, the ladies of the house were the amiable Ann Fletcher, the only one of Carolyn Skelly's children to grow up with her and remain with her throughout most of her adult life, and Ann's daughter, Dollie Briggs. "I'm going to spend the rest of my life [recovering her stolen jewelry]," declared Briggs.

That could turn out to be a mammoth undertaking, because Carolyn Skelly owned so much jewelry that she never knew how much had been stolen. "You don't really count it up," she once said. When police asked her to detail the jewels she had lost, she would always say that she couldn't really remember.

But then, she had a lot to forget.

She was beautiful once. The elder of the two daughters of oilman William G. Skelly, who had hired the young J. Paul Getty as one of his assistants only to be bought out by him later, Carolyn Mary Skelly was born in Indiana to poor parents. But when her daddy hit his gushers, she wore the mantle of oil heiress like a second skin.

"I shall always think of you looking as you did last Sunday . . . really beautiful," the cosmetics maven Elizabeth Arden once wrote her to say. "Your figure is too lovely . . . just the right height and with such a tiny waist. . . . Never, never change, even a fraction of an inch. You must always be just as lovely."

She was educated at fashionable eastern schools. Returning home to her family's 25-room Tulsa mansion in 1925, she was courted by Freeman Burford, a law-school student who moonlighted as a Skelly Oil Company truckdriver.

MISS SKELLY TO MARRY OIL MAN, headlined one Tulsa newspaper on May 18, 1926, over a picture of Carolyn with a rope of pearls around her neck. The newlyweds moved first to Shreveport, Louisiana, where Burford ran a Skelly refinery, then to Dallas, where he became an oil-company executive. In 1935, as a testament to their wealth, the Burfords moved into the house that would later become the Mansion on Turtle Creek hotel.

The necklace was stolen while a party attended by a number of ambassadors and Jeb Bush's wife raged on in Skelly's ballroom.

Cotton baron Sheppard King had built the Italian-Spanish palazzo in the 20s, a Texas variation on William Randolph Hearst's castle at San Simeon. King filled his backcountry Xanadu with treasures from around the world. Its library was based on the one in Bromley Palace in England; it contained golden gates and columns from a cathedral in Spain. The dining room, inspired by the Davanzatti Palace in Florence, had a ceiling inlaid with 2,400 pieces of wood.

Symbolic of oil's new dominance over cotton, the Burfords traded homes with the Kings, threw in $76,000 in cash, and moved into the mansion. Carolyn Burford immediately embarked upon a never-ending process of redecoration. Her brother-in-law, Harold Stuart, remembers her as "a big spendthrift." Her son, the poet Bill Burford, says that even her wealthy father was shocked by "the bizarre expenditures."

For several years during the Depression, Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Burford defined Dallas, the nouveau riche city obsessed with image and industry. They hosted Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Louisiana governor Huey Long, and other prominent politicians. It was rumored that Freeman Burford would be the next governor of Texas, and his wife became one of the city's first power shoppers.

She bought at Neiman Marcus, always after the store had closed, requiring a staff of 25, led by Stanley Marcus himself, to work into the night. "She was one of t most colorful customers we ever had. woman of beautiful taste, very demandin Marcus remembers. "When she bough print dress, she ordered everything in t same material—shoes, pocketbook, girc brassiere—which meant we would have get the cloth."

Freeman Burford soon grew sick of wife's spending. A Dallas decorator w knew Carolyn reports that in their pre ous home she had once ripped up an o floor in order to replace it with mart without telling him. When Burford turned from the oil fields at thr one morning, he went in his fro door and fell straight through the basement, breaking his le But that house was nothing co pared with the mansion, an ev changing folly on which Carol lavished a fortune.

"The mansion was very Frenc and she wanted all pink—carp furniture, upholstery, everything Stanley Marcus continues. "We to three months to decorate the hous and when we were finished she said, 'Y know, it's beautiful, but I've changed n mind. What I really want is a very pa blue. Have them do it over.' So we did over. When we were finished, she came and said, 'Well, that blue is nice, but really want a beige.' When we finishe that, we called her in to inspect the hou and she said, 'I guess I'm crazy, but really don't want beige.' Just then her hu band walked in. 'What the hell is goin on here?' he demanded. 'Well, we're ju trying to deliver the job according to Mr Burford's request,' I replied. He took or look at us and said, 'You're fired!' An then he turned around, looked at her, an said, 'You're fired, too!'"

Carolyn began to reside in the world o her fantasies. She communicated be with her son, Bill, who would grow u to win a Fulbright scholarship to the So bonne and be hailed by Pulitzer Priz winner Karl Shapiro as "virtually the on American poet of his generation."

"They could exaggerate stories an imagine all kinds of wild things happe ing," Carolyn Brady, Skelly's older daugh ter, remembers. "As my brother used t say, 'The truth isn't very important. It's a drama.'"

Drama came soon enough. But th plotline depends on which of Carolyn Ske ly's conflicting factions of heirs is speak ing. Ann Fletcher steadfastly maintain that her mother divorced her husband a ter Carolyn and her father came to be lieve that Burford was violating the Cor nally "hot oil" act, a law designed to rei

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in commerce in contraband oil. Ann, who says she is the lone living heir to William Skelly's trust, declares that her older sister and brother deserted her mother to live with their father.

Carolyn Brady remembers things differently. In the late 30s, Freeman Burford packed his bags and moved out. Carolyn senior, accustomed to having her way, asked her husband to come back, and when he didn't respond she threatened that he'd better come back "or else," recalls her daughter.

In 1939, seven-year-old Carolyn Brady asked the chauffeur why the funny papers hadn't been delivered for three days, then talked him into driving her to the nearest drugstore, where she read headlines announcing that her father had been indicted. The charge: conspiracy to violate the Connally "hot oil" act. That was the "or else," according to Carolyn Brady. His wife had turned him in. "You know, there's nothing worse than a woman scorned."

In the end, Freeman Burford never had to stand trial. While Ann, his youngest child, stayed with her mother, he raised the other two children, Bill and Carolyn.

For a while, Carolyn senior's parties continued as before. But the fun soon ended. Determined to hang on to her mansion throughout World War II, she sat alone in her dressing room, near her golden bathtub and surrounded by floor-to-ceiling mirrors, as her privileged world fell apart. Her father, fed up with her outrageous spending, cut her allowance, refusing to pay anything but her personal bills. The servants left, and she started selling off her antiques. She charged clothes to the account her father maintained for her at Neiman Marcus, according to a former employee of the store, and then sold them for cash at reduced prices. For extra income, she rented out the cottages on the property. Tennessee Williams occupied one for a time.

When another tenant complained about his accommodations, he allegedly found a note on his door in the landlady's hand: "Never cross Mrs. Burford. She's been in a mental hospital, you know."

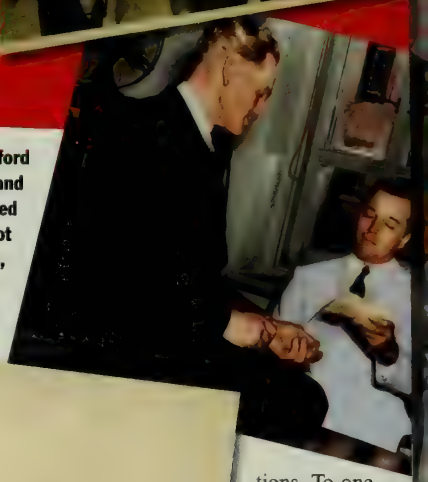
Bill Burford later wrote a poem, "A Child's Tale," about this dark, turbulent period:

> My mother walked her marble hall,
> Quarried blocks of light and dark,
> Dressed in a shining gown;
> But anguish dragging at her heart,
> Hounded from wall to wall.

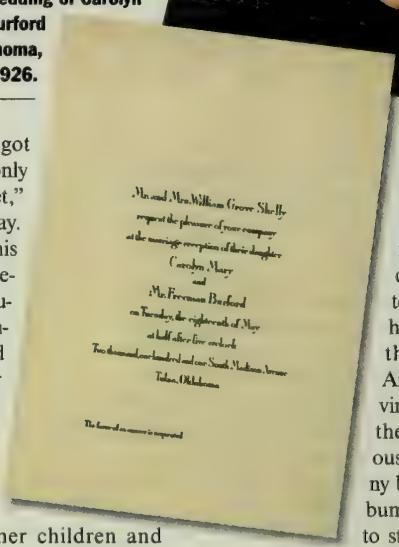
The poem goes on to describe a nurse who "had been burned, / a tortured shape," and the poet's fear of the nurse's face.

It was rumored that Burford would be the next governor of Texas, and his wife became one of Dallas's first power shoppers.





From top: **Carolyn and Freeman Burford pose with comedians Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy; Freeman Burford, charged with conspiracy to violate the Connally "hot oil" act, which restricted oil production, surrenders to a U.S. marshal at the Dallas Federal Building, August 1939; the invitation to the wedding of Carolyn Skelly and Freeman Burford in Tulsa, Oklahoma, May 18, 1926.**



Mr. and Mrs. William Grove Skelly
request the pleasure of your company
at the marriage reception of their daughter
Carolyn Mary
and
Mr. Freeman Burford
on Tuesday, the eighteenth of May
at half after five o'clock
Two thousand one hundred and one South Madison Avenue
Tulsa, Oklahoma

The favor of an answer is requested

"The nurse left, or got fired, and said she only had $16 in her pocket," Bill Burford says today. "She said, 'I hope this happens to you someday!' Then, by some curious fate ... my mother became an afflicted person. But she never acted afflicted."

Her beauty was destroyed, but by what or by whom is unclear. Asked about her disfigurement, her children and relatives seem seized by a collective amnesia. "There are a lot of stories around, but I'm not really sure *what* happened," says Carolyn Brady.

"She had a skin problem and got an infection," says her brother-in-law, Harold Stuart, a former assistant secretary of the air force. "[Then] she was having a permanent wave and went to sleep under the permanent-wave machine and burned the top of her head."

"That's just a minor detail in the whole panorama," says Bill Burford. "Harold is right, partly.... She did have an affliction of the skin, and she picked at her skin."

Ann Fletcher explains, "In the 30s and 40s, beautiful women used to take radiation for their skin to keep it pretty, and the radiation cut the blood supply to her skin, and it would ulcerate."

Carolyn had her own dramatic explana-

tions. To one beau, an Irania diplomat, she swo her injuries were th result of a conspir cy by her jealous si ter, who arranged t have scalding wat thrown in her fac Another beau was co vinced she had bee the target of a nefar ous Skelly Oil Compa ny board, which tried t bump her off in orde to stop her meddling i the family business after her father death. Over cocktails with a third beau Skelly explained that as a young woma she was treated with X-rays for acne. Sh had a face job, and there were complica tions. She had to keep having plasti surgery. "I started with one [doctor]," sh said. "He died. I went to another, and h died." She raised her glass and conclud ed, "I got sick of killing off plastic sur geons, so I said, 'I'm just going to be th way I am!'"

A darker rumor circulates in the socia circles of Newport and Palm Beach. "Th story was that a hair dryer fell on top o her," or that "Burford had thrown acid i her face," says a Palm Beach heiress wh knew her well. "Then I found out through friends it was self-mutilation."

Queried about this theory, Bill Burford refuses to confirm or deny it, saying only "If there's any great drama to be tol



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about it, it lies in the fact that my mother was lost." His sister Ann Fletcher conjures an image of her mother staring into her floor-to-ceiling mirrors in the mansion, lamenting her vanished beauty.

Overwhelmed by debt, she was forced to sell her mansion and move with Ann into a Dallas hotel, thus beginning a 20-year stretch as a recluse. Finally, as her skin condition worsened, her daughter called William G. Skelly and pleaded for help. Ann remembers her grandfather's plane coming for them in the middle of the night and her mother, her face "all dry and full of bandages," being flown to Barnes Hospital in St. Louis, the city that would now become her home as she endured years of plastic surgery performed by the renowned Dr. James Barrett Brown.

The first life of Carolyn Skelly had ended. An even more extraordinary one was about to begin.

"I want you to disregard the way I look," she said from the shadows.

Frank Bono Jr., an accountant, stood in the doorway of Carolyn Skelly's second-floor bedroom in her palatial Beaux Arts mansion at 25 Portland Place, one of the most prestigious streets in St. Louis. It was 1966, and Carolyn, having inherited close to $8 million from her parents, was back in the money. A picture from that period shows her at 61, her scalp covered with a brown wig, her face shrouded by a dark veil. Bono had answered a newspaper ad for a "quick and qualified accountant."

Peering into the darkened bedroom, he could make out the woman's face. "And I saw—oh, my gosh—the condition she was in," he says with a shudder more than 30 years later. She stopped him before he could get any closer. "You've got to overlook the way I look," she declared. "Because I have been injured in a terrible explosion in the oil fields."

After Bono assured her that it wouldn't be a problem, she began pelting him with questions: "Are you a gambling man? A drinking man? A womanizer?" When he emphatically answered no each time, and explained that he was bonded for $250,000, he was hired on the spot. "You slit the envelopes open, and I'll pull the checks out," she instructed him, and they got to work on the dividend checks she received from 30 oil companies.

Bono soon discovered that Carolyn Skelly was nobody's fool. Eager to make her inheritance grow, she had begun to plow her oil dividends into stock. Her investment strategy was simple: "Every time I buy stock, I buy my father's stock," she told him. In 1968 her stock in Skelly Oil was worth $8 million; by 1984, after Skelly Oil was taken over by Getty, which was then taken over by Texaco, her stock would be worth $48 million.

At six each evening, Bono's wife would phone him at work to say, "Honey, your dinner's ready." And each night Carolyn would say, "Who was that?"

"My wife, Miss Skelly. My dinner's ready."

"You can't leave now," she would say. "We've got work to do!"

"See, she was lonely," recalls Bono. "So 8, 8:30, I'd say, 'Miss Skelly, doggone it, I'm hungry! When are we gonna eat?' She'd say, 'O.K., I heard you. I'll go and change.'"

By 9:30 they'd be sitting in a dark booth at Schneithorst's Hofamberg Inn. "I'd get home at one o'clock in the morning!" Bono remembers.

At the same time, Carolyn waged war against her younger sister, Joan, and her husband, Harold Stuart. "Carolyn filed for divorce the day I got married. She was kind of vindictive," Harold Stuart says cautiously today, as if Carolyn's ghost might return to kick him in the teeth once again. Charging that he was improperly using her parents' estate for his own financial advantage, Carolyn sued Harold Stuart and her sister. She dispatched detectives to trail them, which prompted the Stuarts to file lawsuits totaling $3 million against her for breach of privacy, libel, and slander. "I've been through combat, but I've never been through anything like that," Stuart testified about his sister-in-law.

"I shall always think of you looking as you did last Sunday . . . really beautiful," Elizabeth Arden once wrote Carolyn.

After the suits were finally settled, Carolyn rattled around in her new St. Louis mansion, the 24.5-acre estate originally built for the sister of beer baron August Busch. She passed part of her days clipping grocery-store coupons. Meanwhile, she insisted on keeping a minimum balance of $2 million in her checking account.

"I knew she was bored to death here," Bono remembers. Finally, one day in 1978, Bono erupted: "With all of your money, when are you going to start *spending*?"

"Let me think about it," she said. S was 72 years old. What was left for h A bed in her son's or one of her daug ters' homes and a place in the endl cafeteria line of life? No, that was not Carolyn Skelly. "Skellys are fighters," s liked to say. So she decided to roll t dice. It must have been like a dam bre ing, to have her love of spending merely condoned but actually encou aged. "Bono, I've decided to take you on your offer," she said. From that po forward, she would dedicate herself the pursuit of pleasure. She lifted the v from her face, replaced it with huge signer sunglasses and a blond wig, chang her name from Burford back to Skel and began the dance. She launched in buying big jewelry to deflect attenti from her scars. "The bigger, the bette she said to jewelers in New York a London.

Back in St. Louis, Bono rued the d he had told her to start spending. "Jew ry," Bono says today with a moan. "S doesn't call me. She just buys it. Mak out a check. . . . Three hundred and fif thousand for a bracelet. Maybe half million dollars for a ring. She'd have h a million dollars on each finger, just wa ing it around! I said, 'There's a lot con people. They're going to take adva tage of you.' And she said, 'Bono, I kno what I'm doing.'"

Hanging on to her St. Lou estate, she bought an apa ment in Manhattan's exclusi River House, then rented Southampton estate known Keewayden. Next she found home in Newport.

About 20 years ago, my o friend Mrs. Lloyd Griscom her uncle James Dunn h been ambassador to Italy; one of h husband's forefathers signed the Declar tion of Independence—came over to Ne port with Carolyn by plane," remembe Skelly's best friend, Newport social lio ess Eileen Slocum, whose pedigree go back 12 generations in Rhode Islan "She asked me if I would lunch with Texas friend of hers who had a home Southampton."

She smiles. "People often say that I' like the chamber of commerce, because describe Newport so alluringly," she say "Carolyn became quite interested. I sai 'What do you want to stay in Southam ton for? It has become so commercial an overcrowded.'"

"Well, I could always look at any hous that is particularly attractive," Caroly replied.

Eileen Slocum knew just the place: Bo

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She's gone to Capri and she's not coming back.



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Doré, built as one of the last of the great summer cottages by William "Foxy Grandpa" Fahnestock. To commemorate the 1927 opening of Bois Doré (Golden Woods), Fahnestock had hung 14-karat-gold fruit in the estate's trees.

Shortly after laying eyes on Bois Doré, Skelly hung her father's portrait in its stairwell. On her way up to bed, she'd gaze up at it and say, "Good night, Papa."

Paul F. Miller, of the Newport preservation society, whose headquarters abut Bois Doré, compares Carolyn Skelly to Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, the legendary eccentric who broke down the borders of traditional society. Eileen Slocum, who still marvels at Carolyn's industriousness, pulls out a photo of her at a Newport charity-ball committee meeting.

"Here's Eleanor Wood Prince," says Slocum. "She's familiar to you, isn't she? He was president of Armour & Company, and she's Mrs. Chicago. And here's the chairman, and here's Carolyn, and here's me. But look at Carolyn. Look at the pen in her hand, ready to write. She was so remarkable. I thought about it afterward. Carolyn was always working."

But Carolyn Skelly was more than a mere socialite. A woman in Palm Beach called her "Mrs. No-Face." Her friends considered it an insult, but it could be taken as a compliment. Skelly had a magician's ability to make her disfigured face disappear. Those who got to know her found themselves focusing instead on her razor-sharp wit and her fiery spirit. "One day she said, 'You know, I've had 16 operations on my face,'" recalls Slocum. "'Do you think I should have any more work done?' And I said, 'No, don't. You're just beautiful the way you are.' Within the shortest period, I had forgotten it. Really. I didn't notice that she was any different than anybody else."

"I've had more of my carats stolen than Bugs Bunny," Skelly once told the *Globe*, which called her "America's #1 crime victim."



Carolyn Skelly is escorted from a police station in Queens, New York, after she was robbed of more than $1 million in jewelry at LaGuardia Airport, 1982.

Philip McMahon was startled one night in the Knickerbocker Club in Manhattan to look up and find a woman in a blond wig, oversize sunglasses, and blazing diamonds leaning over him. A former Trappist monk turned antiques appraiser, he thought he had seen it all—until he met the heiress with the fractured face.

"Oh, she was brilliant, a con artist superb!" McMahon told me before he died of cancer last April. "She could have gotten the Academy Award for her performances of the ditsy old lady. I think she enjoyed the fact that all these idiots were falling for it. Not only didn't she let her appearance—as she said [he screwed up his face and imitated her lisp], 'I'm 99 percent plastic'—hold her back; she played it to the full advantage. Sure, you had this little old lady. 'Oh, poor thing, look at her.... You know, you must give her all the credit in the world for coming out like that without a long black veil over her face.'"

He smiles. "Perfect," he said. "So she used it. Oh, she played it to perfection."

McMahon looked on in awe as she ditsed her way through charity balls while rearranging the seating plan. He watched her talk a 47th Street jeweler in Manhattan into letting her have a $750,000 marquise-diamond ring for $425,000. And he listened to the lamentations of countless hungry bachelors she had lured into taking "free" trips with her.

"They all thought they were going to be wined and dined gloriously," said McMahon. "But on a trip with Carolyn you were a lady's maid. You were at her beck and call 24 hours a day. Nobody ever got anything out of Carolyn. Ever."

Most of them found this out the hard way. For example, the interior decorator who accepted her offer of a trip on the Orient Express, only to spend most of waiting for the lady to get ready. Or t bachelor who accompanied her to t America's Cup in Perth, Australia, wh fawning sailors strapped the heiress their boat's mast. "He said he never had more miserable time in his life," sa McMahon.

In the winter of 1978, after the Ne port season, Skelly went to Palm Bea as a houseguest of the Dallas phila thropist and oil baron Alger Meadow She knew few people there, but with 40-carat canary-yellow diamond on o finger and a 77-carat sapphire on anoth she made acquaintances fast. One k ally was Palm Beach social queen Brow ie McLean, the ex-wife of Jock McLea whose mother had owned the Hope d mond. Brownie, who calls Carolyn profile in courage," launched her. "S checked in for seven days and stayed f four months," recalls a former manag of the Colony Hotel.

"She'd spend $100,000 a month," sa a man who knew her then.

Most days would find her on Wor Avenue, whose three short blocks conta 20 jewelers. She'd often ride up and dow Worth in the chauffeur-driven Rolls-Roy of Frank Osgood Butler, a Butler Aviatio scion and bon vivant. "Frank would e courage her, indulge her," remembers Ro Viejo of the Palm Beach branch of Va Cleef & Arpels.

She bought brand-name jewelry ar important pieces from the collections Coco Chanel, the Duchess of Windsor, ar the Queen of Sweden. The gems worke magic. The jewelers began to call h "the Queen." "She was a dying breed remembers Worth Avenue jeweler Ga D. Salins. "A woman who could come and spend $100,000 without consultin anybody. Jewelers would come in fro around the world to see her."

The stage was set for Skelly's third ac Her previous lives as beautiful heire and dauntless survivor were mere pre ude to the role that would come to defin her: the diamond-encrusted damsel in di tress. The headlines began in March 198 She had just arrived by private plane New York's LaGuardia Airport from fun-filled weekend in Newport. As sh climbed into a limousine headed towar her Manhattan apartment, a masked gu man whom she later described as "we dressed" and "nice looking" forced hi way into the seat beside her and held gun to her head.

"Do exactly as I say and you'll be a right," he said.

The bandit directed the driver to a spo a mile from the airport. Stripping Skell

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of her jewelry, he ordered her and her driver to lie facedown on the floor of the limousine, then removed four suitcases from the trunk, one of which contained a million dollars' worth of jewelry.

Two days later Carolyn Brady called from Houston. "Oh, Mother, I hope you're recovering all right," she said.

"It was very interesting," Carolyn Skelly replied. "He was quite attractive, had a lot to say, and I've never received so many flowers."

After such a brazen theft, some women might have gone into hiding. Carolyn Skelly took to the dance floor. And there she reigned. Bartenders everywhere soon knew that her cocktail of choice was the salty dog. Disc jockeys around the world played Neil Diamond's "Sweet Caroline" the second she stepped out to dance, and her diamonds intoxicated an endless string of dance partners. The sparkle attracted an entourage, which included such good friends as the effervescent Princess Martha Reed Kropotkin, whose Chicago-based family sold its Ronco pasta company to Coca-Cola for $40 million in 1983, the Baron and Baroness "Ricky" di Portanova of Houston and Acapulco, and the exiled former Iranian ambassador Parviz Sepahbodi, along with a retinue of jewelers, counts, and minor film stars, and an array of rank hustlers and leeches—all in addition to her official dates, who worked in shifts. One distinguished elderly Palm Beacher who didn't drink or stay up late took the early shift. The late shift belonged to the young investor and dexterous dancer Peter Rock.

"She loved to jazz it up with Peter Rock," says her secretary, Bobbie Faxon.

Several men proposed, but Skelly wasn't interested in marriage. She had been truly in love only once—with Freeman Burford, she told several people—and that had blown up in her face. Now she would use men only for her personal pleasure. "They don't want to marry my beauty," she once told her accountant. "They want to marry my money. And that's not going to happen."

When the Palm Beach season ended, she'd fly back to Newport, where the partying would continue. New arrivals mixed with bluebloods such as Barton Gubelmann, widow of the late financier Walter Gubelmann, whose mansion is across the street from Bois Doré, and Mrs. Wiley Buchanan, the Dow Chemical heiress, whose husband was President Eisenhower's chief of protocol, who lives in Beaulieu, the Bellevue Avenue mansion that once belonged to Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt III.

"I think she had the worst taste in men of anyone I've ever known!," Eileen Slocum declares. "If she met someone who was halfway good-looking and maybe could dance, he was immediately on her invitation list."

Men of distinction, adds Slocum, Skelly tended to dismiss right away. "She had Stanley Barrows, an art connoisseur—so extraordinary," she says. "He made Carolyn's beautiful dining room—with its murals of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, his mistresses, the generals—come alive. And Stanley Barrows knew what paper or scroll each person on the wall had in their hand. I wish you could have seen the obituary he got in *The New York Times*. Naturally, Carolyn broke off with him."

"She was a dying breed," remembers one jeweler. "A woman who could spend $100,000 without consulting anybody."

She preferred men who demanded nothing of her "except the caviar and the champagne," Slocum continues. "Like the one whose name I won't mention. From Boston. And can you believe that, one night at a dinner around the big table, he climbed up on the chair on her right, a beautiful upholstered dining-room chair, and made his toast with his black patent-leather shoes suddenly breaking through. Getting down, brushing it off, and sitting down. And Carolyn never criticized him."

The men were like logs on a fire that required constant stoking. Awakened at seven each morning, Skelly would conduct business in her pink bedroom, surrounded by furniture decorated with angels and a gold-leaf bed once owned by Jackie Gleason. After lining up her staff for their daily marching orders, handling her finances, and answering mail, she and her secretary would flip through "the Bachelor Book" to find her escort for the evening.

"Oh, they were all so nuts!" says Ann Fletcher. "And fakes! My brother used to call them court jesters."

"A lot of them got away with jewelry," says Dollie Briggs. "There were times in Palm Beach when she'd come hor and one of her major diamond bracele would be gone. They'd just take the off of her."

The escorts were housed in "the bac elor wing," on the third floor of Bo Doré. A dimly lit hallway with 11 cell-li bedrooms, the wing has a single ma bathroom, with ancient plumbing. Fro this ivory tower, the escort for the eveni would descend at seven P.M. to formal announce himself through a slot in t lady's bedroom door. He would be i structed to wait at the Louis XV "Esco Desk" in the hall. One or two hours late Skelly would make her grand entrance.

Aside from a free trip an extravagant dinner wi endless Cristal, the escor had little to gain. Frank Bo had made her practical gigolo-proof. "You'll have see Bono about that," sh would say in answer to eve query for funding. "Ever thing must go through S Louis." And Bono becam an expert at saying no.

Today, sitting in his St. Louis hom the elderly accountant's ears still rin with the calls of begging bachelors. "A these guys hungry for money!" he says.

Grady Smith, who met Carolyn at Newport party in the early 80s, whe he was in his late 30s, probably wai ed for her the longest. He traveled wit her on a year-and-a-half odyssey aroun the world. "They spent $450,000 in year and a half!" exclaims Bono. "Sh even paid for his tennis lessons." Smit who says he took the trip to "give Ca olyn the courage to step out of her reclu sion," insists that he never received penny, other than travel expenses, an that he more than paid his fare in waste time, waiting hour after hour outsid Carolyn's hotel-room door. Soon he dis covered why. "On my 40th birthday, said, 'I think we both ought to go to th Mayo Clinic and get a full checkup,'" h remembers. After the checkup, the doc tors talked to Smith.

"They said, 'Basically, from the burn part of her head is gone,'" he says. "'It down to the soft covering of the brain. Then I realized why she was late ever day, why she wouldn't be ready until 2:3 in the afternoon. She had to mess aroun with this wound. She was too proud to le anybody know."

The doctors suggested surgery. Sh said, "Oh, no, you'll get me sick, and I'l die here!" Skelly returned to the dance floor instead.

"She acted like it was a joke, but i

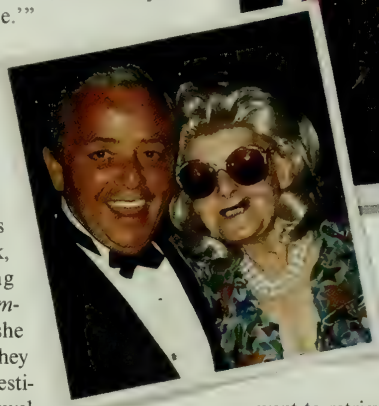


GUCCI

timepieces







From top: **Carolyn Skelly at play with investor Peter Rock, her favorite dance partner, at the Breakers, Newport, 1992; with Kevin DeMatteo, son of one of the original investors in health-care conglomerate Humana, and dance instructor Dennis Fodor, at the Greenbrier resort in West Virginia, 1991; with antiques appraiser Philip McMahon at Bois Doré, circa 1988.**

"If she met someone who was halfway good-looking and maybe could dance, he was immediately on her invitation list."

wasn't," Smith says. "The brain was exposed; she had this hole in her head the size of a quarter. And here she is dancing. She's not that stable on her feet. I must have caught her 30 times. I'd say, 'Why do you want to dance when you could fall and get seriously hurt?' And she said, 'I'll always have a man to catch me.'"

"Detective Metzler, I need to meet with you right away!," Carolyn Skelly exclaimed on the telephone one night during the Christmas holidays of 1984. It was 10 o'clock, but she was insisting that he pick her up *immediately* at a party she was attending so that they could begin a new investigation into her stolen jewelry. Police work is frequently so slow in Newport that some detectives take on supplemental careers: Mickey Metzler owns a shoe store; his partner, Al Conti, is an actor. During the Skelly days, however, they had little time for anything but her. "Are you selling shoes tonight or investigating my case?" she'd demand of Metzler.

"We used to cringe when somebody would say, 'Mrs. Skelly is on the line,'" says Conti.

"We'd look at each other and say, 'Oh, not again! Here we go,'" adds Metzler. "It was always 'Oh, could you get over here right away?' . . . I think she liked the company."

But when she phoned that December, regarding $1.6 million worth of missing, newly purchased jewelry, the detectives received their first concrete clue. She had just come back from a two-month jewelry-buying vacation in London, where, she told friends, she'd spent a night in Buckingham Palace. Upon her return to Newport, she hid her approximately $1.6 million in purchases in her shoe closet, then flew to St. Louis with her son to attend a funeral. In St. Louis, she decided to have the new purchases flown over for appraisal at the St. Louis branch of Neiman Marcus. But when her son, who had gone back to Newport after the funeral, went to retrieve the jewelry, the bag was missing. A few days after returning home to Newport, Carolyn and four others received an anonymous letter in the mail. Headed "The Skelly Jewels," the letter contradictorily maintained that her jewels had been stolen at J.F.K. airport:

> We are a group of ex-employees of Mrs. Carolyn Skelly. . . . Each of us suffered indignities and humiliations at her hands. . . . Mrs. Skelly lives a life of great luxury and puts on a show before the world. But behind the scenes she cheats her employees and makes them wait and have to plead for our just wages.

The letter didn't offer up the jewels, only shadowy suggestions about their disappearance, claiming that Skelly, in a surreptitious trading of parcels with "a man in an ankle-length tweed overcoat," had left a bag full of jewelry on the floor at J.F.K. Her son, according to the letter, was busy finding a skycap and didn't notice. The bag was eventually retrieved by one of her ex-employees, who had decided to make Skelly wait for her jewels (which were never recovered). The eloquence of the letter led the detectives to doubt that employees had taken the jewelry. "It wasn't written by your averag B-and-E [breaking-and-e tering] guy," says Metzler.

Everyone was a possib suspect: escorts, relative houseguests, even Bon Skelly's devoted accounta of 31 years, and her secr tary, Bobbie Faxon, wh worked for 18 years b side the lady's bed on desk composed of T trays. "She had a dete tive follow my husban and me to Florida once says Faxon. "We had fi gerprints. Then we ha polygraphs. . . . But, really, can't you se where the lady's coming from? She didn trust anybody." Partly because of th quality of writing in the "Skelly Jewels letter, the police called in Carolyn's son Bill, for questioning. "We felt that the rob bery was committed by someone in th family, someone who had access to every thing," says Detective Metzler. "We too a detailed, taped statement from [Bill]. H wouldn't agree to a polygraph." (Bill Bu ford says that he was never asked to take polygraph.) But nothing came of the inte views, Metzler says, partly because Skell called the detectives off the case.

Today, Bill Burford sits in his unassum ing Fort Worth ranch house. He never re ceived any money from his mother, h claims. "I don't know who took the jew els!" he exclaims. "She blamed everybody How many people were in and out of tha house every day? Forty people? So wha do you expect? My mother didn't car about material things. She said, 'Bill, al I want to do is have a good time.' My mother didn't care about collecting jewels She didn't care about losing $2 million . . . She was mainly concerned about the disruption of the party plans."

When Detectives Metzler and Cont climbed the stairs to Skelly's bedroom t offer theories on the theft, she became ret icent. Perhaps she knew that if she eve caught a thief the party would be over She called off the investigation, insisting "I'll handle it myself."

Then she replaced the stolen jewelry only to be quickly "cleaned out" again. In



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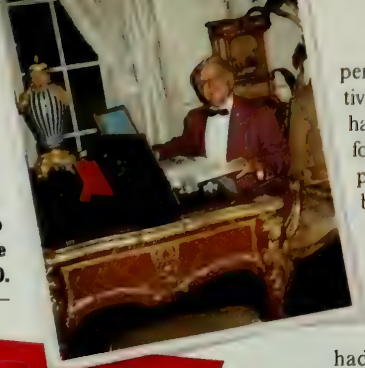
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August 1985, she stepped off Pan Am Flight 103 from London at J.F.K. and straight into another bizarre case of stolen jewels. As always, she was traveling with no fewer than a dozen pieces of luggage, including an overnight bag with approximately $5 to $10 million worth of jewelry in it.

"Which bag has the loot?" Philip McMahon asked her upon her arrival.

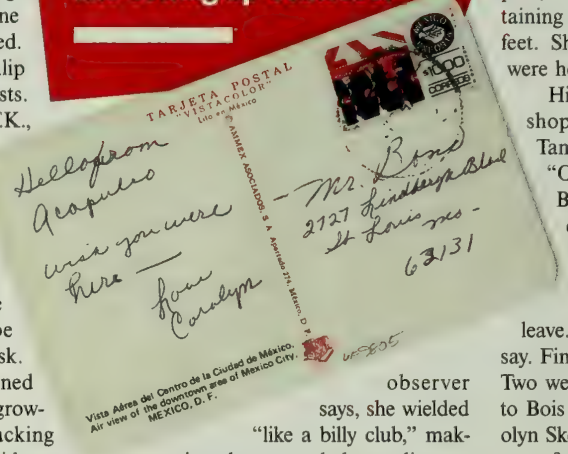
Preoccupied with other matters, she neglected to count her bags. She and McMahon jumped into a private plane and flew to Newport. There the baggage was transferred to a cab, whose driver deposited the couple at a café before taking the bags on to Bois Doré.

The next day, Skelly noticed that several bags were missing, including her jewelry case. The private plane and the Newport cab were searched. The cabdriver, the pilot, and Philip McMahon passed polygraph tests. Two of the bags surfaced later at J.F.K., one containing clothing, the other containing personal items. The bag with the jewelry was never found.



Frank Bono, Skelly's trusted accountant for more than 30 years, at Skelly's house in Newport, 1986. *Below,* a postcard Skelly sent to Bono when she was on a trip to Mexico in the summer of 1990.

The surgeon who operated on Carolyn Skelly's scalp said, "It was like sewing up cobwebs."



Once again, a stream of handsome detectives climbed the stairs of Bois Doré, only to be asked to wait at the Escort Desk. From her bed, Carolyn Skelly listened to their progress reports on her growing list of unsolved cases: tracking down leads in New York and Providence, interviewing convicted jewel thieves in prison, sending pictures of stolen jewelry to pawnshops. But apart from the maid who had burglarized her in 1984 and her accomplice, the police never formally charged a single suspect.

Eventually the Newport police detectives threw up their hands. "She'd have parties and send out invitations, and the people who were invited would bring friends," says Metzler. "You know, yachting people, big-name people. Plus the lesser hangers-on, who like to be around people with money. She'd call the next day and say, 'This is missing. That is missing.' We'd ask her, 'Well, who do you think took it? Who was there?' And she'd say, 'Well, I had 50 or 75 guests.'"

Her houseguests ranged from Angier Duke, the former U.S. ambassador to Spain and a cousin of Doris Duke's, to local rogues. There was, for example, the "fringe criminal" who, unbeknownst to the lady, was squatting in one of her cottages. There was the young hustler who regularly crashed her parties. There were all the friends and relatives who, police believed, might be "hedging their bets" against being excluded from her will, which, one observer says, she wielded "like a billy club," making threats and demanding attention and control.

And there was the heiress herself, a master manipulator who "loved everything to be turmoil and confusion," said Philip McMahon. Sometimes she reported jewelry stolen that she had already reported stolen in an earlier robbery. Or the detectives would spend days detailing the theft of a one-of-a-kind piece, only to discover her wearing it a month later. The police began to wonder if she was toying with them. If not, why did she ignore their advice about locking her doors, booting gate-crashers, and curtailing the circus she was running under her roof, even when the police went as far as taking her keys and locking up the house themselves?

"If she ever stopped [partying], she thought, she would die or give up," said McMahon. "One summer I told her, 'Carolyn, I came to Newport for a day, and now it's six weeks.... I'm turning into a beach bum.' And she said, 'It's the season for it.'"

Over and over, she accused him of deserting her and begged him to stay. Finally, at five o'clock one morning, McMahon slipped out while she was asleep. Soon the police would sneak away, too. After exasperating the local detectives, Carolyn Skelly exhausted the F.B.I., and following that, Newport private eye Denny T[illey] her. She hired him to accompany her to Florida on a one-day trip to track down "leads" on a million-dollar necklace that had been stolen before she got to wear it. He cleared a 24-hour period from his busy schedule and packed a spare blazer for the overnight investigation. They flew south, the heiress wearing white gloves to read her daily ration of a half-dozen newspapers, the detective sitting with a bag containing $2 million in jewels between his feet. She wouldn't tell him where they were headed.

His one-day trip grew into a 10-day shopping spree that stretched from Tampa to Palm Beach to Manhattan. "Other than talking to the Palm Beach police, I really didn't get a chance to investigate," he says today. "She was running the whole show. I ended up being a gigolo." Every night he'd say he had to leave. "We still have work to do!" she'd say. Finally he simply walked out on her. Two weeks later, the private eye returned to Bois Doré, climbing the stairs to Carolyn Skelly's bedroom to serve papers on one of the heiress's maids in his capacity as part-time county constable. Skelly acted as if they had never met. "She wouldn't acknowledge me," he remembers. He had been guilty of abandonment, an unforgivable sin to Carolyn Skelly.

But there was one brand of man who would never desert her.

It was 3:30 A.M. on Monday, August 18, 1986, the height of the Newport summer season, but Bois Doré was atypically devoid of houseguests. Carolyn Skelly had hosted a table of out-of-town guests at a charity ball at the Breakers that weekend, but now all but three of her house guests, including Joanne du Pont of New York and South Carolina, had departed in order to escape the wrath of a hurricane-force storm that was lashing the coast.

Carolyn awoke to find a thief collecting jewelry from her dresser and stuffing it into a pillowcase. He was dressed ninja-style, in an all-black outfit including pants tied at the ankle and a ski mask. He addressed her by name and told her he would tie her up if she didn't show him the rest of her jewels. Then he flashed a long knife and asked politely, "Please take off your bracelets."

She was too nervous to unlatch them. "I



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can't," she cried. He removed his gloves and gently snapped off her bracelets. Then he left with what she later estimated to be between $3 and $5 million in jewelry: diamond and ruby necklaces, a pearl-and-diamond choker, and her favorite ring, which she called "the J Boat," a 50-carat diamond named for the giant racing sloops that competed in the America's Cup in the 1930s.

The following day at noon, Eileen Slocum phoned. "Oh, Carolyn, I've just heard about the robbery! What a pity!"

Skelly was hosting a luncheon for the detectives investigating the case. "Really rather delighted," she said. "It's even in the newspapers in Australia."

The night after the robbery, she dressed in her brightest St. John suit, put on plenty of bracelets, and headed to the Sky Bar, Newport's hottest nightclub. She was, as always, the last to leave the dance floor, about two A.M. Skelly reveled in her role as the sweetheart of the jewel thieves, offering rewards to snitches and sound bites to the media. "I have nothing left," she jokingly lamented to *The Providence Journal* after one robbery. "I'm going down to the five-and-dime store to get a little costume jewelry until I get this other stuff back."

"I've had more of my carats stolen than Bugs Bunny," she told the *Globe,* which called her "America's #1 crime victim." The article quoted "an insider" as saying, "After a robbery, she just calls up and orders more jewels—like some people have groceries delivered."

The jewels disappeared as fast as she could buy them: a $300,000 turquoise-and-diamond necklace and a $500,000 diamond pin missing after a trip; a $320,000 set of South Sea pearls missing after a party; a $90,000 diamond butterfly bracelet she said she'd bought from Dolly Parton missing after she fell to the curb in Palm Beach one night; and a $500,000 necklace resembling the one later pictured in the Sotheby's catalogue.

It was August 16, 1990, another glittering evening at Bois Doré. In the ballroom, a dozen foreign ambassadors and a cousin of Jordan's Queen Noor clinked champagne glasses with Skelly and her guest of honor, Ecuadoran artist Ivonne A-Baki, and the artist's friend Columba Bush, wife of Jeb Bush.

At 1:30 A.M. the heiress was helped up to bed, but the party went on until 4. The houseguests were jarred awake four hours later by the sound of squad cars on the gravel driveway and the voices of policemen. The heiress, who had risen following her usual seven A.M. wake-up call, had discovered that a $1 million necklace, along with additional jewelry valued at another $200,000, was missing.

The distinguished houseguests pac[ked] downstairs in their pajamas. "Search [the] they implored.

The police turned to the heiress. [Mrs.] she insisted, no one would be searc[hed] "Money and material things, they c[ome] and go," she said. "I can buy more [jew]els. But I cannot buy friends." Then [she] sent the police away, saying, "Enoug[h is] enough. It's time for us to go to lunc[h at] Bailey's Beach."

Walking up the Bois Doré stair[case] with two escorts one night in 1[9]5 Skelly, then 90, paused beneath [her] father's portrait. One of her compan[ions] began to sing an aria, and when Sk[elly] turned to quiet him, the escort hol[ding] her lost his grip. Skelly tumbled ba[ck]ward down the staircase and smas[hed] her skull on the marble floor.

The surgeon who operated on her s[kull] reportedly said, "It was like sewing [up] cobwebs." When Brownie McLean vis[ited] the hospital the next day, Skelly exclaim[ed], "I didn't break my feet or my legs. I'll [be] dancing soon."

I saw her three months before she d[ied] at a party at Bois Doré. By then all [but] three pieces of her jewelry had been sto[len]. She died on December 10, 1996, a w[eek] after a circus-theme extravaganza t[hat] marked her official farewell. The cause [of] death was listed as "bacterial pneumon[ia]." Her ashes rested in a jewelry box on [her] bed in Bois Doré. It was the only jew[elry] box left in the mansion; the last of her t[reas]ures were sold by her daughter to pay [the] when the assets of the estate were frozen [by] court order as Skelly's children and gra[nd]children battled over her estate.

Who stole Carolyn Skelly's jewels? Th[ere] were doubtless many culprits. "She [was] betrayed by some of her family memb[ers], some of the people who worked for [her] and some of the people who said t[hey] were her friends," says Detective Al Co[ok]. Maybe she figured it was a fair tra[de]. They got her jewelry, but she got th[eir] time, and because all of her jewels w[ere] paid for with interest, never principal, fr[om] her fortune, says her accountant, and ma[ny] of her losses were deducted from her [tax] returns, the price she paid for compa[ny] was relatively cheap.

In her two conflicting wills, she left [her] family in a bitter yearlong court cont[est] over her $43 million estate. What [re]mained after sizable estate taxes was [di]vided up among her heirs under a co[n]fidential agreement.

Carolyn Skelly thought that her jew[elry] could restore her beauty. But it was o[nly] through their theft that she found fa[me]. Perhaps, in a twisted sense of gratitude, [she] bequeathed her jewelry to the thieves. □

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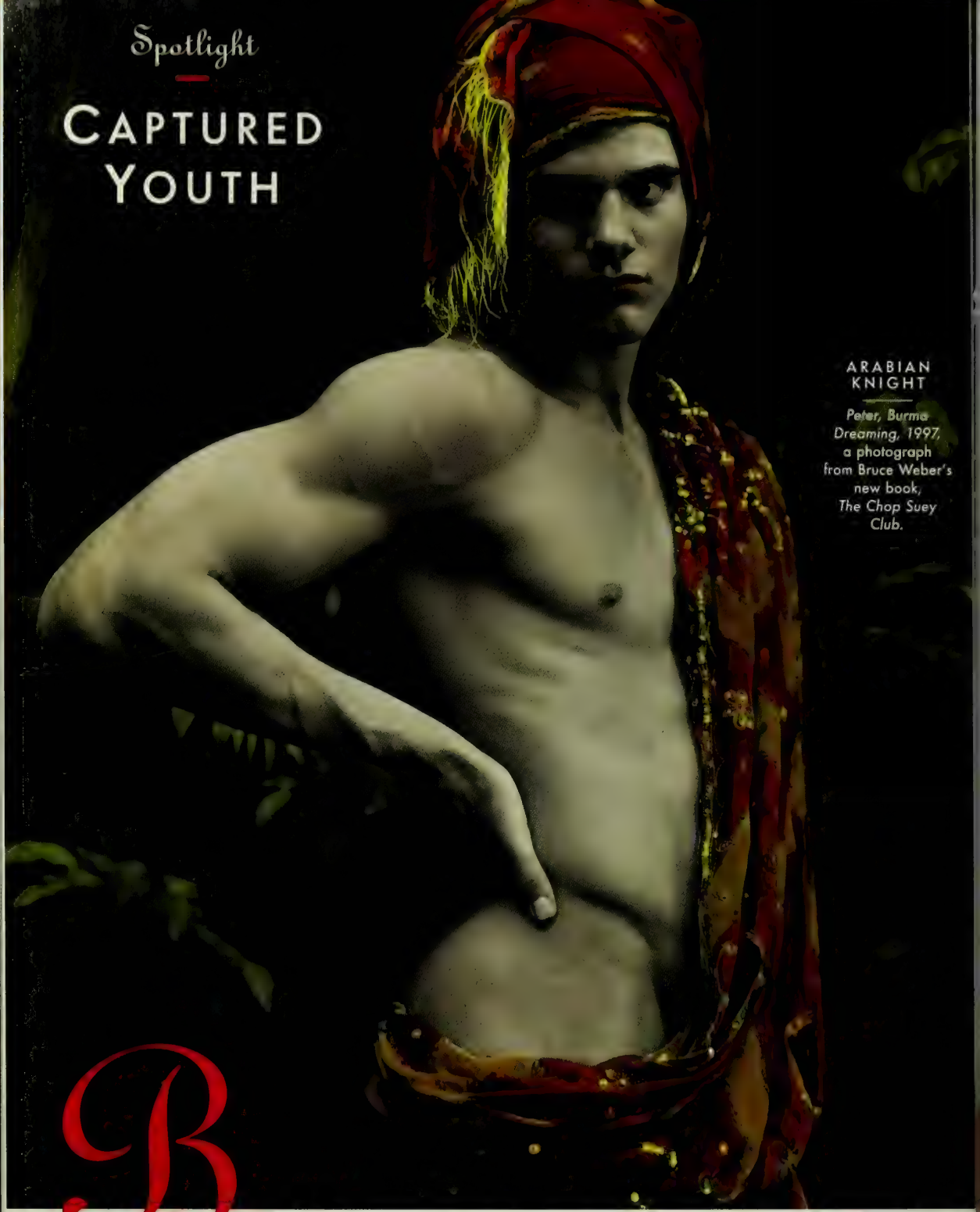
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Spotlight

CAPTURED YOUTH



ARABIAN KNIGHT

Peter, Burma Dreaming, 1997, a photograph from Bruce Weber's new book, *The Chop Suey Club.*

Been to the Midwest lately? Things have changed. Look no further than this strapping, corn-fed Wisconsin farm boy, Peter Johnson. One day he was a bright-eyed 15-year-old attending the famously unglamorous Dan Gable Training Camp for wrestling in Iowa City, the next he was shining as the not-at-all-bashful star of *The Chop Suey Club,* Bruce Weber's new collection of photographs, due out this month. "I was making a record of his youth," says Weber, who photographed Johnson for four years, starting in 1996. The pictures are chockablock with homages to wildly di parate muses, from Yves Saint Laurent to Cocteau to James Dean Once the book was completed, Johnson (who has a one-year-ol daughter, McKenna, with his girlfriend, Amber) began to make rum blings about skipping college for a modeling career. "If you don go to college," Weber warned him, "I'll never photograph yo again." Johnson is currently a freshman majoring in graphic design

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Four of the Vietnam War's finest combat photographers–Larry Burrows, Henri Huet, Kent Potter, and Keisaburo Shimamoto–were shot down in a helicop over the Ho Chi Minh Trail on February 10, 1971. After nearly three haunted decades, the author joined the search for his colleagues' final resting-pla

BY RICHARD PYLE



THEIR FINAL RIDE Keisaburo Shimamoto, Henri Huet, Larry Burrows, and Kent Potter (standing) board the helicopter that would disappear over Laos some two hours later.

Given the number of cameras on hand, remarkably few pictures were taken that day. But to the half-dozen photographers and reporters who watched the helicopters depart, the details are indelible. To these correspondents, and to scores who covered the conflict, February 10, 1971, was perhaps the most tragic day of the Vietnam War—the day that four of their own, four of their best, went down without a trace.

Earlier that week, fog and chilly drizzle had sequined the trees and turned the soil a deep red. Then, that morning, the weather had broken. A pale sun penetrated the haze. Trucks and armored vehicles were starting to kick up dust instead of mud. Newsmen who had bunked overnight at the Khe Sanh press tent were digging into their breakfast of army-supplied C rations, recalls Christopher Jensen, leader of a G.I. photo team, when photographer Henri Huet found a much-coveted, olive-drab can marked "Pound Cake." Exultant, Huet, the Associated Press's most celebrated shooter in Vietnam at th time, remarked to his colleagues, "This is going to be m lucky day."

By midmorning, four UH-1 Hueys with South Vietnamese ai force markings were lined up like circus animals before a parade They idled in an open field at Ham Nghi, a command post, fou miles east of the Laotian border. Nearby, a group of men lo tered. Their dress—a mix of military fatigues, field gear, and cam eras slung from shoulders—identified them as journalists. Occa sionally, enemy rocket fire resounded to the west.

The men had been waiting since breakfast for Lieutenant Gen eral Hoang Xuan Lam, commander of South Vietnam's northern most military region. Lam was undertaking the capstone of his ca reer: Operation Lam Son 719, the most ambitious offensive eve mounted by Saigon—a drive to cut through Laos and sever Nortl Vietnam's supply network, the Ho Chi Minh Trail. In making thi first inspection of the Laotian front, Lam had agreed to do wha

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His reputation suggested insulation from danger, as if gunners would receive an order: "Don't shoot. That's Larry Burrows."

his American allies had not. He would take some newsmen along.

Of the few spaces available in Lam's press helicopter, four had been staked out by *Life*'s Larry Burrows, A.P.'s Henri Huet, Kent Potter of United Press International, and Keisaburo Shimamoto, a *Newsweek* freelancer. They were four of the premier photojournalists in Saigon; no one could have seriously questioned their right to a first shot at seats.

There was an implied security when one flew with generals; brass, as a rule, didn't go where the bullets were thickest. And, in this case, the very reputations of the four aboard suggested insulation from the dangers that imperiled lesser men—as if gunners tracking a chopper with such journalistic firepower would receive a strict order: "Don't shoot. That's Larry Burrows up there."

Within the Vietnam news fraternity, no one commanded more respect than Burrows. Tall, gaunt, with thick-lensed glasses and tousled hair, the London-born *Life* staffer was not the most dashing of correspondents. But, with the exception of Robert Capa, who had died in Vietnam in 1954 covering the French Indochina War for *Life,* Burrows was considered by many to be the finest combat photographer who ever lived.

From stuttering darkroom apprentice, Burrows had risen to the pinnacle of his craft, a master of the compassionate photo-essay. He was as brave as he was principled; famous for composition, and for patience. He often worried about intruding on his subjects' privacy, but never missed the essential moment. To younger colleagues, Burrows, 44, was a father figure, generou with advice and aid no matter one's professional credits. Wit reverence, he liked to extol the privileged camaraderie that deve oped when men covered war. "We happy few," he would sa quoting *Henry V,* "we band of brothers."

Burrows had been in Calcutta when he heard about Lam Sc 719, and rushed back to Vietnam. Just four days before boardi the helicopter, in fact, he and Henri Huet had been among contingent that hitched a ride in an armored convoy heading f the border. The column had stopped at dusk when mistaken attacked by a U.S. Navy jet. Anti-personnel cluster bombs kille 6 South Vietnamese soldiers and wounded 51. When the bom ing stopped, "Burrows was the first one up and out of the ditch remembers photographer Roger Mattingly. Facing a "chaotic si uation and failing light," Burrows shot pictures even as he helpe lug the wounded from a blazing, ammo-laden A.P.C. "Watchin him work under that pressure," Mattingly now says, "was th most revealing experience I had in Vietnam."

If Burrows had a peer in Southeast Asia, it was the handsom outgoing Henri Huet. Born in Vietnam's central highlands, t a French engineer father and a Vietnamese mother, he wa raised from age five by relatives in Brittany after his mother death. As a boy, he endured racial slights, studied art, and ther at 21, he enlisted in the French armed forces, hoping to be re

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united with his father, who was living in isolation at the family plantation in Da Lat. Assigned to a reconnaissance unit, the budding artist learned aerial photography, served until 1952, then stayed on in Vietnam, landing a job with U.P.I., where he remained until he was lured to rival A.P. by legendary lensman Eddie Adams.

Huet, 43, had become the star photographer of the A.P.'s Saigon bureau, known, like Burrows, for self-effacing courage under fire. He struck up an instant rapport with officers and soldiers, and engendered a special kinship with reporters he accompanied into the field. "Henri goes to war," remarked Horst Faas, A.P.'s Saigon photo chief at the time, "the way others go to the office."

Huet's images exposed Vietnam's agonies—soldiers in sodden misery, peasants terrorized—and its moody, menacing beauty. In retrospect, they reveal the man beneath the jaunty exterior. Huet was intensely private and even insecure, rarely discussing his personal life—his girlfriends or his ex-wife, then living in New Caledonia with Huet's two children.

In 1967, Huet spent months recuperating from mortar wounds; two years later, concerned that he was pushing his luck, A.P. pressured him to accept a transfer. Once settled in Tokyo, however, and burdened with routine, he grew frustrated. What's more, the war's quiet backwater, Cambodia, was suddenly roiling. Huet laid down an impassioned ultimatum: "Send me back or I quit." In early 1970 his bosses returned him to Saigon.

Kent Potter was the third cameraman on the helicopter. Born into a Quaker family in Philadelphia, Potter started at U.P.I. as a teenager, then worked his way into a staff job by displaying an instinct for news photography. According to friends, he had an almost obsessive desire to get to Vietnam, one that went against his family's pacifist grain. But he wanted to go on his own terms. While some Quakers became conscientious objectors, Potter solved his draft problem by enlisting in the Marine Corps Reserve, doing weekend-warrior duty while waiting to be summoned overseas. In early 1968, it happened. Just as the 20-year-old Potter was to be called to active duty, U.P.I. offered him a slot in Saigon, replacing a photographer killed in action. (Potter obtained a hardship discharge with the creative argument that being sent to Vietnam as a military photographer would cost him his civilian job.)

"This is Condor Six. Helicopters flying north, flight of three! There's a 37-mm. gun right in front of you. Get out of there!"

Tall, rangy, with the smoky good looks of a young Tyrone Power, he immediately began covering the street-fighting of the "mini-Tet" offensive, even as it claimed five of his colleagues. Potter thrived on the action—and the competition. "He loved to argue just for the hell of it, and would say, 'Let's kick A.P.'s ass!'" remembers his former boss Bill Snead.

In time, Potter took to wearing black pajamas and rubber "VC sandals," recalls Kate Webb, a New Zealander who became his close friend and confidante. "We were the babies of the bureau," she says. "We found relief in not feeling any pressure to tell each other war stories. We spent quite a few evenings sitting in cane chairs looking out over the rooftops, just talking about the world and all, watching the sun go down."

In 1970, U.P.I. suggested a transfer; like Huet, Potter threatened to resign. As a compromise, Potter was reassigned to Bangkok, out of war's path, but only hours away if needed. Within months, he was called back to cover Lam Son 719.

The fourth passenger, Keisaburo Shimamoto, was born in Seoul in 1937 during Japan's occupation of Korea. Growing u in Tokyo, he experienced the American B-29 raids and listene to his family's radio as Emperor Hirohito announced Japan surrender. A Russian-literature major at Tokyo's prestigiou Waseda University, Shimamoto seemed destined for an aca demic or literary career, but his older brother Kenro, a reporte helped draw him into photojournalism. On assignments for th Pan-Asia Newspaper Alliance and later for *Newsweek*, he be came a well-liked if somewhat introspective figure in Saigon tight-knit Japanese community. A child of war, he struggle over having to cover conflict, once observing in his ever pres ent diary, "War buffets people with suffering and smears then with humiliation. Do I want to see such truths? Perhaps, think so."

With Burrows, Huet, Potter, and Shimamoto having secure seats, there was still enough room for Sergeant Tu Vu, a youn Vietnamese army photographer, and freelance reporter Harol Ellithorpe, who planned to file the *Life* text that would run wit Burrows's pictures. Other hopefuls who had hung around, try ing to wangle that first ride into Laos, had come up short.

Shortly before noon, General Lam emerged from a nearby tent. Walking with a cane because of gout, Lam ordered two of his officers to board the second chopper, where the press group and a crew of four were already strapped in. Lam now 72 and living in California, explains why he split up his retinue. "Normally, my officers would ride with me," he says "but the North Vietnamese knew three months ahead that we were coming. They put a lot of anti-aircraft batteries in Laos We were worried about be ing shot down."

The two staff colonels swelled the party to 12 in Helicopter Two. Concerned about excess weight, the pilot tried a quick hover test and declared that somebody had to get off. Even the diplomat, Burrows solved the problem. "*Life* is a picture magazine," he said to Ellithorpe, his print partner. "You'll have to go later." The reporter conceded the point, unfastened his seat belt, and jumped out to join the others on the sidelines.

Lam gave the departure order. The four turbines spooled up, their whine becoming a clatter. The pilots pulled pitch and the Hueys lurched forward and up, blades chewing the heavy air as they turned in line and headed for Laos. Their destination, after a stop at a firebase: Landing Zone Ranger South, a reconnaissance base deep inside hostile territory. Today, Lam insists that his pilots were "not lost" in the low clouds, but even he can't fathom why his three trailing helicopters soon strayed more than a mile off course.

Hidden in the jungle's depths, North Vietnamese units had been on alert for days. The hills were laced with dug-out emplacements where guns could be camouflaged from airborne spotters. Faintly at first, then louder, came the husky rhythm of the Hueys. Suddenly, a line of three emerged from behind the trees.

A half-mile away, on an unrelated mission, U.S. helicopter pilot Major James Newman observed the scene. Newman had no idea who they were, but he recognized danger; hours earlier he'd taken fire from that same patch of jungle. He frantically tried to raise the unknown choppers by radio. "This is Condor Six," Newman remembers shouting. "Helicopters flying north,


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flight of three! There's a 37-mm. gun right in front of you. Get out of there!" But there was no response.

As Newman hovered, he saw orange tracers arcing up from the dark trees. Suddenly, the lead helicopter vanished in a burst of orange-and-yellow flame, debris raining down. From this distance, with his own rotors drowning out the sound, he could have been watching a silent movie.

The two surviving craft flew on, in a sweeping turn. A gun fired; a second Huey was hit in its rotor mast, its blades spinning away, its tail boom breaking off while the fuselage "dropped like an egg," as Newman now describes it, into the foliage below.

The next day, A.P. reporter Michael Putzel flew out to Khe Sanh and tracked down Newman, who volunteered to return to the crash site for a quick flyby. Something of a daredevil, Newman commanded Charlie Troop, Second Squadron, 17th Air Cavalry, a swashbuckling outfit whose unit insignia was a menacing condor. Their slogan: "Patience, my ass. I want to kill something." It was a risky foray, but Newman flew in at a discreet altitude, accompanied by two Cobra gunships for cover. Putzel, using a 200-mm. telephoto lens, took several quick frames of the fire-singed hillside.

Though a search-and-rescue operation was considered—one of Lam's officers had been carrying crucial war plans in his briefcase—conditions proved too perilous.

Neither the wreckage nor Putzel's images would be glimpsed again for 25 years.



Three hours after the crash, Michael Putzel, reporting from a press camp near the DMZ, called me at my Saigon office, off the A.P. newsroom. The phones were erratic, so he wasted no time on preliminaries. He spoke clearly through the static, pacing his words: "A V.N.A.F. helicopter has been shot down in Laos.... All aboard are missing and believed dead.... They include four civilian photographers. They are ... Henri Huet of A.P. ... " My chair seemed to collapse under me. "Larry Burrows of *Life* magazine ... " I felt numb as he continued to the end.

Other A.P. staffers, having heard a Vietnamese report of a crash, gathered by the door, waiting for me to raise my hand and say, "Hold it, it's not true." I knew it was, and that it wouldn't change.

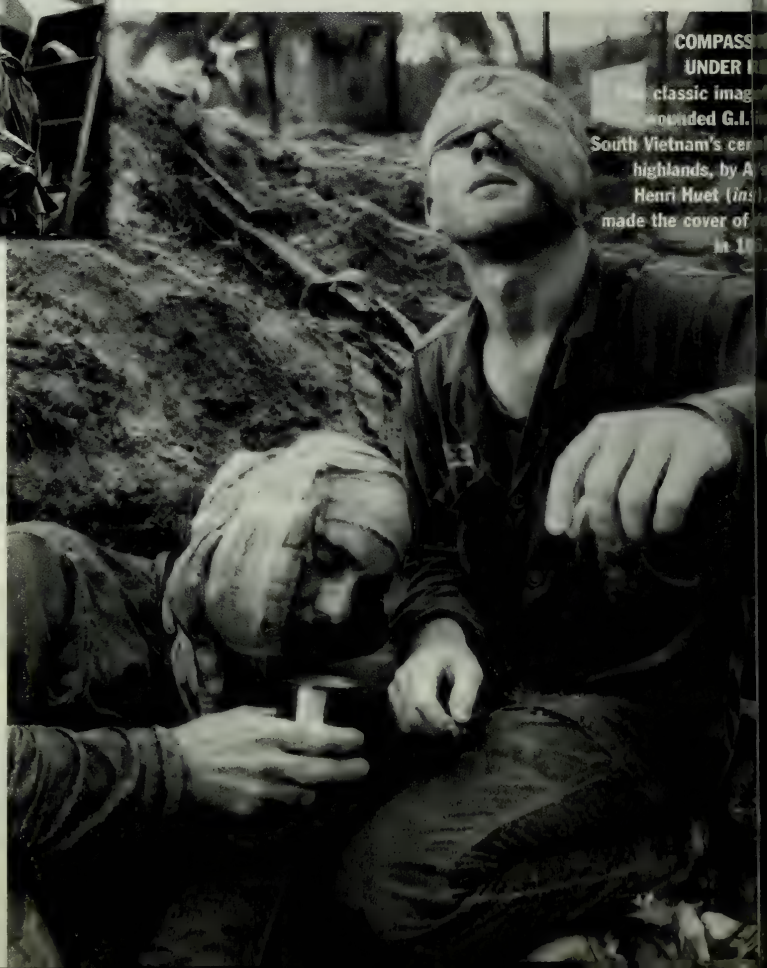
For a moment, we stood stunned, staring at one another. Then, almost immediately, practical demands intruded. The crash was news. The story was our first obligation. As I typed, others phoned military spokesmen, U.P.I., the *Time* and *Newsweek* bureaus. As A.P.'s Saigon-bureau chief, I had filed almost daily on B-52 strikes and downed aircraft—all the organized, olive-green insanity of war. But rarely did any of us have reason to write about our own, about men or women we had just seen the week before on Tu Do Street. It wouldn't be the last time I wou write a dispatch through my tears:

saigon, feb. 10 (ap)—a south vietnamese helicopter carrying fo civilian news photographers was shot down over the ho chi minh t al [*sic*] in laos wednesday, apparently killing them and seven oth persons aboard. among those missing and presumed dead we three of the best-known combat photographers of the indochin war: henri huet, 43, of the associated press, larry burrows, 44, of li magazine, and kent potter, 23, of united press international. othe aboard were keisaburo shimamoto, of japan's pan asia newspaper liance.... (more) pyle

For nearly 30 years, I was haunted by that story, by so muc that had been left unresolved that day. In the compartment my mind permanently reserved for Vietnam, the memory February 10, 1971, occupied a special corner, visited only on o casion, with trepidation. It had been a day without end: no he copter, no bodies, had ever been found.

For more than a generation, an emotional telegraph syste connected the four photographers' colleagues, friends, and fam lies. Across this network, across the years, people traded lette and calls, exchanging rumor and clue: Investigators had locate possible crash sites, later rejected. A Bangkok restaurateur ha Laotian connections and might coordinate a clandestine searc

Huet found a can marked "Pound Cake" and commented, "This is going to be my lucky da



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South Vietnam's cer
highlands, by A
Henri Huet (*ins*
made the cover of
in 1

There's one person I won't be.



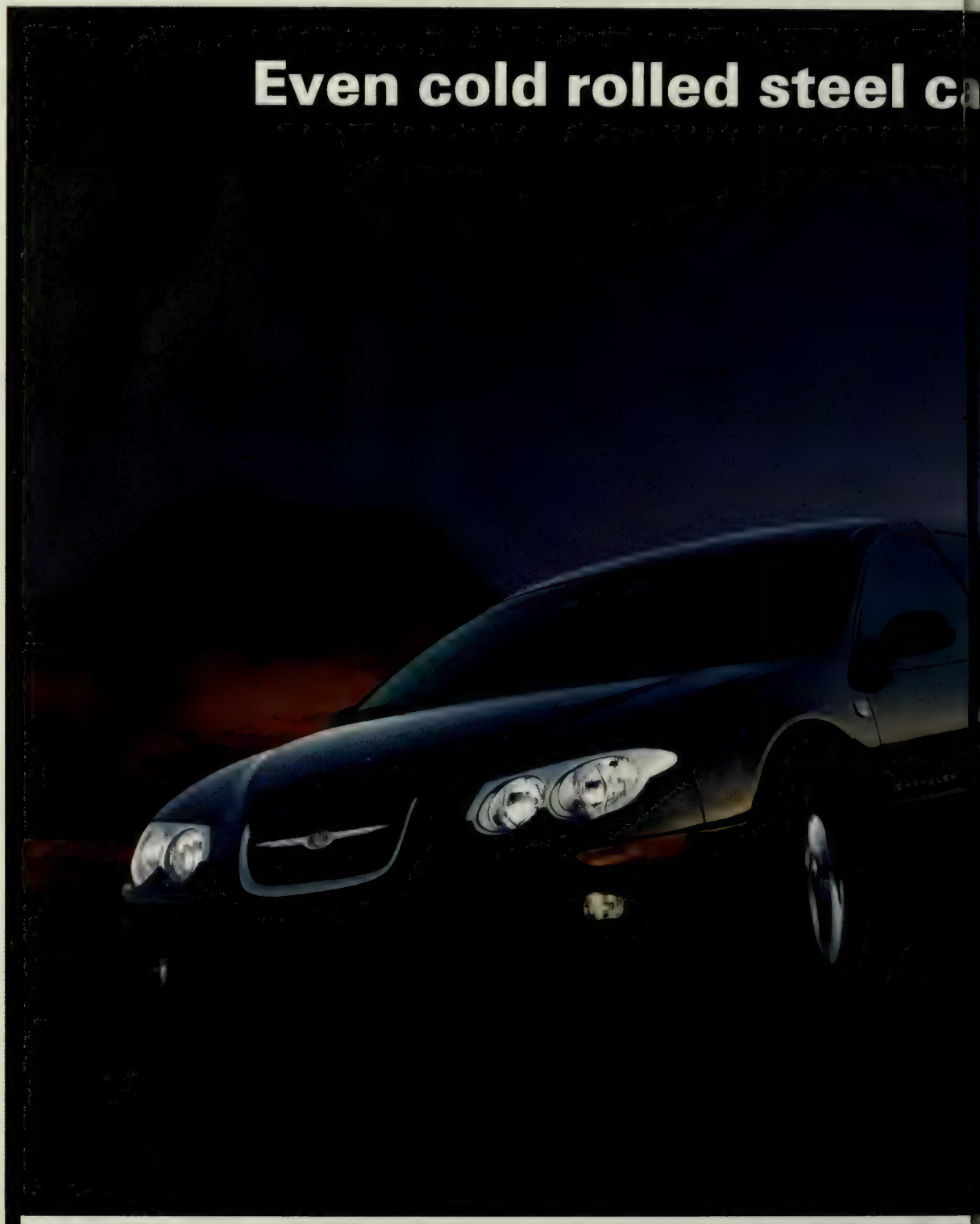
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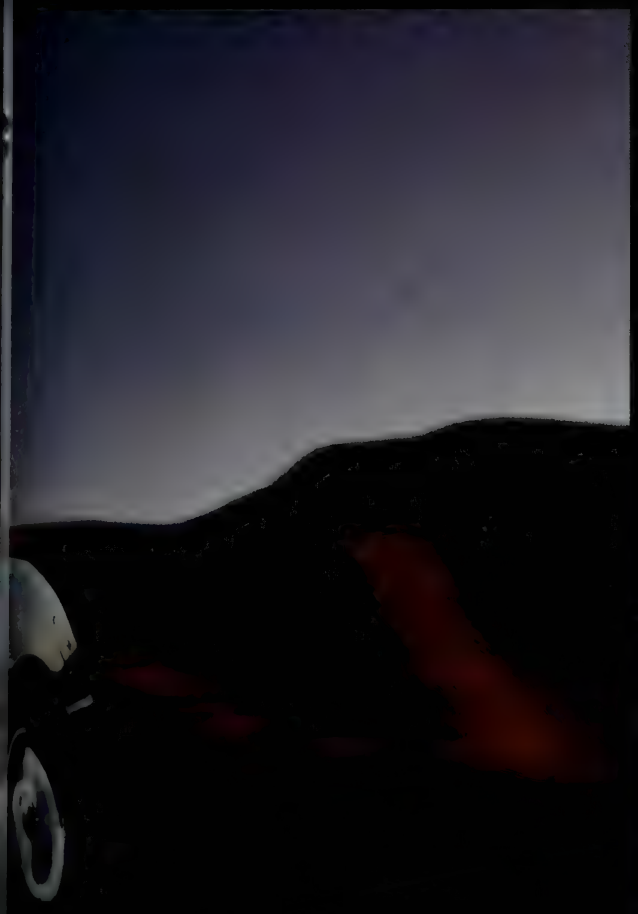
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those plans fell through. Somewhat like an extended M.I.A. "family," we were linked, especially in recent years, by a sense of obligation to determine, with certainty, just where one particular helicopter had met its end.

After the crash, Huet's fiancée, the Swedish journalist Inger-Johanne Holmboe, wrote to Asia hands, to diplomats in Hanoi and elsewhere, to anyone who might have been able to help. "If nothing happens, I am going to find him myself," she added in longhand at the bottom of one letter. For a number of years, Holmboe, now 55 and living in Stockholm, believed her Hei would simply walk through the door of her apartment someda

Burrows's son, Russell, 22 at the time of his father's disappea ance, defiantly clung to the idea of recovering his remains. "Ho ever certain you are of something," says the New York busine man and archivist, now 51, "you are obliged to prove it concl sively if you can, to fill in that fraction of the decimal point. Yo have no choice but to go as far as you can." Off and on over th years, Russell Burrows fielded lon distance calls from newsmen and frien offering new minutiae about the crash

The cause, over time, began to po sess me as well, becoming a kind personal mission. Scattered bits of me al and bone were lodged somewhe on a far-off hill, and I had grown believe that the only way we could la the dead to rest, somehow more peac fully, would be if someone went to th very ridge, walked on it, tasted th thick jungle heat. The families coul not, or would not, go. But they coul have a representative who had know the fallen four. If such an opportunit arose, I wanted to be that witness.

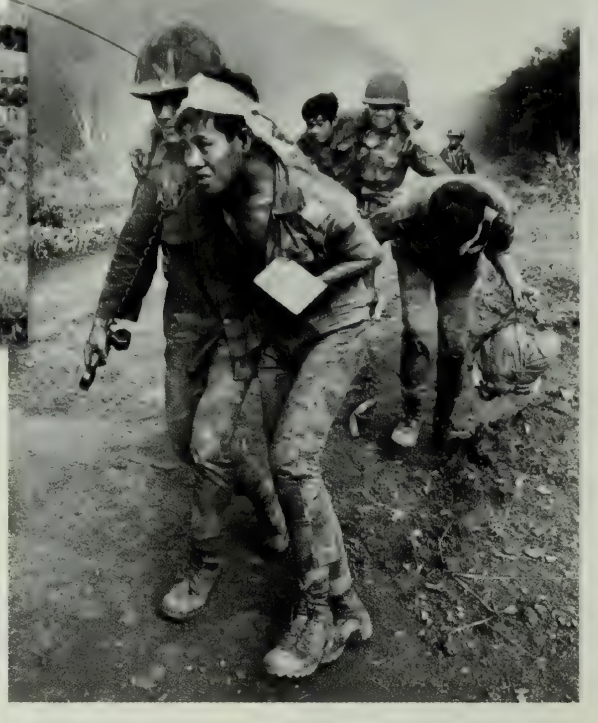
At last, in July of 1995, the opportu nity seemed imminent—in a strang er's phone call. Bill Forsyth, a retire air-force photoanalyst working as a M.I.A. investigator in Hawaii, had stum bled on "the Burrows incident." He wa inquiring whether I knew if anyone back in 1971, might have recorded th map-grid coordinates of the crash site

I thought immediately of corre spondent Peter Arnett, who had co ered the war for A.P. In 1972, befor he departed Saigon, Arnett and I hac packed 10 years' worth of deteriorat ing bureau files into metal trunks an shipped them Stateside for safekeep ing. The papers were still in his Vir ginia basement. I phoned and asked him to check for a memo I had written outlining the crucial details that A.P Saigon had gathered on the crash. He was back on the line in minutes. "Five pages," he said. "I'll fax it to you."

The emotions of that day in Saigon had been mysteriously preserved in the wording, the grammatical choices I'd made, the familiar idiosyncrasies of the old typewriter. I found the coordinates on page 4—provided by the pilot who had witnessed the ambush. I conveyed these to Forsyth for his investigation Then, several months later, Michael Put zel made a key discovery. While rummag ing through old files in his Washington home, he located one of the aerial photos he had taken the day after the helicopter went down. This, too, was sent along.

In April 1996, Forsyth put Putzel's





HORROR IN FOCUS
Kent Potter (*above*) took this 1969 photo (*right*) of a U.S. adviser and an ambush victim. In 1968, Keisaburo Shimamoto (*below*) found this boy (*bottom*) wailing over his sister's corpse.



U.P.I.'s Kent Potter "loved to argue just for the hell of it, and would say, 'Let's kick A.P.'s ass!'"





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print on a light box. Beside it, he placed a shot of Laos taken in 1971 by an SR-71 spy plane. Illuminated from beneath, each picture took on startling clarity—a hill, a ravine down one side, and there, snaking through the blur of vegetation, identical white loops indicating the same winding roadway. Forsyth pinpointed the location on a map: eight miles north of Route 9, five miles west of the Vietnam border—close to the coordinates in my memo from Arnett's basement. And within weeks an investigation team was clambering through the jungle, amid half-buried cluster bombs. Their find: shreds of cloth, a crushed U.S.-style steel helmet, a tooth, a possible bone fragment, metal and plastic remnants of a Bell helicopter, and scraps of 35-mm. film, the emulsion eroded.

Based on this promising quarry, a decision was made to excavate. After numerous delays, digging was set to begin in March 1998. And I was determined to be there.

Drumming steadily northward, our little French-built helicopter flirted with treeless ridges as each reached to meet us before falling sharply away to reveal a jungle-choked ravine. Ahead, the serrated ranks of the Annamites faded into the haze, the improbable peaks gray and faint, as in a Chinese watercolor.

It was near the end of the dry season. As I sat with investigation-team members flying to the site, I watched forest fires burn randomly in every direction, flaring, raging, dying out. "Half of southern Laos is on fire," a military officer remarked.

Now, as we skimmed the tree line, Horst Faas, my old A.P. colleague, was leaning out the open helicopter door, hat flapping madly in the slipstream. He swiveled his 300-mm. lens, seeking targets in the brown landscape. The vista seemed innocent enough. But, then, it always had, even in the days when danger lurked under the double canopy.

I could have chosen no better companion than Horst. A battle-scarred photographer who had twice earned Pulitzers, he had been Henri Huet's boss in Vietnam and a close friend of Larry Burrows's. Together, we were accompanying a crew of U.S. military search and forensic specialists to a remote spot in the Laotian bush—a formerly nameless clearing now known officially as Site 2062, one that these men and women believed, upon further inspection, would prove to be the fateful hillside.

As journalists, Horst and I had often flown into such countries usually to a sandbagged outpost perched on some narrow hogback ridge. But this part of southern Laos, the panhandle, we had known only in the abstract. It had been hostile territory, impossible to visit. Yet almost every day the stories we had filed from Saigon had alluded to the famed Ho Chi Minh Trail, a thousand-mile network through which Hanoi's troops and weaponry had been funneled to southern battlefields. The trail was an intricate ganglion of old French roads, backwoods corridors, and native footpaths. More than half a million Communist troops had passed over it during the war; thousands more maintained it, repairing damage from U.S. bombs. For 27 years, the fallen helicopter had been embedded in one of these slopes—shards of history, sunblistered in dry seasons, washed by monsoon rains.

Just ahead, a blue tent marked Site 2062. We could see the hillside which was checkered in the grid pattern of an archaeological dig. Excavation, in fact, had begun the day before. The dig was the work of the U.S. Joint Task Force—Full Accounting, a Pentagon agency created in 1992 under a diplomatic arrangement with Laos, Cambodia, and Vietnam. The J.T.F.'s main mission: to recover the remains of some 2,200 Americans still "unaccounted for" in Indochina. (To date, the army's Central Identification Laboratory in Hawaii has identified more than 500, but CILHI has shelves of bones that have so far defied analysis.)

As the pilot hovered for the benefit of Horst's camera, I remembered a grainy frame from 27 years before—snapped by a Marine photographer before takeoff that day. It showed Larry Burrows, seated inside the chopper, facing the camera and checking his equipment; Henri Huet, at the right-hand doorway, conversing with Keisaburo Shimamoto, to his left; and Kent Potter, weighted down with camera gear and gazing into the distance. I thought of Potter—young, adventurous, determined to succeed.

Horst Faas and I spent three full days at the site, an experienc



"Look at the pictures left behind. That is much more important than physical remains."

IN LAOS, AT LAST Photographer Horst Faas and author Richard Pyle, formerly of A.P.'s Saigon bureau, tour their colleagues' likely crash site in March 1998.

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so intense that it now feels as if we explored that hill for w
The Laotian-American team performed ingenious feats of ar
ology and engineering. Native workers, under the direction
leathery-faced, ex–military man in a green pith helmet, would
riedly cut bamboo poles, lash them together, and erect *Kon*
like platforms, on stilts, sturdy enough to support crowds of
ple. U.S. crews would rapidly open a marked-off square of
excavate, sift the dirt, then move on to the next. Surrounding
on all sides was a forbidding gauntlet of unexploded bombs
deadly after decades. At many such sites, superstitious village
sisted on sacrificial offerings—a black-and-white water buffa
times—before excavation could commence. "Spiritual belief
tate the way we do business," explained Lieutenant Colonel J
Ransick, commander of the J.T.F. Laos detachment.

The discovery occurred, quite suddenly, our second day
site. Halfway down the ravine, where Laotian workers pa
up buckets of dirt to the screening station, U.S. Army
sergeant Bill Adams, a mortuary specialist, reached into the
row space between two rocks. He worked deliberately, eve
the 100-degree heat. Adams pried one of the boulders lo
Half buried in the cavity, encrusted with dirt, was a small c
drical object with a knob on top. Adams had been traine
comb a crash site for a wayward tooth, a bone, or any huma
mains. But this, he knew at once, was clearly unnatural.
knob resembled a detonator. Adams, standing, called out,
geant Holden! Need your help!"

"Bombie!" cried one of the older Laotian workers. The
dropped their buckets, some scurrying up the ravine, ot
down the rocky creek bed.

Carl Holden, a Marine explosives expert, made his way dow
where Adams waited. Holden squatted, then reached out a
ticed hand, gently dislodging and lifting the object. He turne
cylinder over in his hand. "It's the lens from a camera," he sai

"They found a lens!," Horst shouted over to where I
standing, farther up the hill. He was elated, his grin triumph
He waited on the bluff and then examined Adams's find.
could make out the letters: "NIKKOR-H 35mm Auto T3 F=2.
315907. Nippon Kodaku Japan"—a lens for a Nikon F, stand
equipment for many photographers covering the war.

By the end of the excavation—cut short due to a profusio
unexploded ordnance in the ravine—the site had yielde
poignant ledger of lives interrupted: four teeth, several belt b
les and boot soles, two Seiko watches, a gold Rolex watchb
two more Nikon lenses (serial numbers obliterated), two Ni
nameplates (possibly from camera bags), 13 blank rolls of
(including one still inside a closed canister), a flare launc
buttons from a uniform, a padlock key, a survival knife, a
caliber pistol (probably carried by the pilot), and a multitud
B.A.S.—"broken aircraft shit," in Joint Task Force argot.
other items were particularly tantalizing: a piece of a Leica c
era body with serial number 996767 intact, and a religious
dallion with the Virgin Mary on one side and "Cecile, 16-6-47"
graved on the other. Bill Forsyth had done the detective w
that had brought us here. Now ours would begin.

Once back home—on *Vanity Fair*'s behalf—Horst and I de
mined, through Leica headquarters in Solms, Germany,
a chrome Model M3 camera, serial number 996767,
been sold by its Leitz retail branch in London on July 7, 19
Records of the purchase no longer exist in files at Leica o
Life, or among Larry Burrows's personal papers. But Burr
who shot with Leicas, lived in London and had reason to b
bought a camera that summer. His son, Russell, remembers

ıly 1, 1960, while in Africa covering the independence of the
go, Larry had been caught in a street riot, his gear smashed.
patched together a working camera from damaged parts,"
Russell, "but he surely would have bought new equipment
ı he came back."
ıat accounted for the camera; Leica officials concurred. But
was Cecile? Logic suggested that the medal had belonged
uet, the only Catholic among the four. But no one who
Huet seemed to remember the talisman, and it appears in
nown photos of him. A call to Inger-Johanne Holmboe,
's fiancée at the time of his death, cleared up the mystery.
n New Year's Eve 1970, a postcard from Paris had landed
istake in her mailbox in Tokyo. It was addressed to her then
door neighbor, Henri Huet, and it began, "*Cher Henri, Je
très désolée . . .* " Holmboe now remembers she took it to
ıeighbor and, that night, realized its significance.
uet told Holmboe that while recovering from his war
ıds in a New York hospital in 1967 he had met Cecile, a
ıan photographer's model. The pair had traveled to Mexico
elsewhere and, upon his return to Saigon, continued their
ınce. After Huet moved to Tokyo in 1969, they decided to
ıarried there. The New Year's postcard altered everything. It
a "Dear John" note from Cecile, saying she had changed
nind. Holmboe remembers that as Huet stood before her,
ing Cecile's words, a portrait of Cecile, painted by the artis-
luet, rested unfinished on a nearby easel.
ver time, neighbors Huet and Holmboe fell in love them-
s. They planned a wedding. They imagined moving to Aus-
ı to start careers and lives anew.
eica No. 996767. A medal etched "Cecile, 16-6-47." The two
s remain on a shelf at the army's Central Identification Lab-
ory in Hawaii, along with other evidence. Authorities, how-
have not yet resolved the matter of "Kent Potter, U.S. civil-
dead; body not recovered"—Potter being the lone American
ng the four. Before officials can state, unequivocally, that this
the site of the crash, they must await further forensic analy-
ncluding possible DNA tests (such as genetic samples from
endants of Larry Burrows that might match some of the ar-
ts recovered).
ut Horst and I need no further proof. To us, Case 2062 is
ed. We walked on the hill, we breathed the jungle air. Any
ots about our friends' final resting-place have now been
ed, along with them.
What we retain, today, are the images these four men took, on
r hillsides. "You look at the pictures my father and the oth-
eft behind," says Russell Burrows. "They are something tan-
. You are seeing the world as the photographer saw it, see-
hat part of it that he wanted you to see, in the way that he
That is much more important than physical remains."

ıe day after the site was closed to further digging, the hill
vas visited by another man: Kenro Shimamoto, the older
rother of Keisaburo. Having read a press account of the ex-
tion, he had flown to Laos from Japan. Once there, he per-
ıed a Buddhist ceremony. He collected soil and placed it in
ıall urn, a symbolic substitution for his brother's remains, to
uried in Japan. Kenro said afterward that he had heard his
her's voice in the hot wind that day, addressing him as
ii-chan," meaning "dear older brother."
too, remember gazing down that plunging slope to the
y stream and the tall trees that pierced the sky like a cathe-
's spires. I now found it easy to understand why the Laotian
ıntain people believe spirits dwell in such places. We could
r say otherwise. □

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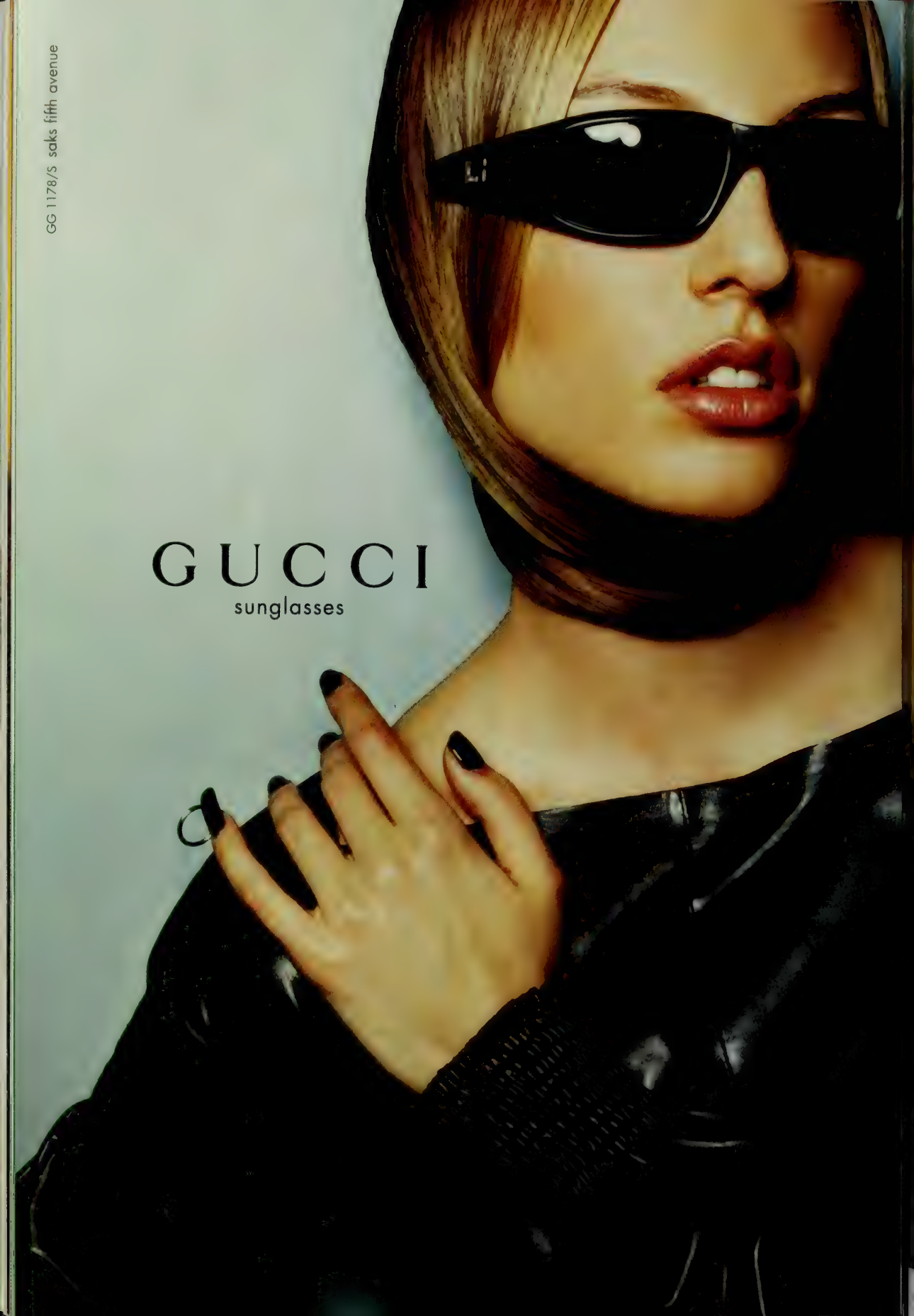


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Vanities



THE DIVINE MS. EM

Name and occupation: Emily Mortimer, actress. **Age:** 28. **Provenance:** London. **Decidedly British credits:** *Notting Hill,* with Julia Roberts and Hugh Grant, *Elizabeth,* starring Cate Blanchett, and the upcoming *Love's Labour's Lost,* with Kenneth Branagh and Nathan Lane. **Decidedly British pedigree:** Her father is the acclaimed author and playwright John Mortimer (*Rumpole of the Bailey*). **Coming to America with:** *Scream 3,* the latest installment of Wes Craven's teen horror saga. ***Scream 3* is a departure from the BBC-ish fare of your early career. Was your transition from quaint movie to blockbuster a smooth one?** "The audition was just so silly. There I am, suddenly transplanted in L.A., sitting in a corridor full of girls with cutesy T-shirts and big blond hair. I'm given a sheet of paper with five lines on it which I then go in and read to the casting agent. I didn't give a shit and it was all stupid and hilarious and she goes, 'My God, you're right for this part.' It's such an unlikely thing, but somehow the perfect thing for me to be doing." **Why, if acting doesn't work out, Emily will have something to fall back on:** She is the author of a biweekly column in *The Daily Telegraph* about a fictional actress's occupational misery. "Everything that distresses me I put in and make it 10 times more ridiculous." —KRISTA SMITH

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDREW ECCLES



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HOW THE OTHER HALF CLICKS™



Nye for fashion: Designer Matt Nye on a visit to his Manhattan tailor, Rocco Ciccarelli; inset, *Nye's silver Nokia 8860 (reflecting the yellow walls of his studio), with which he frequently speed-dials Calvin Klein, Yoko Ono, and Saks Fifth Avenue.*

Speed Dial

Matt Nye's Nokia 8860 is even better-looking than he is. With that tousled blond hair and those blue bedroom eyes, the 34-year-old designer is indisputably a dreamboat—but oh, that phone! Sleek and silver and smaller than a pack of cigarettes, it is truly dazzling. "It's the sort of thing Mariah Carey would carry in a James Bond movie," Nye says, grinning wickedly. So shiny he uses it as a mirror—"I check for salad greens in my teeth in the reflection"—the phone stays home in the sunshine-yellow studio where Nye works, on the top floor of the Upper West Side town house he shares with his companion, *Rolling Stone* founder Jann Wenner. "I don't receive calls on it because I think it's really obnoxious," Nye says. "I only use it to make calls." And what a lineup on this speed dial! There are his former boss Calvin Klein ("I ask him for advice") and major clients such as Bergdorf Goodman Men's and Saks Fifth Avenue, which have been snapping up Nye's classic American sportswear. There's the Council of Fashion Designers of America, which anointed Nye as a hot new talent with the Perry Ellis Award for Menswear last spring. There are friends: Yoko Ono ("She loves to gossip"), Bette Midler, and television newswoman Elizabeth Vargas. But despite the famous friends, it turns out that the Trophy Boy is really a wholesome midwesterner at heart—asleep by 10 P.M. (or so he claims) and at his desk at 9 A.M., with Mom and Dad still taking pride of place on that jazzy speed dial: "I'm a real mama's boy," Nye says, looking anything but. With this phone by his side, he'll never seem boring. "Every time I pull it out, everyone goes nuts," he says. "It gets everyone talking—and in this business, you gotta keep 'em talking, because the minute they stop, the game's over."

—LESLIE BENNETTS

Night-Table Reading

Audra McDonald
singer-actress, Broadway's Marie Christine

The Feast of All Saints, *by Anne Rice (Ballantine). "I just returned from New Orleans, and I've become obsessed with the town."*





Jerry Hadley
tenor, The Great Gatsby

Shadow, *by Bob Woodward (Simon & Schuster). "A study of the impact of Watergate on the modern American president—and how this has wrought a harvest of cynicism and distrust among the electorate."*

Rory Kennedy
producer-director, HBO's documentary American Hollow

Desert Queen, *by Janet Wallach (Anchor). "While most have heard of Lawrence of Arabia, Gertrude Bell's little-known contributions played a crucial role in creating the modern Middle East. Yet another woman who has been overlooked by history."*





Faith Stewart-Gordon
author, The Russian Tea Room: A Love Story

Virginia Woolf, *by Hermione Lee (Vintage). "This in-depth biography is fascinating on two levels: it reads like a novel and reveals the creative processes that made Virginia Woolf one of the most innovative writers of the 20th century."*



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Intelligence Report: Your up-to-the-minute guide to Campaign 2000



	GORE	BUSH	BRADLEY	BEATTY	FORBES	McCAIN	BUCHANAN	TRU
AMERICAN IDEAL	Rainforest Crunch	Rush week	Casual Friday	Esalen	*The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit*	*Hellcats of the Navy*	Jackboots and rootbeer floats ▶	A Jacuz swan eve
SIGNATURE LOOK	Earth-toned BrooksEase suit, French-blue shirt	▲Rangers cap and cowboy boots	Paramus Big & Tall	Black jeans, tuxedo jacket, and white Reeboks ◀Waldo		Wrinkled Jos. A. Bank suit and Gucci loafers	Selma, Alabama, chamber of commerce	"This su more you ma deca
HISTORICAL ROLE MODEL	Michael ◀Dukakis	Poppy—after two martoonies and a bag of pork rinds	Calvin ▼Coolidge	Warren Beatty as Senator Bulworth ▼	Pitt the Younger	John ◀Wayne	John Brown▶	
TRAINING GROUND	St. Albans government club	Skull and Bones	New York Knicks	The Daisy	Trigonometry club at Brooks	Hanoi Hilton	CNN	
ACHILLES' HEEL	Zippergate	Party-pig past	No chin	*Reds*	Can't blink; mildly spastic tongue	Chelsea-bashing	Fascist sympathies	Ex-wives put lien White
WHITE HOUSE REMODELING PLANS	China Room to be converted into computer-science lab	"Wagon Wheel" by Parish-Hadley	The Softer Side of Sears	Shag conversation pit	New Jersey baronial	Brass porthole clocks and rope-spool coffee tables	Pre-war Reichstag	Gold bloc above T Balcony: White
ACCESSORY	The Gore girls	Aura of invincibility	Phil ▼Jackson	Annette ◀Bening	Forbes-family aircraft, the *Capitalist Tool*	Purple ◀Heart	▲Pitchfork	Melania
HAIR PROBLEM	Dangerous recession	Nappy bird's nest	Nixonian peninsula	Improbable thickness and color creates campaign issue	Male marcel	Brightness upsets cameras' white balance	Brylcreem ▲ odor at 50 feet	Cantilevere
PHOBIA	Controlling legal authorities	Snapshots from '72 "white lines" weekend	Insincerity	Test numbers for upcoming film, *Town and Country*	Surprise endorsement by Elizabeth Taylor ▶	Soft money	Israeli spies in White House	Handsh
BIG COOL FRIEND	Bill Clinton	George Shultz	Daniel Patrick Moynihan	◀Barbra Streisand	Bob Novak	Henry Kissinger	Ross Perot	
LITTLE BUDDY	Tony Coelho	Richard ◀Rainwater	Herbert Allen	Pat Caddell	Flat-tax gurus Alvin Rabushka and Robert Hall	Russ Feingold	◀John McLaughlin	Phil John
MOST REAGANESQUE FEATURE	Remembrances of invented past	Blue jeans and boots	Afternoon naps	Hair color	Supply-side mania	Skilled saluter	Brilliant TV career	Frighten conservative establish
SVENGALI	Martin Peretz	◀The Silver Fox	Michael Eisner	◀Arianna Huffington	The 19 men who own the world	Colin ◀Powell	Bay▶	
SKELETON IN CLOSET	If only ...	Texas Funeralgate scandal	Listened to "Climb Every Mountain" before each game	Didn't actually sleep with Madonna ▶	Daddy	"Marie, the Flame of Florida" —see this issue, page 154	Cheated on *McLaughlin Group* predictions	Non since he is of noth
PICKUP LINE	"Want to be part of my personal-liability agenda?"	"Everything you've heard is true."	"Did I mention I read at Oxford?"	"You know, I'm really a director ... "	"Wanna see my not-so-flat tax?"	"Ever done a short-arm drill?"	"What're you doin' after the revolution?"	"Do y take Plat Cards

—ADAM LEFF and RICHARD RUSHFIE



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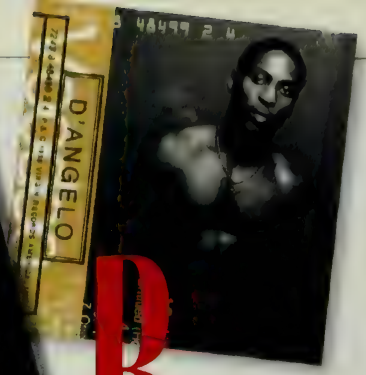


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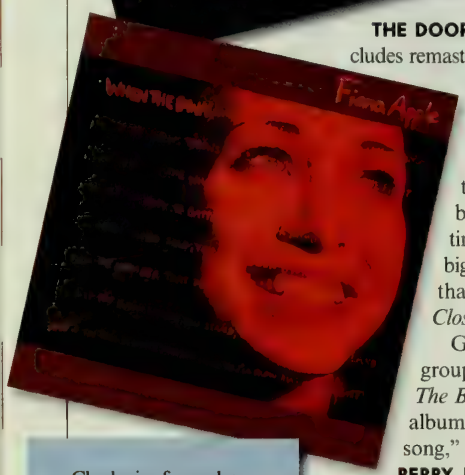




Hot Tracks

Regard: restored, reissued, recycled, revisited, reunited, refurbished, reprised, rehabilitated, repentant, rejoiced, remembered, resplendent, and—rest assured, in many cases—returned for credit, this month the record companies release their annual, seasonal avalanche.

Best of the Boxed: *The Sounds of Science,* the new, two-CD collection from the **BEASTIE BOYS,** includes hits and obscure material from back in the day to right now and shows their growth from a loud, bratty band to a loud, clever band. **THE DOORS** check in with the hefty *The Complete Studio Recordings,* a 77-song, seven-CD set that includes remastered versions of the band's first six albums, a bonus live disc, and all of Jim Morrison's lyrics. Followers of **THE GRATEFUL DEAD** get a huge dose of heretofore unavailable material on *So Many Roads (1965–1995),* a five-CD set with early demos and rare rehearsal tapes from the years just prior to Jerry Garcia's death. **BOB MARLEY'S** "new" 78-song, four-CD boxed set *Songs of Freedom* was originally released in a 1992 limited edition; there's also *Chant Down Babylon,* with Marley's original vocals enhanced by overdubbed "duets" from Lauryn Hill and others. It's remarkable 19-time Grammy winner **STEVIE WONDER** never got around to putting out a big boxed set until now (especially when you consider there were rumors that the *Spice Girls* were thinking of releasing one this year); his *At the Close of a Century* has 70 songs that span four decades on four CDs.



Greatest Hits: **LED ZEPPELIN** fans can add to the already impressive group of compilations, remastered CDs, and whatnot with *Early Days—The Best of Led Zeppelin Volume 1,* 13 hits culled from the band's first four albums, including, yes, what Robert Plant has referred to as "that wedding song," the classic rock anthem "Stairway to Heaven." Lollapalooza creator **PERRY FARRELL'S** *Rev* has tunes from both Jane's Addiction and Porno for Pyros as well as Farrell's cover version of Led Zep's "Whole Lotta Love."

New Works: Marvel at the *90-word* title of **FIONA APPLE'S** new album (*When the Pawn . . .*) or the lyrics (quick, use "desideratum" in a sentence without losing the rhythm; she does), or just enjoy the 22-year-old's sultry, wicked gift of a voice on this darker follow-up to her 1996 smash debut. **THE ARTIST,** shmartist: rock's greatest underrated guitarist is back, this time with a "Prince"-produced CD, *Rave Un2 the Joy Fantastic.* **KORN** threatens to bring back the *concept album* with their new *Issues.* **D'ANGELO** claims he was in a "trance" during the recording of his new disc, *Voodoo,* with songs that all clock in at over five minutes apiece.



Clockwise from above: *Fiona Apple's sophomore album,* When the Pawn . . . ; *Stevie Wonder's long-awaited boxed set,* At the Close of a Century; *D'Angelo's* Voodoo; *"The Artist"; the older and wiser Beastie Boys.*



In Concert: The live album is usually just another one of those holiday scams, but this year brings the welcome *Blondie Live,* which the 70s-punk-pop delight **BLONDIE** recorded during 1999's reunion tour. **METALLICA** actually performed "Master of Puppets" with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra; the results are on the band's new, live *S&M.* Perfect for that right-wing nut on your gift list is **MARILYN MANSON'S** new live CD, *The Last Tour on Earth.*

Happy Holidays: This season's biggest actual Christmas album is **JEWEL'S** *Joy—A Holiday Collection,* featuring traditional carols and spiritual songs from "O Holy Night" to "Winter Wonderland"—complete with sleigh bells.

Hip-Hop: New releases are due from **NAS, DMX, Q-TIP,** and **JAY-Z,** and for those who need a little something extra from the ubiquitous Sean "Puffy" Combs, there's a second Puff-produced, posthumous CD from the late **NOTORIOUS B.I.G.,** *Born Again.* And rocker **TOMMY LEE,** who's had quite a year what with sex on the Internet and well-publicized battles with on-again, off-again wife Pamela Anderson, has joined up with rap pals Snoop Doggy Dogg and Lil' Kim for his first Mötley Crüe–less project, appropriately titled *Methods of Mayhem.*

—LISA ROBINSON

HIS MILLENNIUM, MUMM'S THE WORD.

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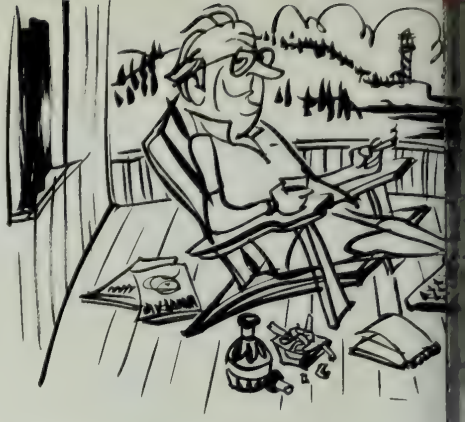
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Vanities

The Coaster Correspondence

The very expensive words of Edwin Coaster, contributing editor



EDWIN COASTER

September 15, 1999

Dear Graydon:

Hope you're well. At our last lunch you said, rather indelicately, that, having turned in nothing since I signed that $400,000 contract with V.F. last December, I wasn't pulling my weight. Mea culpa--here's something perfect for you, an amusing little trifle that just spilled out of me last night while I was out on the deck with my notepad and a tumbler of Blanton's. Consider it a lagniappe--a bagatelle, if you will--until my agent sends you the excerpt-rich galleys of my next book, When We Drank: A Writer's Fifties.

Best,

Ed

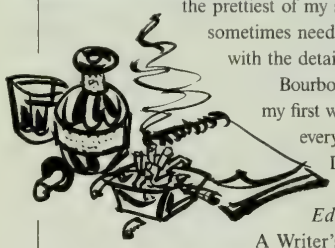
P.S. The white port you sent was great!

NOTES FROM MY ADIRONDACK CHAIR

By Edwin John Coaster

The view from my Adirondack chair is of Penobscot Bay in summer wind-down, the waters amber-bright with sunset and uncharacteristically placid, as if relieved that the seasonal people—the "Volvofolk," as we year-rounders call them—have returned to urban points southward for the winter. It's me and the harbor seals again. Sometimes their warship-gray heads bob up pleadingly—"Mr. Coaster," they seem to beckon, "please, just one chapter," and I oblige with a recital from memory of *Prosky's Prostate,* my midlife-crisis novel.

Tonight the seals have requested *Requiem for Ellsberg,* my Pulitzer winner in '72. I'm halfway through the first sentence—"The sweat beads dotted Russo's pate like seeds on a strawberry"—when Kate, my fourth wife, calls me in for dinner. A suntanned slip of 27 she is, all legs and blue-green eyes. We met nine years ago, when I was a visiting professor of creative writing at SUNY–Stony Brook, and she was by far the prettiest of my student conquests. What I love about Kate is that she's a throwback, a 50s girl who understands that pretty girls sometimes need to be smacked around. Truth is, we all beat our wives in the 50s, with zest, and they loved it. I won't bore you with the details, as they're chronicled ad nauseam in my first memoir, the 1979 PEN-Faulkner nominee *A Beating Life* . . .



Bourbon puts me in a remembering mood. Memories . . . memories of the cold-water flat on Bedford Street that I shared with my first wife, Ann: loads of 10-inch Afro-Cuban records, spinning on that turntable that shorted out the whole damned place every time I turned it on . . . Delmore, stone-drunk and curled up on the stoop . . . Annie, taking pity, inviting him up . . . Delmore, stone-drunk and curled up in my bed . . . with Annie . . . flying cutlery . . . lacerated aorta . . . second-degree assault . . . a night in the hoosegow . . . Oh, the memories.

Edwin John Coaster's next book, When We Drank: A Writer's Fifties, *will be published in the fall.*

EDWIN COASTER

September 20

Dear Graydon:

Sorry you didn't care for the first dra I understand what you're saying now--less thumb-sucking, more about the famous people met in my travels. No problemo. Check this out--it's exactly what you want.

Best,

Ed

NOTES FROM MY ADIRONDACK CHAIR

By Edwin John Coaster

The view from my Adirondack chair is of Penobscot Bay in summer wind-down, the waters amber-bright with sunset and uncharacteristically placid, as if relieved that the seasonal people—the "Volvofolk," as we year-rounders call them—have returned to urban points southward for the winter. It's me and the harbor seals again. Their creased, heavy-lidded visages bring to mind Bob Mitchum. I'll never forget the time I went out West, a boy vet of 25, to try to sweet-talk Bob into doing a movie of my acclaimed first novel, *38th Parallel Blues.* Nothing ever came of it, as Bob was kind of Korea'd-out after making *One Minute to Zero,* but we had a hell of a time. He took me to some Mexican dive in Playa Del Rey whose name now eludes me, where the whiskey came in jars. Can't say I have total recall of that night—credit that to the cut-rate hooch—but suffice it to say that Bob and I were more than simpatico.

Our shared secret was that we enjoyed sex with dogs. Bob told me about this saluki he'd seen on the beach in Santa Monica, "ass like you wouldn't believe." I in turn told him about the anonymous mutts I'd trysted with while in Wellfleet, a guest of the Arthur Schlesingers. This was when being with dogs was still a major-league no-no. Truth is, we all did dogs—me, Willie Morris, Pete Hamill. Elaine used to set out table scraps in front of her place before closing time so we'd all have furry companions to take home. It was a running joke that Hamill always got the shaggy ones.

Edwin John Coaster's next book, When We Drank: A Writer's Fifties, *will be published this fall.*

EDWIN COASTER

September 23, 1999

Dear Graydon:

Well, don't say I haven't tried to accommodate you, pardner. I honestly don't know what to say when that lily-livered boy editor you've sicced on me asks, and I quote, "if you can tone down the gross stuff." He's obviously never lived, the pantywaist. Anyway, if we can cut the crap and talk this out when I come to town next week, I'm sure I'll be able to deliver for you. I have great stuff on my bordello crawl with Porfirio Rubirosa. Lunch? Patroon?

Best,

Ed

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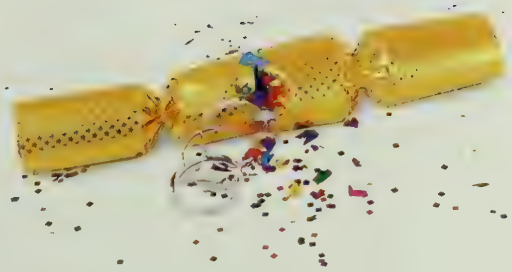


SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

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av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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This one's named Peg.
Oh, I took off her leg.

I'll call this one Ned.
There goes his head.

(Guess I'll have to make more gingerbread.)

I'll need sugar and baking soda and cloves that are ground.
Shortening and salt and this allspice I've found.

How about Shecky?

Not without
his necky.

Perhaps Mr. Mac.
Without his back?

(It's quite fortunate flour comes by the sack...)

Pass the cinnamon, the eggs, the ginger - don't stop!
Our epicurious.com recipe calls for frosting on top.

May we call this one Gene?
Minus his spleen?

That looks like my mutter.
Shouldn't have gut her.

(I really need to get better with that cookie cutter.)



Don't call me a shrimp.

Why do they call me a shrimp if my first name is Jumbo?
If I can stand up to beer batter, tempura and gumbo?
I'm colossal. I'm extra large. I'm bigger than Dumbo.
Synonymous with runt? I pay no heed to that mumbo.

How can they call me a shrimp when that's not my size?
In England I'm surrounded by curry and in the colonies fries.
Now don't confuse me with prawns, that I despise.
I'm the biggest thing in shellfish, so when will you realize?

You can call me a shrimp, but my confidence is not shaken.
I dominate cuisines from European to Jamaican.
The Chinese butterfly shrimp wrapped in fresh bacon.
Visit epicurious.com if you think I'm mistaken.



The snow hits the ground
At this fine time of year.
And we need to prepare.
Because you-know-who is near.

No, not him.
Not the fat guy
In the suit.
But Uncle Morty,
Auntie Jane,
Cousin Ike are
En route.

And my boss
and your boss. The whole motley crew.
So many !@#* people, so much cooking to do.

So let the ovens flame on! And boil up the waters.
Uncork your ears, and take down these orders.

Franks in blankets,
Egg rolls and wine.
Stuff for mixed drinks,
Oh, that vodka goes fine.

Chicken satés.
Ground beef frijoles.
The big tub of sour cream,
The big guacamole.

The crowd will cheer mightily.
Every hand on a pompon.
But this would be mission impossible,
Without epicurious.com

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The Importance of Being Eddie

In his memoir, Eddie Fisher raises Cain on memory lane

In the 50s, singer Eddie Fisher made headlines with his marriages to Debbie Reynolds, Elizabeth Taylor, and Connie Stevens. Now, in his new book, *Been There, Done That,* Fisher is enjoying new notoriety. GEORGE WAYNE tracked him down for a game of truth or dare.

George Wayne: *Mr. Fisher, some say a better title for your autobiography would be* Been There, Done That . . . Made Half of It Up. *Yet, you stand by it.*

E.F. Absolutely! I may have been on drugs—

G.W. *For some 30 years—*

E.F. But that certainly doesn't mean I lost my mind or memory.

G.W. *But didn't you try to cause a sensation with this book?*

E.F. I didn't have to go out of my way. My life has been incredible.

G.W. *Your daughter Carrie says you've lost your marbles.*

E.F. I've lost *my* marbles?!

G.W. *And Michelle Phillips says Eddie Fisher never stuck his prong inside her.*

E.F. She said she was eight months pregnant at the time.

G.W. *Is this just one of your wet dreams?*

E.F. Can you say that in a magazine?

G.W. *We say it all, then the powers that be excise and edit.*

E.F. I remember Michelle Phillips so very well. She had a perfect body! She couldn't have been pregnant at any month!

G.W. *So you are saying that you did have an affair with her.*

E.F. Absolutely, 1968, the Frontier Hotel. But it's like Elizabeth [Taylor] and Sinatra—they deny.

G.W. *Did Liz really abort Sinatra's child?*

E.F. Yes. She told me through the years I was with her. She talked about how she despised Sinatra for what he did. He didn't marry her.

G.W. *G.W. finds it very interesting that Ann-Margret hasn't come forward to deny that she gave Eddie Fisher a blow job at the Frontier Hotel.*

E.F. That was at the Desert Inn. How could I forget that moment? I remember Edie Adams walking into the dressing room in her chinchilla coat and saying, "Oh, I'll be at the bar."

G.W. *Tell me one thing, Eddie. Who was the better oralist, Ann-Margret or Liz Taylor?*

E.F. Ann-Margret, by far.

G.W. *It must be those Swedish genes.*

E.F. She was just a beautiful girl. With Elizabeth, she has tried to make nothing of our wonderful love affair.

G.W. *Three years of marriage.*

E.F. Yeah, that's not a long time . . .

G.W. *But you've outlived most of your conquests. You also say that a lot of men came on to you in the 50s.*

E.F. Well, everybody thought my manager was homosexual, but he was neutered.

G.W. *He was a eunuch?! There is another story where you're in a steam room and Noël Coward comes on to you. "Just touch me a little bit," he begged you.*

E.F. "Oh, just let me pat it once!" And he was serious! And we became terrific friends.

G.W. *And then Elizabeth: "Until I was with Elizabeth, I had never known a woman who enjoyed being hit." Mike Todd would hit her around. . . . "Bam! 'What'd I tell you.' . . . Bam! All I saw was . . . her feet as he dragged her into his bedroom."*

E.F. Her first husband kicked her when she was pregnant, and I am absolutely certain that she loved it!

G.W. *Then the confrontation with Richard Burton in Rome.*

E.F. Oh my God! I'll never forget. Burton and I were having a fight and Elizabeth kept calling to see what was happening. Burton said to her, "This man loves you so. How could you do this to this man? If you're not careful, I'm going to take him upstairs and fuck him myself!"

G.W. *When was the last time you saw Liz?*

E.F. Sardi's in the 70s. I'd like to face her right now. I told my story just right in my book, and for her to respond in such a way . . .

G.W. *Now, G.W. needs to hear more about that priest playing with Monty Clift.*

E.F. Oh my God. I didn't know that made the book. He was a priest at a state penitentiary. The toughest-looking guy. We were at a restaurant and the priest's hand went down under the table. I was shocked.

G.W. *What did Monty do?*

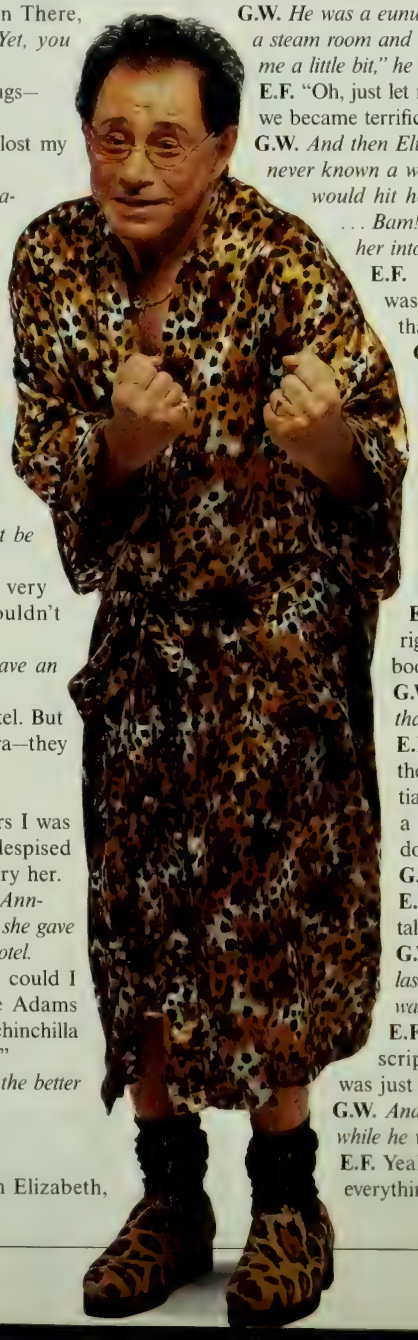
E.F. I'm sure more happened. I've never talked to anyone like you! This is *Vanity Fair*?!

G.W. *We get to the root of every matter. One last point: "Dr. Feelgood"—Dr. Max Jacobson was jacking up you and J.F.K. at the same time?*

E.F. "Shooting the stars," that's a good description. He got away with murder. Oh, it was just awful behavior.

G.W. *And J.F.K. gave you his monogrammed shirt while he was being jacked up?*

E.F. Yeah, it was so big, and I lost it. I've lost everything but my mind!





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ENJOY OUR QUALITY RESPONSIBLY

DECEMBER 1999

IING THE YEAR,
APPING UP
CENTURY,
POLISHING OFF
MILLENNIUM,
NITY FAIR
ESENTS

THE 1999 HALL OF FAME

PORTFOLIO BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JONATHAN BECKER, HARRY BENSON, TODD EBERLE, SAM JONES, DAVID LACHAPELLE, MICHAEL O'NEILL, HERB RITTS, AND NORMAN JEAN ROY

WITH TEXT BY JAMES WOLCOTT

FORTY MEN AND WOMEN WHO ROCKED THE STADIUMS, THE CENSORS, AND THE SENSIBILITY; WHO FACED DOWN MICROSOFT, MILOŠEVIĆ, AND THE CHINESE SOCCER TEAM; WHO TURNED THE TOUR DE FRANCE INTO A TOUR DE FORCE, A CABLE SHOW INTO MUST-SEE TV, AND A 45-YEAR-OLD MEN'S MAGAZINE INTO A CAMP-HIPSTER ICON OF SEX AND THE SWINGIN' MAN

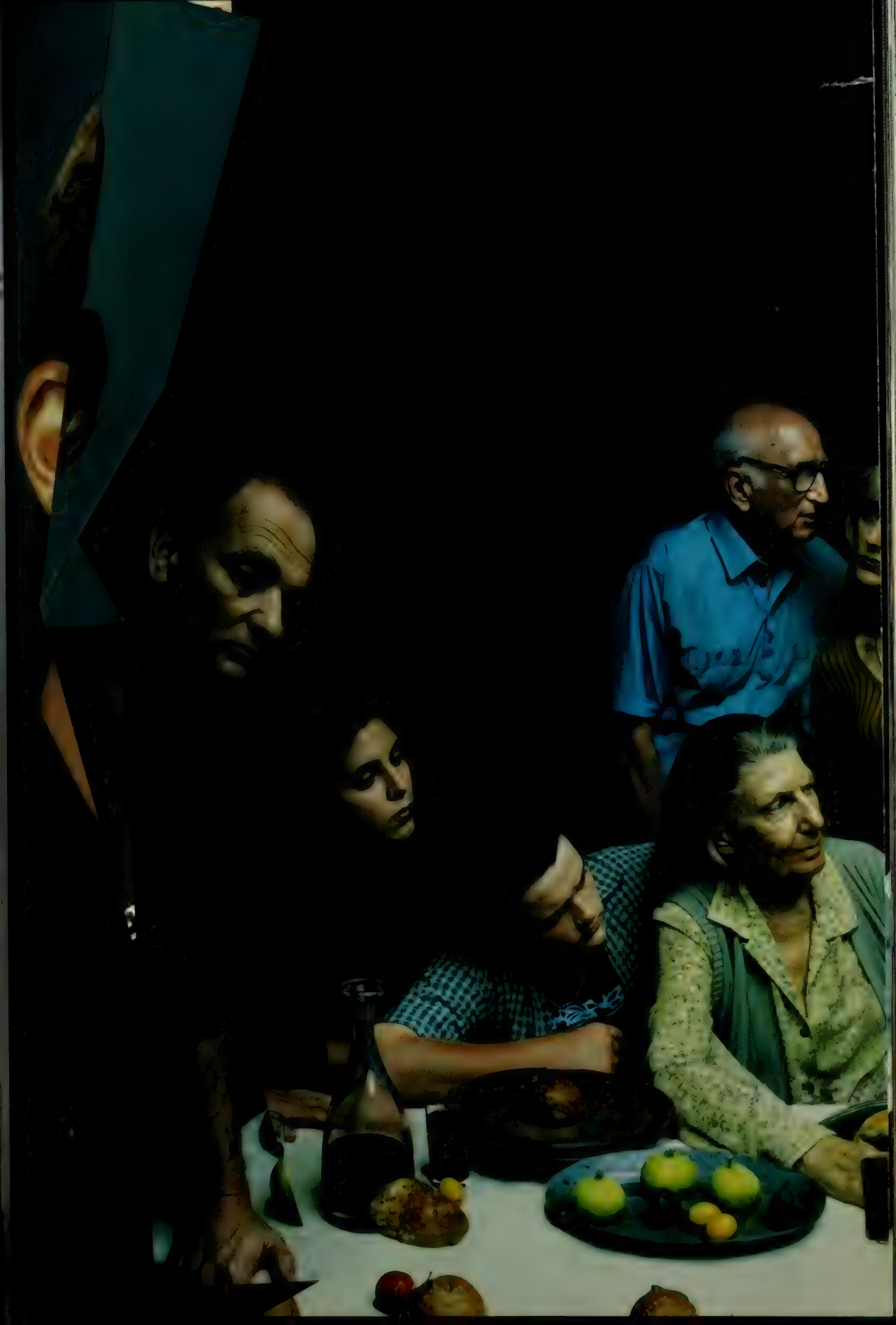
The prancing elf formerly known as Prince is famous for decreeing, "Tonight we're gonna party like it's 1999." He's been decreeing it for so long that the calendar finally caught up with His Purple Highness. But when the ball drops in Times Square this New Year's Eve to Dick Clark's traditional countdown (as millions watch at home to see if Clark's miracle hair proves once again that it can withstand high winds), the celebration may be more of a relief rally than a millennial booty call. For many residents of planet Earth, 1999 wasn't so much a prelude to a kiss as a reality check across the chops. As if teed off at all the money-splurge hype over eBay auctions, dot-com I.P.O.'s, on-line shopping malls, and the expanding universe of cyberspace, Mother Nature used the back of her hand to remind us that we still live in a material world. Earthquakes whiplashing Turkey, Taiwan, and Mexico; a typhoon tearing through Hong Kong; Hurricane Floyd converting much of North Carolina into a water hazard; an extended drought and record-breaking summer heat making Al Gore's global-warming warnings in *Earth in the Balance* seem like Greek prophecy; an encephalitis outbreak turning the five boroughs of New York City into a crop-duster strip . . . virtual reality offered no escape hatch from this highlight reel of disaster footage. Mankind got into the doomsday act by accidentally releasing radiation in a nuclear facility in Japan. The spreading fear and evacuation brought to mind Don DeLillo's fearful novel *White Noise,* where future shock takes the shape of a toxic cloud.

Not every sphere of life bowed to the dictates of nature. In politics, the law of gravity was revoked, enabling any celebrity with an infectious whim and a lull in his schedule to float a trial balloon for higher office. Warren Beatty, perhaps not having been informed that *Bulworth* underperformed, flirted with a run at the Democratic presidential nomination, performing a coy fan dance on the op-ed page of *The New York Times* that was all winks and feathers. With his usual lord-of-the-tanning-salon humility, Donald Trump curled his upper Elvis lip and dangled himself before the Reform Party, which also debated hitching itself to the shrinking populist bandwagon of Pat Buchanan, whose jowls become more Joe McCarthy–like with each stubborn waggle. (Upon the bootheels of the controversial W.W. II revisionism of his book *A Republic, Not an Empire,* late-night comics mocked Buchanan as the son Hitler never had.) Cybill Shepherd and Arnold Schwarzenegger also put out political feelers, ing people. Real politicians–Al Gore shooing away woodp ers, George W. Bush strutting his testosterone, Bill Bradley d a rumpled replay of Adlai Stevenson–seemed out of sync, in ing on our fantasies with discussions of actual issues. The ye let's-pretend politics was capped by the publication of *Dutch* mund Morris's semi-fictional biography of Ronald Reaga which Mr. Morris fashions himself as a Zelig figure shadow Reagan through history, a little cipher tagging along after a cipher. "Human kind cannot bear very much reality," T. S. wrote. But how much *unreality* can one bear?

Television took a bold step back into the future, reviving res which hadn't found prime-time favor since the adve color: pro wrestling and game shows. (What next, pu shows?) The heavy-metal, pop-Nietzschean thunder buns of wrestling racked up cable and pay-per-view ratings that finall networks couldn't ignore. (UPN dug itself out of the scrap h with *W.W.F.'s SmackDown!*) The lightning success of ABC's *Wants to Be a Millionaire* not only led to long-gone quiz sh being dusted off and re-buffed as if they were old jukeboxes, ratified host Regis Philbin's status as the luckiest man in show b ness. (Though, in fairness, he does have to put up each mor with Kathie Lee Gifford *flaunting herself.*) *Saturday Night Live* brated its silver anniversary with a prime-time special that s lighted how much comic talent it has showcased and someti wasted. The art world became a war zone, with art dealer M Boone arrested for passing the ammunition and the Brooklyn seum of Art caught in a crossfire of snap judgments as Mo Rudy Giuliani withheld funding because of the controve *Sensation* show, which packaged enough prefab yuck v to supply *The Village Voice* with a year's worth of ting Cinema witnessed the passing of Stanley Kubrick and the anticlimax of *Eyes Wide Shut,* but also enjoyed a summer ex sion of box-office hits (*The Phantom Menace, Austin Powers: Spy Who Shagged Me, The Sixth Sense, The Blair Witch Proj* that carried into the fall with the release of such brainy origi as *Three Kings, American Beauty, The Cradle Will Rock,* and Carrey's Andy Kaufman head trip, *Man on the Moon.*

While Ronald Perelman and Patricia Duff, Mick Jagger Jerry Hall, and Newt and Marianne Gingrich all found breaking up is hard to do (not to mention Roseanne and Arnold's having a postmarital spat on *Howard Stern*), corpor mergers proved the true marriage of like minds, as CBS and com set out to tie the knot, followed by MCI WorldCom play robber bridegroom to Sprint. So fierce was the competi among media barons that even Rupert Murdoch deigned grant an interview, refusing however to take responsibility Fox's *Animal Attacks III: This Time It's Personal.*

While Nervous Nellies were stockpiling toilet paper and to paste for Y2K, we at *Vanity Fair* were combing the skies for th select few who managed to fly high and true above the turbule or contributed to the turbulence in their own unique way. Here t are, bigger than life and twice as shiny, the 1999 Hall of Fame





THE SOPRANOS

Because, despite getting rooked at the Emmys by West Coast voters suffering from too much sunshine and chopped salad, the cast of this HBO series has the deepest bench strength and scariest hoofprints of any television ensemble, not to mention the coolest character names (Uncle Junior, Big Pussy Bompensiero). Because there hasn't been such a viper-mother as Nancy Marchand's Livia since *I, Claudius;* a more put-upon son than James Gandolfini's Tony Soprano, who shuffles into his midlife crisis like a hibernating bear, his eyelids at half-mast from the weight of all the goombahs he has to whack; or a more miffed daughter-in-law than Edie Falco's Carmela, whose clipped delivery could slice foreskins (her recurring cry: "What am I, an *idiot*?"). Because, brilliantly devised and co-written by David Chase, this maxi mini-series cruises the Jersey suburbs like a stolen hearse, eyeing the American Dream through dark tinted glass.

From left: David Chase (creator and co-writer of the series), Jamie Lynn Sigler (Meadow Soprano), Robert Iler (Anthony Soprano Jr.), Dominic Chianese (Uncle Junior), Nancy Marchand (Livia Soprano), Edie Falco (Carmela Soprano), James Gandolfini (Tony Soprano), Lorraine Bracco (Dr. Jennifer Melfi), Michael Imperioli (Christopher Moltisanti), Steve Van Zandt (Silvio Dante), Tony Sirico (Paulie Walnuts), Jerry Adler (Hesh Rabkin), and Vincent Pastore (Big Pussy Bompensiero).

Photographed by ANNIE LEIBOVITZ in New York City on September 7, 1999.



THE 1999
HALL OF FAME





MIA HAMM

Because as the headline attraction of the U.S. Women's National Soccer Team she led her kneesocked commandos to victory over China in the Women's World Cup and inspired the greatest soccer craze since Pelé broke a smile, drawing the biggest crowds in the history of women's sports (79,000 thronged the match in Giants Stadium against Denmark, where she scored the first and decisive goal). Because, in memory of her adopted brother Garrett, an orphan who died from complications following a bone-marrow transplant, she started the Mia Hamm Foundation to help fund bone-marrow research and promote sports for young women. Because, despite all the distractions of fame (joshing with Michael Jordan in that Gatorade ad, endorsing Soccer Barbie—she shoots, she scores, she accessorizes!), she's kept her eye on the ball and her feet in the air.

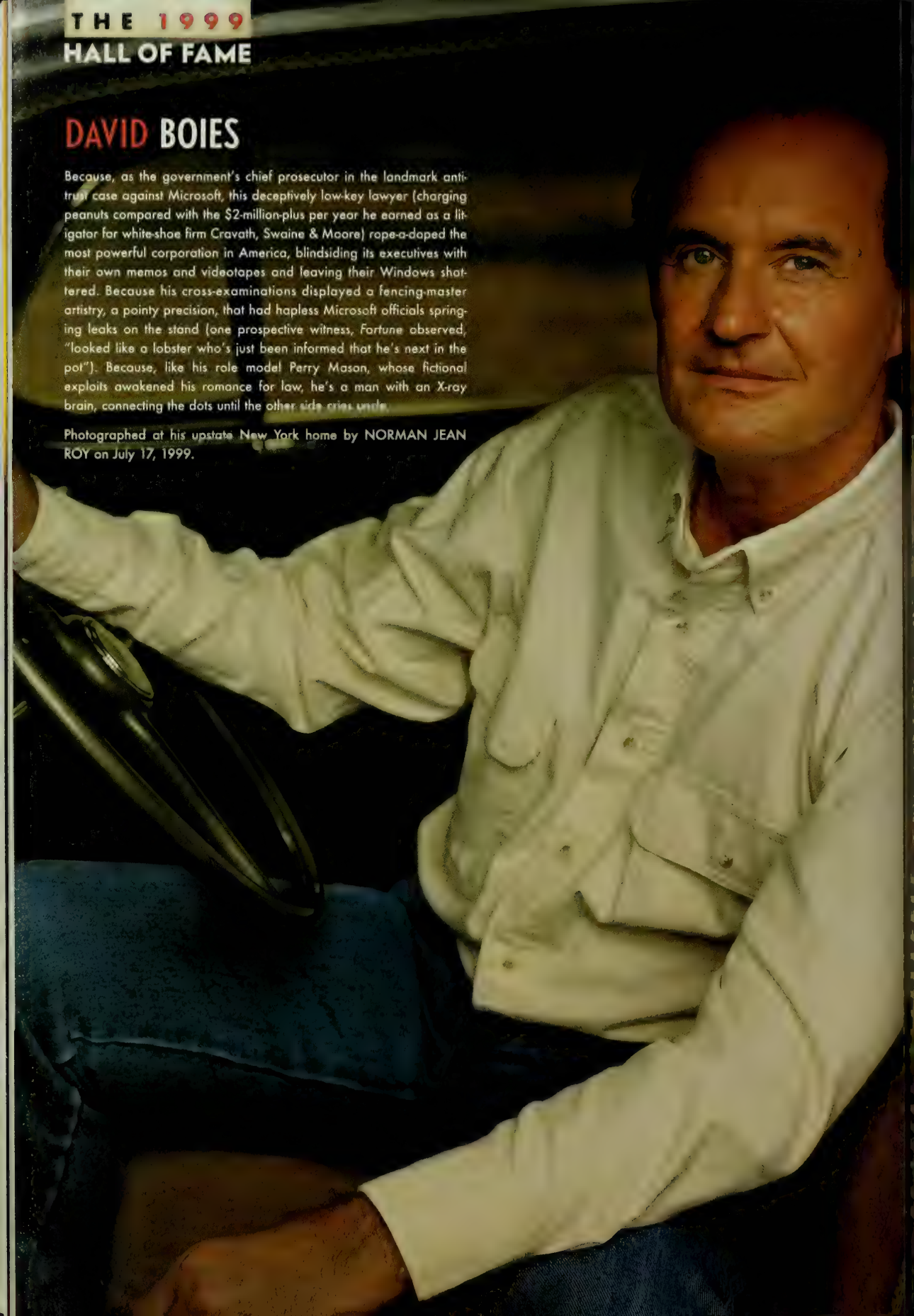
Photographed by ANNIE LEIBOVITZ outside Chapel Hill, North Carolina, on August 3, 1999.

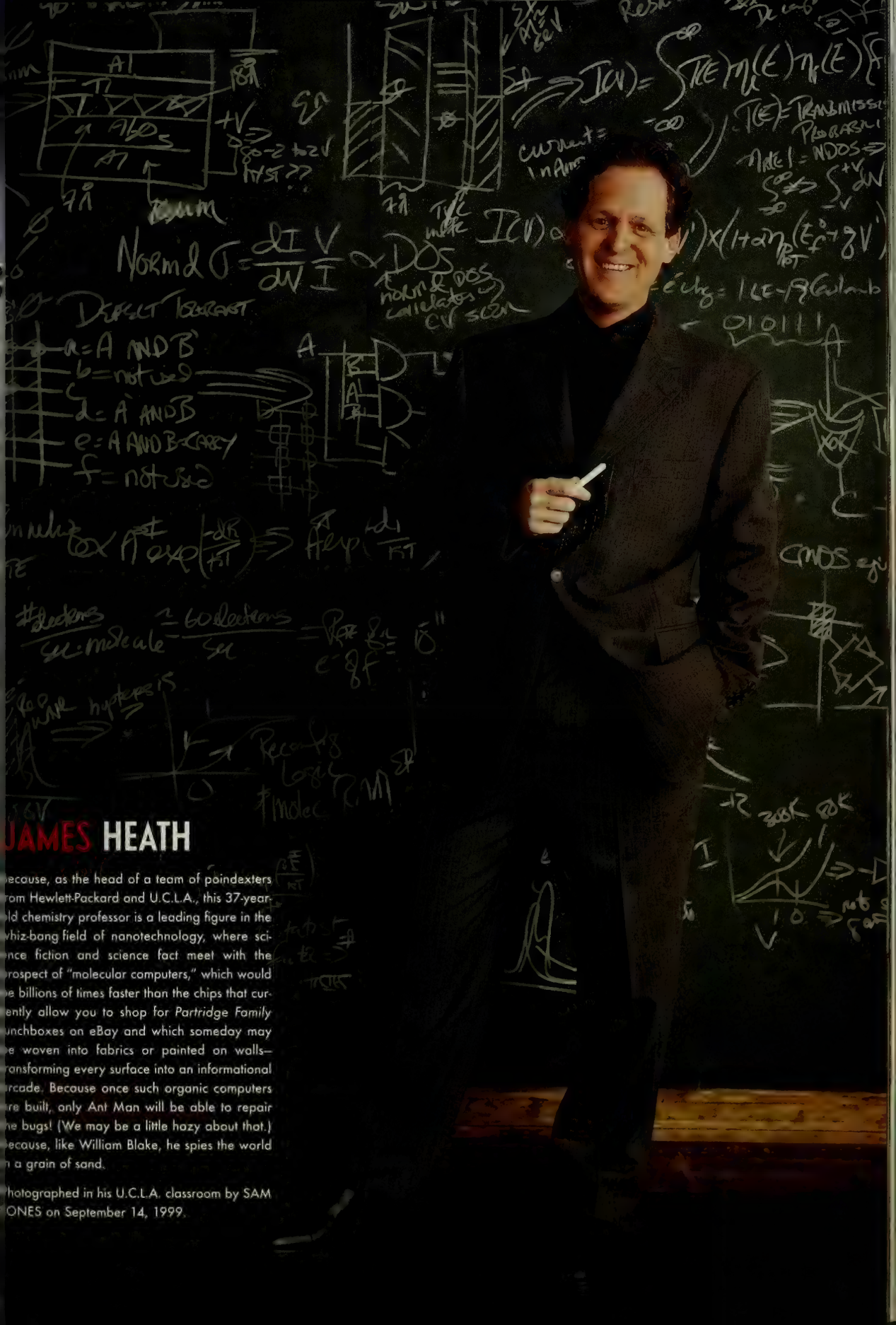
THE 1999
HALL OF FAME

DAVID BOIES

Because, as the government's chief prosecutor in the landmark antitrust case against Microsoft, this deceptively low-key lawyer (charging peanuts compared with the $2-million-plus per year he earned as a litigator for white-shoe firm Cravath, Swaine & Moore) rope-a-doped the most powerful corporation in America, blindsiding its executives with their own memos and videotapes and leaving their Windows shattered. Because his cross-examinations displayed a fencing-master artistry, a pointy precision, that had hapless Microsoft officials springing leaks on the stand (one prospective witness, *Fortune* observed, "looked like a lobster who's just been informed that he's next in the pot"). Because, like his role model Perry Mason, whose fictional exploits awakened his romance for law, he's a man with an X-ray brain, connecting the dots until the other side cries uncle.

Photographed at his upstate New York home by NORMAN JEAN ROY on July 17, 1999.





JAMES HEATH

ecause, as the head of a team of poindexters rom Hewlett-Packard and U.C.L.A., this 37-year-ld chemistry professor is a leading figure in the whiz-bang field of nanotechnology, where sci-nce fiction and science fact meet with the rospect of "molecular computers," which would e billions of times faster than the chips that cur-ently allow you to shop for *Partridge Family* unchboxes on eBay and which someday may e woven into fabrics or painted on walls—ransforming every surface into an informational rcade. Because once such organic computers re built, only Ant Man will be able to repair he bugs! (We may be a little hazy about that.) ecause, like William Blake, he spies the world n a grain of sand.

hotographed in his U.C.L.A. classroom by SAM ONES on September 14, 1999.

THE 1999
HALL OF FAME





HUGH HEFNER

Because as America's last true epicurean the founder of the Playboy empire and the patron saint of suave bachelors savoring that final sip of malt liquor has refused to surrender his silk pajamas, smoking jacket, and velvet slippers to such passing fads as "women's lib." Because, presiding anew over the pagan splendor of his pleasure palace, the Playboy Mansion in Los Angeles, this septuagenarian is an even better testimonial to the lead-pencil oomph of Viagra than Bob Dole. (Hef gets to cavort with silicone mountains while the Bobster had to listen to Liddy enunciate education policy as if communicating with slow lip-readers.) Because, like Tom Jones and Austin Powers, he knows that the Swingin' 60s are a state of mind, baby! Clink those medallions!

Photographed with playmates Jessica Paisley, Brande Roderick, and Mandy and Sandy Bentley by ANNIE LEIBOVITZ at the Playboy Mansion in Los Angeles on September 28, 1999.

THE 1999
HALL OF FAME





LANCE ARMSTRONG

Because after being diagnosed with Stage IV testicular cancer that had metastasized to other organs (including his brain—he had to have lesions removed), this 27-year-old bicyclist from Plano, Texas, recovered and rebounded from chemotherapy to win one of the most punishing events in sports, the three-week, 2,286-mile Tour de France—a comeback tale even Hollywood couldn't top. Because he used his victory lap around the talk-show circuit to become a role model and morale officer for other cancer victims, declaring, "I'm prouder of being a cancer survivor than I am of winning the Tour de France." Because he has a cat named Chemo, proof that his humor didn't depart him even in his darkest hours.

Photographed by ANNIE LEIBOVITZ in Brooklyn, New York, on August 8, 1999.



BILL BLASS

Because, born in 1922, he has rhymed with "class" for more than 50 years in fashion design, dressing the ladies who lunch (Nancy Reagan, Pamela Harriman, and Barbara Walters, among others) for breakfast at Tiffany's. Because this year's recipient of the Fashion Institute of Technology's Lifetime Achievement Award is preparing his swan song, timing his exit to Y2K. ("I think it is the moment to go—2000 is a nice round number," he told *Women's Wear Daily*.) Because he is a private man with a civic heart, a philanthropist who has donated $10 million to the New York Public Library, giving those lions out front something to roar about.

Photographed in the dressing room of his Sutton Place apartment, New York City, by JONATHAN BECKER on July 27, 1999.



ENERAL HENRY H. SHELTON
ID GENERAL WESLEY K. CLARK

use, as the Supreme Allied Commander Europe (Clark) and the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff ion), they supervised an air campaign against Slobodan Milošević's Serbia which returned Kosovo at was left of the ethnic Albanians and resulted in not a single battle fatality for NATO forces. Because ry the day. Clark, a much-decorated soldier from Little Rock, Arkansas, who was also a key player Dayton Peace Accords, and Shelton, a paratrooper from Speed, North Carolina, and former com- der of the hush-hush Special Operations Forces, had to not only make their adversaries in Belgrade first but also fend off the meddling of the political "suits" within the NATO alliance (those know-it-all hl), showing their diplomatic touch as well as their military mettle. Because old generals never die, ust prepare their memoirs.

ographed by HARRY BENSON at a bombed-out Serb munitions factory in Kosovo on July 15, 1999.

THE W.W.F.

Because, while girlie-men boohoo their troubles to Oprah and Susan Faludi, the beef-jerky, hickory-smoked bellows of the World Wrestling Federation show that gods still walk among us, in clingy tights. Because through the ludicrous [illegible] atomic pile drivers and flying-squirrel turnbuckle leaps, these taunting gladiators and the babes in bondage-wear with them have made *Raw Is War* and *War Zone* among the biggest draws on basic cable, converted the ultra-lame-o UPN into a contender on must-see-TV Thursdays with *SmackDown!*, and diapered their rival league, World Championship Wrestling, like the bawling babies they are. Because with a former wrestler in the Minnesota governor's mansion, America is ripe for the politics of change, and we challenge you, Vince McMahon, to step up and stage the first presidential *Steel Cage Deathmatch* (sure, Steve Forbes looks tough on the podium, but can he survive Gary Bauer's cement-hair-spray head-butt?).

Clockwise from bottom left, the Rock, Stone Cold Steve Austin, the Undertaker, the Godfather, Chyna, Triple H, Kane and Edge, photographed by DAVID LaCHAPELLE in Los Angeles on September 12, 1999.


THE 1999
HALL OF FAME

THE 1999
HALL OF FAME

RICKY MARTIN

Because not since Michael Jackson unleashed the kinetic psychodrama of "Billie Jean" on the *Motown 25–Yesterday, Today, and Forever* special in 1983 has anyone electrified a live TV audience the way he did at this year's Grammys with "The Cup of Life," his hips speaking the universal language of let's-party. Because with his eponymous No. 1 album, his hit single "Livin' la Vida Loca," his duet with Madonna, and a sellout concert tour in which the ecstatic screams of his female fans sheared like jet takeoffs, this former member of Menudo and soap-opera stud muffin (*General Hospital*) has managed to become the pinup boy for Latin pop without becoming the Lorenzo Lamas of song. Because being pretty is a full-time profession, and these dimples are etched in honey.

Photographed by HERB RITTS in Beverly Hills on March 18, 1999.



NNIFER LOPEZ

se this former *In Living Color* Fly
whom the New York *Daily News*
the red-faced error of labeling a
med Tramp" in a photo caption
aper apologized to the Latino
unity faster than editorial director
Evans could reach for an hors
rre), has Madonna'd into a mul-
a siren, wiggling effortlessly into
Out of Sight, *U-Turn*, and the up-
g *The Cell*), music (her single "If
ad My Love" was No. 1 for five
and her debut album, *On the*
sold more than three million
), and merchandise (as a spokes-
for L'Oréal). Because whenever
d her beau, Sean "Puffy" Combs,
Cupid's hearts flutter and dollar
ambada in the air. Because her
ible shrinking booty is this year's
st mystery this side of *The Blair*
Project.

graphed by MICHAEL O'NEILL at
box Studios in Culver City, Cali-
on September 12, 1999.



HUGH HARDY AND JOHN BELLE

Because Belle, of the firm Beyer Blinder Belle Architects & Planners, and Hardy, of the firm Hardy Holzman Pfeiffer Associates, are Manhattan's deluxe fixer-uppers, performing face-lifts with sandblasters and restor[illegible] dowdy landmarks like Grand Central Terminal (Belle) and Radio City Music Hall (Hardy) to flossy youth. (Imagine what they could do for Joey Adams!) Because they practice historical renovation as a higher form of citizenship, turning run-down beauties not into nostalgia meccas for the few but into public spaces for the many. (Belle also rescued the Ellis Island Immigration Museum from dereliction; Hardy raised several Times Square theaters from the rotting dead and helped spruce up Bryant Park.) Because they understand that without the zodiac ceiling of Grand Central or the Wizard of Oz tabernacle of Radio City, New York is just real estate—a place for Donald Trump to park his ego.

Photographed by TODD EBERLE at the Old Town Bar and Restaurant in New York City on October 8, 1999.

OBERT RUBIN

ause, called by some the greatest secretary
e Treasury since Alexander Hamilton, this
er golden boy at Goldman Sachs quarter-
ed an unprecedented seven-year period of
perity for the Clinton administration, gallant-
fending a strong dollar, sidestepping melt-
ns in Mexico, Asia, and the former Soviet
n, and helping make us all rich, rich, rich!
use such is his Kreskin-like gift for reading
minds of the financial markets that his name
llowed on Wall Street—uttered with rever-
by "Kahuna" and "The Brain" on CNBC's
wk Box. Because after vacating his govern-
post he became chairman of a support
aiding "distressed communities," and, in
that shook the financial world down to its
ammies, joined John Reed and Sanford
in the command module at Citigroup,
e he will head the executive committee of
uperbank's board, help guide the company
gh the rich orchard of opportunity created
he repeal of Glass-Steagall legislation
ch restricted the reach of banks into other
esses), and study cloud formations in his
corner office in midtown Manhattan.

ographed by NORMAN JEAN ROY at the
cil on Foreign Relations in New York City
eptember 22, 1999.


DR 1



BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

Because, after forsaking the epic bang of *Born to Run* and *Born in the U.S.A.* to tramp a lonely byway with folkier albums such as *The Ghost of Tom Joad*, he cast off the mule harness of social realism and reunited with the E Street Band after a 10-year lull for a triumphant tour (the first 33 dates sold out in an average of a half-hour) of rock 'n' roll revivalism ("I can't promise you life everlasting! But I can promise you life right now!"). Because at the age of 50 (a shade younger than Baryshnikov) he still has stamina and jubilant spring, doing three-hour concerts that would send most performers wheezing into the oxygen tent. Because, in a career spanning more than a quarter of a century, the song catalogue of this 1999 inductee into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame tracks the long day's journey into night of both Springsteen himself and the careworn nation he has made his bride.

Photographed on tour in Philadelphia by ANNIE LEIBOVITZ on September 20, 1999.


Jukka Bros.



JUKKA BROTHERS

Because MTV's new mascots—four bark-woods brothers who look like hair balls coughed up by Darryl and Darryl from *Newhart*, wrestle each other for fun, and can't get enough of them there rock videos—underscore the truism that it takes a global village to raise a bunch of idiots. Because these slapstick promos, created by art director Paul Malmstrom and copywriter Linus Karlsson for the Fallon McElligott ad agency (the shop that brought us the "Dick" series for Miller Lite) and shot in Sweden, represent the cutting edge of Scandinavian comedy. Because you boys sure got purty mouths.

From left, Middle Jukka, Middle Jukka, and Little Jukka (Big Jukka not pictured), photographed by DAVID LACHAPELLE in the Forêt de Compiègne near Paris on October 2, 1999.

Ray-Ban

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I AM YOUR CHILD is a national public awareness and engagement campaign, dedicated to making early childhood development a top priority.

The visionary...

Celebrated actor and director Rob Reiner founded I AM YOUR CHILD to promote the importance of the first three years of life.

"The emotional, physical, and intellectual experiences children have in the first three years of life are vital in laying the foundation for their future healthy development," says Reiner.

Why your eyes matter...

A contribution to the I AM YOUR CHILD FOUNDATION helps to: Raise public awareness...Provide valuable information and resources to families with young children...Expand the work being done to aid families at risk...Increase the quality of child care and parent education programs and services.

You can see a better world...

The ***Ray-Ban See A Better World™ Campaign*** is designed to benefit global charities in partnership with celebrities who care. When you purchase a pair of Ray-Ban, Revo, or Killer Loop Sunglasses, a donation will automatically be made to I AM YOUR CHILD.

Help light the way for a brighter future...

To learn how you can make a difference in the lives of young children, write to the *I Am Your Child Foundation*, P.O. Box 15605, Beverly Hills, CA 90209 or visit **firstyears.excite.com**.

OW DOES CAMERON SEE A BETTER WORLD?



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'on Diaz wants to make a better world for our children. And she needs your help.
ase Ray-Ban, Revo, or Killer Loop sunglasses before January 14, 2000, and
an will make a donation to I AM YOUR CHILD, Cameron's chosen charity that
dicated to enriching the intellectual and emotional development of our children.

ore information, go to firstyears.excite.com

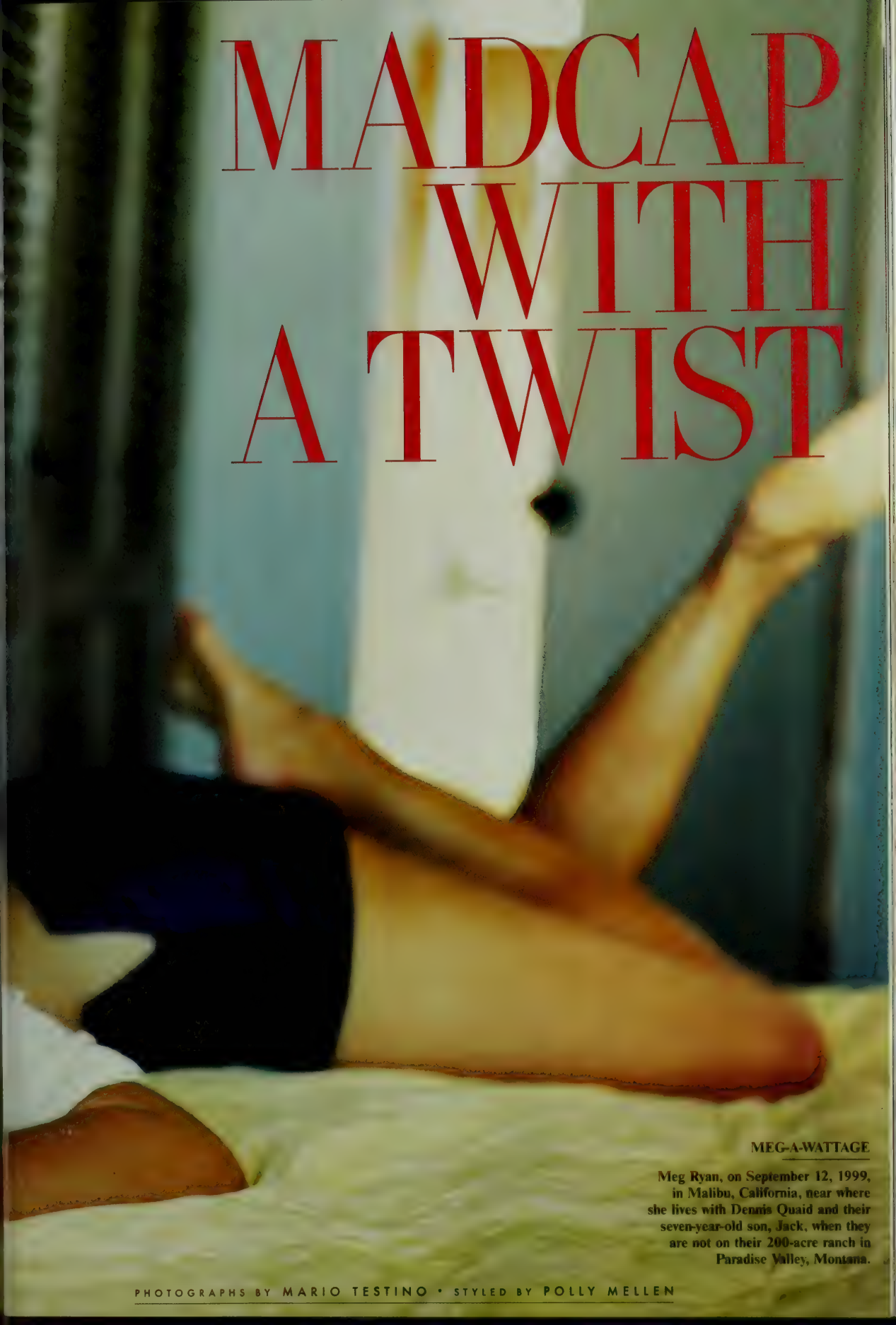
The Entertainment Industry Foundation™

I AM YOUR CHILD



With two popular comedies written by Nora and Delia Ephron, *Sleepless in Seattle* and *You've Got Mail*, Meg Ryan has been crowned as America's screwball darling. But privately the girl with the $15 million giggle is engaged in a dead-serious struggle against her own stardom. As she appears in a third, somewhat grittier Ephron-written movie, *Hanging Up*, this one directed by Diane Keaton, Ryan tells MICHAEL SHNAYERSON about the spiritual quest that underlies her nine-year "incognito" marriage to Dennis Quaid, her surprisingly traditional take on motherhood, and her desire to go beyond the laughter

MADCAP WITH A TWIST



MEG-A-WATTAGE

Meg Ryan, on September 12, 1999, in Malibu, California, near where she lives with Dennis Quaid and their seven-year-old son, Jack, when they are not on their 200-acre ranch in Paradise Valley, Montana.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARIO TESTINO • STYLED BY POLLY MELLEN



There must be some mistake.

The star I've been expecting to join me for lunch is Meg Ryan: queen of the screwball romantic comedy, America's darling, the star men want to marry and women befriend. Awaiting her at an outdoor table of the Buffalo Club in Santa Monica, I've assumed she'll appear with a golden glow emanating like a nimbus from her perfectly coiffed blond hair and flawless skin. She'll be dressed in a perky blouse and pleated skirt, the way she is in *Sleepless in Seattle* and *You've Got Mail* (both written by sisters Nora and Delia Ephron and directed by Nora), the movies that made her so bankable she now gets paid a reported $15 million or more per role. And she'll dazzle me with the guileless, daffy charm that makes her such a terrific film comedienne, able to react with double-take shock—*Oh, come on!*—at each new affront to her unassailable virtue.

But no.

The woman who slinks over to sit down beside me looks warily out through a punkish hairstyle of hanging blond spikes. Her black dress is knee-length and nondescript, her red cardigan a seeming thrift-shop special. She wears no makeup, puts on no airs. For an actress whose instinct for physical comedy puts her in a league with the greats—Carole Lombard, Rosalind Russell, Jean Arthur—she sits in a surprisingly scrunched-up position, as if by doing so she may ward off my questions. All in all, she seems less a movie star than a hippie chick turned Santa Monica soccer mom. I start to notice she says "man" a lot.

Then something magical happens. Something funny gets said—at least, funny enough. Out of nowhere comes that mischievous, heartstopping grin, followed by a peal of perfect, mellifluous laughter, giggly and delighted. And now off come the sunglasses, to reveal eyes even bluer, more kaleidoscopic, than they look on-screen. The Meg Ryan we know is there after all—she's just a refraction, one part of the whole.

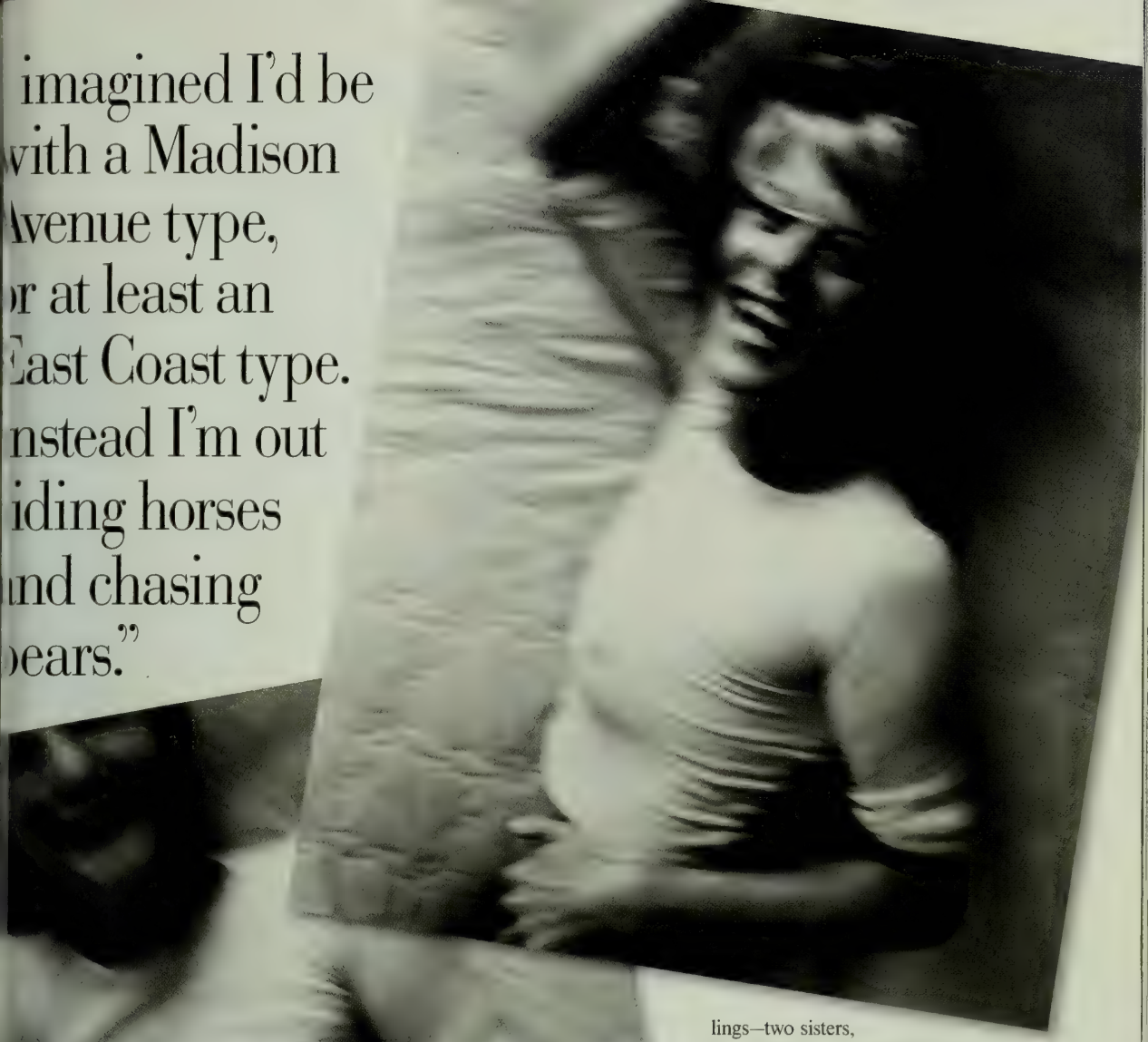
Perhaps the incongruity shouldn't come as a complete surprise. As if set on detonating her adorability, Ryan has done her share of unflattering roles in serious dramas—among them 1994's *When a Man Loves a Woman,* with Andy Garcia, 1996's *Courage Under Fire,* with Denzel Washington, and 1998's *Hurlyburly*—generally to great acclaim, if not great box-office business. Now, in her latest, *Hanging Up,* with Diane Keaton, Walter Matthau, and Lisa Kudrow, due out this Christmas, she tries to straddle the extremes. A tragicomic portrait of three grown sisters coming to terms with their dying father, *Hanging Up* has edges, though gentle ones. But it still ca

Ryan as the earnest, overwhelm sweetheart. More than that, it actually courages us to connect the dots betw Ryan's character and her life offscree

To be sure, the story is Delia Ephr from her 1995 autobiographical nove the same name. The Ephron sisters— in real life (Nora, Delia, Amy, and Ha three in the movie—grew up in a ho hold of flawed Hollywood glamour, t parents, Henry and Phoebe, famous scr writers who worked together (*Caro Desk Set, Funny Face*) and terrible dru In his later years, his health wrecked his career finished, Henry Ephron wie his rest-home phone like a weapon, he ing his daughters with almost hourly as he suffered through what Delia "the dwindles." In the book, Delia is c ly the daughter who shoulders the loa dealing with her dying father and his tors, while her sisters keep their dista immersed in their own careers. In the m ie, that's the role Ryan plays.

Still, the implications are hard to sist. Ryan too grew up as one of four

imagined I'd be
with a Madison
Avenue type,
or at least an
East Coast type.
nstead I'm out
iding horses
nd chasing
ears."



lings—two sisters, one brother—in a troubled home. In *Hanging Up,* the mother has left to start a new life; in a flashback, her Delia-like daughter seeks her out and pleads with her, in vain, to return. When Ryan was 15 her mother, Susan Jordan, left her family's suburban Connecticut home to pursue an acting career in Manhattan. (They are now famously estranged.) "Come home, Mom, you have to," Ryan's character begs in *Hanging Up.* "Everything's a mess." Ryan too must have urged her mother to return, but stiffens at the suggestion. "It's Delia's story, not mine," she says. "I thought I would get this question, but it's not what drew me to the movie."

Delia herself offers a more open-ended answer. "When Nora and I wrote the screenplay, we were both very aware of how important casting was—who might be in it, and what you might give them to make them want to be in it. I certainly hoped Meg would want to do it."

Ryan does allow that her character's

BLONDE

Ryan wears no m
puts on no airs. Sh
herself around
her ranch she cooks
the beds, and
the




"I think I just have a deep distrust of authority.
I'm a Watergate baby."

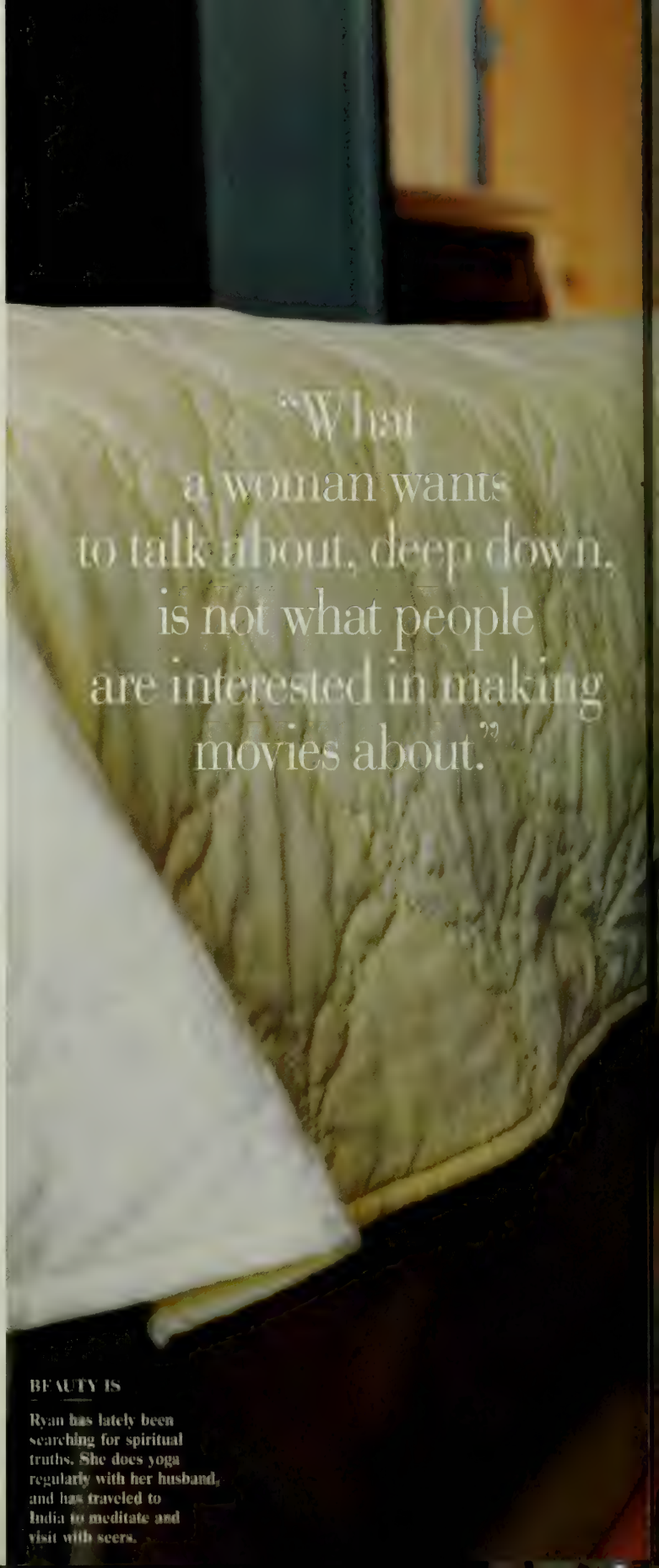
struggle to be the good daughter—the daughter who does it all while her sisters duck their share of the responsibility—resonates for her. "There's a weird sort of ego about it, the fact that you can fix something that no one else can fix," she says as she digs into a garden salad. "And I thought: I am so guilty of that.... It's in my nature to be a facilitator.... I would say that the movie taught me a lot about myself."

This time out, Nora Ephron chose not to direct: the story was too close to home. Instead, she served as co-producer and put Diane Keaton behind the camera—Keaton's 1995 big-screen directorial debut, *Unstrung Heroes,* with Andie MacDowell, had impressed both Ephrons. Keaton also took on the role of the Nora-like sister, who edits her own magazine. Ever self-deprecating, Keaton says she got overwhelmed by the double duty. "I didn't do it well, I can tell you that!" she says. But about Ryan she's unequivocal.

"Physically, she's incredible—very fun, very loosey-goosey. And she's beautiful. She has this light that comes out of her head: you want to watch her. Meg is a pleasure. That's why she's a big fat fucking movie star! How many other women are big fat fucking movie stars? A handful? It's talent, it's beauty, but in Meg's case it's also her humanity, her warmth. She's the better us, reacting the way we would react—with empathy. You feel better about yourself after seeing her experience that on-screen."

For Ryan, the appeal of an Ephron-sisters script was obvious: so closely is her stardom linked with the Ephrons' comedies, and so unimaginable are those films without her, that it's hard to say who's more beholden to whom. But working with Walter Matthau was another strong draw. Ryan had been charmed by him on the set of *I.Q.,* a sweet 1994 trifle in which he played Albert Einstein, who set up Ryan's character with Tim Robbins. As the dying father in *Hanging Up,* Matthau spent most of his camera-time in bed, which made him even grumpier—and funnier—than usual. "I couldn't stop laughing," says Ryan. "He's really wry, very loving, and he also has a really bawdy sense of humor. He had to pinch a woman in one of these scenes, and you can't believe where he put his hands."

"She couldn't stop laughing in the movie, that was her problem!" Keaton says with a snort. "If there's a love affair in the movie, it's Meg and Walter." From the real-life hospital bed in which he's recovering from a summer of pneumonia and renal failure, Matthau says the affection is mutual. "She's perceptive," CONTINUED ON PAGE 364



BEAUTY IS

Ryan has lately been searching for spiritual truths. She does yoga regularly with her husband, and has traveled to India to meditate and visit with seers.



TRIGÈRE-HAPPY

Pauline Trigère, wearing a 1987 jumpsuit and jewelry of her own design, in her Park Avenue sitting room surrounded by felt-covered walls, pillows made from favorite fabrics, a collection of paintings of nude women, a Grusu sketch, and a bust of her son Jean Pierre.



Every Inch

PHOTOGRAPH BY ERIC ROMAN



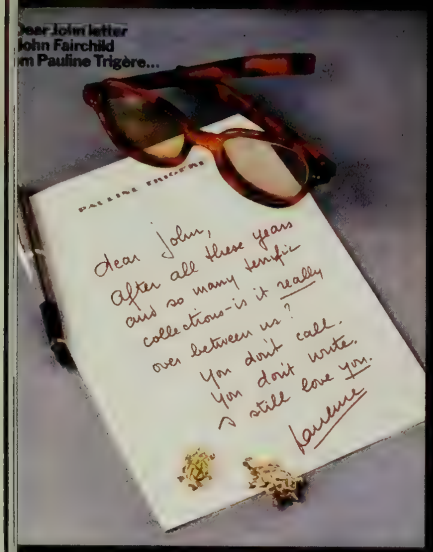
Fleeing the Nazi threat, Pauline Trigère emigrated from Paris to New York, then started her own business in 1942 with just enough material to make 11 dresses. For four decades, her career was a glittering whirl of extravagant fabric and impeccable fit that drew clients such as the Duchess of Windsor, Bette Davis, and Josephine Baker, until Trigère's resistance to joining the licensing gold rush almost brought her to financial collapse. AMY FINE COLLINS has the story of a true maverick, who, at 91, still has her courage, her younger Latin lover, and her inimitable sense of style

an Original




Trigère




Dear John letter
John Fairchild
m Pauline Trigère...
PAULINE TRIGÈRE
Dear John,
After all these years
and so many temptin
and so many
collections-is it really
over between us?
You don't call.
You don't write.
I still love you.
Pauline

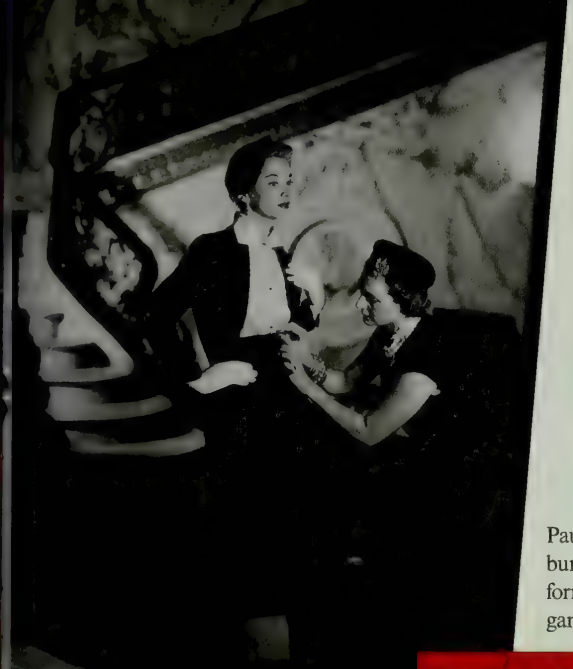


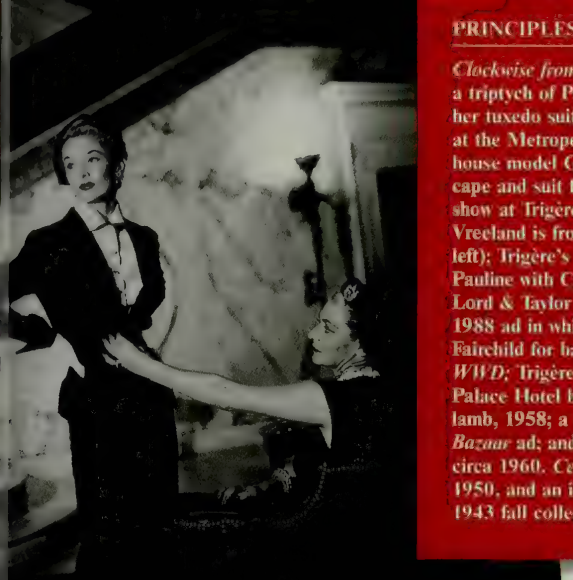

FASHION NEWS
TRIGERE'S
Fall Collection
will be shown to
The Press
July 16th
Plaza 3 6778
37 W 57 St.













One evening not so long ago, as Pauline Trigère was waiting for a restaurant table with a friend, she bumped into the son of one of her most loyal clients. The man informed her that his mother had just passed away, and the designer began offering condolences. "But what I really want you to know," the man interjected, "is that my mother was buried in her latest Trigère!" As the maître d' whisked the redoubtable Frenchwoman off to her table, she nudged her companion. "You see?" she said. "With a Trigère you can go anywhere!"

PRINCIPLES OF PAULINE

Clockwise from top right: **a triptych of Pauline Trigère fitting her tuxedo suit on Lisa Fonssagrives at the Metropolitan Club, 1949; house model Gillis McGil in a wool cape and suit for a circa-1953 fashion show at Trigère's showroom (Diana Vreeland is front-row, fourth from the left); Trigère's afternoon cape, 1947; Pauline with Calvin Klein at a mid-70s Lord & Taylor party; the notorious 1988 ad in which Pauline chided John Fairchild for banning her from *WWD*; Trigère graces Saint-Moritz's Palace Hotel balcony in Persian lamb, 1958; a 1957 *Harper's Bazaar* ad; and a Trigère plaid cape, circa 1960. *Center:* the designer circa 1950, and an invitation to Trigère's 1943 fall collection.**

Exactly how far you can go was evident last year, on the night of November 7, when Pauline Trigère packed 90 friends into Manhattan's La Grenouille to celebrate her 90th birthday. "It's the first time I admit my age!" she said. Among the revelers were her two sons, Philippe Radley, 64, an attorney, and Jean Pierre Radley, 67, a computer consultant and the former president of Trigère, Inc.; Beverly Sills; Aileen "Suzy" Mehle (wearing pants made of Trigère scarves); Senator and Mrs. Daniel Patrick Moynihan; the designer's personal trainer, Diana Roesch; Lucille Lewis, her employee of 55 years; and Lucie Porges, her assistant designer of 43 years. Trigère's retired housekeeper flew in from her native Oslo, four cousins came from Paris, designer James Galanos made the trip from Los Angeles, and her Latin lover of the last 47 years, the 82-year-old rancher, banker, and UNESCO ambassador-at-large Julio Werthein, arrived from Argentina.

Resplendent in a flame-red net dress shimmering with hand-sewn rhinestones, Trigère made jokes and flirted during cocktails, building up to the mischievous surprise she had in store for her guests. For dinner she had seated herself with nine of the room's richest and most powerful men. "Excuse me for having taken nine men," she said in her husky French accent, after rising for a toast. "I wanted to feel for one evening like Pamela Harriman. Your spouses will go back to you at the end of the night." Table-hopping between dessert and dancing, Trigère asked, "Wasn't that a little nervy of me? Who else but me would do it?"

For days afterward, her friends CONTINUED ON PAGE 366

In 1950s Las Vegas, Louis Prima and Keely Smith were king and queen of the nightclub act, drawing Jack Kennedy, Howard Hughes, and the Sinatra Rat Pack. Prima had already captured 1930s New York, cut a swath throug Hollywood, and ridden the Big Band wave when Smith became his fourth wife and the ideal stage foil for his flagrant sensuality. As their hits—"Jump, Jive, an' Wa and "Just a Gigolo"—return to vogue, DAVID KAMP has the saga of a couple who found the beat, but lost the rhythm



THEY MADE

Opposite, Keely Smith and Louis Prima (on the trumpet) lighting it up at their Las Vegas stomping ground, the Sahara, in the 1950s. *Left,* the not-so-happy couple at the height of their popularity, in May of 1960.

VEGAS SWING

"It wasn't
rock 'n' roll
played. It w
our own sou
it was us.



THE LATE SHIFT

Prima *workin'* it at the Sahara, where he and Smith would sometimes play all night—first in the "big room" and then in the smaller lounge area. At six A.M. they would head home (*inset, opposite*) to spend time with their daughters, Toni and Luanne (*inset, right*, their hit 1960 album, *Louis and Keely!*

Zib-ze-zib-ze-
–*Dinah Shore!* Zib-ze-zib-ze-bop–
rolet!"
ıe cross-promotional scatting is Louis
ıa's. The date is Sunday, April 5, 1959.
occasion is NBC's 500th broadcast of
Dinah Shore Chevy Show, a program
ısed with the irretrievable ebullience
ıid-century American show business.
ah made her entrance in a gloriously
:d '59 Chevy coupe, its wipers swish-
ıgainst an expensively faked sound-
: rainstorm.) Prima and his wife, the
:r Keely Smith, are the evening's mu-
guests—a good choice for such an
icious event, for Louis and Keely, as
yone knows them, are at the peak of
their powers, the king and queen of Las Vegas, packing 'em in for five sets a night at the Casbar Lounge in the Sahara Hotel. Their most recent Top 40 hit, a madcap version of Harold Arlen and Johnny Mercer's "That Old Black Magic," has just won them a Grammy, and is said to be a favorite of the likely Democratic nominee for president, Jack Kennedy. Their first foray into movie musicals, *Hey Boy! Hey Girl!,* is just out. They're on the verge of leaving their current label, Capitol Records, for a more lucrative deal at Dot Records, and they're about to bolt the Sahara's lounge, their performing home for the last five years, for the big room at the Desert Inn, which has offered them a five-year, $3 million contract.

So it's without hyperbole that Dinah introduces Prima and Smith as "the greatest nightclub act in the country. They're knockin' 'em dead at the Sahara in Las Vegas."

Cut to Camera Two and already they're cooking, Prima, Smith, and their backing band, Sam Butera and the Witnesses—straight into the double-time shuffle of Prima's signature tune, "When You're Smiling."

"When you're smilin'—"
"*When you're smilin'*—"
"When you're smilin'—"
"*When you're smilin'*—"
"And the *whoh-ole* world smiles with you—"



Prima, an apelike 48-year-old man dressed in a dark blazer and white slacks, is a dervish of caffeinated motion—dancing and leaping maniacally as he sings, tugging up his pant legs to reveal his pale hosiery and happy feet, waving his trumpet around like a flyswatter when he's not bleating urgent, staccato notes through it. His sidemen are equally frenetic. Butera, squatter and younger, weaves in and out of Prima's path, grinning orgasmically, swinging his tenor sax between his legs to flagrant phallic effect. The Witnesses, five pomaded young men in matching dinner jackets (trombonist, guitarist, pianist, drummer, bassist), shout backing vocals, snap their fingers, and shimmy like hopped-up Jets out of *West Side Story.*

Amid all the commotion, the lovely Keely Smith, in a poufed white ball gown, stands stock-still back by the piano, voicing her "When you're smilin'"s with a flat, vaguely peeved expression, as if her galoot boyfriend strong-armed her into spending their post-prom hours with his greaseball friends who quit school and work at the car wash. She is, at 27, not much more than half her husband's age. Visually, they are a mesmerizingly odd couple. He is of Sicilian descent, swarthy and broad-featured; she is a mix of Cherokee, English, and Irish blood, at once nut brown and pixieish. He wears a toupee; she wears her black hair in a short, severe Buster Brown bob, almost snap-on in its appearance. He is coarse and shameless; she is nubile and inscrutably deadpan. While he and the boys pogo around, careening into "Lazy River" and then Butera's featured vocal spot on "Fever," her boredom intensifies—so much so that she ho-humly pivots her toes inward, like a dawdling schoolgirl (to audible audience laughter), and scratches herself obliviously about the face and neck. At last Prima takes notice of her, sidles up to her, and performs what looks like a dry-humping fertility-rite dance—to her stony indifference. "Relax y'self!" he admonishes her.

But when the tempo downshifts to ballad pace, Smith suddenly blossoms, taking the spotlight, literally, to sing beautiful renditions of two Jule Styne–Sammy Cahn standards, "It's Magic" and "It's Been a Long, Long Time." (Prima busies himself conducting a full orchestra that has materialized from behind a curtain.) Finally, the pretty stuff having been exorcised, comes the *pièce de résistance,* Louis and Keely's consummation of their unlikely love on "That Old Black Magic," performed by the Witnesses as a breakneck rumba:

KEELY: I should stay away, but what can I do? / I hear your name, and I'm aflame—
LOUIS: *Flame!* [*Horn blast.*] Burnin' deesiyaaah!
KEELY: That only your kiss—
LOUIS: *Put oudda fire!*

The ice melts. Keely, getting into it now, mugs cross-eyed and sends up Louis's ape-man gesticulations, galumphing across the stage with her jaw slackened and her arms swinging; he mimics her compulsive nose-scratching, pawing his proboscis every time she itches hers. She beams at him adoringly. He jumps up and down a few more times. It's unlikely, in 1959, that

anyone has ever seen a more entertaining, or frankly libidinous, quarter-hour of television.

Louis Prima died in 1978, three years after he fell into a coma during surgery to remove a benign tumor from his brain. He was, by the time he went under the knife, old news, squaresville, irredeemably dad music. His youngest daughter, Lena, recalls that she and her kid brother, Louis junior, were taunted at school in the rockin' 1970s for having such an uncool father, and for having the bad taste to like his music. "It was 'Eieww, it's the Primas!'" she says. "Like we were the *geeks.*"

It goes without saying that Lena and Louis junior, who are now in their 30s, are having the last laugh. Their father has posthumously emerged as a totem of late-90s hip. "It's going rampant right now," says their mother, Gia Maione Prima, Louis's fifth and final wife, delightedly ticking off the names of the young acts that are covering her late husband's work: "Brian Setzer, Big Bad Voodoo Daddy, the Cherry Poppin' Daddies—all the different Daddies." Gia herself is in the process of juggling movie-bio offers—Tony Danza's people have called, and Nicolas Cage is said to be interested—and negotiating with record companies to release on CD the Prima material that's still available only on vinyl. She has also lent her support to a Prima documentary by the producer-director team of Joe Lauro and Don McGlynn, whose film *Louis Prima: The Wildest!* will air on the American Movie Classics channel early next year.

The chief impetus behind this boomlet of Prima chic, Gia says, is the Gap's celebrated "Khakis swing" TV commercial from last year, in which the director, Matthew Rolston, used "Jump, Jive, an' Wail," a 1956 Prima original, to brilliant effect—as the underpinning to a percolating scene of beautiful young models doing the lindy hop. Teenagers cottoned to the ad instantly, and the song became, and remains, an unlikely high-school favorite. (You can now purchase a teenybop compilation CD called *Next Generation Swing,* on which "Jump, Jive, an' Wail" is listed as "GAP TV commercial theme.") Even before this one fluky instance, though, Prima was in the air again, his rehabilitation of a piece with the unforeseen collective American longing for mid-century-style swank. All at once, "neo-swing" and "loungecore" were upon us, along with the movie *Swingers,* "cocktail nation," Rat Pack revivalism, restored Richard Neutra love shacks, and the now rather labored phenomenon of hep-talkin' young men in porkpie hats and resort rayons. The 1996 film *Big Night,* a winking valentine to the late 50s, used Prima both on the soundtrack and as a plot device; the movie's protagonists, struggling Italian-immigrant brothers, pin their failing restaurant's hopes on a promised visit by the great showman. "Louis Prima's music fit the era, which was the last innocent time, really," says Stanley Tucci, who co-wrote, co-directed, and starred in the film. "His music is just so singular and playful—something you don't get from today's music."

"The theory is very simple," says Gia Prima. "When something is good, it's always good. And it seems like every decade Louis sneaks back into the picture. I mean, in the 80s it was David Lee Roth with 'Just a Gigolo' and 'I Ain't Got Nobody'—word for word, note for note." But, actually, it's not that simple. Roth's 1985 excursion into loungeland, as shocking and prescient as it was, was an aberration, with no stamp of generational significance. The current Prima vogue, by contrast, has a poignancy to it, of a belated reckoning by kids reared on rock 'n' roll that they missed out on something. Today, many people in their late 20s or 30s have dim childhood memories of Prima and his Vegasoid ilk as boring, fossilized oldsters going through their paces on *Merv Griffin* and *Joe Franklin,* giving their all for the grannies but not connecting with the kids. In hindsight, this juvenile brush-off seems cruel: *Why didn't we recognize these old troupers for their craft?* And now that the tides of cultural favor have finally turned now that the young folk are reaching to say, *I dig you, man*—it's too late; the century giants have washed out to Prima himself is long gone; Frank Sinatra and Mel Tormé have just left us; Dean Martin and Sammy Davis Jr. slipped away about 10 seconds before they became cool again. Only Tony Bennett survives among the great saloon singers of the Old Guard, which is why young hipsters cling to him as if he were a life raft, an authentic artifact of The Life.

With Prima, there's an additional layer of poignancy, in that even in his heyday his gifts were given short shrift. Jazz purists say he squandered his early promise as a Dixieland trumpeter on goofy showmanship and needless dabblings in other genres. Italophobes found him too Sicilian, disdaining his penchant for red-sauce novelty songs such as "Zooma Zooma" and "Angeli" ("I eat antipasta twice just because she is nice"). Upper-middlebrows simply found him icky and distasteful. To this day a certain arm's-length attitude prevails among sophisticates. "I knew Louis Prima briefly," says Bobby Short, the quintessential uptown cabaret performer, summoning all his powers of gentlemanly euphemism. "He was . . . *far-out.* Too far-out for the likes of Benny CONTINUED ON PAGE 369



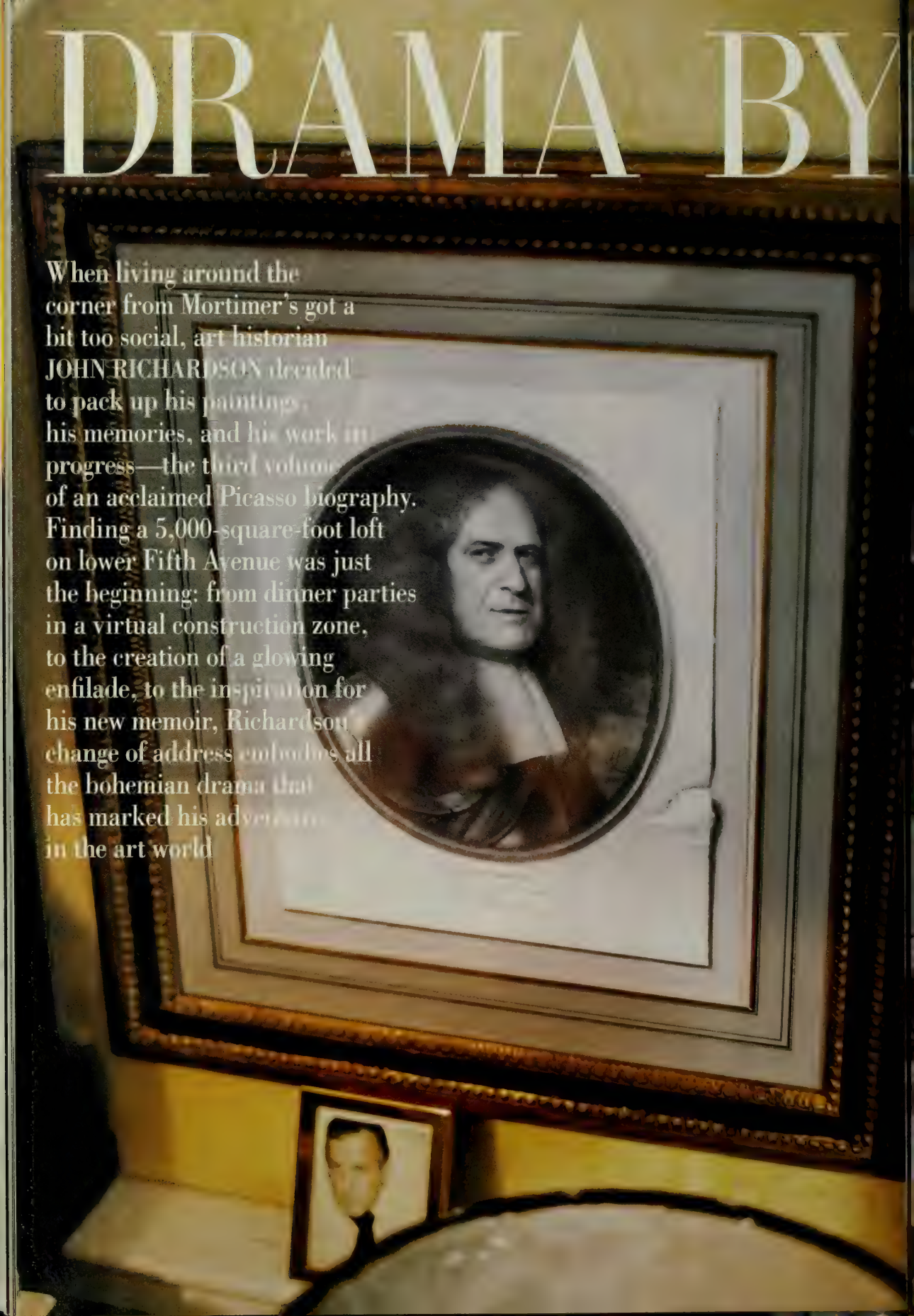
LOUNGE LIZARDS

Opposite: Smith and Prima in 1959. *Insets, from left:* the 1959 album *Strictly Prima!*; Frank Sinatra, Jimmy Durante, and Prima at a Friars Club testimonial for Dean Martin at the Beverly Hilton in Los Angeles, 1958; Prima's brother's 500 Club (in New Orleans's French Quarter), where Louis also liked to play, 1955.


We had something so good!
Why would you give it all
up just for ... sex?
500
CLUB
FLOOR SHOWS

DRAMA BY

When living around the corner from Mortimer's got a bit too social, art historian JOHN RICHARDSON decided to pack up his paintings, his memories, and his work in progress—the third volume of an acclaimed Picasso biography. Finding a 5,000-square-foot loft on lower Fifth Avenue was just the beginning: from dinner parties in a virtual construction zone, to the creation of a glowing enfilade, to the inspiration for his new memoir, Richardson's change of address embodies all the bohemian drama that has marked his adventures in the art world



DESIGN



PERSONAL TOUCHES

A view through the enfilade, from library to hall (with its English carved-wood bench, circa 1700) to living room to bedroom. On the shelves are a project for a book jacket by Georges Braque, greeting cards from Braque, and a 1952 gouache by Fernand Léger's wife, Nadia. *Opposite:* two portraits of Richardson—in 17th-century costume by Michael Leonard (1985) and a Polaroid by Andy Warhol (1975).

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TODD EBERLE

After 30 years in a brownstone apartment—the two lower floors plus the garden—on East 75th Street in New York, I needed a change. I also needed more space for the mass of books and papers my Picasso biography necessitates and for the hundreds of assorted paintings and drawings that I had accumulated over the years. For want of room, most of these had ended up stacked on the floor. There was a further reason for quitting 75th Street: the proximity of Mortimer's restaurant. This once celebrated establishment, which closed more than a year ago, belonged to my friend Glenn Bernbaum. Glenn could be offhand and snooty with people he didn't know, but he was an indulgent uncle to his extended family of clients, which included a number of grandes dames and café-society alumni, as well as some rather nice lame ducks. Mortimer's was more club than restaurant, and Glenn knew exactly what his habitués required: simple, inexpensive fare as opposed to what he called "Viagra food"—those awful nouvelle cuisine superstructures which have come to look, in a very literal sense, decidedly old-hat. "My customers like their food horizontal," Glenn would say.

Why distance myself from this congenial bistro? Work. Friends with nothing better to do would drop in on me on the assumption that I, too, had nothing better to do. They would insist that I join them for lunch at what had become their headquarters. "You need a rest, darling." There was always a pretext—usually the arrival of some long-lost friend from England—so I would weakly drag myself away from my desk. An hour and a half later I would go back and fall asleep for the rest of the afternoon. The great work would have to wait.

Another reason to move: I had found the apartment of my dreams, a vast, grandiose living room and a couple of cubbyhole bedrooms in a Beaux Arts mansion on the Upper East Side. Wishing



THE COLLECTOR

The art in the living room includes, from left: a 17th-century Dutch Baroque bust; eight prints by Hendrick Goltzius depicting Roman heroes (1586); a 17th-century painting of Samson pulling down the temple; above it, a 17th-century bas-relief carving; below, Haitian vases and chargers; among the books on the right, a 1960 ink-wash drawing by Picasson of his wife Jacqueline; and, above it, a portrait of the singer Dania by Christian Berard.


Malcolm Robson glazed the walls
with colors that paint-mixing machines
can never approximate.

to be helpful, friends had introduced me to someone on the board of the building. "He's a pretentious little creep," they said, "but he'll get you accepted." The little creep was not only pretentious; he was devious. While assuring me that I was the right person for the building and that he would do everything in his power to get me in, he effectively kept me out. I was never even interviewed, except informally by him, and I was never officially told of the board's decision. I had to read about it on "Page Six" of the *New York Post*. At the time, I was furious; in retrospect, I am grateful. I ended up with something much bigger and better and cheaper in a much more correctly run building.

When I resumed my search, I decided to try for a loft. I knew what I wanted: 5,000 square feet or so of light-filled space, divided into two areas—a long, bowling-alley-like section for me and a separate studio for Kosei, my Japanese roommate, and his computers. I also wanted to move downtown, preferably to Chelsea, where real estate was just starting to boom. I was told that it was mad to think of finding what I wanted at an affordable price; however, there was one woman who just might be able to help: Jan Hashey. Jan turned out to be an ebullient, infinitely sympathetic woman, formerly married to a painter. She had found lofts for several of my friends. According to her, a space corresponding exactly to my specifications—a space she had once sold—had just been snapped up. There was nothing else like it on the market, she said, but if anything materialized, she would let me know.

After spending the next six months looking at every loft south of 23rd Street and finding nothing that satisfied my wants at my price, I got an excited call from Jan. The loft she had told me about—the one she thought had been sold—had come dramatically back on the market. At the very last moment, just before going to contract, the prospective owners, Winston Churchill's granddaughter, the sculptor Edwina Sandys, and her architect husband, Richard Kaplan, had decided that they needed an even loftier space. I raced over to see what they had turned down—5,000 square feet on lower Fifth Avenue. It was *exactly* what I wanted, and the price was right. I grabbed it without haggling. People tried to get it away from me, but, thanks to Jan, I managed to hang on to it.

The loft had belonged to a choreographer and a sculptor who had both died of AIDS. They had set aside most of the space for work, preferring to relax in nooks and crannies at the back, where Robert Mapplethorpe would sometimes photograph them. The only decorative feature of any importance—a screen of milk glass and steel, which stretched for more than 100 feet—blocked the light from 14 south-facing windows, so I scrapped it, along with the rest of my predecessors' installations—freestanding bookcases, kitchen and office appliances—and started fresh. Disdaining the traditional studio look—an open space with a glimpse of the kitchen stove or, worse, the computer from the bed—I opted for something that had rarely been tried in a downtown loft: an enfilade, that is to say, a succession of rooms with double doorways set on an axis. When all the doors are open, you can see from one end of the loft to the other. I had always wanted to live in an enfilade: it makes for a dramatic recession; it is also very practical.

To design the enfilade, I consulted a neoclassical architect named Ernesto Buch, who had built a library for me in the country. He drew up a plan which took maximum advantage of the loft's principal, 120-by-35-foot space. We decided on a library at one end, opening into an entrance hall, opening into a living room, opening finally into a bedroom. That way the space would be divided up without any of it being wasted on corridors—so often the case in traditional apartments.

The transformation took 18 hellish months, which obliged Kosei and me to live and work in the midst of packing cases in his studio area at the rear. I had been warned that moving can entail a nervous breakdown, divorce, even suicide, but I was still unprepared for the buildup of stress. Frustration would give way to despair when the architect's failure to do a drawing for some small but crucial detail held things up for weeks, or when the Peruvian workers hearkened to some atavistic call and vanished back to their native forests. Long before the loft was finished, Kosei and I gave dinners in what was still a construction site. The first one was for the artist Lucian Freud, Bette Midler, Midler's performance-artist husband, Martin von Haselberg, and their entrancing daughter, Sophie. I didn't panic, so it must have worked.

The next festivity was a wonderfully farcical dinner, which my then publisher gave for 80 people to celebrate the publication of the second volume of my P so biography. A screen fell on top of of the tables right in the middle of publisher's speech. After I tackled publisher's tricky wife for getting my b its only bad review, Brooke Astor wha her glass with a spoon and backed m with a few well-chosen words. Perl fearing further trouble, the benighted ple scuttled away in a cloud of pl dust, leaving the rest of us to enjoy discomfiture. It was much livelier most book parties.

When the struction was fin done, the glish gra and mar izer Malc Robson c up from ginia to glaze the walls with the co that paint-mixing machines can n approximate. As I had hoped, everyt glowed with light, and the spaces ope up into one another as attractively they would in an 18th-century Eng country house. Unfortunately, the s of the layout upstaged my battered and pieces of furniture. Nice little gency tables looked forlorn; everyth seemed to have shrunk. Since the w had cost more than I had anticipa there was little money for replaceme Mercifully, ABC Carpet & Home, aro the corner, was having a sale, wh took care of some of my basic need was also able to fall back on a collec of Central Asian textiles—colorful il and *susanis*—which I had put toge over the years on summer visits to met and Mica Ertegun's house on Turkish coast. Thrown over caterer's bles, these colorful hangings, which formerly decorated nomads' tents Uzbekistan, gave the rooms a Scheh zade look.

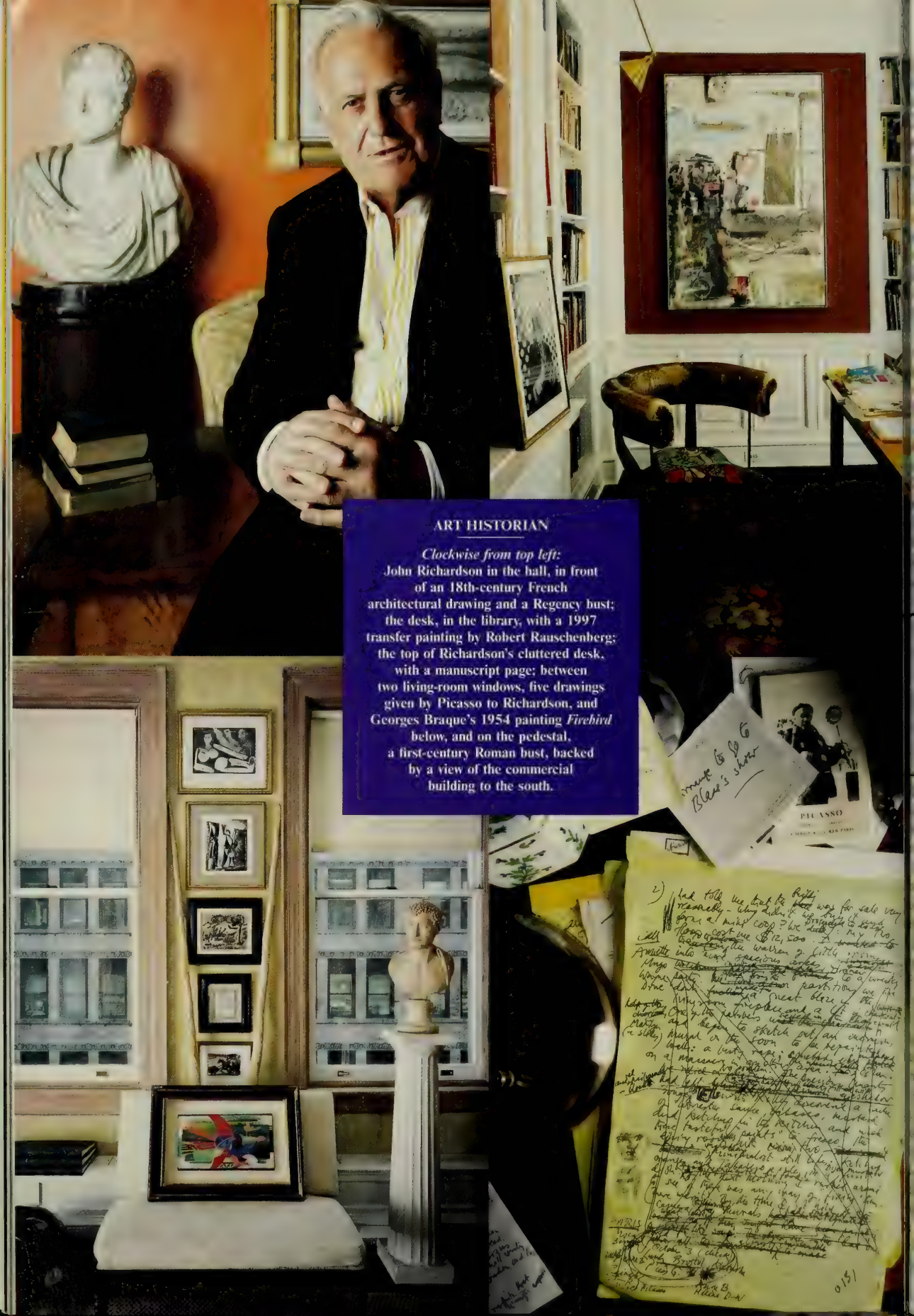
Friends came to the rescue. The decorator Mark Hampton gave me old carpet, which I cut in half and u to fill in blank spaces at either end of vast Savonnerie rug that dominates 50-foot-long living room. Another fri came up with a sofa; yet another with justable wall lights, which do wonders the library. And my sister contribute cushion which she had embroidered w the family crest, a mailed fist brand ing a feather. Most appropriate, a m friend said.

While converting the loft, I star work on a memoir, *The Sorcerer's App*



RICH JUMBLE

Clockwise from top right: plaster cast of a Roman emperor with an enamel Union Jack in its ear; also in the living room, a reproduction of a gigantic foot in the Louvre and, in the background, a Sir Joshua Reynolds portrait of Frederick, Prince of Wales; a Regency lyre-shaped cabinet and *Bandits in a Landscape,* by Salvator Rosa, flanked by Lucian Freud engravings (the one on the right, above a Picasso lithograph, is a self-portrait); the bedroom, with a Frank Stella composition and a copy of an English rococo bed.



ART HISTORIAN

Clockwise from top left: John Richardson in the hall, in front of an 18th-century French architectural drawing and a Regency bust; the desk, in the library, with a 1997 transfer painting by Robert Rauschenberg; the top of Richardson's cluttered desk, with a manuscript page; between two living-room windows, five drawings given by Picasso to Richardson, and Georges Braque's 1954 painting *Firebird* below, and on the pedestal, a first-century Roman bust, backed by a view of the commercial building to the south.

excerpted in last month's *Vanity Fair*), it the 1950s, when I shared a château rovence with the eccentric English art ctor Douglas Cooper. Picasso was a ient visitor. Most times, he would ar- with a house present—a drawing, ce- c, or print—many of which now hang ie loft's walls. At one point he told us the price of his drawings had soared gh that a kilo of caviar worked out to heaper. All a tease; he soon reverted ving us drawings.

s long as Picasso felt that you under- d his work, he could be astonishingly rous. I once sent him the photograph fake I had spotted in a Sotheby's sale ogue. When he mailed it back, he scrawled the word "*faux*" across the iterfeit image. On the other side he done a beautiful wash drawing of a ght. It amused him, he said, "to turn e Picasso into an authentic one." He d sometimes embellish the letters his wrote me with little vignettes. Once, n I was going on to a party, Picasso I couldn't appear without a tie and eeded to cut one out of paper and azon it with jazzy curlicues.

The most beautiful present the artist gave us came about in a characteristically Picassian way. I had taken a shine to his new inamorata, Jacqueline Roque, the 27-year-old salesgirl who worked for his potters, Ramiés. By making her his mistress, rtist had let her in for a lot of snubs bitchery from her rivals and others s entourage. I was so horrified at the she was treated that I bought her a ent—a Christian Dior wrap like a bull- er's cape—to cheer her up. This ed out to be the first token of affec- that any of Picasso's friends had n Jacqueline. She was touched; so Picasso. After triumphing over her ri- and moving in with him, she arrived ne with us one evening on the arm of over, who was carrying the Dior box. le was an Ingres-like drawing, which made a great impact on me when I saw it in his studio. It was a frontal e of one of the artist's other girl- ds—uncompromisingly naked rather artistically nude—seated like an odal- on a pile of cushions, with her legs ad wide apart. I was surprised that sso would give us anything so inti- , until I realized that the gift must been made at Jacqueline's behest. would have had every reason to want this erotic image of one of her principal rivals removed. Sadly, the drawing disappeared when the château was burgled some years later. As far as I have been able to discover, it is still in the hands of the Mafia. If anyone knows where it is, please contact me. I want it back.

And then there were the nonpresents, the ones that got away. On one occasion, Douglas Cooper and I were victims of a diabolical tease on the part of Picasso, who was always kidding Douglas about his reckless driving, about the patches of red lead paint waiting to be sprayed that splotched his cars. "Don't bother to have the car re-sprayed," Picasso announced one day when we arrived at his house in a particularly patchy Citroën. "I'll do it over for you." He sent for some colored chalks and proceeded to decorate the doors and hood with elaborate drawings: a circle of dancers, a bouquet of flowers, a still life, and a very explicit, very buxom nude. The more Picasso worked on the drawings, the more excited we became. Finally, when every available space was covered, we asked for some fixative to preserve the drawings. "I never use fixatives," Picasso lied. "Anyway, we're going to lunch at Saint-Tropez. Follow me in your car." And off he drove at top speed. Saint-Tropez was 50 miles away. By the time we arrived, there was nothing left on the Citroën but streaks of rainbow-colored chalk. "Finally, an abstract Picasso," the artist said. "Unique. It should be worth millions."

Picasso indulged in similar pranks on the beach, especially if greedy art collectors or dealers were around. When the tide was low, he would set to work drawing on the wet sand with a stick. Elaborate figure compositions would materialize, sometimes 20 or 30 feet long. A sculptor as much as a painter, Picasso would use sandcastles for the breasts and buttocks of his nymphs. Shells would stand for nipples, seaweed for hairdos, beards, and bushes. And then he would watch with sardonic glee as the tide encroached and the collectors or dealers tried unsuccessfully to conceal their frustration as the waves nibbled the toes, consumed the breasts, and finally made away with the seaweed hair. Another of Picasso's teases was to give someone—preferably someone he did not like—one of the drawings he had done for Henri-Georges Clouzot's film *Le Mystère Picasso.* These drawings had been executed in special inks that penetrated to the reverse side of a sheet of paper. Alas, the inks were so volatile that they were guaranteed to fade away, as the unfortunate recipients would eventually discover.

When I had moved into my first New York apartment, I had a similar experience at the involuntary hands of the young Ellsworth Kelly, who was already a foremost Minimalist. I had invited Ellsworth and some other painter friends to a wrecking party, the purpose of which was to transform the apartment's warren of little rooms into more spacious areas. Wood from the partitions that we tore down fueled a great blaze in the living-room fireplace. Hence a lot of charcoal. This inspired one of the painters to sketch an enormous mural—a *Rape of the Sabines*—on the soon-to-be repainted walls. Whereupon somebody else launched a sanguinary martyrdom, which called for color. No problem. The previous tenants had left a bathroom closet filled with colorful cosmetics: including red nail polish—blood!

Meanwhile, Ellsworth had discovered a cache of Worcestershire sauce, Tabasco, mustard, and ketchup in the kitchen. He used these "paints" to fresco the walls of the dining room with an array of monumental Minimalist still lifes. I particularly remember an arrangement of oranges (ketchup) and apples (Tabasco) in a fruit dish (mustard)—food represented by food. The next morning, I rushed out to see if these murals could be fixed. Impossible. By the time I got hold of a camera, the various condiments had merged into a mess that looked as bad as it would have tasted. When I saw Ellsworth recently, we talked about the edible murals. I longed to ask him to do something similar in my new loft, but realized that I would have to sell the place in order to afford it.

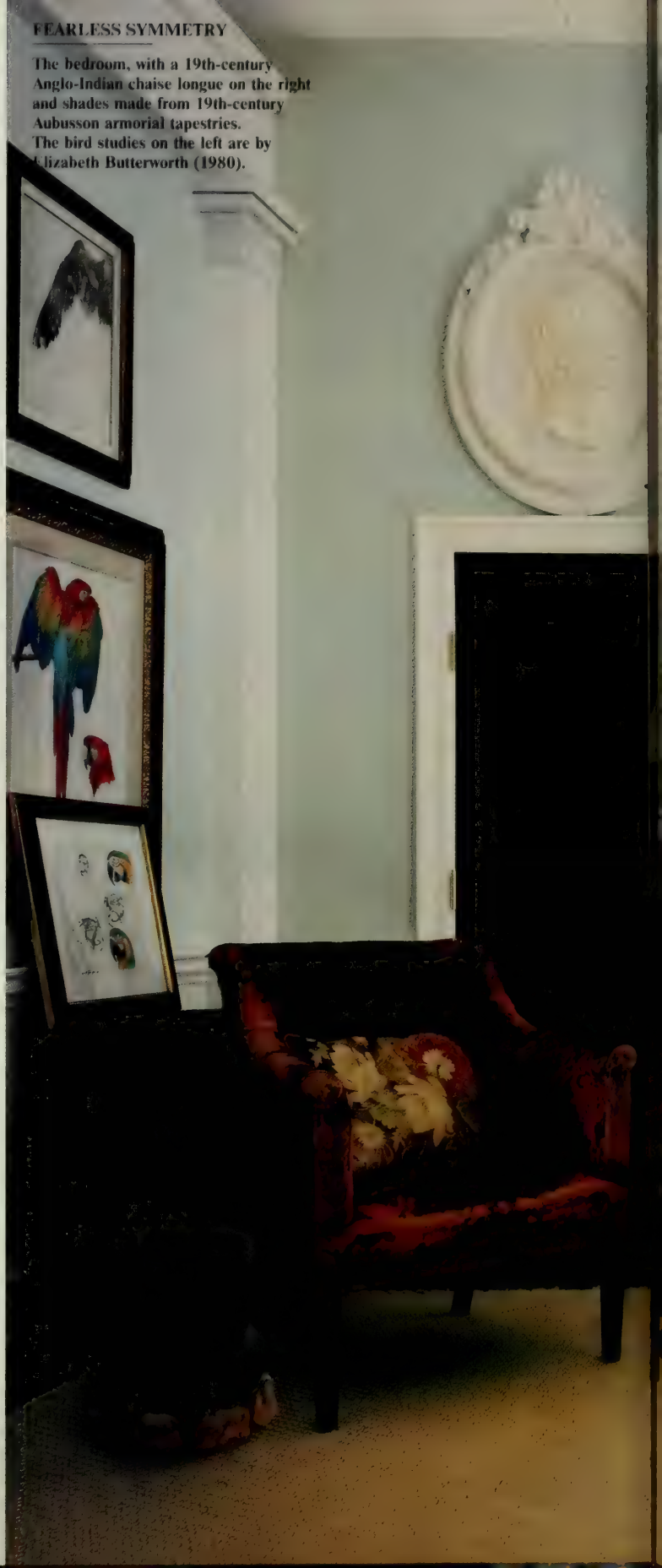
A few days after the wrecking party, a couple of friends who had attended it invited me to an evening of modern dance by a follower of Merce Cunningham's. We found the performance a bit of a bore and sneaked out before the end. As we fled, my friends decided to make off with the poster, hanging on the railing of the auditorium, which had been rented for the occasion. A housewarming present, they said as they raced off with it to my newly wrecked apartment, only a few blocks away. To our horror, we discovered that the poster was not a poster; it was a fine original work by an up-and-coming artist named Robert Rauschenberg, whose prices had begun to skyrocket. What was I to do? Through mutual friends, I got to know Bob so that I could tell him the sto-

ry. This most generous and forgiving of men was delighted. "I like my work to have adventures," he said. "The painting's yours. Bring it around to the studio and I'll sign it."

In the end, I was too embarrassed to do so. Some 35 years later, however, I went to interview Rauschenberg at his house on the island of Captiva for an article I was writing ("Rauschenberg's Epic Vision," *V.F.*, September 1997). Knowing about the foundation he had set up to help artists who are old or sick or destitute, I suggested auctioning the purloined painting to raise money for this excellent cause. Bob said that, since it was an early work which had a personal significance for him, he would rather have the painting back. "Tell you what," he said, "why don't you return it and I will give you a recent work in exchange." As I write, I sit under the marvelous transfer painting he picked out for me—an image that combines a Venetian lagoon with a bustling city market and an alley cat on the prowl.

There is a lot more art in the loft: some nice little Georges Braques, a Mark Tobey that looks like a miniature Rothko, a huge symbolist landscape by Lucien Lévy-Dhurmer, and a handsome first-century Roman bust. There are also quite a few Warhols—a portrait of me as well as some delectable Christmas presents. Andy once told me that he had always wanted to do a sculpture that would look abstract but actually represent something real. I turned out to own just the thing he had in mind: a whale's penis, six feet tall and eggplant-colored, that had been deaccessioned by a whaling museum. Andy proposed making casts of it in bronze, blue steel, aluminum, burnished brass, and heaven knows what else. "Very Brancusi," he said. Unfortunately, he died before we could get to work on the project.

So diverse are the things that have come my way that I have had to make a virtue of necessity and mix them all up together—same as I do with my friends. A wall of portraits includes artists as disparate as Edward Burne-Jones, Christian Bérard, and Picasso. On an adjacent wall, a pair of Lucian Freud's large portrait engravings (one a magisterial self-portrait) rub shoulders with a *Bandits in a Landscape* painting by the 17th-century artist Salvator Rosa. A unique Picasso print and a tribal mask round out the group. The jumble works, at least for me, but then I'm a bit of a jumble myself. □



FEARLESS SYMMETRY

The bedroom, with a 19th-century Anglo-Indian chaise longue on the right and shades made from 19th-century Aubusson armorial tapestries. The bird studies on the left are by Elizabeth Butterworth (1980).


I have had to make a virtue of
necessity and mix diverse things up together—
same as I do with my friends.

Ryan

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 342 he says of Ryan. "And of course she's beautiful, and has a natural talent. And has none of the adverse effects you'd expect from that. So that what you see is a serious, hardworking girl who just happens to be adorable."

There was one more reason for Ryan to do *Hanging Up.* It was shot almost entirely in and around L.A. Ryan could drive home from the job every night like an ordinary commuter. For her, that was one small victory in a continuing struggle which would strike most stars as strange: the fight to live a simple life.

"It's a conscious choice," Ryan says when I observe, 15 minutes into our lunch, that her stardom is like an elephant in the next room—nearby, but out of sight. "I could live with the elephant," she says, "but it's not part of my everyday thing. It's not part of my marriage. It's not part of my being a mom, either."

Ryan has been married to actor Dennis Quaid for almost nine years now, yet people are still surprised to hear the two are a couple. Neither makes many public appearances, and by design they almost never appear together. "So we're incognito in some weird way," says Ryan. "And we like that." Until recently, their seven-year-old son, Jack, was impervious to his parents' double-wattage celebrity, too. He has no full-time nanny, no chauffeur—either Meg or Dennis drives him to and from school every day. But the challenge of keeping his feet on the ground has grown since Quaid's role in a stylish remake last year of *The Parent Trap,* the 1961 Disney classic with Hayley Mills as twins separated at birth by divorcing parents. "All of a sudden kids are really aware," Ryan says. "They mill around whenever Dennis drops Jack off at school and say, 'Oh, hello!' So Jack's asking questions . . . "

Like any other proud mom, Ryan pulls a snapshot of her son from her wallet. He's one handsome kid, with short-cropped blond hair and a world-class grin—no surprise, given his genes. From his parents, too, comes a keen sense of humor. "He's *smart* funny, man, because he understands why things are funny," Ryan says. "Last night we were at dinner, and we were all asking him about something he did that day—he went with his buddies somewhere—and we were really on to him. You know, 'Then what? Then what?' Suddenly he puts his hand in the air, looks around, and says, 'Check, please!'"

When Ryan and Quaid met, during the filming of a forgettable feature called *Innerspace* in 1987, Ryan was a relative unknown with a handful of minor credits (the daughter of Candice Bergen's character in *Rich and Famous,* the wife of Tom Cruise's co-pilot in *Top Gun,* played by Anthony Edwards), while Quaid was the swaggering, handsome Texan whose steamy sex scene with Ellen Barkin in *The Big Easy* had put him on the verge of real stardom. Twelve years later, Quaid is still a very successful actor, with more than 30 films to his name, but Ryan is the star. Hollywood marriages tend to crumble after that sort of role reversal, but Ryan and Quaid have endured, in part by keeping it simple—profoundly simple. "Nothing about us has ever been based on ideas about each other's careers," Ryan says. "I've never once read a sentence about me. I don't read reviews, I don't read articles. I don't have any awareness of what my public persona is."

Ryan does realize that the two films in which she and Quaid co-starred after becoming a couple—*D.O.A.,* the 1988 remake of Edmond O'Brien's classic 1949 *film noir* thriller, and 1993's *Flesh and Bone*—failed at the box office. But if she was trying to pull her husband up into her own incandescent glow ("I am Mrs. Dennis Quaid!"), she gives no hint of that now. "Truthfully, I don't know how interesting it is for an audience to see a married couple on-screen, acting the parts of characters who find each other," she says. "It's sort of like the catering truck is on the other side of the screen, you know? You need that willing suspension of disbelief; this way, the audience is a little too informed." They're still open to doing another movie together, but it would have to be, as Ryan puts it, a story that plays on that very issue, and somehow capitalizes on it. Meanwhile, they work apart: Quaid in small, interesting films such as last year's *Savior,* Ryan in multiplex monsters. "Yeah," she says sweetly, "but he works more."

Actress and writer Carrie Fisher, a family friend, says Quaid's own confidence is key. "He's really grounded, a real guy.... And she really respects him.... She'll say, 'Dennis Quaid said the greatest thing the other day.'" Quaid, says Fisher, worries only when Ryan's stardom might endanger her. "One weekend, Meg and I were going to go to a Renaissance fair," Fisher recalls. "Dennis said, 'You can't go, you're too famous this weekend.' He's not daunted—he just notices, and guides her that way."

Part of the lore about them is that Quaid confessed, a couple of years after meeting Ryan, that he had a serious cocaine problem. Ryan, after her initial shock, helped him through rehab—and wouldn't marry him until the program was done. Around the house, she calls herself, only half-jokingly, a dictator: when she leaves to shoot a movie (one parent, by mutual agreement, must always be home), she leaves s child-care instructions, which are no gotiable. She's the family facilitator— her character in *Hanging Up.* But if sh strong partner, she's also still dazzle her mate.

"The whole situation with Dennis i outrageous and fun, it doesn't make sense. If I had to write down about u paper, I would never put us together. I think that's part of romance: it's alw the unexpected person that turns ou be the ideal. He is the unexpected pe in my life. When I first saw him I w 'Oh, no.' He's this huge individual, this really big persona, and that sca me. I imagined I'd be with a Madison enue type, or at least an East Coast t But instead I'm out riding horses and c ing bears."

The Annie Oakley stuff happens u the couple's 200-acre ranch in Para Valley, Montana. Life on the ranch is plicity itself. There's no staff on hand: R does most of the cooking and clean Quaid chops wood and tends the hor "You have to drive 40 minutes to town we make long shopping lists; it's re cool!" Last summer, the whole family a stone wall: together, they went up road, found rocks, put them in the F and drove them back down.

On the ranch, too, Ryan is the faci tor. Along with drawing up the shopp lists, she picks up clothes, makes the b even saddles the horses when Dennis Jack go riding. She's the one who'll "Is that barn leaking?" She laughs. "Th what I do. I don't love that about my either. But it's true." Nor does she lov that for all her professional success s playing a traditional woman's role. "Th really are gender differences," she says fully. "There's this overview that wo have. An anticipatory overview. It's a l about disaster and crisis, but also about taking care." When she isn't t bleshooting, Ryan does a lot of read at the ranch. She's just discovered Ja Agee and William Saroyan, and lo them both.

It isn't the stuff of tabloid scandals, reading on the ranch and saddling up J for his first cattle drive, as she and Qu just did. And in that sense Ryan reall her screen persona: apparently as cle living as she seems (unlike some other c tenders for the title of America's sw heart). It's not headline-grabbing, but i in its way, subtle and complex, as real is more compelling than film. How do keep a good marriage going? And how you're an actress living that life, do find films about that to do?

Not by chance, Ryan is tired of the

tic comedies that made her name. "I t know if anything comedic I've done cts my sense of humor," she says. ne is much darker." She'd love to see Ephron plumb her own darker depths. ave to say that *You've Got Mail* was any kind of stretch for me," she ad- . "And I can't have that experience . I'm just not that interested in it." the whole genre has come to bore her: lways Act I. "The romantic comedies when a relationship starts," she says. I aren't we all just trying to figure out to maintain the relationship?"

or Ryan, last year's *City of Angels,* with las Cage, was a step in the right di- on. "I loved what it about—faith and some- g bigger. I'm not a t. I'm just interested fe and love and the site of fear." Now she s to do films that ider what women face ying to live Act II—after the romantic dy. "It's not like I can esent all women, or hing like that. But I t feel that Hollywood ie culture is that in- ted in them, really. t a woman wants to about, deep down, is what people are in- ted in making mov- bout."

bit of that infuses *ging Up,* she observes. , as she admits, a ly comic movie, but es deal with things matter: aging parents, pearing sisters, and, Ryan, "how much of self you owe other le, and how you have arn to draw the line eserve your own hap- ss." Also, as Ryan ob- s, the film limns life as it is in L.A. now, particularly for women.

started looking around my own life, uff I hadn't seen before—and it's in novie." The sisters in *Hanging Up* are tantly juggling a cell phone in one l, a coffee mug in the other, as they their black S.U.V.'s. One day as Ryan starting the movie, she went to her l tennis game with some of the other ers from Jack's school. "I noticed that ll drove up in black S.U.V.'s, and every- had a Coffee Bean and Tea Leaf or ucks cup in their cup holders, and were all on their cell phones. I never y saw it until then."

Deeper issues pervade a marital drama called *This Man, This Woman,* by seasoned novelist and screenwriter Frederic Raphael (*Eyes Wide Shut*), which Ryan hopes to do soon. She describes it as a cross between *Two for the Road* and *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?:* a scabrous study of a marriage unraveling. Sean Penn has expressed interest, but so far no studio has agreed to finance the film. "It's scary-good," she says with a sigh, "but no one wants to do it."

For years now, Ryan has also tried to launch a remake of *The Women,* the 1939 movie based on Clare Boothe's play, with herself and Julia Roberts as the film's leads, originally played by Joan Crawford and Norma Shearer; that, she says, is finally coming together. And a film biography of poet Sylvia Plath, also long nurtured, is coming along, too. "The prospect is too horrible for words," feminist critic Camille Paglia told a British newspaper not long ago. "The cutesy role model who set American women back 20 years wants to play a real woman who helped us forward?" Paglia would be relieved to hear that Ryan expects to be too old to play the part by the time she gets a workable script. So some other actress will star, and Ryan, through her production company, Prufrock Pictures, will produce.

Making movies that matter is the outward expression of a meaningful life for Ryan now. The inward expression is a search that she and Quaid have been on for years. It's one that Ryan hasn't talked about much, fearful of being misunderstood, but it's as important to her as her family and career. It's what makes her value the truly simple life, and want to keep on living it. And more even than marriage and work, it's a key to understanding where she started, and where she is.



GOLDEN GIRL
Of working with Walter Matthau, Ryan says, "He has a really bawdy sense of humor. . . . You can't believe where he put his hands."

In the leafy suburb of Fairfield, Connecticut, Ryan was raised Catholic along with her three siblings. By the time her mother left, her faith was shaken; her father, a math teacher who took over the responsibility of raising his children, had no time to worry about Meg's emotional needs, and so a wariness grew. "I think I just have a very deep distrust of authority," she says. "I'm a Watergate baby." In Herman Hesse's 1922 novel, *Siddhartha,* she found an open, humanizing spirituality that led her to classic Hindu and Buddhist texts: the Bhagavad-Gita, the Upanishads, and the Dhammapada. She learned to meditate, took up Ashtanga Yoga, and studied the Gnostic gospels.

At first, none of it seemed to apply to her budding career as an actress. She landed commercials—from auditions arranged by her mother, who had settled for being a casting director—and then a few small feature roles. For two years on the television soap opera *As the World Turns,* she played a woman whose mother had died falling *up* the stairs, and who was then married to an impotent psychotic faking paraplegia. She had a lot of fun, especially during a writers' strike, when fill-in writers got confused and had her making love to her relatives, but if she was on the path to enlightenment, she didn't know it.

All this work Ryan landed without benefit of a single acting lesson—just natural talent and, for the soap opera, a useful ability

Ryan

to weep on cue. When she moved to L.A. in the mid-80s, she did enroll in a basic acting class with teacher Peggy Feury. "The class ahead of me included Sean Penn, Michelle Pfeiffer, Anjelica Huston, and Nick Cage," she recalls. "We'd watch them do their scenes one night a week, whereas we in the remedial class were still doing sense-memory work." A year later, Feury died, and Ryan began to get big enough parts that more classes seemed beside the point. But the spiritual search continued, and the connection between it and her work became clear. "Learning how to live in the present is helpful—for acting, that is," she says. "It's very useful to have a compassionate detachment from things."

When she met Quaid, Ryan was astounded to learn that he was a seeker, too, though from what she calls a different point of view. They began reading each other's favorite texts and doing yoga together (they still do, at a class in Santa Monica). They also began spending time with Gurumayi Chidvilasananda, the beautiful Indian teacher whom a number of celebrities have sought out at her ashram in upstate New York. Two years ago, they took the greater step of going to India.

"When I stepped onto the Jetway from the plane, I thought: Is this going to hold? And from there on in, everything about India was like that," Ryan says. Crammed with other passengers into a tiny taxi, Ryan and Quaid, along with Jack, watched in horror as the driver wove recklessly through traffic. Then at one point they were stuck amid a herd of cows. "Why are these cows here?" Ryan demanded. Laughing at the memory, she imitates the driver in a dead-on Indian accent: "[Because] there is a disco near here." Ryan gaped. "What's that elephant doing? Where's he going?" The driver shrugged. "He is just going." Slowly, Ryan began to adjust.

First, the family went to Bombay to visit a once prominent banker named Ramesh Balsekar, who had retired to write about his spiritual experiences in several books, which Ryan and Quaid had r "He's not a guru; he's just sharing hi perience with whoever wants to hear," explains. Then they went north to other seers, and to meditate; Jack me ed, too. They liked it so much that th going back, Ryan says—flying out the night of our second interview.

Our talk about spirituality has unfo on another day, in that decidedly uns tual bastion of elegance, the Four Sea in Beverly Hills. When the check arriv waiter asks if he can validate our v parking stubs. He takes them away the check and apologizes when he b them back stamped because he may mixed them up. In a Meg Ryan roma comedy he would have. Ryan and I w have identical cars, but she'd get mine I'd get hers, and a day would pass b we realized the mistake, a day in which But no, this is real life: we get our cars after all.

Still, Ryan drives off by herself, a and mom keeping it simple by fighting traffic with everyone else. □

Trigère

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 347 called one another to marvel at the revealed fact of Trigère's true age. "I had my face lifted only once," Trigère confesses proudly. "Forty years ago, by Dr. Ralph Millard in Miami, who had also worked on the Hiroshima victims." Artist Joe Eula, a friend since the 40s, remarks, "You want to know her secret? It's sex, and standing on her head!" Designer Geoffrey Beene, who used to buy Trigère's peerless jersey dresses, imposing coats, and dashing capes for his mother, adds, "Pauline Trigère worked harder, more ardently, and more devotedly than anyone. And her beginnings were very good."

The daughter of a tailor and a seamstress, Pauline Trigère was born in Paris in 1908, a few years after her parents and her brother, Solomon, called Sioma, had emigrated from Russia. The close-knit Jewish family, whose name was then Triger, lived in rooms behind the tailoring establishment they had set up near the Place Pigalle. Trigère hoped to become a surgeon, "but my father said he didn't want me playing with cadavers, especially male ones." Instead she got a job making muslins at the couture house of Martial et Armand on the Place Vendôme. "And I never graduated from the lycée, because I had a man after me," she says. That suitor was Lazar Radley—a Russian-Jewish tailor like her father—whom she married in 1929. Radley and Sioma operated a wholesale business on Boulevard de Rochechouart, and the couple lived at 19 Avenue de l'Opéra. Their first son, Jean Pierre, was born in 1932, and their second, Philippe, in 1935. When each boy arrived, Lazar presented his wife with a diamond clip.

In 1936 the Triger-Radley clan, divining the danger of Hitler, elected to move to Chile. The entire family (except for Trigère's father, who had dropped dead of a stroke in 1934) sailed first for North America on the *Normandie*. "It was a very terrible trip, with bad storms," Trigère says. "We arrived four days late." On December 26, 1936, they disembarked at New York.

Instead of heading for South America, the family, which spoke no English, settled in Manhattan. The Radleys took an apartment at the southwest corner of 94th Street and Madison Avenue, and Trigère's brother and her husband founded a wholesale coat-and-suit business at 1 West 47th Street called Trigère-Radley. The surname was now spelled with a final *e*—"Otherwise people called us Trigger," Trigère says—and Sioma now styled himself less ethnically as Robert. Jean Pierre and Philippe attended P.S. 6 and the French lycée, and when Pauline joined Trigère-Radley (the firm had begun to make dresses) her mother watched the children.

By 1941 the partnership on West 47th Street had self-destructed. "The combination of my father, Pauline, and Lazar was combustible," says Trigère's niece, Jane Trigère, Robert's only child. The dapper Robert left for a French fabric house, Trigère departed first to manufacturer Gershel and then, in September 194 the tonier premises of the entrepre Hattie Carnegie. "Jean Louis had left negie to go to Hollywood," Trigère rec "Norell had left to go to [the wholes Traina. Hattie needed someone. So she Travis Banton—he sketched—and she got me. I made his muslins. His payc was $300 a week, mine $65." But after P Harbor, Carnegie, anticipating fabric sh ages and diminished demand for cust made clothes, laid Trigère off.

After a trip to Boston, during which "slept for 24 hours," she returned to N York, resolved to go into business for self. For $50 a month she rented hal the loft at 18 East 56th Street, where had just toiled for Carnegie. When the er half of the space, which had been o pied by Carnegie's embroiderer, also e tied out, the rent bill doubled to $1 "How did I pay it? I pawned my diam clips," she says. And in January 1942, Tri and Robert, who had teamed up with sister as the fledgling company's salesm went to work with just enough impo fabric—"sold, given, and lent" them friends—to cut 11 dresses.

Trigère, Inc., was not exactly a ritzy o ation. On the bare walls Robert taped scr of paper, on which he scribbled, "Here be a Venetian mirror," "Here will go a Fre console." "And they stayed there for a l time," Trigère says. She served as her model and cutter, and the embroiderer's

wiring functioned as garment racks. By
h the brother and sister had their 11
les ready, all of them wool-crêpe dresses
esaling for about $40.
My brother took them in a suitcase and
led around the country by bus," Trigère
nts. "I owe my life to those first few
n who bought from Robert: Nan Duskin
iladelphia, Becky Blum in Chicago,
beth Quinlan in Minneapolis—her store
alled Young Quinlan—Amelia Gray in
Angeles. And soon after in New York,
were Martha [Phillips] and Hattie Car-
. These women knew their business,
usiness, their customers' business. They
selling taste. Their taste. All that's
gone, gone!"

fore long, Robert and
'auline were able to re-
the diamond clips. They
d to 57th Street and ex-
ed their staff. Sixteen-
old Lucille Lewis was
in 1944 to make shoul-
ads for $7 a week after
ol. "It's true that Miss
e was a hard taskmaster,"
s says today. "But she
asked you to do any-
she wouldn't do herself."
re's fierce dedication to
ork drove her company
anticipated heights, but
propelled her husband
he door. "One day my
and walked out and
t come back," she says.
aven't heard from him
the day he left. I brought
y boys alone—not one-
a penny from their fa-
He left me because I
ed to work, be myself.
as terribly European. I
ed to do something, be
thing."
s the business prospered
hin four years Pauline
Robert had attained an annual sales
ne of a million dollars—Trigère grad-
and subtly refined her appearance.
ook me a little while to learn how to
the part," she admits. By the late 40s
vas sufficiently glamorous to catch the
of an Italian swain named Nino Bis-
very good-looking, a fabulous dancer,
n the jewelry business, sort of," Trigère
nisces. And traveling to France alone
class in 1947 on the *Queen Elizabeth,*
ad her share of shipboard dalliances.
re were five or six men so sexy on
trip! So you have an adventure for a
," she says. Jane Trigère adds, "Imag-
what her relatives in France must have
ght when she returned for the first time after the war. She had left Paris a slightly dumpy-looking young mother. And she comes back this chic, rich woman with boyfriends. How'd she do it? I don't know. My aunt is some kind of aesthetic genius."

Just seven years after she founded her company, the jury of the American Fashion Critics conferred upon this freshly minted style maven its coveted Coty Award. To commemorate the occasion Robert bought his sister a Fabergé sapphire brooch. "I turned it into a turtle by adding a head, legs, and a tail in gold," she says. And when, two years later, she received a second Coty, Robert splurged on another Fabergé brooch, this time already in the form of a turtle. Trigère's mania for turtles—at least a thousand turtle-inspired ornaments embellish La Tortue, her country house in Lewisboro, New York—had begun a few years earlier, when she created some gold turtle pins for Nino Bisso's business, emblems which she still wears daily.

By the early 50s, Trigère had risen to a very respectable position in the world. Jean Pierre was attending M.I.T., Philippe was on his way to Harvard, Pauline had just rented a two-bedroom apartment at 525 Park Avenue, and the company had moved to the garment district's status address, 550 Seventh Avenue. Additionally, in a *coup de foudre,* Trigère met Julio Werthein, a wealthy, 35-year-old Argentinean Jew, at her lawyer's annual party in 1952. "And that was that," she says with a sigh. "There was no courting, no nothing. We slept together right away." But Werthein was already engaged to be married. "Just after I moved into my apartment, I gave an Election Day party," she recalls. "It was the Eisenhower-Stevenson race—I was for Stevenson, of course. An hour before the party started, I received a call from Julio. He said, 'Pauline, I'm free.' I said, 'Free for what?' And then he said, 'I just broke up with my fiancée.'" Pauline, however, declined his offer of marriage. "I didn't want to live in Buenos Aires," she explains. "There was nothing for me to do down there. I wasn't going to just sit there and look at him!" In all the succeeding years Julio never married or had any children. "This is one of the great love stories of all time," novelist Barbara Taylor Bradford, a friend, remarks.

In 1953, Trigère bought La Tortue, a late-18th-century white clapboard house 50 miles from New York City, with a pond and four and a half acres. "I didn't even have the $15,000 to buy it," she laments. "But I had insurance on my life that I could get back. So I told my boys, 'Now I'm not insured, but you have the house.' And today the house and gardens are my pride and joy. Do you know, I have even planted the vegetable garden on the bias, like my dresses!"



QUEEN PAULINE
Designer Pauline Trigère in the foyer of her Park Avenue apartment, wearing her 1973 logo day coat, January 13, 1999.

Bernadine Morris, in the early 50s a young reporter at *Women's Wear Daily,* remembers the enchanted aura of Trigère during the postwar boom years. "She was considered very chichi," Morris says. "The first time I was allowed to cover a Trigère show, I felt as if I were at Balenciaga, Dior, and Jacques Fath all wrapped into one. The glitter, the gauze! I was dazzled. I'd never seen anything that extravagant outside of the movies. And the clothes really gave the ladies a figure." Singer Phyllis McGuire, who owns 42 Trigère outfits and still performs in them with her sisters,

agrees. "Pauline understands women's bodies. She always knew women had boobs, because she has them herself!"

What was the secret behind the famous Trigère fit? As anyone who has watched her in action will attest, Pauline Trigère did not design from a paper-doll sketch. Instead she proceeded by draping fabric directly from the bolt onto a live model, "cutting freehand with her shears," explains her son Jean Pierre, "in the air, on the body, because she has some vision already distinctly formed in her head." Trigère adds, "This much I can claim for myself: no one in America ever cut and draped like I did. In Paris, yes—Vionnet, Lanvin, Balenciaga."

Though her clothes were always traditional in their craftsmanship and correct in their design, she herself could be quite unorthodox. In 1961, for example, she hired the first black model on Seventh Avenue, Beverly Valdes. "Sure, there were other girls before her," says Trigère's assistant of 45 years, Betty Terry, who is black herself. "But they were all half-white and passing." Whether it was her intention or not, Trigère unleashed a maelstrom of controversy. "The comments, the phone calls, the hate mail we got," Terry recalls. "Bonwit Teller threatened to cancel their account. One boutique owner grabbed me, saying, 'Don't put any clothes on her! I can't see how they look against black skin.'" One vitriolic individual even sent a letter saying, "You must be a Jew, because all Jews love niggers."

If anything, the conflict only fortified Trigère, Inc. "The 60s and 70s were our peak years with Pauline," says Lynn Manulis, daughter of Martha and former president of the eponymous boutique. "The Trigère look—princess dresses, capes, tailored coats and suits, fur trims—was exactly what our clients wanted." Jerry Solovei, couture buyer for Garfinkel's in Washington, D.C., from 1969 to 1971, says, "The following I had for Trigère! If she told them to sit there, they'd sit. If she told them to buy, they bought." And these customers remained true right into the 80s. Louise Vellane, a Bergdorf's buyer who later worked for Trigère, remembers that when *Women's Wear Daily* conducted a poll around 1983, asking women by whom they would most like to be dressed, they voted Pauline Trigère No. 1 for evening and No. 2 for day (after Bill Blass). "Oh, everybody passed through our doors," says Betty Terry. "The Duchess of Windsor (we made her a black tweed cocktail dress), Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Paulette Goddard, Claudette Colbert, Arlene Francis, Kitty Carlisle Hart, Lena Horne, Angela Lansbury, Josephine Baker (she liked our jumpsuits and pantsuits)."

At its height, in the mid-80s, Trigère, Inc., reached an annual sales volume of $6 million. Yet from a strictly commercial point of view the company was shortsighted. Perhaps because Robert's departure from the company in 1973 somehow threw her off course, or maybe simply because the idea violated her sense of ethics, Trigère never jumped on the licensing bandwagon with the avidity, or cupidity, of most of her colleagues. Fashion publicist Eleanor Lambert says that at "a time when designers were coming out as personalities," Trigère remained indifferent to the new, swankier rules. "There's no posh to Pauline," explains her friend impresario Anna Sosenko. When her peers began staging elaborate catwalk spectacles in hotel ballrooms, Trigère persisted with her old format of intimate *défilés* in her showroom. "It would have been out of character for her to change her essential nature," Lambert says. "But I think at the time it hurt her—especially with licensing."

Not only was it against her nature to affect grand couturière airs, it also went against her grain to allow anyone else to design scarves or jewelry bearing her name. She insisted on a hands-on—literally—approach to everything; the ad for her scent, Liquid Chic, launched in 1973, actually featured her own bejeweled, scarlet-tipped, disembodied hand gracefully poised over the faceted crystal bottle. Jerry Shaw, who engineered Oscar de la Renta's vast licensing program, says, "If you don't get outside help, you go right down the drain. I really don't know how she stayed in business as long as she did without licensing." Her one successful license was for outerwear, manufactured with Abe Schrader from 1979 to 1985 under the label "A Trigère Coat." Generating between $11 million and $13 million annually, from which Trigère received a 7 to 7½ percent royalty, the licensing arrangement "should have gone on for years and years," states one Seventh Avenue insider. "But when Pauline found out Abe had hired someone to help with the design, she hit the ceiling."

Trigère says, "Listen, I was the biggest schmuck who ever lived. I should have sold my name, my body, liquor, brassieres, jockstraps!" Joe Eula counters, "That's bullshit! Pauline was true to herself all the way. The others all sold their asses out. She did exactly what she should have done. She did it perfectly."

The vigor of Pauline Trigère and her company were again tested in the mid-80s, when Fairchild Publications' almighty trade paper, *Women's Wear Daily,* abruptly dropped her from its pages. Jean Pierre, at this point Trigère's president, believes the ax fell "because of something I said in *Crain's.* I told a reporter that I doubted Mr. Fairchild's judgment, since his publication pretended Geoffrey Beene didn't exist. Suddenly we became 'nonpersons.'" Pauline Trigère continues, "It's stupid, ridiculous. John Fairchild still speaks to me. When I see him, he always asks, 'How's your love life?' And I answer, 'Which one?'"

Even so, Trigère made a very public appeal to Fairchild via a full-page ad, beginning first in *Fashions of the Times* in August 1988. Beneath the phrase "A Love Letter to John Fairchild from Pauline Trigère" sat a note handwritten in red on a sheet of the designer's personal stationery: "After all these years and so many terrific collections—is it really over between us? You don't call. You don't write. I love *you.*" The ad created such a stir—Stanley Marcus, in an editorial in *The Dallas Morning News,* proclaimed that "only Pauline Trigère has had the courage to publicly protest ... this pompous, self-appointed fashion dictator"—that she reprised the ad a year later in a second missive directed to Fairchild.

In spite of these efforts, the trade press continued to ignore Trigère. But tributes from other fashion-industry institutions helped make up for the slight. In September 1988 the Fashion Institute of Technology celebrated the 50th anniversary of Trigère, in the longest run in Seventh Avenue history with an exhibition, fashion show, and dinner presided over by New York City mayor David Dinkins. Just a few months later, on February 1, 1993, the Council of Fashion Designers of America honored Trigère at Lincoln Center with its highest distinction, the Lifetime Achievement Award. Trigère brought down the house with her earthy acceptance speech, her quirky visor, and her racy outfit—a clinging, rhinestone-encrusted black jersey jumpsuit with a plunging neckline and deep, flesh-baring armholes. "It was a little bit *osé,* don't you think?" she inquires rhetorically.

Even as Trigère was being heaped with accolades, her company, through no real fault of her own, was collapsing. Adam, along with fellow designers Adri and Galanos, of the lethal rash of closings and buyouts that plagued the industry in the early 90s (Martha's filed for bankruptcy in 1992, I. Magnin and Nan Duskin disappeared in 1994, Montaldo's closed in 1995), Trigère, Inc., was sinking inexorably into a financial quagmire. "I was choked up to here, everybody owed me so much money," Trigère says. Friends advised that she too declare Chapter 11. "It would have been easier," Trigère says firmly. "But not me." Instead she fulfilled her obli-

; to her creditors by pumping her own tal back into the business. "She owed ybody, but she paid back every pen- says Lucie Porges. "Pauline has the t terrific perseverance."

1 1993, tightening her gutsy little belt, ère, after 41 years, moved out of 550 nth Avenue and into her former cutting n on West 39th Street. Now further re- d to an office at 230 Park Avenue, Concepts, as the company is currently d, consists of the occasional phone or- aken by Lucille Lewis or Trigère from customers, Jean Pierre says, or "from r space—for jewelry, jeweled dickeys, tchkes, or perfume." Trigère reflects, happily start up a new license—for the ume, the scarves, or maybe even fake I would go on QVC. But they don't want to take my name, because I'm over 50. I can't change my age. So screw them!"

It is a brilliant autumn afternoon and Pauline Trigère is perusing some old scrapbooks in the sunroom of La Tortue. Her maid has brought out chopped liver, tuna fish, and homegrown-eggplant spread, concocted by Trigère herself, to serve along with cocktails. Her lunchtime drink, as always, is one gin martini with olives, ice on the side. "You know—I wasn't so bad," she says. "I made real clothes for women. No meshuggener crazy things with the belly button open and a sleeve on the behind. Look at this broadtail dress, on the bias. And this ermine dress, 1964. Sleeveless fur—very chic. Did I wear it? Yes, ma'am, I did. Here's one, coin-dotted, that I designed for the opening of Lincoln Center. See the quality of longevity—very rare."

She seats herself at the head of her teak-and-marble dining table. "When I die, I want two big parties. One in the country and one in the city. And I want my ashes scattered on my flower garden. But I have one last request before they cremate me—they have to put red lipstick on me!" Delicately stirring her famous cold sorrel soup before savoring it, she continues, in her throaty murmur, "The one thing I would have liked for my birthday"—she has just turned 91—"is more time. Time flies. Time disappears. I ask myself, What am I doing here? But I feel like I belong to the next millennium." And then, her attention lurching back to the present, she rings the turtle call bell beside her plate, summoning the next course. □

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ima

TINUED FROM PAGE 352 Goodman. And ad that girl singer who was an Indian? y Smith? Good God Almighty!"

ut if you take stock of 20th-century rican popular music, you'll find Prima's rprints all over it. It was he, and not ny Goodman, who wrote Goodman's ture song, "Sing, Sing, Sing," arguably most famous composition of the big- l era. Prima also had his own big band e 40s, and before that, in the 30s, he a Dixieland combo, Louis Prima and New Orleans Gang. This very adapt- y is part of what makes Prima's contri- on to music unique; as the slogan went he stationery he had printed up in the 60s, "This Cat's Got Nine Lives."

nd Prima was no mere chameleonic tante, casually trying on whatever musi- tyle might make him a buck. His Dix- d group was the hottest thing on New 's 52nd Street in 1935; *Variety* once ed him "the Italian Satchmo." His 40s and, while never as huge as Goodman's lenn Miller's, was among the first white to regularly play the Apollo Theatre in lem, and his enthusiastic embrace of c audiences caught the attention of the rights-minded Eleanor Roosevelt, who 942 invited him to the White House re he greeted F.D.R. by saying "Hello, dy!"). In the 1950s he was one of the older musicians to successfully incorpo- rock 'n' roll elements into his sound ess the Bill Haleyish punch of "Jump, an' Wail"), and in the 1960s he tem- rily revived his faltering career by sup- ng the voice of King Louie, the wily gutan, in Disney's animated film *The le Book*. Even in the early 70s, as pop ire passed him by, Prima kept a sublim- inal foothold: Sonny and Cher's comic personae on their TV show—joker and deadpan, Italian beast and Native American beauty—were swiped pretty much wholesale from Louis and Keely's 50s act.

Furthermore, there's much to be said for Prima's comic gifts. Whereas the Rat Pack's boozy, improvisatory japing was not so much funny as *krr-azy*, Prima was *funny* funny, with a flair for physical comedy and inspiredly bizarre patter. Jive, in his mind, was not the secret language of jazzers, a shield against the uncool world, but a happy banter to be shared with his audience. "*Scong* is real new," Prima explained to a reporter in 1964, citing one of his neologisms. "Cats sometimes use scong for a put-on. Like, say a Wanda waitress—a Wanda's a lady who never smiles—she says to you, 'Mr. Prima, how's your steak?' And the steak's strictly nowhere. You say, 'Oh, the steak was really *scong*.' But the cats at your table, they know you didn't dig that steak at all."

Finally, let it not be discounted how good Louis's act with Keely actually was. Though they're often taken for Vegas schlockmeisters, their Capitol Records years from 1956 to 1959 are crammed with stylish pop. To furnish just a few examples: Louis's scatting version of "I've Got the World on a String," Keely's mellifluous "I Wish You Love," and their call-and-response tours de force "I've Got You Under My Skin" and "I Got It Bad and That Ain't Good," which are sort of outer-borough paisano analogues to the Park Avenue–posh duets of Louis Armstrong and Ella Fitzgerald: the same alchemical mix of gravelly and bell-clear voices.

Their Casbar Lounge act also has a kind of historical significance. Before Louis and Keely, the casino lounge was essentially a dead space, a place for ladies to enjoy liquid refreshment and some unintrusive ivory-tickling while their husbands gambled in the pits; the real entertainment took place in a casino's main theater, invariably known as the "big room." But Louis and Keely, with their supercharged audiovisual assault, changed all that. When we use the term "lounge act"—referring to a *show*, as opposed to mere background music—we're talking about something that they more or less invented.

From her home in Palm Springs, California, Keely Smith views the renewed interest in her music with a mixture of vindication and wonderment. Still in excellent voice at the age of 67, and still wearing the bob, she recounts how in September of last year, to her astonishment, she found herself playing before a packed room at the House of Blues on the Sunset Strip in Los Angeles, a club more associated with blues and rock acts. "I'd heard they were interested in booking me, so I called and told them I'd do a tribute to Louis Prima, with a 17-piece band and film clips," she says. The club readily agreed. Smith, nevertheless nervous about what kind of draw she'd be, invited a battalion of what she calls "my people"—old Vegas friends such as Jack Jones, Shecky Greene, and Ralph Young. But her efforts turned out to be unnecessary. "The place," she says, "was mobbed with kids."

Smith has just completed an album of Prima-associated songs entitled *Swing, Swing, Swing*, the novelty of which is that, for the first time, she takes over Louis's lead vocal parts, using his phrasings rather than her own. This in itself is something of a breakthrough, for the Louis-and-Keely saga ended badly, with a bitter divorce in 1961 and dimmed careers for both. In subsequent years Smith always included Prima material in her solo act, and acknowledged that "without Louis Prima there would be no Keely Smith," but she strove to maintain a

Prima

separate identity for herself, and rebuffed her ex-husband's approaches about a possible reunion. Now, however, she's come to regret this hard-line stance. "It shouldn't have ended the way it did," she says of their act. "It didn't need to. Sometimes I wish I'd had enough sense to try to keep it up. It would have made sense."

Louie came up with the shuffle. He wanted the shuffle. We used to do that fuckin' shuffle all the time—dibba-dibba-dibba-dib! *Nobody did it but us!*

—Jimmy Vincent, Prima's drummer, on and off, from the 1940s through the 1970s.

The shuffle is two things, really. It's the finger-snappin', hop-along beat that became Prima's trademark, underpinning every style of music that he ever took on, and it's also his signature physical motion—an erotic little wiggle that originated in his pelvis, snaked down his femur, and shook out through his ankle. (Elvis Presley was a confirmed Prima fan, but because Prima didn't perform in the rock idiom, *The Ed Sullivan Show* let him get away with a lot more, gyration-wise, than it ever did Elvis.)

The shuffle is what set Prima apart from the get-go, along with genuine musical chops and a demented sense of humor. All three are on display in one of his earliest filmed appearances, in a 1936 movie called *Rhythm on the Range,* a runaway-heiress musical starring Bing Crosby and Frances Farmer. Prima turns up near the end, rather inexplicably, as a trumpet-playing ranch hand, wiggling and parping through the final number, "I'm an Old Cowhand." He still looks like a gangly kid, his curly hair greased down in a center part, but when he opens his mouth to sing his suggestive three lines—"They fed me hot tamales the day I was born / I been red hot ever since that morn / When I start to cool, I just grab my horn"—the voice is the familiar sandpapery rasp of later lounge repute.

By the time of *Rhythm on the Range,* Prima was already a star, having come up from his native New Orleans, conquered New York, and moved out West to try his luck in Hollywood. It was Guy Lombardo, America's Canadian-born New Year's Eve toastmaster, who got the ball rolling. In 1934, Lombardo, then 32 years old and a big-time bandleader and radio star, was in New Orleans with his band, the Royal Canadians, during Mardi Gras. One night, according to his autobiography, *Auld Acquaintance,* he was strolling past the divey clubs clustered on Bourbon Street when, through the doorway of one of them, he heard "the sound of a trumpet, different and more piercing than any I had experienced. I walked into the tiny club, which was almost empty. On the bandstand was an olive-skinned trumpet player, hardly more than a boy—[he was] putting as much into the show as if the place overflowed with patrons." The kid on trumpet was 23-year-old Louis Prima, and the club was the Shim-Sham, one of several joints owned by Prima's older brother, Leon. Impressed, Lombardo introduced himself to Louis and made a pitch for him to come to New York, where swing music was just taking off, and where Lombardo had connections.

Prima's idol, Louis Armstrong, had transcended his local success in precisely this manner, by leaving his hometown of New Orleans and finding his way to New York. Prima had been playing the trumpet since the age of 14, initially over the vehement objections of his mother, Angelina. A stereotypically controlling Sicilian matriarch who was forever plotting her children's futures and preparing multicourse meals for them, Angelina had hopes for Louis to become a violinist. (Prima's father, Anthony, a huge, taciturn soda-pop distributor, was more laissez-faire.) But Louis, bridling at the "longhair stuff" his violin instructor made him play, looked enviously at his brother Leon's cornet.

"Leon was really a better musician than Louie was," says Lilyann Carol, the girl singer in Prima's 1940s big band. "But he was quiet. He wasn't a showman. Louie was funnier." Leon's interests were more entrepreneurial; he owned several other clubs in New Orleans. (The third Prima sibling, Elizabeth, became a nun, Sister MaryAnn.) So it was Louis who emerged as the local hero on trumpet; by his late teens, with Leon's help getting bookings, he was already making a name for himself in various New Orleans combos and orchestras.

Leaving New Orleans meant shucking a young wife and child, which would become something of a pattern for Prima. Louise Polizzi, his first wife, whom he had married at 18, was an unassuming local girl whose ambitions didn't extend beyond wifehood and the boundaries of Little Palermo, the heavily Sicilian section of the French Quarter in which she and Prima grew up. Louise would speak graciously of Prima until her death in 1994, but their romantic relationship was effectively a blip, and he had little contact with his daughter by her, Joyce. "When Louie divorced the wife, he also divorced the children," says Keely Smith.

Prima arrived in New York in September of 1934. According to Garry Boulard, who chronicled Prima's rise exhaustively in his 1989 biography, *"Just a Gigolo": The Life and Times of Louis Prima,* Lombardo's first idea was to send Prima to Eddie Davis, one of the owners of Leon and Eddie's, a nightclub on the then hopping block 52nd Street between Fifth and Sixth Avenues. Davis, alas, declined to hire Prima, evidently because he pegged him as some sort of miscegenated mutt—how else to explain the curly hair, olive skin, fleshy lips, and raspy voice? (Ironically, this same perceived racial ambiguity would endear Prima to black audiences; Sammy Davis Jr. said blacks adored Prima because they suspected he was secretly one of them.) But Jack Colt, who was starting up an after-hours club on 52nd Street called the Famous Door, was more magnanimous. He hired Prima to open his club, in March of the following year.

Both Prima and the Famous Door were instant successes. Prima had used the months between Davis's rejection and Colt's acceptance to put together a five-piece band, the New Orleans Gang, featuring the great Pee Wee Russell on clarinet. The recordings that survive from this era—primarily on the Brunswick label in late 1934 and early 1935—are pretty much straight Dixieland, the kind of music that plays under the titles of Woody Allen films, but the sound is tighter and less improvisatory than what was actually being played down in Dixie. (The title of one of these songs, "I Don't Have a Jubilee," became Prima's 1935 catchphrase.) To New York audiences, though, Prima, with his undulating pelvis, jumping Negroid music, and loony, exotic patter—what the writer Nick Tosches has called his "jive glossolalia"—was electrifying, titillating, hot.

Among Prima's fans was Louis "Pretty Boy" Amberg, the Jewish gangster. Prima said that one of the main reasons Prima left New York so soon after his Famous Door success—he'd settled in Los Angeles by October of 1935—was that various mobsters were trying to horn in on his action, offering to "sponsor" him in exchange for promising to do as they said. "Louie was offered a big sum to play at some other club," says Mitch Miller, the producer and musician (of "Sing Along with . . . " fame) who saw Prima perform at the Famous Door, and who later worked as Prima's producer at Columbia Records. "But the Famous Door was controlled by Jewish mobsters out of Brooklyn, and they let him know that if he didn't stay there, he'd pay. So he decided to get the hell out of there and go to his family in New Orleans. The way he told it to me, they came to get him in New Orleans, and his mother chased them away from the house with a rolling pin."

After the New Orleans visit, Prima headed west, trying to parlay the success of his Brunswick records, which were becoming national jukebox hits, into film work and more club dates. With a partner, he to

the lease of a Hollywood club called Blue Heaven, on Willoughby and Vine ets, and renamed it the Famous Door. ore no official relation to the 52nd t club, but it did the same robust busi- . In Boulard's biography, Lou Masin- Prima's bassist at the time, remembers clientele as "all these young actors and sses, and kids like Mickey Rooney and ie Cooper."

hough his Famous Door popularity led veral bit roles in lightweight late-30s ies—he appeared in, among other pic- , *Rhythm on the Range, Rose of Wash- n Square* (with Al Jolson), and *You t Have Everything* (with Alice Faye and Ameche)—Prima's conquest of Hol- od might be better ured in the num- of women he bed- Masinter, describ- is boss's appeal in her interview, said, women, he had an tion that—one word, nk, that would say uld be *sensuous.*" ng the enraptured Jean Harlow, with n Prima had a brief not long before her 1 in 1937. "He was the stud in his day," Keely Smith. "Jean w, and I think may- ucille Ball. And he a serious thing with ha Raye."

ima's sexual prowess emains, to this day, ject of awe among e who knew him. was a fuckin' degen- man!" says Jimmy ent. "Four or five a night! I says, v you do it, Louie?' ays, 'Jimmy, I don't e, I just save it all for the last girl of the !'" Unbidden testimonials to the great 's manhood are practically de rigueur. had a cock like *this,* and *this* wide," Mitch Miller, configuring his hands to oximate the dimensions of, respective- yardstick and a flapjack. "Oh, man!" Vincent. "I used to say, 'Louie, when were born and they slapped your ass, musta gone "Neiiigh!"'"

ith his pick of Hollywood starlets, Pri- settled, momentarily, on Alma Ross, ctress-dancer who was briefly under ract to Paramount. They married in , not long after his marriage to Louise zzi was legally dissolved. Ross proved e Prima's Ava Gardner—dark-haired, ravishingly beautiful, but forever locked in battle with him. "Whenever Louie was sleeping with someone or having an affair, I'd leave him, and of course he'd deny all along something was up," Ross told Boulard, the biographer. "But then, after I was gone, Louie discovered that he loved me and he'd do anything to get me back." This pattern repeated itself throughout the early 40s, though they were not officially divorced until 1947.

During the early years of his marriage to Ross, Prima sensed that big bands were taking off. It was in January 1938 that Benny Goodman and His Orchestra played their groundbreaking Carnegie Hall concert (the first ever in the venue by a jazz-swing band), the centerpiece of which was an extended, ebbing and flowing version of Prima's "Sing, Sing, Sing," featuring a cathartic, incredibly long drum solo by Gene Krupa. (Vincent, bearing out Bobby Short's words, says that Goodman never expressed appropriate gratitude to Prima: "Louie'd say, 'Look at Benny Goodman—he don't even say hello to me. He thinks I'm fuckin' corny!'") Prima struggled initially in his efforts to organize a big band of his own, experiencing the first serious downturn of his career. "It was really lean in the early days," says Lilyann Carol, née Caroline Greco of Brooklyn, whom Prima took on as his girl singer in 1940, when she was only 16. "I remember playing these one-night stands in strange cities, where afterward I would get some crackers for three cents and add ketchup and hot water so I could have soup."

By the mid-1940s, however, Prima was bigger than he'd been in the 30s. On the strength of their 1945 hit "Robin Hood," the 17-piece Louis Prima Orchestra was selling out places such as the Strand Theatre in New York and the Panther Room in Chicago. (World War II didn't interrupt Prima's career; he was exempted from military service by a bad knee.) Prima was also carving out a new niche for himself with his first batch of Italian novelty songs, among them "Angelina," "Please No Squeeza da Banana," and "Felicia No Capicia." His income by the late 40s was hovering around $500,000 a year, the equivalent of millions in today's dollars, and his life took on the trappings of big-time radio stardom: he had a large fan club, the Prima Donas; a populist slogan, "Play pretty for the people"; and a collection of racehorses with names such as Play Pretty, King Pretty, and That's Pretty. And soon he would develop a sprawling vacation compound in Covington, Louisiana, called Pretty Acres.

He was also honing a promising new shtick he'd built around his girl singer. "When I worked with him, he would kid around behind me, clowning and kibitzing," says Carol. "I'd sing, '*Last night I had a dream,*' and he'd say, 'You oughta hear the dreams I had last night, baby!'"

LOUIS: Whoa, you're the lover I have waited for!
KEELY: You're the mate that fate had me created for!

—"That Old Black Magic."

In 1946, Lilyann Carol left Prima's orchestra over a salary dispute. "He was very tight," she says. The third Mrs. Prima, the former Tracelene Barrett, remembers that finding a replacement for Carol was



PALM SPRINGS ETERNAL
Keely Smith, still wearing her signature bob, photographed at the Willows Historic Inn of Palm Springs in February 1999.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JONATHAN BECKER



Prima

difficult. "Lilyann was so dynamic," she
"The next girl was Cathy Allen, who wa
adequate singer but not a good foil. A
her was Florida Keyes, who was sensati
looking but couldn't sing worth beans.
a girl from the Bronx named Tange
Then Keely. Louie fired Keely twice,
know, but I persuaded him to take
back. I thought she had the making
something."

Tracelene Barrett had come into
ma's life in 1944, when he was keepin
office in midtown Manhattan. She wa
years old and just a few days remo
from her hometown of Tacoma, Wash
ton, when she ducked into a theate
herself to catch a show by someone
never heard of, Louis Prima. Enscon
herself up front, Barrett caught the b
leader's eye, "and he played the wh
darn show to me." After the show, Pr
put on the full-court press—sending o
minion to collect her, offering a tour of
backstage, inviting her to dinner.

Barrett explained that she'd come to
York to attend modeling school. "No w
said Prima, "you're coming to work
me." He hired Barrett to be his bookk
er. "All of a sudden," says Carol, "he's
ing with her, and she's giving us our
checks." Barrett and Prima were enga
within six months of meeting, but t
wedding waited until 1948, by which t
Prima was fully extricated from his r
riage to Alma Ross.

As Prima was settling into a momen
lull of domestic contentment with Tracel
naming various racehorses (Tracelette)
pleasure boats (*Tracelene II*) after her, D
thy Keely, a teenage, self-described "ji
bug nut" from Norfolk, Virginia, was sit
at home memorizing the words to his
ords. She'd first caught his act by chanc
the summer of 1947, when her family
an overheated New York City, where t
were vacationing, for Atlantic City, where
Louis Prima Orchestra was performin
the Steel Pier. So taken with Prima's act
Keely that she persuaded the owner of
local hangout, the shorefront Surf Clu
Virginia Beach, to book Prima for a s
mertime show in 1948.

When Prima arrived in Virginia Bea
his girl-singer problem still wasn't so
out. The first night of his weekend-long
gagement, he announced from the st
that he was willing to try out any girl v
wanted to give it a shot. Keely was in
audience, and though she had done sc
singing on a local kiddie radio progr
she didn't have the nerve to audition.
did, however, befriend Barrett-Prima, wh
she noticed sitting alone behind the ba

l. "My kid brother, Piggy, asked her if vanted to sit with us," says Smith. "And ld Tracelene that I was a singer. Tracy Louie."

nat Sunday, Prima and his band per- ed an afternoon engagement, known as dance, at the Surf Club. Prima, unim- ed with the girls who'd tried out thus vanted to meet this Dorothy Keely he'd l about. Vincent says that he played a in fanning Prima's desire. "We'd spot- er on the beach in a bathing suit when rst got to Virginia," he says. "I wanted ck her!" He thought he might achieve nd by building her up to the Chief, as nusicians called Prima, and getting her he traveling band.

nat afternoon, Keely was back on the n, sunbathing, not far from the club. enly, over the loudspeaker, she heard, : Keely, please come to the band- l!" "I was barefoot, and I had to bor- a skirt and blouse just to come in," n says. Prima asked her what songs she . She sang, to the band's accompani- , "Embraceable You" and "Sleepy Time ' Her performance was tentative, but a decided to give her a chance: "He me on the spot, and I traveled with hat Thursday to Boston." Prima decid- e name Dot Keely wouldn't do. Keely sted that she use the surname of her ed stepfather, a carpenter named Jesse n. "Louie said, 'Well, how about Dot- lae Smith?' I thought that was awful." compromised on Keely Smith.

r a 17-year-old girl raised poor but with mpeccable southern manners, working the likes of Prima and Vincent was a n education in salty talk and the ways e tomcat. Even now, after decades of s life, Smith still can't abide cursing sexual frankness; she says she con- lated marriage to Frank Sinatra in the s, when they had a romance in her Louis and his pre-Mia days, "but he d so filthy, I didn't want to raise kids nd that."

nith's mother insisted that her daughter l in Louis and Tracelene's car, with the ily married couple, rather than with Pri- pawing, panting sidemen. "Keely be- my best friend," says Barrett-Prima. two were initially each other's confi- s. Smith, for her part, says she was not, ose early days, even remotely attracted ima. "He was hairy," she says. "In the nertime, when we did the tea dances, oys would wear these short-sleeved shirts. He'd put his arm around me for mber and I'd just cringe."

vidently, Prima was not yet enamored nith, either. He let her go, in Barrett- a's version because he thought Smith too raw and undeveloped a talent, in Smith's version because Barrett-Prima had begun to plot against her. Barrett-Prima says that she insisted Prima keep Smith on as a bookkeeper in the New York office. Smith says she found another office job in New York before being reinstated in the band. It was in this period, as Tracelene grew increasingly large with her and Louis's daughter, Tracelene junior, that the dynamic among the three definitively shifted. "I was so young, and I never learned to argue with him," says Barrett-Prima. "We never resolved a problem when it came up. I realized he was having an affair, and I didn't know you could love someone and have an affair." By 1949, Smith and Prima were openly a couple, and Barrett-Prima was the odd one out.

When Smith had first met Prima, he was still a fixture on the pop charts; his songs "Civilization" and "Thousand Islands" were hits on the RCA-Victor label in '47 and '48. But the man she fell in love with, and in 1953 married, very quickly became yesterday's news. The late-40s, early-50s interregnum between swing and rock 'n' roll was a tough time for bandleaders, and many of them, Prima included, were forced to break up their "orchestras." Louis and Keely's jolly, Mitch Miller–produced material for Columbia Records from this period didn't do much business, either. Schlocky and glutinous, these high-Eisenhower productions (recorded between 1951 and 1953) made the mistake of undercutting the couple's lech-and-jailbait erotic potency. Prima sounded particularly vasectomized, even as he sang, "The bigger the figure, the better I like her / The better I like her, the better I feed her / The better I feed her, the bigger the figure / The bigger the figure, the more I can *looove*."

By the early 50s, Prima and Smith had been reduced to a duo, working with whatever house band a club offered them, sometimes performing successive one-night stands as far as 700 miles apart. "Television did it, I think," says Smith. "It ruined the touring bands." But Prima was not ready to retire, in part because performing was his life, and in part because, for all the money he'd made, he was burdened with alimony payments, child-support payments, and 10 very expensively maintained racehorses (some of which he soon sold off). Late in 1954, with Smith pregnant with their first child, Prima called Bill Miller, an old acquaintance from New Jersey who had taken on the job of entertainment director at the Sahara in Las Vegas. Miller said the best he could offer was two weeks in the lounge. Prima was embarrassed not to get the big room, but in his reduced circumstances he had no leverage. He grabbed the job, bringing along Smith and a pickup combo of five musicians. They drove in a five-car caravan, with Smith, in her first trimester, "getting sick in every state."

The Casbar Lounge, says Smith, was decidedly grim: "A low ceiling, poor ventilation, one spotlight, one microphone, and an upright piano—no room for a baby grand. And there was a service bar right in front of us!" And they were working the graveyard shift, midnight to six. Given the circumstances, the two weeks went surprisingly well. Milton Prell, the Sahara's owner, extended their engagement and indulged Prima's plea to move the service bar to the other side of the room.

But the backing musicians, "New York–New Jersey guys" in Smith's recollection, were unhappy with an indefinite stay in Las Vegas, especially since it was the holiday season. So Prima called up Sam Butera, a 27-year-old saxophonist who was pulling big crowds at his brother Leon's 500 Club. "Sam, you got to come out to Vegas, and bring three guys for a rhythm section," Prima said. "We're going to have a brand-new show, man. I need you as quick as I can get you."

Butera recalls that when he arrived Louis and Keely were using "stupid fuckin' arrangements, stock band arrangements." He, by contrast, was immersed in R&B, blues, and bebop: "When I went to a record shop, I never bought the white records, that Pat Boone

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7. I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.
(Signed) Charles H. Townsend, Executive Vice President

Prima

shit. I bought black records—they *swung.*" With Prima, he fashioned new arrangements that combined the former's trademark shuffle with the latter's R&B sensibility. The results were swing-rock hybrids such as "Just a Gigolo"/"I Ain't Got Nobody" and "Jump, Jive, an' Wail." "It wasn't rock 'n' roll we played," says Butera. "It was our own sound—it was *us.*" And it was Butera who imported crack players from New Orleans who became the Witnesses. He says the band got its name early on, when Prima, at the close of a Casbar Lounge show, told the audience, "I thank you on behalf of Keely Smith, Sam Butera, and"—still not knowing the names of his new backing musicians—"the Witnesses!"

The Prima-Smith-Butera-Witnesses act wasn't immediately the machine it would be on Dinah Shore's show in '59, nor was its early audience the idealized Vegas crowd of Rat Packers and flash boulevardiers. "We belonged to cabdrivers, hookers, waitresses," says Smith. "That's who supported us." But in those early weeks Prima was able to hone the off-kilter revue dynamic that became famous—the nutball Lothario bandleader with his enticingly standoffish bride and feral sidekick. The visual richness of Louis and Keely was enough of a starting point—he in the toupee he began wearing around '51, she in the bob she adopted around the same time. But Prima's real genius was to turn what was potentially Smith's biggest liability—her onstage stiffness—into an asset.

Smith, almost preposterously, says she had no idea her deadpan face and bored mannerisms were being turned by her husband into fodder for their act. "It was never consciously an act," she says. "I was just shy and quiet, and when it wasn't my turn to sing lead, I just folded my arms and stared ahead. I was being nosy, in fact. I was watching everything in the lounge. I could tell you who was coming or going. I was in another world. When Louie came up and pulled on my skirt and I looked irritated, I was irritated that he'd broken my train of thought—I wasn't irritated *at* him." She was similarly oblivious to the fact that her husband had worked her unconscious compulsion to scratch her face into the routine. "We went on Sinatra's TV show and they asked me to scratch on cue," Smith says. "Louie said, 'She doesn't scratch on cue.' In Vegas we had hard water, so I was itchy all the time."

As the act coalesced, word started spreading among the Vegas cognoscenti that Prima and Smith were worth checking out. "They were on their way fuckin' out," says Butera of the couple, "but then, all of a sudden—*BAM!* Everybody started coming. Everybody who was a star came to see us." The Casbar Lounge became the after-hours destination of the big-room headliners, a place to unwind and get loaded when their own shows were finished. For non-celebrities, the entertainment was double-barreled: you had Louis and Keely onstage, and Frank, Dino, and Sammy in the audience, heckling them. "Sammy would call out requests," says Smith. "Frank, if he was bombed, was liable to do anything—walk up onstage, interrupt Louie. Howard Hughes came. Senator John Kennedy. R. J. Wagner. Natalie Wood." Before long, the lounge was outdrawing the big room, and the crowds were spilling so close to the casino pits that Prell, the Sahara's owner, had the lounge enclosed, and its sound and lighting systems upgraded. Prima and Smith's two-week engagement in 1954 would extend all the way into 1959.

A pictorial from the October 22, 1956, issue of *Life* magazine is indicative of the national attention Prima and Smith now commanded. Under the headline DUO DOES DOUBLE DUTY, it depicts the Primas' upside-down life of starting work in the early evening—they were subbing for a canceled big-room act as well as working the lounge—finishing work at six A.M., and then having breakfast with their 18-month-old daughter, Toni, at eight, after which they went to bed and their governess took over. (Their second daughter, Luanne Francis—with an *i,* after Sinatra—was born in 1957.)

Louis and Keely's popularity precipitated an inevitable backlash. The unnamed prig who reviewed their show for *Time* magazine in 1959 (headline: THE WAGES OF VULGARITY) chastised Prima for his "low estimate of nightclubbers' taste" and reported with horror that the audience actually seemed to like their salacious dialogue, as when Prima yowled, "She's been holding out on me!," to which Smith replied, "I'm too young for him."

"*Time* wrote that we were vulgar, but I never thought we were vulgar," says Smith. "I think we should have been allowed leeway for the fact that we were husband and wife." Smith recalls these impossibly busy years at the Sahara as the best of her life with Prima. "I was just happy and in love," she says. "Louie was a wonderful father in the early years of the lounge, very much a homebody. A good baker too—he'd make pastries and fish. The only thing he did outside the house was play golf. He'd play golf with Dean."

"Keely did what Louie fuckin' told her to do," says Butera. "The only thing he let her do was sing, which was the best thing she could do." Smith doesn't dispute this chauvinistic version of events. "He'd al get his way," she says. "Keely Smith almost like a puppet, really—a nice, sw naïve young girl. I never knew how bi were, not until we broke up. I never ticed the pockmarks on his face until the divorce."

In 1956, Capitol released *The Wil* an album-length distillation of the Ca Lounge act, and its success inspired sequels *The Call of the Wildest* (wit cover featuring Prima pretending to monize with a stuffed moose), *The Wi Show at Tahoe,* and *The Wildest Comes H* These records and the singles off them turned Prima to the charts for the first t since the 40s, and Smith's debut solo bum, *I Wish You Love,* sold a million ies. Ed Sullivan later said that there only two acts in the 50s whose mere nounced booking on his show guarant him high ratings: Elvis Presley, and L and Keely.

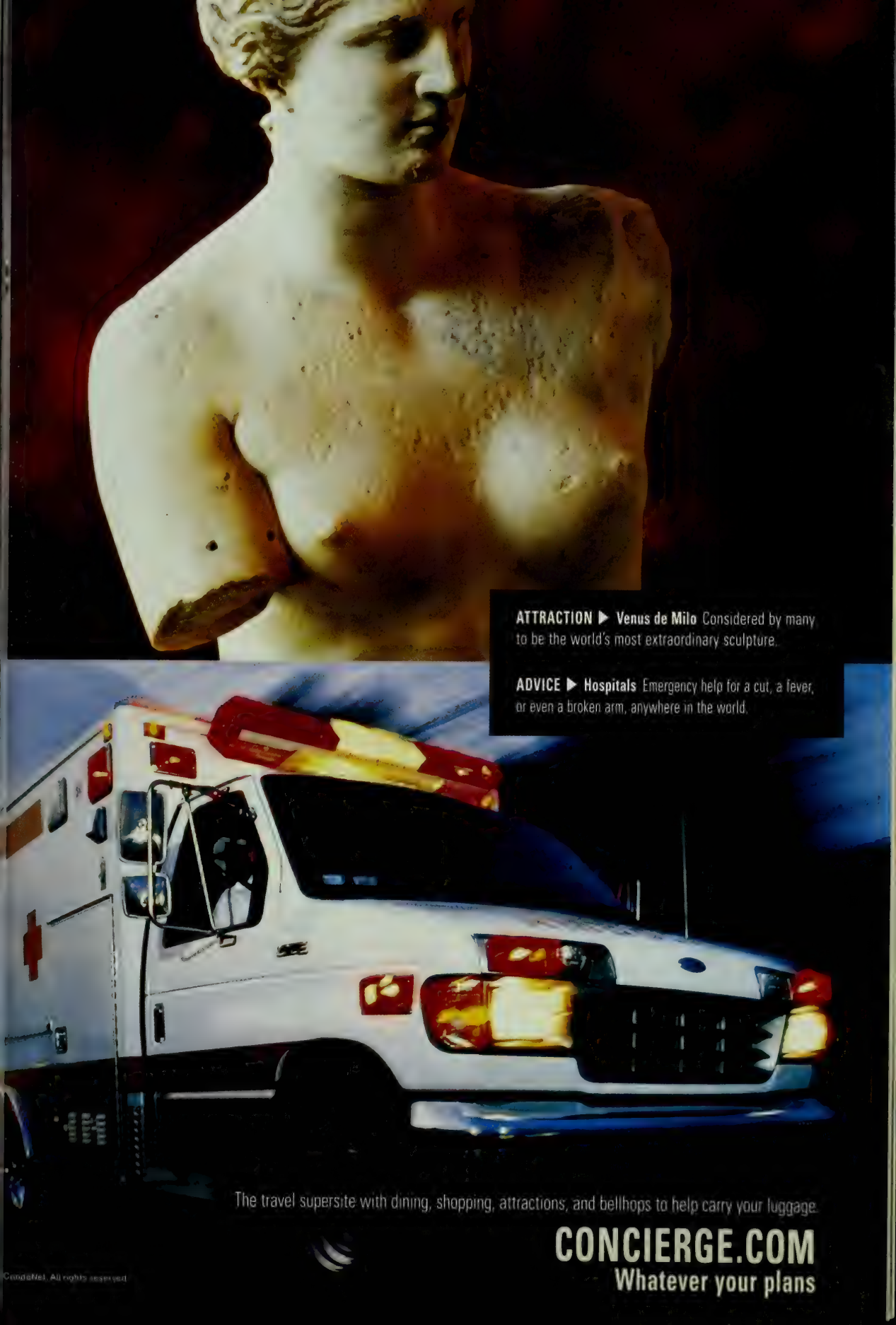
I have no desire whatsoever to have any dealings with Keely Smith under any conditions. There is nothing in the world no one that could ever make me accept t woman in our act. Furthermore, we are doing much better without her.

—Louis Prima, in a cable to the *New* *Post* columnist Earl Wilson, 19

One reason Prima's name has seld come up in the recent spate of counts of louche life in old Vegas is t he wasn't generally a night crawler, bo er, gambler, or gang leader. "Louie quite a loner," says Smith. "He didn't r ly have friends. The only friend he e really had was Rolly Dee, who was bassist in the later years. And maybe J my Vincent, who was more of a li brother or a son. We'd get invited to Fr Sinatra's house in Beverly Hills, but Lo was afraid of flying, and he'd send alone. He and Frank were friendly enou but they would have locked horns—Lo in his world was king, and Frank in world was king."

"His whole philosophy was: familia breeds contempt," says Butera, who stage gave the appearance of being ma's best pal, but offstage hardly ever s him. A common impression of Prima the 40s and 50s is that of a quiet, r lessly ambitious near teetotaler who tr ed no one, and for whom work was "Louie wasn't impressed by others," s Tracelene Barrett-Prima. "He lived v much unto himself. He was also a v frightened person—always worried ab the I.R.S., always afraid someone was to get him, to cheat him."

This "downer" quality, to use Smit term, was mitigated by the way he doted



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his children and whichever woman he happened to be married to at the time. Smith fondly recalls how Prima addressed her as "Babe" (thereby inspiring his 1949 hit "Oh Babe!"), and Gia Prima remembers how her husband called her "Ange," short for angel. "He had these basset-hound eyes and these droopy eyelids, and he could just melt you," says Smith. But when she and Prima reached the peak of their success—becoming a full-time big-room attraction at the Desert Inn in 1959—she noticed a change in his personality. "He was being . . . not nice," she says. "He expected things. He didn't like to pay bills. It was the case of the star starting to believe that the world revolves around him."

Prima turned 49 in December of that year. "He went through male menopause," Smith says. "He started drinking, smoking cigars, and gambling—changed completely. He didn't *do* those things." She also detected a return by Prima to his old womanizing ways. "I accepted it at first," she says. "But then they started calling my home, cussing my mother, who was living with us at the time. Girls saying to my mother, 'Get him on the goddamned phone—he told me to call!'" It was at this point that Smith fell briefly in love with Sinatra, with whom, she says, she began an affair. "Maybe my affair with Frank went further than it should have because I was trying to get back at Louie; I don't know. Frank was there when Louie wasn't. He would call. Louie found out about it and was furious—he talked and talked, and I listened."

The Primas continued to put forward a good front for another couple of years, though, even participating, at Sinatra's request, in the January 1961 inaugural gala for John F. Kennedy. But by that time the gossip columnists were onto them. In March, Ralph Pearl, in the *Las Vegas Sun,* wrote, "Attention Louis Prima and Keely Smith: There is no secret about the rift in the Prima home."

"We really started going our own ways," says Smith. "Louie had fired our governess and brought in a model from Germany. We weren't talking. When I threatened to leave, he said he'd find another girl to replace me and call her Kelly Smith. Then he moved out of the house. He said, 'I don't want to fight anymore.' We worked together, but he didn't talk to me. He didn't dress in front of me."

"Finally," she says, "I took the kids to L.A., where we had a house. Louie came out to get me. He said, 'Please come with me to New Orleans—I love you.' He was going to the train station, crying—he could really cry. He told me he had a 10-carat diamond ring for me if I came back to him. If he'd just given me the ring and then asked me to come back . . . "

As she says this, Smith begins to cry, and switches momentarily to the present tense. "I could kill him!" she says. "We had something so good! How could he have given up something so good that works so well? I just don't understand a man giving up something so good like that! Why would you give it all up just for . . . *sex?*"

Prima's divorce from Smith, in October of 1961, differed from his previous divorces in that it had serious business implications. According to Gia Prima, he was signed to the Desert Inn as part of the Louis-and-Keely act, not solely as Louis Prima. So when Smith departed, the hotel took the position that Prima was breaching his $3 million contract by failing to deliver the promised product. Louis soldiered on for a while anyway with Butera and the Witnesses, but Gia, Smith's successor both as wife and performing partner, says that after Louis finished his engagement at the Desert Inn, the hotel, in a cruel gesture, "gave him a check for $000,000.00. Louie never set foot in the Desert Inn again." (In Keely Smith's recollection, however, she and Prima fulfilled their Desert Inn contract.)

As for the young Gia Maione, bunny-cute and spirited as she was, she couldn't compete with Keely's aura; she was an adjunct rather than a foil. (Though her story was more or less a recapitulation of Smith's: she was a wide-eyed 20-year-old amateur who heard Prima was holding auditions; he hired her in May of '62 and married her in February of '63.)

Smith experienced a comedown not unlike Louis's. "When Louie and I broke up, I was 30 years old and had never said the f-word," she says. "I wasn't dumb, but I was very naïve. When he gave me papers to sign, I never said, 'Why am I signing this, honey?' It was always 'I'll sign this, babe!' When we broke up I assumed $130,000 taxes on money I never got. I was broke, with two daughters to raise, and petrified." She suffered what she describes as "a nervous breakdown" at the end of 1961, and temporarily withdrew from performing.

Prima's post-Keely dénouement in the 1960s and 70s was a steady if comparatively unspectacular life of constant touring. "He never lost his draw," says Gia Prima. "He sold out the Copacabana, Basin Street East, the Palmer House in Chicago, the Sahara, the Sands, the Hilton, the Tropicana, Harrah's." Smith, too, worked the Vegas-Tahoe-Reno circuit with success when she resumed her career in 1962, sometimes selling out the big rooms as a solo act. (As recently as 1997 she had a residency at the Desert Inn.) But the stark reality was that,

Credits

Fashion

Cover: Meg Ryan's Ripcosa tank top from B... New York, L.A.; Halston Signature by Kevan H... by special order from Neiman Marcus, L.A.

Page 22: Bette Midler styled by Tina Sk... blouse by Pucci from Resurrection, N.Y.C.; pa... Pucci from Emilio Pucci, N.Y.C.; ring by P... Picasso exclusively for Tiffany & Co. from Tiff... Co. stores nationwide; gold bracelets and turq... coral-and-diamond ring and bracelet by Kenne... Lane from selected Saks Fifth Avenue stores; ... chon-crystal ring, earrings, and bracelets by L... from Lalique stores nationwide.

Page 72: Bottom left, see credits for cover. B... right, Katayone Adeli top from the Katayone ... Boutique, Chanel shorts from the Chanel Bou... both in N.Y.C.

Page 104: Robert Walsh styled by Kathryn ... Leod; sweater by TSE, from TSE, N.Y.C.

Page 188: Richard Perry's Calvin Klein Coll... shirt from Calvin Klein, N.Y.C.

Page 216: For **Betsy Davis's** Elisabeth by Liz... borne shirt, call 800-555-9838; Woven Glo... necklace from Portage Bay Goods, Seattle

Page 218: Tina Podlodowski's Linda Allar... Ellen Tracy shirt from Saks Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C.

Page 226: For **Michael Steinhardt's** Rochest... & Tall shirt, call 800-282-8200.

Page 228: George de Urioste's Thomas Pin... from Thomas Pink, N.Y.C.; for Dockers pants ... 800-DOCKERS; for Rockport shoes, call 800-... 5767; for Cartier watch, call 800-CARTIER.

Page 233: John Sage's Donna Karan Colle... shirt from Barneys New York, N.Y.C.; Donna K... Collection pants from Bergdorf Goodman, N... Polo Ralph Lauren Fine Leathergoods belt from s... ed Polo Ralph Lauren stores; for Tod's shoes ... 800-457-TODS; for Cartier watch, call 800-CAR...

Page 234: Emily Watson's Kristine Bomba ... from Barneys New York, N.Y.C.

Page 236: For Bette Midler's Tiffany & Co. ... call 800-526-0649.

Page 291: Emily Mortimer's Gucci dress ... shoes from Gucci, N.Y.C.

Page 305: Eddie Fisher styled by Deborah D... lito for Artist Un Tied; bathrobe by Bill Blass, ... Puppies by John Bartlett shoes, all from Macy's, ... Francisco.

Pages 309–10: John Elway's Boss Hugo ... sweater available at Boss Hugo Boss bouti... nationwide; **Wayne Gretzky's** Prada sweater ... Prada, N.Y.C.; **Michael Jordan's** Giorgio Ar... sweater from Giorgio Armani, N.Y.C

Pages 314–15: Mia Hamm's Nike clothing ... accessories from Niketown, N.Y.C.

Page 317: James Heath's Calvin Klein suit ... Bloomingdale's, L.A.; Giorgio Armani shirt, tie, ... shoes from Giorgio Armani, Beverly Hills; Je... Yang for Cloutier.

Pages 318–19: Jessica Paisley's La Perla b... from La Perla, N.Y.C. Paisley's and **Brande ... erick's** Dolce & Gabbana skirts from the Dol... Gabbana Boutique, N.Y.C. Roderick's Shosh... bustier from selected Bloomingdale's stores; Ma... Blahnik shoes from Manolo Blahnik, N.Y.C. **Ma...** and **Sandy Bentley's** Randolph Duke gown... special order from Saks Fifth Avenue stores no... wide; St. John by Marie Gray chokers by spe... order from St. John stores nationwide

Pages 324–25: Scott Free for Rex.

Page 326: Ricky Martin's Gucci sweater ... Gucci, Beverly Hills; Jil Sander pants from Ba... New York, Beverly Hills; L'Wren Scott for Ve... Jolly, Inc.

Page 327: Jennifer Lopez's Prada sweater ... Prada, N.Y.C.

Pages 336–39: Meg Ryan's Katayone Adeli ... from the Katayone Adeli Boutique, Chanel shorts ... the Chanel Boutique, both in N.Y.C.

Page 340: Marzotto Wool Home Collec... blanket from Barneys New York, L.A.

341: Katayone Adeli top from the Katayone Boutique, N.Y.C.

343: Narciso Rodriguez dress from Saks ve e, N.Y.C.

367: Ripcosa tank top from Barneys New A

uty and Grooming

r: Meg Ryan's hair styled with Infusium 23 Treatment Capsules. All makeup from Estée r. On her eyes, Eye Defining Pencil in Electric ; on her lips, HighShine Lip Lacquer S.P.F. 15 2000. Marc Lopez for Brigitte Hébant.

22: Bette Midler's hair by Jasen Sica; make- Eugenia Weston for Senna Cosmetics.

72: Bottom, see credits for cover.

96: Lisa Robinson's hair styled by Louis An- or Garren New York; makeup by Jim Breese/

s 142 and 151: John McCain's grooming thy Kades for T.H.E. Artist Agency.

188: Richard Perry's grooming by Sarah Sul- or Célestine, L.A.

214: Jabe Blumenthal's grooming by Shan- asheed for Célestine, Seattle.

216: Shannon Rasheed for Célestine, Seattle.

s 218 and 222: Petra Kjorsvik for Célestine,

224: Nathan Myhrvold's grooming by e Davies for Zenobia.

226: Michael Steinhardt's grooming by mes for Garren New York

228: George de Urioste's grooming by Bradley for Zenobia.

234: Emily Watson's makeup from Guerlain. r eyes, Liquid Eyeliner in Gris Métallique No. 8; r lips, Kiss Kiss Pure Comfort in Brun Praline 23; Susan Sterling for Marek & Associates.

236: Eugenia Weston for Senna Cosmetics.

291: Emily Mortimer's hair styled with Neu- a Clean Shampoo and Conditioner in Bal- Formula. All makeup from Tommy Hilfiger. On es, Double Feature Wet/Dry Eye Color in Re- s; on her lips, All Talk Lip Crayon in Call g. Eric Barnard for Cloutier.

294: Matt Nye's grooming by Sheri Terry la/Cameron Management.

305: Eddie Fisher's grooming by Alish Meek ko Represents.

s 309–10: John Elway's, Wayne Gretzky's, Michael Jordan's grooming by Losi for the Wall

s 314–15: Gigi Hale for Artists.

316: David Boies's grooming by Gigi Hale ists.

317: James Heath's grooming by Jamal Ham- for Smashbox Beauty.

319: Hugh Hefner's grooming by Peggy en; Alexis Vogel for the Fred Segal Agency.

s 320–21: Lance Armstrong's grooming by Hale for Artists.

s 324–25: Kenneth Stoddart for Artist Group gement; Sharon Gault for Nars at Artist Group gement.

326: Ricky Martin's grooming by Jo Strettell outier; hair by Max Pinnell for Bumble and e.

327: Ken Paves for the Oribe Salons; Mat- Vanleeuwen for Artists.

Page 328: John Belle's and **Hugh Hardy's** grooming by Sara Johnson for Sarah Laird.

Page 329: Robert Rubin's grooming by Tatijana Shoan for Ulta.

Pages 332–33: Laurent Philippon for Bumble and Bumble.

Pages 344–45: Harry King for Artists; Genevieve for Sally Harlor.

Page 360: John Richardson's grooming by Brian Oliver for Suite 303/Sally Harlor.

Page 367: See credits for pages 344–45.

Page 382: Rip Torn's grooming by Gita Bass for Price, Inc.

Photographs and Miscellany

Page 22: Props styled by Rick Floyd for Smashbox NYC.

Page 108: Left, from Ullstein Bilderdienst; right, from AKG London.

Page 140: Top, from Agence France-Presse; bottom, from Sygma.

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Page 158: Left to right, courtesy of Senator John S. McCain III, from the Department of Defense/*U.S. News & World Report*, from Corbis/Bettmann-U.P.I.

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Pages 311–13: For William Yeoward Crystal decanter, call 800-818-8484; for Bell'occhio antique linens, call 415-864-4048. Lora Zarubin courtesy of *House & Garden*; Rick Floyd for Smashbox NYC.

Pages 314–15: Production by Bebe Snyder.

Pages 318–19: Rick Floyd for Smashbox NYC.

Pages 320–21: For **Lance Armstrong's** Trek bicycle, call 920-478-4678; Rick Floyd for Smashbox NYC.

Pages 324–25: Production by Clare Beresford for California Over Easy.

Pages 332–33: Production by Ben Faraday.

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Pages 352–53: Insets, left to right, from the Archive of Contemporary Music, from MPTV, from Corbis/Bettmann-U.P.I.; large photograph from Photofest.

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Editor's note: In the November issue, the credits for page 308 were inadvertently omitted. **Annette Bening** was styled by Tina Skouras. Blouse by Narciso Rodriguez, from Barneys New York, N.Y.C. Hair by Cydney Cornell; makeup by Francesca Tolot for Cloutier/I Nuovi Cosmetics

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apart, Louis and Keely didn't have the pull or mystique they had together. Furthermore, the culture was shifting away from them; they were now playing the metaphorical lounge to the big room that was rock. "I remember my father just shaking his head and saying, 'The Beatles have changed everything,'" says Tracy Williams, Prima's daughter with Tracelene Barrett-Prima. "He stopped going through the major labels and sold his records off the stage"—issued on his own label, Prima 1.

These records, released from the early 60s right through to 1975, are not without their moments—Prima, when he chose to cover the Beatles, wisely opted for "Ob-La-Di, Ob-La-Da," a song already halfway to sounding like him, rather than "Helter Skelter"—but a sadness and a futility are evident in the sleeve photography and song selection. Prima, trying to keep up, is shown wearing a tragic, shaggy dry-look wig that makes him look like Chico Marx, and the albums are larded with retreads of old-tyme Prima hits such as "The Bigger the Figure," "Lazy River," and "Oh Marie." It's pretty grim going, the sound of graying, untrimmed sideburns and ice tinkling in Harvey Wallbangers—the baroque 70s imposing themselves on the speed-lined 50s.

Still, there would be one more high-water mark, the serendipitous product of Walt Disney's unlikely Prima fandom and reflexively anthropomorphic view of the animal kingdom. In the mid-60s, Disney decided there was no human being better suited than Prima to play a manipulative orangutan in the last animated film Walt would ever work on himself, *The Jungle Book*. "Disney flew us all out to Burbank—Louie, Sam, and the rest of us," says Vincent. "We did a whole show for Walt Disney to show him what we could do, for the animators to study us." The resulting number, "I Wan'na Be Like You," performed by Prima, Butera, and the Witnesses (as primates) with another pre-rock refugee, Phil Harris (as Baloo the bear), is among the best-ever Disney tunes, and resulted in the last gasp of national recognition for Prima in his lifetime.

It's conceivable, had Louis and Keely stayed together, that they might still have made a run at the pop charts; it was that aging swinger Dean Martin, after all, who toppled the Beatles' "A Hard Day's Night" from the No. 1 spot in 1964 with "Everybody Loves Somebody." By the early 70s, Prima must have reconciled himself to the fact that the Keely years were his greatest; she says that after a decade of accusations, recriminations, and legal wrangling over the Pretty Acres property, he started being nice to her again. "I think it was in '72, '73 that I had two days off and was going to see Eddy Arnold play in Reno. He was working Harrah's in the big room, and Louie was in the lounge," Smith says. "I called Louie and said, 'I'm coming to Reno to see Eddy Arnold, but if you're not talking to me, I'm not coming.'" Prima said she was welcome to attend his show, and when she did, he pointed her out in the audience and said, "Babe, come on up."

Reluctantly, she joined him for a number. "It was 'Old Black Magic,'" she says. "I remember it so well because he'd changed the key on it." The old black magic was apparently still there; Smith says they pulled it off effortlessly, as if they'd done it the night before in the Casbar Lounge. "It brought back some good feelings," she says. "He drove me home that night. That's when we really resumed our relationship, talking on the phone and writing."

A year or so later, when she was headlining at the Thunderbird in Vegas and he was playing the lounge at the Hilton—"That ticked him off"—she again paid a visit and succumbed to his importunities to join him on "That Old Black Magic." "He talked about working together again, emphasizing the comedy, but I just couldn't totally trust him. He said he wanted us to get together—to prove something to these guys. I said, 'Wrong reason—we should do it to enjoy the experience and make the money we never got.'" They never did reunite.

Her decade-long estrangement from Prima caused Smith to notice, when they became cordial again, a marked physical difference between the late-model Prima and the man she'd divorced in 1961: "I realized he had gotten a lot older. Just from his actions onstage. He couldn't move the way he used to, and I think it made him unhappy." The last time Smith saw Prima was when he performed in the Blue Room of the Tropicana hotel in 1975. "He was crying between the shows, saying, 'My head hurts so bad,'" she says. "He hardly played the horn at all. I wish I knew how sick he was."

Prima was a lifelong fitness fanatic, so his abrupt physical deterioration at a relatively young age took his bandmates by surprise. "I left the band for the last time in '75," says Vincent. "Know why? He's booking dates all over the fucking place! Up and down, a thousand miles apart, one day to the next! He didn't realize what he was doing! He started falling asleep in the golf cart, dropping things. We didn't know what, but we knew something was wrong."

Butera remembers a fateful date from the summer of '75, "with Jerry Vale at the Melody Fair in Tonawanda, New York. Louie was takin', like, nine Tylenol before the show. He was in terrible pain." Not long thereafter he had a brain scan.

The scan revealed a tumor that, the benign, was wrapped around his brain s Prima drove to Los Angeles in October for an operation at Cedars-Sinai hosp The doctors succeeded in removing a tion of the tumor, but the procedure him in what was initially, in Gia's w "a semicoma state." He was transferre plane to a facility in New Orleans.

"The first Christmas, the Bing Crosby special was on TV in his room, and he just glued to it," Gia says. "And you k he knew it was his friend Bing." Prima tially seemed sentient, able to hold his dren's hands and even summon speech spoke three times in the first three mo twice to say he was in pain and once t Gia he loved her. "But after the second it was like he gave up," she says. "If he his eyes open and anybody came in room, he'd deliberately close them." eventually slipped into a full vegetative c and finally let go on August 24, 1978.

The Sahara sits forlornly at the north of the Strip now, a ways from the el rately conceived theme attractions of new Vegas. It stays in business as a sec tier conventioneer's spot, offering chea rates than the complexes fashioned afte rate galleons, Egyptian tombs, and the tire cities of Paris and New York. Vegas everyone knows, is *back,* but this time, th no swing to it—just hordes of slow-mo fat people in shorts and fanny packs, mi through the pits to the all-you-can-eat buf

Keely Smith doesn't know what to m of it. "In the old days the hotels were ru whoever owned them," she says. "When checked into the Sahara, you got flow you got fruit, you got your room comp you got a note from Milton Prell. You k everyone in there—the pit bosses, the w resses. If a microphone broke, you k who to call to get a replacement. I woul know who to call now to ask for anythin

And while Smith, like Vegas, can reve the happy plight of being rediscovered, world she shared with Prima remains a v ished ideal, as unrealizable now as a Pri Smith reunion. The kids today, sweet they are to give Louis and Keely their c are no more than stylized funsters; the reissues of the old stuff are still the clo you can get to the real Casbar Lounge ex rience. "*I've got the world on a string, I'm sittin' on a rainbow,*" Louis sings i 1957 Capitol recording, with Keely's v and Sam's sax keening behind him. A though the lyric is Ted Koehler's and song is an old standard that's been done death by everyone, it is, in Prima's interp tation—"*Luckyme, luckyme, luckyme, luc me* . . . Huh! *Lucky me!*"—the very esse of the hammy mid-century swagger t turned out to be cool after all. □

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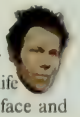
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Planetarium

Michael Lutin tells Sagittarians it's time to get out of the red



SAGITTARIUS NOV. 22–DEC. 21

Tom Waits

Be grateful that Mars in Capricorn has brought someone into your life who can throw a metaphorical pail of freezing-cold water in your face and wake you up to the fact that you have to get focused, rake in those dollars, and straighten out your books. You may be feeling anxious, angry, resentful, guilty, and chaotic—not to mention desperate to hide those feelings—but taking control of the money thing should at least give you one less reason to freak. And certainly you deserve to be congratulated for remaining open-hearted and not closing down completely.



Tiger Woods

CAPRICORN DEC. 22–JAN. 19

When it comes to the workplace, your behavior lately has been positively psychedelic, especially the Zen attitude you've taken toward your public role. Never in zodiacal history have so many Capricorns been tossing the word "Karma" around and actually understanding what it means to let go and allow You-Know-Who to run the show. Rather than spiritual fervor, however, the positions of Venus in your midheaven and Mars in your solar 1st house demand savvy action and cool, shrewd professionalism. That should bring back a touch of your old self.



Dan Quayle

AQUARIUS JAN. 20–FEB. 18

Just because you are experiencing some serious 12th-house activity this month doesn't mean that you are being plotted against by secret enemies, or that you are going to be judged and incarcerated for your youthful indiscretions or for some sin you committed in a previous incarnation. Nevertheless, should you find yourself gazing out of a cell window, Venus in your 9th house could be that single ray of sunlight poking through the clouds to let you know that there is nothing to fear, that nothing can harm you, and that everything is going to be all right. Eventually.



Queen Latifah

PISCES FEB. 19–MARCH 20

This is a perfect moment in your life to let nature be your guide. Remember that the fiercest storm, with all the destruction and disruption it can bring, is invariably followed by a gentle calm. And so the new moon is likely to bring you similar peace and good fortune. God knows you deserve to feel hopeful, considering the emotional typhoons you've been living through. Thanks to Mars and Venus, you can expect a strong and powerful figure to befriend you. In addition, if you're up for it, you should get the chance to have a decent sex life for a change.



Isak Dinesen

ARIES MARCH 21–APRIL 19

Apart from the financial stuff you're always whining about, you are a hundred times more in control of your life than you have been in years—if not ever. Jupiter is in your sign now, and Mars, the planet that directs all your positive energy (and obnoxious hostility), is currently culminating in your solar midheaven. This should give you the advantage both at work and in your love life. Lest anyone think you're stomping ahead like an insensitive clod, it should be noted that, with Venus in your 7th house, you are also showing generosity of spirit to those you usually look down on.



Elaine May

TAURUS APRIL 20–MAY 20

Although you may feel that you're walking around like a total zombie (they don't call Saturn the "hag transit" for nothing), you are actually playing a crucial role in the lives of everyone around you. As a matter of fact, you are passing through a pivotal point in your life right now. Since you are fearful of getting too close to anyone, you may feel cut off and utterly alone in the world. You are, however, not alone at all. You have some great people working for you, especially one very influential person who still believes in you—from a safe distance, naturally.



Meryl Streep

GEMINI MAY 21–JUNE 21

Lou Gehrig

Geminis all over the world are still in shock from the effects of their last foray into relationships, and many of them have had it up to here with the nonsense that goes along with giving one's power away to mind-boggling sadists. Even if you count yourself among those Geminis and are still in recovery, though, you will find that resistance is futile as Venus passes through your solar 5th house and Mars crosses your 8th. In fact, despite all protests, you will be sorely tempted to succumb to the charms of those individuals you've been having fantasies about.



Bill Clinton

CANCER JUNE 22–JULY 22

No matter how hard Cancers try to throw themselves into business, they always end up having to concentrate on the same old stuff: family and relationships. At a time when it is crucial for you to be free enough to take advantage of opportunities that would keep your family living in the style to which you have become accustomed (and keep you out of the hands of you will find that the people in your personal life are important to you and won't be put off until it is more convenient for you to deal with them. It is like saying there's never a convenient time to get pregnant.



John Cage

LEO JULY 23–AUG. 22

The planets won't allow you total peace now, and there doesn't seem to be any escape from social and professional responsibilities. If Venus were not passing through your solar 3rd house, Pluto your 5th, and Mars your 6th, maybe you could just retreat to your little hideaway on the outskirts and bother with anybody. You have to try to keep your domestic situation together now, though, because despite all your posturing about independence you need the security that home provides. You can't get along without your family, bizarre as it may be.



John Lennon

VIRGO AUG. 23–SEPT. 22

Creatively you're cooking with liquid hydrogen, and no amount of domestic harassment can succeed in impeding your quest for self-expression. Even as you seek to escape family engulfment, you will find that your beautiful, if puerile, romantic view of yourself persists. Your money situation should be stabilized. Despite the mental pressure you come under at work and the endless anxiety-producing phone calls you get from well-meaning relatives and neighbors, you will weather the current retrograde Mercury period in your usual hysterical but always competent manner.



Jodie Foster

LIBRA SEPT. 23–OCT. 23

Back in the 50s, when the terms "man of the house" and "lady of the house" actually referred to individuals of the correspondingly appropriate genders, life was simpler. Those clearly defined roles may have been repressive and in some cases dishonest, but in many ways they were much easier to play out. As the millennium ends, even if guys don't start shaving underarms and gals don't get into football, every Libra is struggling harder than ever with the masculine-feminine dilemma. But with Venus in Libra this month, you can just lie back and pretend you're perfectly normal.

SCORPIO OCT. 24–NOV. 21

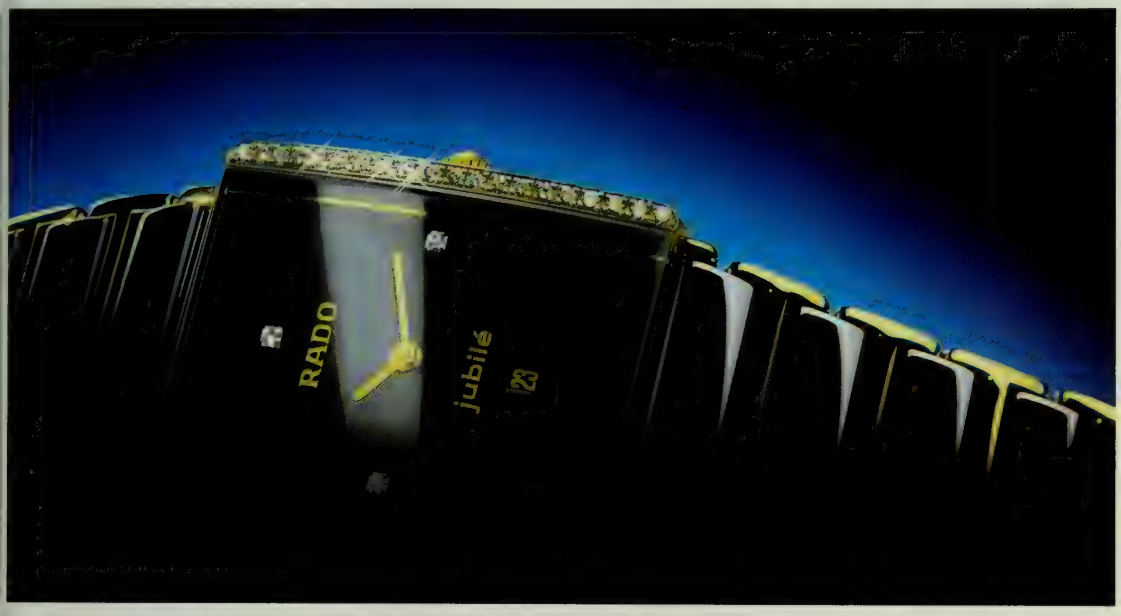
You can fiddle around, play a million games, and pull yourself apart like warm taffy in an effort to come to a fair and reasonable agreement with those who you are convinced would love to control you totally. (And you're right. They probably would.) But in the end there is only one question you have to answer: How prepared are you to expand your life and participate fully in relationships with other human beings? Finding a healthy balance between your 1st and 7th houses is a tough task, especially if you see people only about as far as you can throw them.

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Rip Torn

Discovered by Elia Kazan in 1955, Rip Torn's career was held back by his left-wi politics. Now, after an Emm for *The Larry Sanders Sho* Torn has earned mainstrea fame. This month, he co-sta in Michael Mann's film *The Insider* and pauses here to reflect on his true passion–fly-fishing

What is your idea of perfect happiness?
Seeing my six children and two grandchildren healthy, happy, and productive.

What is your greatest fear?
Of being a "scapegoat."

Which historical figure do you most identify with?
Among men, Abraham Lincoln, our greatest president. Among women, Geraldine Page, our greatest actor.

What is the trait you most deplore in yourself?
Impatience.

What is the trait you most deplore in others?
A gleeful acceptance of malicious gossip.

What is your greatest extravagance?
Old cars and new fly rods.

What is your favorite journey?
To wherever the fish are running.

What do you consider the most overrated virtue?
Political correctness.

What do you dislike most about your appearance?
Squinting and slouching.

Which living person do you most despise?
Anyone who would subvert the Constitution, the Bill of Rights, or the separation of church and state.

What is your greatest regret?
When I couldn't get a job, my father said of me, "I think they'll let that old boy go back to work, he's just ahead of his time. If he hangs in there, eventually he'll be successful." I regret he didn't live to see it.

What or who is the greatest love of your life?
My children and their mothers.

If you could change one thing about yourself, what would it be?
To better keep my own counsel.

If you could change one thing about your family, what would it be?
That problems be discussed in time to possibly solve them, instead of waiting until the ship is five fathoms deep.

If you were to die and come back as a person or thing, what do you think it would be?
A mustang never lassoed.

What is your most treasured possession?
My endurance.

What is the quality you most like in a man?
Loyalty.

What is the quality you most like in a woman?
Compassion, wit.

Who is your favorite hero of fiction?
Hamlet.

How would you like to die?
Suddenly.

What is your motto?
"Say what you mean. Mean what you say. And cover the ground you stand on."

PHOTOGRAPH BY GASPER TRINGALE



"She said she was Teresa. She knew all the things Teresa knew. But I think I know what Teresa sounds like. And that wasn't Teresa."

It's about time somebody cleared things up around here.

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